

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1877.

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, 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.

His Name.

"Names name thee not!" How many years have died

Since first Bettina wrote the glowing words
For Goethe's careless, unresponsive heart.
How long ago they dropped into the soil
Of my own childish, scarcely awakened thought.
The book—"Bettina's Letters"—passed and perished

Out of sight and mind, and left but this
One fairest seed, within its living cell
To grow up pulse by pulse, each graver year,
From good to better use, from height to height.

First, to the dearest friend my happy days
Of school-life knew, I said with fervent voice,
" 'Names name me not,' nor tell of all thou art
To me." Strange name she bore, which suited well

The subtle charm she wove about my heart.
Named Amuletta, like an amulet indeed,

She hung her love, her very self, about
My love and life. And schoolgirl-wise, we had
Pet names, which sought the depths and heights
for such

Sweet word as gave our love expression meet;
Yet oft, when all was done, I looked into
The eyes of Heaven's own blue, which, years
agone [thee not.]

Were closed on earth, and said "Names name

But tides of time ebbed on and flowed again,
And schooldays past, and Amuletta went
Away to Heaven, and came a day when once
Again, I looked with stronger, higher love,
In eyes whose sweetest light shown but for me,
And said—with dearest names thrown in between—

" 'Names name thee not,' nor tell of all thou art
To me." And this seemed love's last, perfect word.

So rose and fell the years' swift stream again,
And as it ran, the perfect words revealed
Perpetually, a new and higher thought;
Each year they grew in sacredness and depth,
As love, in highest and divinest mould,
Took firmer, deeper place, within my soul,
Until at last, I said them soft and low,
In reverent hush, in "silent chapel of
My heart"—I said them under breath and in
My prayers, to *One* alone, and evermore
I keep them close and pure and holy unto Him.
Names name Him not to me. No name can reach
The height and depth, the length and breadth, of
that

Most wondrous Love, unspeakable, that lives
In Him, the Father's perfect *Word* to man.

Yet hath He many names, most tender and
Most sweet, His fingers dropped, like flowers,
down

The path of Holy Writ, with fragrant breath
Pervading all the Church's heart and life.

Soft comfort-names, that come and go, through clouds

Of weariness and gloom—the Shepherd of His sheep, our Burden-bearer, and our Rest.

Low sorrow-names, that softly wander in And out through griefs too deep to speak—the Man

Of Sorrows, One with grief acquainted, and Our Presence-Angel, Refuge, Saviour, Strength.

Grand glory-names, that roll like loftiest strain Of song, through loftiest mood—Jehovah, King Of kings, Immanuel, Prince of Peace, Eternal One, who sits in majesty Upon earth's circle, while the nations count But as the small dust in the balances.

And tender household-names, that link the life Of every day's most common need, to life Beside the Throne—Our Father pitiful, Our elder Brother, and the Friend most near.

And sweetest names of love, that fill the soul In hours of holiest fellowship with Him—Beloved, altogether Lovely, Chief Among ten thousand, Sharon's wondrous Rose, And that best, crowning name—our *Jesus*—name That like a perfect chord, holds every name And tone of love, complete within itself.

Ah yes—most precious names—I count Them o'er and o'er, as miser doth his hoard Of costliest gems, and yet, when all is done, I turn again to dead Bettina's deep And soulful words, and say in tenderest hush, On bended knee—"Names name Thee not!"

K. H. J.

Auburn, April, 1877.

We take pleasure in giving our readers the following letter, just received from a friend, who has of late taken up his abode among our almond-eyed brethren, on the other side of the globe.—[Ed.]

A Japan Letter.

Toxio, Japan, July 1st, 1877.

I am quite settled now in my new home and work, both of which I enjoy greatly.

We have quite a college here of four or five hundred students, and considering that they have to use the English language in all their work, they do very well. The law students who come under my special

charge number about twenty-one, but there will be more next term. They are mostly bright fellows and eager to learn, so that it is a pleasure to teach them. Besides myself, there are two law professors, one English and one Japanese.

When I arrived here, I found to my surprise, that I could not get board any where except at a miserable hotel, a long distance from the college; so I did as most unmarried men do here, I made an arrangement with another gentleman, a man from Norwich, Conn., and went to housekeeping.

We have a little Japanese house, which seems more like a summer cottage. I can hardly give you much idea of what it is like. It has no chimney, nor doors, except one that we put in; only one window, I think, and that in the servant's rooms; no locks or keys. The outer walls are chiefly made of screens covered with thin white paper. These slide in grooves on the floor, and open any where, serving for doors or windows. The interior partitions are partly plaster and partly paper. At night, board screens slide out of boxes, and cover the paper ones. These are fastened with hooks on the inside, and serve to make the house secure against everything but mosquitoes.

We hire two servants, a man and his wife, whom we pay \$10 per month, for the two, and they furnish their own food. The cook keeps one or two servants of his own, how much he pays them, I don't know, but I think nothing beyond their food. He keeps house, and we have no trouble, at all. I never have seen such good servants as the Japanese.

I wish I could, in a short space, give you some idea of this most curious of cities. It is enormous in extent; nearly ten miles long, eight wide, and in some places very thickly built up, chiefly with one story, wooden and paper shanties, that are constantly catching fire.

They don't think anything here of a fire

that burns two or three hundred houses. There have been half a dozen such since I came here. The other day I remarked to a Japanese friend, after quite a fire the night before, that "that was a large fire." "Oh! no," he said, "not much of a fire; I don't think there were more than a thousand houses burned."

Last fall or winter, shortly before I came, there were fifteen thousand houses burned in one fire.

But in many parts of the city there are large open spaces, parks, gardens, some fields of rice and grain, and large private grounds.

It is against the law to fire a gun within a certain distance, I think twenty or thirty miles, of the Emperor's palace, and I think Japanese small boys do not have the same propensity for throwing stones that ours do. At all events the city abounds in wild creatures, that at home never come into cities. Hawks and enormous large crows are nearly as tame as pigeons, in our cities. The rivers and canals, of which the city is full, swarm with wild fowl, which no one disturbs.

I live just about in the centre of the city, yet the other day I found a pheasant in my back yard, and I often have them there. Foxes are occasionally seen about the college yard, which is only a few minutes' walk from my house.

There are no large factories here, all kinds of things are made by workmen in their own houses. Cloth is spun and woven by hand. One of the first things that strikes a stranger here is the low productiveness of labor. Without the aid of machinery or improved processes, and with a very limited division of labor, each man can do very little. The result is that the country is comparatively poor. With a population of about thirty millions, industrious and frugal, with a fine soil and climate, and immense national resources, coal, timber, mines and fisheries, and after two

or three hundred years of almost unbroken peace, Japan offers large opportunities. There are very few rich men, none that we should call rich. The masses are not unhappy; with their paternal government, mild climate and simple habits, I think there is not as much actual suffering as with us; but it is because they have learned to live frugally and with next to nothing. — The result is that labor is cheap.

H. T. T.

Foreign Correspondence.

R O M E .

Rome greeted us for the first week with rain and we thought the climate very disagreeable; but the sun came out again and Carnival week was radiant and delightful.

The main street, the Corso, every afternoon was thronged with citizens, in carriages and on foot, dressed in every color of the rainbow and in every conceivable costume. Many were in cheap, colored cambrics, but some were in silk, satin and velvet, with gay trimmings; Stentorellos in white, with red horns and caps, with inflated bladders in their hands, were striking them against their neighbors, as they passed; there were devils with horns and tails, and Tantalus with his wine cup; some were covered with little match-box pictures, others with grass, shells, whole robes of oak leaves, and others with feathers and birds' beaks, with great mouths constantly opening and shutting; some had heads of roosters, cows and great bulbous, idiotic heads. Cars and carriages were decorated.

On some days *confetti* was thrown. This consists of pellets of lime, looking like white sugar plums. They are very freely thrown and cause a great deal of fun. They make the face tingle when they strike it, and leave white marks like powder on the garments. A tall hat is a mark for all confetti throwers. They try

to knock it off, and the wearer hastens to leave the Corso. On other days, bouquets are thrown. The rabble, men and boys, try in every way to intercept the bouquet on its passage, and then sell it for another throw. Sometimes the fair damsels in the balconies let down their baskets by a string to receive it, and then the mob try to seize the basket.

At half past four in the afternoon, a military guard forms on both sides the Corso, then a gun is fired, and the carriages turn to the side streets; another gun, then two trumpets, and the crowd is packed densely on the sides, leaving the passage free. Then nine riderless horses, with spurs, which strike against them at every motion, and are fastened to their sides, are set loose at one end of the Corso, and rush by so rapidly, that one hardly gets a glimpse of them before they are out of sight. Formerly the Jews were taxed to pay for the prizes of the winning coursers.

The closing evening of the festival, each one is armed with a taper, which he or she strives to keep lighted, and at the same time endeavors to extinguish that of his neighbors. A few supply themselves with long handled window brushes, attaching tapers to the handles, and brushing out their neighbors' lights.

The streets are prettily illuminated with gas, and colored lights are sent up from some of the cars. It is a great time for fun, but the effect is not as picturesque as if all the lights were allowed to burn together.

The *pensions* of Rome have not a good reputation and the hotel prices are high; so we took apartments, and like Paul dwelt in our "own hired house." It was quite an economical arrangement and we greatly enjoyed our "ain fireside."

After a day's wandering, over marble and stone floors and in streets under the shade of high stone walls, it was quite a luxury to sit down by a bright open wood

fire, without having to entertain or be entertained.

Italian houses are not generally very neat, and one has to determine to live for awhile as the Romans do. The culinary arrangements are very peculiar. A stone slab formed the top of our stove. It was about as high as our ranges. Two square holes, six or seven inches square and four or five deep, with a grating, held the charcoal fire. An open space below was left for the draft and ashes. The fire was kindled to a blaze by a feather fan.

It was a mystery how a meal could even be prepared with such accommodations. We found ourselves too little Italians to succeed, and often resorted to the open parlor fire. The dinner came in from a *trattoria* on a man's head in a big tin box, with a fire inside to keep it warm. Our butter was stamped with the fabulous wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, or with Pliny's doves. It was purchased by the dozen, in little pats floating in water—and sent home wrapped in calla lily leaves. They were a little longer and narrower than our lily leaves and seemed to grow wild in the neighborhood.

Our windows looked out on the Via Margutta, a street of sculptors. We visited Miss Hosmer's studio, and saw her Puck, and comical little Will-of-the-Wisp, and a fountain she was preparing to send to California. We did not see Miss H. She seldom meets strangers.

Several American artists and an Italian one received us very cordially. Mr. Ives showed us his beautiful daughter of Jeptha in marble, and a Trumbull in clay.

We were greatly delighted with Mr. Rogers' "Lost Pleiad" in clay. Without wings she is represented as floating off into space, and holds up her hand to shade her eyes, as she casts a last, fond, lingering look of sadness on the sister spirits left forever behind. Her figure is wonderfully graceful and light and with so little apparent support that it seemed to us it

must be difficult to put it into marble. Another day we visited Mr. Story in his fine new studio near the station. We admired his Cleopatra, his Sybil and one, I think Clytemnestra, in clay. He seems to have a high ideal of women. His faces have no mere prettiness about them, but are fine, noble and full of strong concentrated thought and deep meditation. He regards Rome as a very healthy city, and is disposed to laugh at the fears Americans generally have of the climate.

C. L. S.

For the Hospital Review.

Babies at the Lakeside.

The little autocrats of the nursery are of late boldly asserting their rights in our lakeside homes, and anxious mammas and doting grandmammas are eagerly obeying the behests of the little invalids, who have been drooping in the city, and are now, by their physicians, committed to the tender care of old Ontario, whose healing air is restoring many of them to health and vigor.

The little folks always fill a large place in our hearts and homes, but at this season of the year, when their hold on life is so frail, they seem peculiarly precious. We have never seen so many of them at the lakeshore as we have this summer. Babies are all about us, and they are the centres of attraction in many of our abodes. Two sweet little ones knocked for admission at our own cottage door, and we vacated, retreating to the farm cottage, beyond the orchard, and our old home now resounds with the pattering of baby feet.

Almost every house this summer has its baby history. The baby over the way is full of life and motion, and a few days since, we saw the *pater familias* nailing lathes across the balustrade, on the second story, making as he said, "a chicken coop for his baby," who was disposed to crawl through, between the bars.

On the next piazza a mother has spent many anxious hours, and a father with unwearied tread has borne in his arms his sick infant, hovering between life and death. The city physicians said nothing but change of air would save it, and Ontario's breezes acted like a charm on the exhausted little one, who after less than a fortnight's abode on the beach, greatly benefitted, yielded up his place to a blue eyed, little darling, who two weeks before, at midnight, had been brought from the city to the Spencer House, as its physician said it could not live in Rochester twenty-four hours longer.

Babies in neighboring cottages and at the Spencer House are delighting the hearts of those around them, by indications of returning vigor, and we rejoice that so many are drinking in health and pleasure at out West Beach homes.

The little ones who fill so large a place in our cottages are often in our thoughts, and a few days since, as a party were gathered on one of the verandas at the "Home on the Beach," the host repeated the following Scotch poem, a great favorite of his, and at its close, was surprised to find one of his listeners, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin, its author. The Dr. had added a verse to the poem with which the host was not familiar. We give the entire poem, as we are sure it will please all who love babies.

We asked the Dr. which of his children suggested the poem. He replied, "I always loved babies, and this was written when I was a student, before I had any of my own."

THE BABIES.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae,
Nae stocking on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin,
Her puckered lip and baumy mou,
With no ae tooth between.

Her een, sae like her mither's een,
 Twa gentle liquid things;
 Her face is like an angel's face—
 We're glad she has no wings.

She is the budding o' our love,
 A giftie God gie'd us;
 We munna love the gift ower weel,
 'Twad be nae blessing thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
 An' see Him in the giv'n]
 An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
 Our babbie straight from heav'n.

H. A. T.

Young Edwards and the Spiders.

Jonathan Edwards, when a mere boy, but twelve years old, at the suggestion of his father, prepared for a learned gentleman in Europe, a paper on the habits of spiders, from which we make the following extracts:

"There are some things that I have happily seen of the wondrous way of the working of the spider. Although everything belonging to this insect is admirable, there are some phenomena relating to them more particularly wonderful. Every body that is used to the country knows their marching from one tree to another, sometimes at the distance of five or six rods. Nor can one go out on a dewy morning at the latter end of August and the beginning of September, but he shall see multitudes of webs made visible by the dew that hangs on them, reaching from one tree, branch and shrub to another, which webs are commonly thought to be made in the night, because they appear only in the morning; whereas none of them are made in the night, for these spiders never come out in the night, when it is dark, as the dew is then falling. But these webs may be seen well enough in the day-time by an observing eye, by their reflection in the sun-beams. Especially, late in the afternoon, may these webs that are between the eye and that part of the horizon that is under the sun, be seen very plainly, being very advantageously posited to reflect the rays. And the spiders themselves may be very often seen traveling in the air from one stage to another among the trees, in a very unaccountable manner. But I have often seen that which is much more astonishing. In very calm and serene days, in the foremention-

ed time of year, standing at some distance behind the end of a house or some other opaque body, so as just to hide the disk of the sun and keep off his dazzling rays, and looking close by the side, I have seen a vast multitude of little shining webs and glistening strings, brightly reflecting the sunbeams, and some of them of great length, and of such a height that one would think they were tacked to the vault of heaven.

"But that which is most astonishing is, that very often appears at the end of these webs, spiders sailing in the air with them, which I have often beheld in wonderment and pleasure, and showed to others. And since I have seen these things, I have been very conversant with spiders, resolving, if possible, to find out the mysteries of these their astonishing works. And I have been so happy as very frequently to see their manner of working; that when a spider would go from one tree to another, or would fly in the air, he first lets himself down a little way from the twig he stands on, by a web; and then laying hold of it by his fore feet and bearing himself by that, puts out a web, which is drawn out of his tail, with infinite ease in the gently moving air, to what length the spider pleases, and if the farther end happens to catch by a shrub or the branch of a tree, the spider immediately feels it, and fixes the hither end of it to the web by which he lets himself down, and goes over by that web which he put out of his tail. And this my eyes have innumerable times made me sure of.

"Now, sir, it is certain that these webs when they first proceed from the spider are so rare a substance that they are lighter than the air, because they will ascend in it, as they will immediately in a calm day. . . . Wherefore if it don't happen that the end of the web catches by a tree or some other body till there is so long a web drawn out that its levity shall be so great as more than counterbalance the gravity of the spider, or so that the web and the spider, taken together, shall be lighter than such a quantity of air as takes up equal space, then according to the universally acknowledged laws of nature, the web and the spider will ascend, and not descend in the air: as when a man is at the bottom of the water, if he has hold of a piece of timber so great that the wood's tendency upwards is greater than the

man's downwards, he together with the wood will ascend to the surface of the water. . . . If there be not web more than enough just to counterbalance the gravity of the spider, the spider together with the web will hang in equilibrio, neither ascending nor descending, otherwise than as the air moves. But if there is so much web that its greater levity shall more than equal the greater density of the spider, they will ascend till the air is so thin that the spider and web together are just of an equal weight with so much air. And in this way, sir, I have multitudes of times seen spiders mount away into the air from a stick in my hand, with a vast train of this silver web before them.

"But yet, sir, I am assured that the chief end of this faculty that is given them is not their recreation, but their destruction; because their destruction is unavoidably the effect of it; and we shall find nothing that is the continual effect of nature but what is of the means by which it is brought to pass. But it is impossible but that the greater part of the spiders upon the land should every year be swept into the ocean. For these spiders never fly except the weather is fair and the atmosphere dry, but the atmosphere is never clear, neither on this nor any other continent, only when the wind blows from the midland parts, and consequently towards the sea. As here in New England, the fair weather is only when the wind is westerly, the land being on that side and the ocean on the easterly. And I have never seen any of these spiders flying but when they have been hastening directly toward the sea. And the time of their flying being so long, even from about the middle of August, every sun-shiny day, until about the end of October, (though their chief time, as I observed before, is the latter end of August and beginning of September;) and they never flying from the sea, but always towards it, must needs get there at last; for it is unreasonable to suppose that they have sense enough to stop themselves when they come near the sea; for then they would have hundreds of times as many spiders upon the sea shore as anywhere else."

Rev. I. N. Tarbox says of the paper, from which these extracts are made, it "reveals a closeness and delicacy of observation, and a power of subtle reasoning, such as would be hard to match." He

also adds, "So little had the science of natural history been developed at that time, it is claimed by the biographer of Edwards, that the facts of the paper were new to the learned world of Europe. The boy by his communication had enlarged the boundaries of scientific knowledge."

Sunshine and Health.

Without the sun our globe would be a frozen mass immersed in utter darkness. But the sun is more than light for the eye, and heat for man and beast, and every living thing. It is an inexhaustible reservoir of health-giving energy, which it incessantly pours forth to man through ninety-three millions of miles of space.

Everybody knows the fact that plants will not thrive in the dark, however complete all the other conditions of growth. When placed in the window they turn all their leaves to the light, and climbers, at a little distance from the window, will leave their supports and stretch out straight toward the sunshine.

It is not so generally known that human beings thrive only in the sunshine, though the wonderful medical power of sunshine was known to the ancients, and is now recognized by all our best physicians. What that mysterious influence is which the sunshine exerts on the plants to cause them to turn their leaves toward it, and thus drink in a fuller measure of life, and to force even the climbing plant to break away from its twining nature, the wisest cannot tell us. Equally mysterious, but equally real is the invigorating power of sunshine on human beings. Without it men pine; all morbid tendencies are strengthened, and in a multitude of cases are developed into actual disease, and diseases otherwise contracted become liable to a fatal termination.

"What proportion of these crippled patients recover?" asked a visitor at one of the New York hospitals, of Dr. Griscom, who had been connected with it for twenty years. "Nearly all on the sunny side of the hospital recover," he replied, "while many on the shady side linger along till gangrene sets in, when death comes to their relief." A similar fact is true universally.

We make some particular suggestions:

1. Get sun-baths as often as possible, sick or well.
2. Let the living-rooms and sleeping-

rooms of the house be on the sunny side. We add sleeping-rooms, though we use them in the dark, for the sunshine acts as a disinfectant besides giving an invigorating power to the air that fills them.

3. Don't shut out the sunshine because it fades a choice carpet. A new one now and then won't cost as much as doctor's bills,—to say nothing about loss in business and by death.

4. Take the sunny side of the street (except in sultry weathed) in going back and forth to business.

5. Let mothers see that their babies get a double portion of sunshine, and make sure that their nursery-maids, when drawing them out in their carriages, don't take the shady side of the street for their own special comfort.

6. Be sure that the sick have a room which the sun enters daily.

The Loneliness of an Invalid's Life.

Few are they who, in the activities of robust life, pause to think of the loneliness of the helpless invalid—of the isolated bondage of weakness. To a young woman who is cut off from all youthful amusements and pursuits, who is restrained from love, who, within four walls, is bound to her couch by chains as cruel as if they were made of steel, whose hands are forbidden any respond to the busy motions of her mind, there come hours when even sympathy wearies of its ministry, and mercenary attendance must seek relief from its burdens. She must be left alone, her hands folded in patient waiting. Reminiscence, idle dreaming, aspiration, regrets, tears—these come in pathetic routine to fill the heavy hours when society departs. Great, silent heroisms are wrought out in intervals like these, more wonderful than the common imagination can conceive; or great moral disasters are suffered, from which there is no recovery.

In one direction or the other—toward cheerful, self-forgetful, ever-buoyant fortitude; or toward fretfulness, impatience, discontent and weak complaining—the invalid always gravitates. Wine, long shut from the sunlight, ripens into nectar or vinegar. The alternative is mainly fixed by the amount of sunlight it had the privilege of absorbing when it hung in clusters upon the vine.

[*Dr. Holland, in "Nicholas Minturn," Scribner for June.*

The Sleep of the Plants.

The deeper we search into the mysteries of vegetable life, the closer appears its relations to animal existence. Botanists assert that plants breathe, work, sleep, are sensitive and capable of movement.

The sleep of plants was first observed in Indiana, on the tamarind tree, in 1567, and after this on the liquorice tree; but it was the great French botanist, Linnæus, who first demonstrated the nature of it.

He first observed the phenomenon in a bird's-foot lotus growing in a green-house at Upsala. He had remarked the beauty of its flowers in the morning, but was greatly surprised to find it apparently flowerless at night. A close study of the nature of the plant showed that each evening the leaves of this lotus assumed a particular position, which hid the corollas; and this was its way of sleeping.

Thinking that such a phenomenon would not be an isolated one Linnæus passed many nights in wandering about in his garden, with a torch in his hand to verify the results. He discovered that a great number of plants assume a particular attitude at night, that indicates a condition that resembles the sleep of animals.

Whoever has seen a sensitive plant during the night, with its boughs drooping, and, as it were, overpowered by fatigue, with its leaflets folded together, like eyelids which close, will admit that at such times it appears to be in a state of rest, or of sleep.

This phenomenon is seen in more striking form in hot countries. Humboldt, while traversing the banks of the Magdalena, observed that plants here awaken much later in the morning than in the temperate zone, as if the vegetation in these climates shared in the indolence which is observable in all peoples under the equator.

Many flowers close every evening in order to give themselves up peacefully to repose. There are some, such as certain bird-weeds, which seem to fall to sleep long before sunset, and rouse up very late in the morning, when the sun darts his rays upon them.

In the evening if we view a meadow covered with these flowers, we cannot fail to notice its listless, sleepy appearance—the living aspect of the meadow has

vanished, it appears a perfect expression of repose.

If a clover field is examined about six o'clock at the close of a summer day, the spectator will be struck by the aspect which the plants present at this first moment of their sleep. The two side leaflets of each leaf are laid close against each other, and the middle one covers them like a protecting roof—the whole aspect of the field is changing.

De Candolle showed by some interesting experiments, that in the floral kingdom, sleep is to be attributed to the absence of light. By throwing a very bright light upon sensitive plants during the night, and also by placing them in profound darkness during the day, the learned botanist succeeded in completely changing their habits. These plants closed up their leaflets and slept the whole day, deceived as it were by the artificial gloom, and they remained awake all the whole night when six lamps projected upon them a brilliancy equal to five-sixths of that of daylight.

Many plants are susceptible to the narcotic influence of opium. Sprinkle over them an opiate and they will directly fall to sleep. This is said to be the case with the sensitive plant. In this plant narcotics not only cause sleep, but seem to weaken its sensibility as they weaken ours. If opium be sprinkled upon it, it ceases to feel irritants and to contract when it is touched. It is paralyzed. An electric shock kills it.

It is on the principle of the sleeping and waking of plants that the floral clock is made. This differs somewhat in different latitudes, but the following flowers are known to awaken at regular hours:

Yellow Goatsbeard,	3 A. M.
Chickory,	4 A. M.
Sow Thistle,	5 A. M.
Dandelion,	6 A. M.
Lettuce and White Water Lilly	7 A. M.
Pimpernel,	8 A. M.
Field Marigold,	9 A. M.

The clock is constructed on the principle of the waking of the flowers rather than the leaves. Linnæus first constructed this truly poetical indicator of time, having a floral dial in his garden which marked all, or nearly all the hours of the day.—[*The Youth's Companion*.]

Invited to Ride.

A good story is told of two prominent Kentuckians by one of the papers of that State—Gov. James F. Robinson and Judge Duval:

The Governor is a relic of the old *regime* of Virginia gentleman, stately, courteous, and punctilious in exercising the rights of hospitality. One day he had invited Judge Duval to ride with him. Arriving at the toll gate the Judge was about to pay the toll, when Gov. Robinson interposed, saying:

"Duval, I have been trying for years to make a gentleman of you, but have not succeeded. When a gentleman asks you to ride he does not expect you to pay expenses."

At this serio-comic address from his old friend, the Judge laughed quietly, and returned his pocket-book to its place. A part of their route lay through farms, with seven gates to open. Reaching the first gate, Duval sat still, while the Gov. waited for him to descend and open the gate.—After waiting a minute, during which neither spoke a word, Duval said, with a merry chuckle in his voice:

"I would get down and open that gate, but I suppose that when one is asked by a gentleman to take a ride he is not expected to work his way."

The Governor silently and solemnly descended and opened the gate.

We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that they are mistaken.—*Newman Hall*.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct, to condemn it where you detect faults, to amend it to the best of your ability, to make good resolves for future guidance, and keep them.

Where there is much light the shadow is deep.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1877.

Summer Hours at the Hospital.

We wished as we left our lakeside home to visit the invalids at the Hospital, that we could carry with us some of our invigorating breezes, or vary the monotony of their lives, by giving them a sight of Ontario in its ever changing moods, but we had nothing better to offer them than our sympathy, and we found much in their condition to awaken it.

Our first visit in the Female Ward was on one who was prostrated by repeated afflictions. Shortly after the death of her husband, she lost a son by a sunstroke, and had mourned so much that her system was greatly shattered. On the opposite side of the Ward lay a German woman just nearing the dark river. The Ward nurse and Augusta, her fellow country woman, were seeking to smooth her pathway. A neuralgic patient spoke of great suffering, and opposite her a young girl was greatly reduced by a disease of the lungs. Two rheumatic patients were cheerfully bearing their burdens, and those of the Ward patients who were well enough were attending a religious service in the chapel.

In the next Ward were two babies and their mothers.

In the Upper Female Ward were two patients, sisters, the one was better than on our last visit, but the other much worse and suffering greatly from a diseased foot. A cancer patient, long an inmate of this Ward, had returned home and died.

The first patient in the Lower Male Surgical Ward was a little boy, a subject for our Children's Cot. He was only ten years old, and motherless, and two days before fell sixteen feet from a tree and broke both his arms near the wrist. The little fellow had both arms in splints and

was helpless. He said he had not been able to sleep since he fell. He was kindly ministered to by a patient recovering from inflamed ankles, who sat by him, fanning him and driving off the flies that annoyed him. On the next couch lay another sufferer, who had been injured by runaway horses. The man had received an injury on the head and arm, and his hip was broken. He was apparently doing as well as could be expected. A patient recovering from abscess praised the Hospital for the kind treatment he had received while an inmate of it. One man was under treatment for a sore foot which had been burnt and then frozen. Mr. P., the colored patient, was better and for the first time in months we found him out of his couch, dressed, and seated in an easy chair.

In the Medical Ward there were four cases of typhoid fever; there were also consumptive and rheumatic patients. The man we last month reported as so sick with Bright's disease had died.

The patient suffering from cancer of the chin was very ill and still an inmate of the tent. A French patient was resting under a shade tree on the lawn North of the Hospital, and several male patients were lounging on the settees.

Just within the entrance of the grounds were two children, a brother and sister, amusing themselves while their father visited their godmother, the sick German woman, within the Hospital. It was a pretty sight, the brother gathering oak leaves while the sister wove a wreath to encircle her hat.

Contributions to Childre 's Cot Fund.

Interest on Deposit,	\$ 54
Mrs. E. T. Smith,	1 00
Katie,	10
Previously acknowledged,	84 80

Total Receipts, \$86 44

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.

Donations.

Rev. Mrs. Page—Bound vol. of Harper's Weekly.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Cherries.
Dr. Dean—Cherries.
Mrs. L. A. Clement—Old Cotton.
Mrs. I. Smith—Old Cotton.
Mr. Lundy—Ten quarts Currants.
Mrs. James Brackett—Old Cotton.
Mrs. A. G. Hooker—Eight quarts of Red Raspberries and a peck and a half of White Currants.
Eliza Withersall—Twenty-six quarts Black Raspberries.
E. D. Smith—White and Black Currants.

Receipts for the Review, To August 1st, 1877.

Mrs. A. G. Bradstreet, Melrose Highlands, Mass.—By Mrs. S. H. Terry,	50
E. C. Dunshee, \$1.24: B.W. Tone, 62 cts. —By S. S. Terry,	1 86
Mrs. P. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Crum, 62 cents; Mrs. J. McGraw, 62 cents; Miss J. Shaw, \$1.25: Mrs. Jas. Sproat, 62 cents—By Miss M. J. Watson,	3 73
Miss E. S. Athearn, 50 cents; Mrs. J. S. Bacon, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Isbister, 50 cents; Mrs. A. H. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. A. A. Porter, \$1.00; Mrs. M.W. Torrance, 50 cts.; Miss L. Townsend, 50 cts.; Mrs. Mark Wells, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Ware, 50 cents; all of Niagara Falls—By Miss E. Athearn,	5 50
Anthony Brothers, E. B. Booth & Son, E. Darrow, S. A. Newman, J. Fahy & Co., S. B. Roby & Co., Scrantom & Wetmore, \$5.00 each for Advertisements—By Mrs. H. H. Morse,	35 00
Mrs. Henry Brewster, 62 cts.; Mrs. Chas. H. Babcock, for Mrs. E. Bronson, East Avon, 50 cents; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 63 cents; Mrs. W. M. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cts.; John Campbell, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Farnham, Pittsford, \$1.00; Miss Antoinette Granger, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 63 cents; Mrs. Alfred Hoyt, 62 cts.; Miss Agnes Jeffrey, \$1.25; Mrs. H. Lampert, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Marburger, 62 cents; Mrs. F. H. Marshall, \$1.86; Mrs. W. B. Moseley, 63 cents; Mrs. George McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cts.; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 65 cents; Mrs. Wm. F. Morrison, \$2.00; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin for Miss Julia M. Pitkin, 62 cents; Miss A. B. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. L. P. Ross, \$1.86; Mrs. A. Savage, 62 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews,	19 95

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.

Superintendent's Report.

1877. July 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 61
Received during month, .. 25
Births, 1— 97
Died, 4
Discharged, 11— 15
Remaining, Aug. 1st, 1877, 72

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 1st, 1877, of Bright's disease, Louis Kepphut, aged 20 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 19, 1877, of pneumonia, Jane Wardell, aged 58 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 25, 1877, of consumption, Madame Peterson, aged 60 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 26, 1877, of pyaemia, Amelia P. Clark, aged 67 years.

Children's Department.

Paying Her Way.

What has my darling been doing to-day
To pay for her washing and mending?
How can she manage to keep out of debt
For so much caressing and tending?
How can I wait till the years have flown,
And the hands have grown larger and stronger?
Who will be able the interest to pay
If the debt runs many years longer?
Dear little feet! How they fly to my side!
White arms my neck are caressing,
Sweetest kisses are laid on my cheek,
Fair head my shoulder is pressing.
Nothing at all from my darling is due—
From evil may angels defend her!
The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made,
For love is a legal tender!

Work for the Children.

One of the prettiest uses to which your pressed leaves can be put, is in adorning boxes.

You can imitate Chinese work by using small bright leaves, yellow, red and green, for green pressed leaves always work in prettily, and are best for this purpose.

Round wooden boxes, such as straw-berries come in, and which you can buy in sets, quite new, for a trifle, make very pretty leaf-boxes.

For a glove-box, a work-box, or a handkerchief-case, an oblong one is better.

First, have the box, which should be quite smooth (and neatly lined with fancy paper), painted with two coats of black paint, without varnishing.

When perfectly dry, which may be in two or three days after the last coat of paint (or less, if the painter puts in something he knows of which will cause it to dry very soon), put on your leaves with good common flour paste and a soft brush.

This is better than mucilage, as it avoids the clear look and the daubing, which it is almost impossible to avoid with gum.

Put the leaves on in every direction, without regard to order, having them about of one size, but as varied in shape as possible.

You might make a close, careless group of leaves, of a deep red color, about the centre of the cover; then take care that all the rest on the cover are yellow and green.

This has a very pretty effect.

Nothing of this color is handsomer than the changed leaves of many rosebushes in the fall, and also some of the smallest of the wild strawberry and raspberry leaves after the frost has crimsoned them.

If you are looking with a purpose when gathering your leaves in the summer, you will find plenty of tiny bright ones.

The thinner the leaf after it is pressed the more beautiful your work will be.

Cover the under side of the leaf wholly, but as evenly and thinly as possible, with your paste (I have found that this could be best done with a pen-knife), and lay it on the box, pressing it down firmly.

If you take a bit of black silk, about as large as the palm of your hand, and make a sort of rubber of it (by drawing it over a little bunch of cotton-wool, like a cushion), you will find it just the thing with which to press down your leaves upon the box.

After it is all covered, have the box varnished (with a white varnish, which you can get at any good paint-shop).

Let it stand two days, where it will be free from dust, and then give it a second coat of varnish, and your work is done.

[*Youth's Companion.*]

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

A Funny Orphan.

We never heard of a rat nursing a kitten, but the following case is almost as droll. The Rome (N.Y.) *Sentinel*, says:

A yard on Jay Street has been the scene of a singular exhibition of bird nature during the past week. A young robin, rather a late arrival, apparently, and by some mischance left without any visible parents, has adopted an ordinary chipping-bird for its mother. The antics of the pair are very amusing. The chipping-bird is not at all pleased with the position which the robin has given it; but that seems to make no difference with the robin.

The orphan sleeps at night in a little maple and wakes up at daybreak with an enormous appetite. Then he sits and watches until the chipping-bird comes into the yard and immediately on catching sight of the little brownie, gives chase, with his mouth wide open. The chipping-bird makes no attempt to get away; but goes composedly to work to get its own breakfast of flies and bugs, the robin all the time following it with its mouth wide open, and uttering the most piercing cries.

When its own appetite is stayed, the little chipping-bird goes into the garden, still followed by the robin, and hunts worms until the robin's appetite is satisfied. The robin is about twice as large as the chipping-bird, and on Sunday was seen to feed himself for the first time. The "little mother" and its big ward have been observed by several persons, and there can be no question as to the case. A big orphan, tramp robin, of juvenile age, has imposed itself on the hospitality of a good-natured little brown bird.

We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

It begins to be seen the poor are only those who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor.—*Emerson.*

Politeness is too often but a perfidious generosity, which leaves the heart cold and the prejudices untouched.

Example is the softest and least invidious way of commanding.

Every good act is a flower which will beautify our final home.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. 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.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

THIS SPACE
BELONGS TO
E. H. COOK & CO.
IRON PIPE WORKERS,
71 STATE STREET,
Rochester, N. Y.

S. A. NEWMAN,
Druggist and Apothecary,
PROPRIETOR OF
Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's
CHOLERA DROPS,
115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.
Feb '75 *Newman's Castorine for the Hair.*

L. A. PRATT,
BOOTS, SHOES,
AND RUBBERS,
The only Store in the City which Sells E. C. Burt's New York Made Boots and Shoes. The Best Made in the United States.
54 State st, sep.73 **ROCHESTER N.Y.**

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

No. 53 State Street,
my '73 **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Dwight's Home School,

FOR YOUNG LADIES,
AT CLINTON, ONEIDA Co., .Y.
An English, French and German School of the First Class.

REV. BEN'N W. DWIGHT, PRINCIPAL.
References:—Mrs. Maltby Strong; Mrs. Seth H. Terry.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Successors to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

ERASTUS DARROW, OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

L P ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb '75 **ROCHESTER, N. Y**

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S BACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1893 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid SHAWLS, and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, cleansed without injury to the colors. Also,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS

Cleansed or colored without Ripping, and pressed nicely

Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed

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

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

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

WE have still a very large stock of Trimmings and Untrimmed Hats, all the latest styles, which we have Marked Down fully 50 per cent. Hats formerly sold at \$1.50 now at 75 cents; 75 cents now for 37 cents; 50 cents now 25 cents. Flowers, Silk Parasols, Laces, and everything in the same proportion, as we are determined to close out our entire stock with the season.

Call and secure bargains at

84 and Over 86 State St.

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

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.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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, GROCEER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER N. Y.

COUNTY 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

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

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.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail,

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First-class Laundry in same Building.

Apr. 76.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.

11 & 13 Mill St. Feb' 74 Rochester, N. Y.

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

E S ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 36 and 38 Exchange St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTOM & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery in all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. R. CLARK.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R.
Co., Pittston and Elmira Coal Co.
and J. Langdon & Co's
ANTHRACITE COAL!
GENERAL OFFICE:
28 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade.
YARD OFFICES—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street
corner of Ford, and No. 6 Hudson Street, near the Rail-
Road. H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.
Rochester, June, 1872.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
83 EXCHANGE ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,
APOTHECARIES,
66 West Main Street, Powers' Block,
ROCHESTER, N. Y

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoi-
sier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
T. D. SOPANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Abram S. Mann, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

july '74

ROWLEY & DAVIS,

(Successors to H. A. Blauw.)

CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.

NOV. '75.

CURRAN & GOLER,

(Successors to B. King & Co.)

Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER-

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66-

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

mech] Prescriptions carefully compounded. [66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

nov '67 1y

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches and Jewelry,

SILVER WARE

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.
nov '67 1y

Established 1834.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

No. 2.

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.

Be Ye Also Ready.

Ready when the dawning
Comes creeping cold and grey,
And we waken up from slumber
To greet another day.

Ready when the noon-tide
Is quivering with heat,
And there stealeth o'er the spirit
A languor, dreamy, sweet.

Ready when evening falls,
And lilies fill with dew ;
As the westerling sun's last gleam
Is fading from our view.

Ready at midnight hour
A vigil still to keep ;
The heart awake, though weary eyes
Have closed themselves in sleep.

Blesséd the servant found,
What time his Lord returns,
Who ready in his hand doth hold
A lamp that brightly burns.

"She Rests from Her Labors."

"Thou God of Love I

Vouchsafe us grace to bow beneath Thy rod,
And breathe (although it be thro' burning tears
And half-choked utterance,) 'Thy will be done !'
"Even so, Father! for it seemeth good
To Thee!

And because Thou did'st it, it must be well!"

With faltering pen and sorrowful hearts, this feeble tribute is offered to the memory of Mrs. W. W. CARR, most prominent in works of love and self-sacrifice; for her family, her church, the *Home for the Friendless* and the *City Hospital*. Mrs. C. entered the Hospital at its organization, as one of its managers, and by her unceasing labors we learned to admire and appreciate her generous and hopeful spirit, her energy and efficiency, her perseverance and success.

Her executive ability and rare business qualifications found ample exercise in her allotted work, on the various committees, to which she was appointed—and well and faithfully done was all she undertook.—Her work only ended with her life.

Her loss will be felt in every benevolent work, but especially in our Hospital.

Words cannot express our appreciation of her services; the remembrance of her cheerfulness under trials and difficulties; her active, zealous and Christ-like work, will long remain fresh in our hearts and must ever be an incentive to more faithful devotion to our Master's service. C. E. M.

For the Hospital Review.

The Roman Beggar Maid.

O little beggar maid,
 Who runs beside the way,
 What would'st thou with me, pray?

O lovely beggar maid!
 Thy eyes are dark and bright,
 Thy lips so rosy ripe,
 Thy smiles and blushes too;
 All these thou giv'st to me,
 What can I give to thee?
 O beggar maid!

O little beggar maid,
 Of me thou askest gold.
 And are thy smiles thus sold?

O foolish beggar maid!
 Down drop the eyes so bright,
 The smile is lost to sight,
 And "*multo fame*"* cried.
 Ah this thou would'st for thee.
 What wouldest thou for me?
 O beggar maid!

O little beggar maid,
 Thy glance has done its part,
 And now I have no heart.

O cruel beggar maid!
 I'd give thee kisses sweet,
 Yet 'tis my gold thou'lt seek,
 And only that thou'lt take.
 Thou carest naught for me,
 So I'll care naught for thee.
 O beggar maid!

* Very hungry.

C. R. S.

Foreign Correspondence.

ROME AND NAPLES.

The Roman children and youth are, many of them, very handsome, and about the steps of Trinita dè Monti, the models loiter in their fanciful and gay attire, all ready to be put into the picture. Young mothers too are there with their babes, and old men dressed as *contadini*, or mountaineers, and sometimes, especially during carnival, the scene is varied by the dance of the *Saltarello*. We saw some beautiful faces that we longed to bring away on canvas.

We found it very slow work to visit the

Vatican. The doors are closed at eleven, and only opened again for an hour or two in the afternoon. It used to be open all day long; now it takes many hours to go through it. But we usually dropped into St. Peter's, after eleven, and were never satisfied or weary with looking. It is one of the buildings that does not disappoint one's expectations. It is so majestic and withal so simple, and the sunlight streams in gloriously through the two tiers of windows, falling in long beams of light upon the mosaic floor. The temperature seems like a perpetual miracle. Coming from the chilling chambers of the Vatican it was like entering a furnace heated house; yet there is no fire. It is said to be cool in summer. The thickness of the walls is given us as an explanation of the even temperature, but with all the explanation, one still wonders at the delightful contrast to every other church, and palace, and gallery, in Italy.

I lingered a long time in front of the image of St. Peter, formerly said to have been that of Jupiter, watching the groups come up, wipe the toe, kiss it, touch it with forehead and lip, and pass on. The bronze has worn off and from its constant adoration it shines like polished steel.

We often went to hear the music which is very fine. On Christmas morn we rose by candlelight, to attend the early mass. Since the Pope has kept himself close in the Vatican the ceremony is not imposing. There are many genuflexions and movings about, and waftings of incense. The gorgeous dress of the priests and the robing and disrobing of the Cardinal are the most noticeable features. The Cardinal's dress is of a brilliant cherry, lighter than what we call cardinal color. Some of the higher clergy were dressed in white silk or brocade embroidered with gold, others wore large, round ermine caps, others were in grey fur capes with purple robes.

The American Methodist Mission gives the free use of its chapel for its Sabbath

service. Dr. Terhune, formerly of New-ark, N. J., preaches gratuitously, charging himself also with the responsibility of its pecuniary support. His earnest, glowing discourses gave us much pleasure, and helped us to make the day more homelike; but a Sabbath in Rome is very different from one in New England. A great part of the stores are kept open, artisans are performing their usual handiwork, hand-carts are loaded with furniture that is being moved, flowers and fruit are for sale by the wayside, and, in the afternoon, the band plays on the Pincio, and the gay crowd, in carriages and on foot, is out in holiday attire. On the other hand, the churches are open every day in the week, and there is a mass every morning. Rome has three hundred and sixty-eight churches and it is very common to find a priest performing mass with only one lad to respond, and it may be no other worshipper.

We were next door to Mr. VanMeter, and often passed the Sabbath eve in his pleasant parlor, decked with the Italian, British, and American flags, where English speaking guests as well as Italians are welcomed to a social prayer meeting, ending with a general handshaking and a delicious cup of tea.

We visited Mrs. Gould's home, which the ladies are striving to pay for. The boys have printing presses and are printing, to earn a little money and learn the trade so as to be ready for active life.

The ruins have a fascination that chains us strongly to the scenes of ancient glory. The Colosseum fully satisfied our imagination, except that the ivies and the trees that grew "along the broken arches" have been removed, to prevent further disintegration. We left the ancient city with many regrets.

An old legend says, that whoever on leaving Rome shall go to the fountain of Trevi, and cast in a copper coin, and then drink of the water from the hollow of the hand, is assured of a speedy return. So

the younger members of our party visited it by moonlight, but we older ones felt that we should never look upon it again.

As we approached Naples we passed through a very rich country, producing several crops every year. In former times the people became effeminate and therefore lost their power. Our window looked out upon an orange orchard, and as we rode by, large bouquets containing perhaps twenty camellias, or one hundred half open roses, were thrust into our carriage, for one franc, twenty cents.

In the beautiful grounds attached to one of the royal palaces, now converted into a museum and gallery of paintings, on a neighboring hill, high upon the trunk and branches of the large trees, were growing not only mosses but graceful ferns, waving their light green plumes over our heads.

In the royal palace, in the center of the city, a cradle presented by the Neapolitans to Princess Margherita, the wife of the Crown Prince, won our especial admiration. It swung upon a branch of wood, exquisitely carved, an angel bending over the head to serve as canopy to hold a veil or light drapery if needed. The cradle was oval, lined with satin, the outside adorned with cameo medallions of babies' heads, and trimmings of tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, and coral.

In the house of an English lady, with an Italian husband, Madame Turner Guidotti, we found a delightful home, and received the very kindest treatment from our generous hosts. We have heard it spoken of as about the best *pension* in Italy.

It was very near the public villa or park bordering on the bay. Here the band play in the sunny afternoons, and here the pleasure loving people come in elegant costume; the ladies in silks and velvets. We have not yet seen so much dress anywhere else in Europe, but we have not been at Paris. In the street in front of the villa, the Riviera di Chiara, three or four rows

of carriages of the *haut ton* are passing and repassing till sunset, and it is quite difficult to cross the street. Turning away from the gay crowd, for a moment, the gleaming waters with the outstretched capes and Capri refresh the eye.

Naples is full of the most intense life and very entertaining to the visitor. It is the largest city in Italy and smaller ones join it closely. The road to Pompeii leads through miles of thickly populated streets, where soup and vegetables are cooking, and macaroni drying on the sidewalk. Beggars run beside the carriage, and turn somersets, and laugh, and whine, and if fed, still run on for a second favor. At sunset fifteen *contadini*, for their homeward ride, will mount a wagon drawn by one horse. They are the merriest and the dirtiest of people.

Naples is lovely for situation, half encircling the blue bay, with the shadowy isle of Capri in the back ground, and Vesuvius ever sending up its cloud of incense. St. Elmo rises grandly in the centre of the town, and we mounted its ramparts and gazed our last, long and wistfully, at the beautiful scene.

C. L. S.

Hetty Marvin, the Girl that Wouldn't Tell a Lie.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Conn., in 17—, and set a price on the head of Governor Griswold, the latter fled to the town of L—, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him, for some days, in a secluded farm-house. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat; and one sunny afternoon in May he was routed from his hiding place, by the tidings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him.

His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek, which emptied itself into the Connecticut river, just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm-house to the boat

was two miles by the usual traveled road. But the little sheep-path across the farmer's orchards would bring him to the road, only a mile from the boat; and save a quarter's length of his fearful run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road, Hetty Marvin sat with her dog Towser, tending the bleaching of the household linen. The long web of forty yards, or more, which was diligently spun and woven during the long winter months, was whitened in May, and thus made ready for use. The business of bleaching was well economized, being usually done by the younger daughters of the family, who were not old enough to spin, or strong enough for the heavier work of the kitchen and dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy plat, beside a spring or meadow brook. There it was thoroughly wetted and spread upon the green turf, to take the best heat of the sun by day and the dew at night. The little maiden who tended it, would sit near it.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Gov. Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her, into the road, to escape from his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of about twelve years; yet thoughtful and wise beyond many of her elders. She was frightened by the headlong haste with which the Governor rushed across the meadow. But she quietly comprehended the scene, and instantly quieted her faithful Towser, who, though a friend of the family guest, thought it becoming to bark loudly at his hurried steps.

Her wise forethought arrested the Governor's notice, and suggested a scheme to delude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said, earnestly, "I am flying for my life; and unless I can reach my boat before I am overtaken, I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. But you must tell those who are chasing me, that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon, which will soon be along, you know. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin!" said the little girl, in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie; indeed I cannot; why did you tell me which way you were going!"

"Hetty, dear child, surely you would not betray me to my death! *Hark!* they

are coming—I hear the click of their horses' feet. Oh, Hetty, tell them I have gone *up* the road instead of *down*, and heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never blesses those who speak falsely, cousin! But I will not tell them which way you go, even if they kill me; so run as quickly as possible."

"It's of no use; unless I can deceive them, I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'd never think of looking here for you. Come, get down as swift as you can; and I'll cover you, and stand sprinkling my linen."

"It's my only chance, child: I'll get down, as you say." And suiting the action to the word, the Governor was soon hidden under the ample folds of the cloth.

Angry that their expected prey had escaped from the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the little girl in the meadow, the leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you seen a man running away hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must, or take the consequences."

"I said I wouldn't tell, if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl.

"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer, with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide; "I know the child, I believe. Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

"And this man that ran by you a few minutes ago, was your mother's cousin, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he was."

"Well, we are friends of his—what did he say to you when he came along?"

"He—he told me—that he was flying for his life."

"Just so, Hetty; that was very true. I hope he won't have to fly far. Where was he going to try to hide? You see I could help him if I knew his plans."

Now Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would con-

sist with his safety, and she wisely judged that her frankness would serve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered her questioner candidly. "My cousin said that he was going down this way to the river, where he had a boat; and he wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him, that he had gone the other way, to catch the mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he bid you then, when I asked where he had gone?" thundered the officer, fiercely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir," was the tearful answer.

"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. Everybody knows you are a girl of truth. What did your cousin say, when you told him you couldn't tell a falsehood?"

"He said he shouldn't think I'd betray him to his death."

"And then you promised him that you wouldn't tell which way he went, if you was killed for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a brave speech; and so I suppose he thanked you for it, and ran down the road as quick as possible."

"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his last words, and we won't trouble you any more."

"His last words were, 'It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say.' " And overcome by fright, and the sense of her kinsman's danger, should they rightly interpret the language which she had reported, she sobbed aloud, and hid her face from sight.

Her tormentors did not stay longer to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted; and pushed rapidly on down to the river. Now the Governor had arranged a signal with his boatmen, that a white cloth by day, or a light in the night, displayed from the attic window of his hiding place, which was just visible at the mouth of the creek, should inform them if he were in trouble, and put them on the alert to help him. As soon, therefore, as he started from his cousin's, the signal floated from the window to warn them.—And when they saw the pursuing party dash madly down the road to the river, and recognizing the British uniform of the leader, they pulled swiftly out to sea.—

The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the boat with two men in it, nearly out of sight; and supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile the hunted victim lay safe and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of his little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her return to the house for supper. Then he bade her go as usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother to place the signal lamp, as soon as it grew dark, in the window, for the boatmen; and to send him there some supper, with his valise, which, in the hurry of departure, he had left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which after twilight had ventured in sight of the shore and the farm-house: and the Governor quietly made his way to the river in safety. When he rejoined his father in a secure home, he named the infant daughter which had been born in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of the little cousin whose truth and shrewdness had saved his life.—[*Student and Schoolmate*.

Curious Chinese Customs.

Miss A. C. Safford, in a recent letter speaks as follows of some curious customs prevalent in China:

"It is very common to meet blind men on the streets of a Chinese city, but blind women are not seen so frequently. 'Why is this?' I asked of an old missionary one day. 'Oh,' was the answer, 'when a child becomes blind, if a girl it is almost sure to die, for no care is taken to preserve the life of such a worthless creature. A boy can be taught to do more things for a support, so he is allowed to live.' Then she told me a history that she knew to be true. Several years since a little girl was sick with small pox, and when she got well it was found that her eye-sight was gone. This was hard, but even her own mother said that she ought to be killed, that as she was blind she could not be taught to cook, sew and keep a house in order, so that when she grew up no man would marry her, and her parents would have to support her always.

Day by day the hard hearted woman talked in this manner to her husband, until he consented to get rid of the child. He

called the little thing to him one day, and taking her by the hand, led her toward a pine thicket on a hill at some distance from her home. In this thicket he intended to leave her, to be eaten by wolves or die of starvation. As they walked along, however, he began to think how cruel it was to thus treat his child, and at last he turned back home and told the mother that he had rather work harder and keep the little one. She did not like it much but had to submit. This girl is now fifteen, and has learned to do so many things there will be no trouble in getting her a husband, and the parents will not have to work for her much longer.

I met a woman not long since who had lost a dear little baby by death. She loved it and wished it might be buried. But this is not the custom in China. If a baby dies its soul is thought to be that of an enemy of the parents, who came into the world to cause expense and trouble, and then die, or it is a soul which has escaped from hell before it had endured its full punishment and had been captured by the gods and sent back. Therefore a dead baby is seldom or never given a coffin or a grave. In some cases it is thrown into a canal or a river, or tossed out on the hills for the dogs or birds to feed upon. So this woman begged in vain. They took it from her arms and cast it outside of the city. Not long after a Christian family living near lost a child, and the missionaries buried it decently, having prayer and singing at the grave. The poor heathen mother did not dare to go to the funeral for fear of her husband, but she sat at a distance, watching, and she said afterward 'Oh, it seemed so good, so much better than our way.' She wants to be a Christian, but is afraid of her friends. It is considered especially unlucky to bury the body of the first child.

There is a strange custom in some parts of China called sweeping the baby away.

When it dies a priest comes, and after many crackers have been fired off and cymbals beaten, he burns up a broom which has never been used, praying while it burns. Then he takes another broom and walks a long way from the front of the house, when he dashes the broom as far off as he can send it. Thus it is thought that the poor timid spirit is frightened and driven away forever, and everybody tries to forget it.

Hints on the Care of the Eyes.

There are, perhaps, more individuals who ascribe their weakness of sight to a use of their eyes under an insufficient artificial illumination than to any other one cause. In a great many instances this may not be strictly true, but there can be no doubt that faulty artificial light is one of the most productive causes of a certain class of injuries, to which the eye can be exposed. The two sources of trouble with the ordinary artificial lights are—first, that they are not pure white, and secondly, that they are unsteady. The first defect is found in all artificial lights; except the lime, electric and magnesium lights; the second especially in candles and gas. The yellowness is, in a measure, counteracted by using, in the case of lamps and gas, chimneys of a violet or blue tint, and the flickering of the gas may be obviated largely by employing an Argand burner. All things considered a German student-lamp furnishes the most satisfactory light. The next best is gas with an Argand burner. The chimneys of both may, as above suggested, be advantageously of a light-blue tint.

The position of the light in relation to the body is of great importance. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light may stand directly in front of the body and the work be allowed to lie in the light under the glare, which will protect the eyes from the shade of the flame. If no shade is used the back should be turned to the source of light, which ought to fall over the left shoulder. The same rule applies in the management of daylight. In this case the light should come from behind and slightly above, and fall directly on the work, whence it is reflected to the eye. It never should fall directly in the face.

The light in the room during sleep is also not without its influence. As a rule, the room during sleeping hours should be dark; and, in particular, care should be taken to avoid sleeping opposite a window where on opening the eyes in the morning a flood of strong light will fall on them. Even the strongest eyes are, after the repose of the night, more or less sensitive to the impression of intense light. The eyes must have time to accustom themselves to the stimulus.

Attention should be called to the injurious effect that sometimes follow reading on railroad cars. On account of the unsteadiness of the page, reading under these circumstances is exceedingly trying to the eyes, and should never be in for any considerable length of time.

During convalescence from severe illness the eyes are generally the last to regain their lost power. Especially is this the case with women after child-birth, and too much care cannot be taken to put as little strain upon the eyes as possible at this time.

[*Dr. S. M. Burnett; Scribner for Sept.*]

A Gentleman Always.

One of the marked traits in the character of that eccentric, brilliant writer, Thomas De Quincy, was his unfailing courtesy to all persons. He was a gentleman even to his servants, for whose feelings he always had consideration.

On one occasion an American gentleman dining with the family, was asked by one of the daughters his opinion of the Scotch. De Quincy immediately turned to the American and said, in kindly, half paternal manner,—

"The servant that waits at my table is a Scotch girl. It may be that you have something severe to say about Scotland. I know that I like the English church, but I never utter anything that might wound my servant (a Presbyterian, and opposed to the church of England). Heaven knows that the lot of a poor serving-girl is hard enough, and if there is any person in the world of whose feelings I am especially tender, it is those of a female compelled to do for us our drudgery. Speak as freely as you choose, but please reserve your censure, if you have any, for the moments when she is absent from the room."

A gentleman is a gentleman always, and to all classes of persons.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never retire at night without being wiser than when you arose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

This is a Gaelic proverb: "If the best man's faults were written upon his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

In Memoriam.

MRS. WILLIAM W. CARR.

A heavy pall seems resting on the hearts of many in this community, for a beloved and efficient Christian laborer has been called hence, and our charitable institutions mourn for one of their most constant, effective, and judicious officers.

Scarcely any woman in Rochester has filled a wider or more influential place, in beneficent circles, than our lamented sister, the late Mrs. William W. Carr, who, on the 17th of July last, was suddenly stricken down with alarming illness, when apparently in the midst of her usefulness, fully girded for her warfare, on the spot whither her weary but willing feet had borne her to devise plans for the comfort of the aged and afflicted. Too feeble to be carried thence, within the Home for the Friendless, the Asylum she had been largely instrumental in rearing, for nearly a week she received the ministries of kind and loving attendants; thence she was taken to her home, where her rapid improvement gave promise of returning health, and in hopes of invigorating her exhausted system, she was removed to Ocean Grove. The exhilarating sea breezes for a time refreshed her, but she soon gave indications of declining health, returned to her home, and after two weeks, hovering between life and death, on the morning of the 8th inst., she quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Thus closed a life of rare usefulness and beauty.

Mrs. Mary Packer Carr was a native of Wallingford, Vt., where she was born on the 14th of September, 1820. Her father was a Baptist clergyman. Early in life she married Mr. J. C. Stone, and in 1840 removed to Rochester, where she has since

resided. Her husband was a successful and prominent miller; at the time of his decease she was the mother of two sons, William C. and Henry D. Stone, who survive her. Subsequently, she married the former business partner of her husband, our well known townsman, Mr. William W. Carr.

Mrs. Carr's life was a beautiful illustration of St. Paul's precept: "*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*" Gifted by nature with strong characteristics which were sanctified by grace, hers was the joyful service of the loving child, seeking to follow closely in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good.

In prosperity and affliction, in her home as wife, mother, friend and helper, in the church, in the charitable institutions of our city, she was the same earnest, zealous, faithful, unselfish, energetic, Christian worker. Said one associated with her in labors of love; "I was first attracted to her, by her commanding presence, as I often saw her going from boat to boat, ministering to the wants of those, who, during the winter months, found a home in the canal boats, and came under her notice as visitor of the Female Charitable Society."

She was an active member of the First Baptist Church, and those of the same household of faith bear honorable testimony to her efficiency as President of the Ladies' Society, and as deviser and executor of plans for raising money for Christian enterprises.

The societies where she has left her strongest impress, and to which her time, talents, and labors, have been especially consecrated, are The Home for the Friendless and the City Hospital. In the former she has been an active laborer for twenty-six years. She was one of that noble band of women who, before the opening of the latter, solicited funds to enable it to welcome the sick, the wounded, and the afflicted, and since the organization of its Board

of Managers, she has always been a faithful and efficient officer.

Her fellow associates in these Institutions feel that her loss is irreparable, and they ask vainly, "Who can fill her place?" They mourn for her as a beloved sister. Many a moistened eye and stifled sob bore testimony to their grief, as they saw her busy hands cross-folded on her peaceful breast, and knew that the active brain and responsive heart would no longer aid them in their labors of love.

With softened tread and hushed voice we followed her to her last resting place, between loved ones gone before, and under the shadow of the twin Mountain Ash trees, that as loving sentinels waved their graceful foliage over their sacred trust.* As we gazed at them, in all the richness of their summer verdure, though freighted with their brilliant clusters of scarlet fruitage, we thought they were meet emblems of the peaceful sleeper below, who, early in life's autumn, before the frosts of winter had touched her with the infirmities of age, rejoiced the hearts of all who beheld her, by beautifully illustrating the words of the Master, "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." Daughters of Rochester! on which of you shall her mantle fall?

* In floral language the Mountain Ash means, "With me you are safe."

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, met by special request at the house of the President, Saturday, September 8th, 1877. The President stated the reason for calling the ladies together, was to take some suitable action on the sad event which has taken from us a useful, most active and beloved co-worker, Mrs. W. W. Carr.

Mrs. Strong spoke of our loss in touching language, expressing the sorrow felt by so many, and by this committee in particular.

Many of the ladies present, spoke of the

many virtues and gifts of our friend, and all bore testimony to her exalted worth.

The President stated that Mrs. Carr was the only member of the Board taken from her active labors to her eternal rest.

After an individual expression of the ladies, as to the manner in which we should best embody our sentiments of love and loss, on motion of Mrs. Brackett, the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to send a suitable communication to Mr. Carr and family—and also prepare an article for the "Review." It was also decided to attend the funeral together, at the house.

MRS. BEACH, Rec. Sec.

Midsummer at the Hospital.

On a Sabbath afternoon we visited the Hospital, and as we entered the grounds from West Avenue, we found nearly a score of patients scattered over the lawn; some reclining on settees under the shade of friendly trees, others sauntering leisurely around. Our aged colored friend, Mr. Pitkin, looked very comfortable in his easy chair; the male fever patients were all convalescent and enjoying themselves outside the Hospital. A cancer patient, a fearful sufferer, was the sole occupant of the tent, and he was longing for the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Our first visit within doors was in the Lower Female Ward, where we saw many new patients. One of these was afflicted with an abscess on the arm, which during the past month had given her great pain. Another, a young woman, twenty-eight years of age, had for years suffered from a curvature of the spine, her limbs, also, were fearfully distorted, and she had hemorrhage of the lungs, and for four months had not been able to sleep in bed, but was bolstered up in a rocking chair. On the next cot was a patient recovering from a fever. Mrs. P. was in bed with a bandaged head; Augusta, her former inseparable companion, had gone to Germany, taking

with her little Bertha, an Industrial School child. This patient has for years been a martyr to rheumatism and has longed to return to her parents, but the way did not seem open for her. Now, the desire of her heart is gratified, and we hope the sea voyage may benefit her. She is a widow with one child. Mrs. B., the helpless rheumatic patient, was more comfortable and very grateful for even a little improvement in her condition. A paralytic woman called forth the sympathy of all the inmates of the ward. She was a new-comer and unable to make known her needs. Our young friend Louisa seemed very feeble. Her lungs were diseased and her limbs swollen. Mary B. and Cora were up and looked bright and happy.

In the ward above, we found our old friend Mrs. W. It seemed strange to see her in the attitude of a patient, for we had known her as nurse in three of our public institutions. She had at last been forced to yield to sickness but was ready to submit to the will of her Heavenly Father, to labor, or to wait.

Two aged inmates of this ward, sisters, both suffering from diseased feet and other ailments, since our last visit had passed beyond the reach of hospital ministries. The older of the two died first, and her sister was constantly on her feet, making arrangements to attend the funeral of her beloved one. No remonstrance from the nurse could prevent her from busying herself in collecting her sister's wardrobe, and packing it, and at nightfall, completely exhausted, with wandering mind, she sank to rest, and in her dreams called for Amelia. She survived her but about ten days.

In another ward we found four young infants.

The Surgical and Medical Male Wards were unusually full. In the former the patient suffering from inflamed ankles was much better, on one foot he could wear a stocking and slipper. The man who was so severely injured by the runaway horses

was up, dressed, and sitting in a rocking chair, and his countenance indicated he was greatly improved. Near by, was a patient under treatment for inflamed eyes, and also our colored friend Mr. G., who fears a cataract is forming over one of his eyes. Our paralytic friend, Mr. W., told us that the aged patient, across the ward, who was being so tenderly cared for, had had the day before a narrow escape from death. He had swallowed several pieces of meat that had gone the wrong way, and they were removed by opening the windpipe. "He was so far gone" said Mr. W., "that he looked like a dead man." Unless inflammation sets in, he will probably recover. One man was recovering from burns.

In the Medical Ward some were consumptive patients, some rheumatic, some had diabetes, and several were recovering from fever.

We never leave the Hospital without wondering how such perfect order and neatness are maintained, with so many sick and feeble ones needing close attention.

The Children's Cot.

Last month, dear children, we told you of a little boy who was a subject for your bed, who had fallen and broken both his arms near the wrist. We know it will gladden your kind hearts to hear that the little motherless boy is doing well. We found him out of doors, with both arms in slings, and he told us he did not suffer much pain, and that the splints that kept his arms in place had been removed the day before.

Now we have something else to tell you, that we hope will interest you very much, and induce you to save your money and send it to endow the Children's Cot. Perhaps you do not exactly understand what we mean by endowing a cot, so I must tell you.

We want you to send so much money for the Children's Cot, that when put in the bank, the interest on it will be enough to pay three or four dollars a week, for nursing, feeding, and taking care of a little sick child, who will occupy it, and who has no friends able to support it. This is a large thing for little children to do, but it is something which would please Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me;" and if you can do it you will be helping the little children who for years to come, so long as there is a Hospital, may need its tender care. We have had a pretty black walnut cot donated to us for the use of the Children, and a nice hair mattress to make it soft and comfortable, and now we have a little girl to occupy it.

If you were to go to the Upper Female Ward, in the City Hospital, and look in the South West corner of the Ward, you would see the little cot, and perhaps you would think, as we did, that over the head board, there would be a nice place on the wall for a book rack and some amusing books, and on the side wall there is room for a picture, and a little table to hold flowers could stand beside the cot.

Now I must tell you about the little girl, the first occupant of the cot. She was brought to the institution on Saturday, the 18th of August. Her name is Agnes, and she will be ten years old the twenty-third of October next. She lost her mother five years ago and has lived since then with an aunt. She was not in the cot when we saw her, but partly dressed and sitting up in a rocking chair. She had on a white dress trimmed with pink, and her swollen feet were covered with stockings but were too tender to wear shoes. She had soft grey eyes, brown hair and a pale face. She is suffering from a disease of the heart and her blood is turning to water. I think Agnes would like to see some of our little children, and if they took her some interesting story book, some pretty flowers, or nice fruit, I know it

would please the little motherless girl. — When we visited her we were glad to find she had some one, Mrs. Woodward, in the same room, who was very fond of little children, who for many years was nurse at the Orphan Asylum and knew all about the little folks.

Perhaps some of the children who visit the Hospital and see Agnes, will write us a letter about it. We should be glad to hear from them, and anything addressed to the "Hospital Review," 84 Powers' Building, will reach us. We hope next month to record many donations to our Children's Cot.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

A trifle for the Cot,	\$ 07
Kittie,	05
Maidie Powell,	38
Our Family Box for the Cot,	25
Previously acknowledged,	86 44

Total Receipts, \$87 19

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.

Our Needs.

We are greatly in need of clothing for some of the invalids. Perhaps some of the sewing societies in neighboring villages would make up under garments and send us a box of them. We have patients who for years have been unable to earn means of support, who need substantial clothing.

We also need a *large supply of old cotton*; some of the inmates just now require a great deal of this, and the demand far exceeds the supply.

Fruit and vegetables are very acceptable. We would suggest to our fruit dealers, who find a large stock on their hands on Saturday night, that is in danger of spoiling before Monday, that the Hospital can use it well on Sunday.

Died.

In Rochester, Thursday morning, September 6th, 1877, Mrs. MARY P., wife of Wm. W. Carr, aged 57 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 10, 1877, of pernicious anæmia, Mrs. Mary Carnell, aged 57 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 11, 1877, of pyæmia, Mrs. Elizabeth Fellows, aged 67 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 14, 1877, of pelvic peritonitis, Laura Gertrude King, aged 22 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 27, 1877, of fracture of skull, William J. Tuton, aged 26 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 31, 1877, John Mullen, aged 34 years.

CASH DONATIONS ON BILLS.

Donation by E. K. Warren, on May, June and July bills, \$3 50
 Donation by Taylor Brothers, 5 00
 Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Donation.

Mrs. George H. Thompson, East Avenue—Six glasses and one bowl of Jelly.

Receipts for the Review,

TO SEPTEMBER 1st, 1877.

William H. Davis—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, \$ 62
 Mrs. W. C. Barry, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. Dagge, \$1.25; Mrs. Geo. Elwanger, 62 cents—
 By Miss Mary Watson, 2 49
 Mrs. D. S. Morgan, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Harrison, 50 cents; Mrs. W. B. Mann, 50 cents; Mrs. M. J. Holmes, 50 cents; Mr. W. S. King, 50 cents; Fred. Benedict, 50 cents; John Owens, 50 cents; F. P. Latta, 25 cents; Mrs. Geo. Benson, \$2.00; Mrs. G. H. Allen, 50 cents; Mrs. E. N. Hill, 50 cents—all of Brockport—
 By Mrs. J. D. Decker, 6 75

Superintendent's Report.

1877. Aug. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 72
 Received during month, ... 35
 Births, 3—110
 Died, 5
 Discharged, 22— 27
 Remaining, Sept. 1st, 1877, 83

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.

Death and the Resurrection.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

Mother, how still the baby lies;
 I cannot hear his breath;
 I cannot see his laughing eyes;
 They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
 And sat down by his bed,
 And pleasantly I tried to sing;
 They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
 More beautiful than now;
 That God will bless him in the skies;
 Oh, mother, tell me how.

Daughter, do you remember, dear,
 The cold dark thing you brought
 And laid upon the casement here?
 A withered worm, you thought.

I told you that Almighty power
 Could break that withered shell,
 And show you, in a future hour,
 Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love;
 An empty shell it lies;
 Now raise your wandering thoughts above,
 To where your insect flies.

Oh, yes, mamma, how very gay
 Its wings of starry gold;
 And see, it lightly flies away
 Beyond my gentle hold.

Oh, mother, now I know full well,
 If God that worm can change,
 And draw it from its broken cell,
 On golden wings to range,

How beautiful will brother be
 When God shall give him wings,
 Above this dying world to flee,
 And live on heavenly things.

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out a wholesale fragrance; but reverie is the same flower, when rank, and running to seed.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors that lead outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.

The world is a sea of glass; affliction scatters our path with sand and as if in order to keep our feet from slipping.

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.

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

GAS FIXTURES

AND

GAS FITTING.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's

CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.

Feb '75

Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

L P ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

117 State Street,

Feb 75 **ROCHESTER, N. Y**

K. P. SHEDD,
GROCEER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER N. Y.

COUNTY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1898 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards and even the east of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid **SHAWLS**, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleansed without injury to the colors. Also,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS

Cleansed or colored without tipping, and pressed nicely. Also **FEATHERS** and **KID GLOVES** cleansed or dyed.

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

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

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

WE have still a very large stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, all the latest styles, which we have Marked Down fully 50 per cent. Hats formerly sold at \$1.50 now at 75 cents; 75 cents now for 37 cents; 50 cents now 25 cents. Flowers, Silk Parasols, Laces, and everything in the same proportion, as we are determined to close out our entire stock with the season.

Call and secure bargains at

84 and Over 86 State St.

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

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.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State st, sep.73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

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.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail,

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y

First-class Laundry in same Building.

Apr.75.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

**FANCY AND
MILLINERY GOODS,**

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.

11 & 13 Mill St. Feb' 74 Rochester, N.Y.

S. DUNN'S
Dyeing and Sconring Establishment.

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

Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works. RE-FITTED 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.

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

No. 53 State Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

my'73

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

E. S. ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Nos. 36 AND 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery n all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
w. s. osgood. Mar. '73. D. B. CLARK.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R.
Co., Pittston and Elmira Coal Co.
and J. Langdon & Co's
ANTHRACITE COAL!
GENERAL OFFICE:
28 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade.
Yard Offices—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street
corner of Ford, and No. 5 Hudson Street, near the Rail-
Road. H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.
Rochester, June, 1872.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
83 EXCHANGE ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,
APOTHECARIES,
66 West Main Street, Powers' Block.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoi-
sier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
I. D. SCANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper,	Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder,	J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews,	F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen,	Hamlet D. Scantom,
Abram S. Mann,	Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth,	Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing.
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

july '74

ROWLEY & DAVIS,

(Successors to H. A. Blauw.)

CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.
nov. '75.

CURRAN & GOLER,

(Successors to B. King & Co.)

Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

mc[h] Prescriptions carefully compounded. ['66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,
SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.
nov '67 1y

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches and Jewelry,

SILVER WARE

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.
nov '67 1y

Established 1834.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.
nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y

No. 3.

Last month, the *Hospital Review*, the organ of the City Hospital, bore its testimony of respect to the memory of one of its most valued and efficient officers, the late Mrs. W. W. Carr. A sister charity, The Home for the Friendless, shares with us the loss of one of its most judicious and beloved laborers. Our hearts throbbed in sympathy, our tears mingled together around her lifeless form, and meet it is that our columns should record the following tribute of honor and affection, offered by the Board of Managers of The Home for the Friendless :

IN MEMORY OF
Mrs. William W. Carr.

On Tuesday, September 18th, at the regular monthly meeting of the Managers of The Home for the Friendless, the President alluded, in most fitting and touching language, to the recent sorrow which has fallen upon us, in our great loss—the death of Mrs. W. W. Carr.

She stated the fact, that Mrs. Carr had worked for this Institution from its beginning, having always been an earnest worker, and successful in all she undertook for its welfare.

Her very presence inspired the faltering ones, for she so firmly believed that our labors for Christ would be abundantly rewarded by Him, that her spirit was at once imparted to others. Indeed, such was her personal magnetism, that she became a leader in whatever cause she enlisted.

It was therefore a loving tribute to her exalted worth that fell from the lips of one and another, as they responded to the sentiments of love and sorrow so falteringly and reverently expressed.

After some time spent in thus paying tribute to the merits of our beloved co-worker, and on motion of Mrs. S. D. Porter, Mrs. Beach was instructed to send to Mr. W. W. Carr and her sons, this mark of sympathy for them, which springs spontaneously from the hearts of all who were associated with her in the care of this Institution. But words are weak symbols of the heart's deepest emotions, and fail us when we wish them most.

It is needless for us to tell the story of a life so well known in Rochester. It was a life of active love for her Master. A life, of

"meekness, forgiveness, humility, prayer, Of hope that can suffer and faith that can bear, Of deeds and of motives, untold by the tongue, By chisel uncarved, by poet unsung."

A beautiful life to the depths of her soul.

In her church, in her social circle, in the Hospital and Home, in the halls of the rich and the homes of the poor, was she equally a welcome guest. But in one other place, where she was not a guest, was she best known, most beloved and most greatly needed. And consequently it is there, in the home now desolate, that she is most deeply mourned. But the memory of her life hath beautified the place and made sacred its very portals.

In the sacred realm of private grief, there should sound no echo of a stranger's tread. So do we pause reverently on its threshold and invoke the Apostolic blessing: "Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell therein."

It is well known, that our friend finished her active labor for the Home, on the spot where she had so often counselled, advised and projected for its welfare.

It was just after the close of the monthly meeting, held on the third Tuesday in July, in whose deliberations she had taken most active part, and whose last business transaction was consequent upon a motion made by herself, that she received the first intimation of that summons, which, a little later, called her to go up higher. And so she was girt for the work, with her armor on, faithfully serving when the message came.

It was the privilege of the writer to be permitted to minister to her, during the first night of her illness. And afterwards, before she went to Ocean Grove, she said: "Ah! my friend, should it please God to give me back my health, I shall work all the more for these dear Institutions so near my heart. I shall not take rest, but am determined to work while my day lasts."

And this remark was supplemented by others of kindred as well as of loving and personal nature, which are now among our most cherished memories.

Her love for her Saviour showed itself in good works. She went about doing

good like Him. Hers was no idle life; and now "her works do follow her."

On that beautiful day, in early Autumn, when the glory of the Creator was upon the world, we gathered tearfully to look our last upon her face, beautiful in death.

Upon our ears fell the sad refrain:

"I'm a pilgrim and a stranger.

I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

Then a prayer, and from her Pastor's lips came the text than which no other could have been so fitly chosen: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Well done indeed, and entered now "into the joy of her Lord." Out into the bright sunshine we followed and to the sacred place where she sleeps until the resurrection.

Many of us are dwelling in the shadow of life's afternoon. Already those younger than ourselves have fallen by the way; fallen from beside our path; but further on, have entered into life, even as she has done.

This beautiful life, in whose memory we have tried to say somewhat of the grief we feel at parting, holds in its benediction of peace to us one unmistakable lesson. She learned it early, and learned it well. She believed it, and lived, and died for it.

"Work, for the night is coming,

When man's work is done."

L. B. B.

"You cannot be buried in obscurity: you are exposed upon a grand theatre to the view of the world. If your actions are upright and benevolent, be assured they will augment your power and happiness."—*Cyrus*.

A man of true honor thinks himself greater in being subject to his word given, than in being lord of a principality.

The perfect hero passeth through the multitude as a man that neither disdains a people nor yet is anything tickled with their flattery.

For the Hospital Review.

A Birth-Day Offering.

The whirling wheel that spins the years
Of toiling, striving man
Entwines its threads of smiles and tears,
A strand of hope, a strand of fears,
Of joy that freshens, grief that sears,—
To form our little span.

But in the years it spins for thee,
O sister, daughter, wife!
May shining fibres only be,
From griefs and fears and weeping free,
And bright with all the sympathy
That love can lend to life.

And whether long or brief the braid
That meteth out thy lot,
Be it of silken fibre made,
Of colors never doomed to fade,
Soft and harmonious every shade,—
Its twist untwining not.

And when thy years the whirling wheel
In fullest count has spun,
May the well-woven threads reveal
A warp and woof of strength and skill
The smiling Master's hand shall seal
With medal mark—"Well done."

THOMAS D. JAMES.

September 2, 1877.

Foreign Correspondence.

VOLCANOES.

Pompeii is much more extensive than I expected to find it. The streets are very narrow; the houses look as if the upper stories had been lifted off. The rooms are very small, but many in number, and built around open courts, formerly, in many cases, adorned with tanks or fountains of water.

The Museum of Naples is full of beautiful works of art, mosaics and frescos, bronzes and statues, from these homes of a dead people. They lived in luxury, and sudden destruction came upon them. We saw a lovely statue of Bulwer's Nidia, the blind girl, in Mr. Rogers' studio at Rome. Vesuvius looks as if snakes had coiled and twisted around each other and then be-

come petrified. Those of our party who ascended to the summit were almost suffocated with the gas which rolled down the mountain side. It was a fatiguing ascent, partly on horseback, partly scrambling on foot through the scoria, and the sulphurous smoke almost hid from their view the opening into the crater; so they had little to reward them for their pains. At the observatory we saw large rocks, like stone bomb shells, that had been thrown out of the heart of the mountain. The antiquated guide seemed like a monomaniac, and was continually cautioning us to walk *doucement*, softly, lest we should disturb the movement of the delicate instrument that records the vibrations of the earth, which were, however, imperceptible to us. He had been there during several eruptions. This observatory is below the cone, but I think very near the spot where several lives have been lost; yet the force with which the liquid matter is thrown out would probably cause it to leap over this point and so leave it in safety. The old man predicted an eruption in about fifteen days.

We rode to Solfatara, where a volcano sank in one night, and in the same night, three miles away, a mountain rose, another bubble on the boiling pot. We walked over a crust ten feet thick which reverberated beneath our tread, and under which flowed the molten lava. Poking aside the earth, we nearly scorched our fingers; a deep open pit revealed it boiling to the surface. At the mouth of a yawning cavern opening into a side hill, a stalwart man was raking out hot specimens of a sort of soft pumice bearing sulphur on its surface. A few miles away lies Lake Averno the scene of Virgil's description,

"Facilis descensus Averni."

At another extinct volcano are sulphur baths, where the hot stream issues through little pores in the earth. There also a

speedy eruption was predicted, and we rather wished we could tarry awhile to witness it, but we believe the prophets failed for once.

As we entered the enclosure surrounding the "Cave of the Dog," a pretty little buff and white Spitz dog lay close by the gate inside, in a perfect tremor. The heat was great where the gas entered it, through a little cavity just above the surface of the ground. We were earnestly warned, as we placed our hands in a position to feel the heat, not to stoop down so as to inhale the gas. A burning stick was thrust into the cave. The flame was at once turned into smoke, and settled along the floor instead of rising. We had stroked the fur of the little dog and tried to assure him that he was among friends who intended him no harm. But now an old woman seized upon him to thrust him into the dreaded cave. We stopped her at once. Our guide seemed astonished, saying: "All the English want to see the dog—it is too much cruel." Again we stroked the poor little animal that lay helplessly trembling, as full of fear apparently as a sensitive child—but in vain. He trembled still, till we really left the enclosure, and he was led out to his companions, and then, his joy was hilarious. We have been told that animals subjected to such treatment are short-lived, and, from the number of dogs gathered there, it would seem they are by turns made to suffer. Whenever I recall those extinct volcanoes, the picture of that pretty, frightened dog comes before my vision.

We saw the ancient Puteoli, where St. Paul tarried "about seven days with the brethren," and in one of the ruinous pagan temples which must have stirred the soul of the Apostle, native women danced the Tarantella. They removed their clogs and danced with only stockings on their feet, holding castanets in their hands, which they rattled to keep time with the step.

The road from Naples passes through a high hill by a long and peculiar tunnel, called the "Grotto of Posilippo." On the other side of this grotto the people speak quite a different language from the Neapolitans, and the price of provisions is very much less than in the city. Our driver had a little boy with him to act as interpreter. This road leads along the edge of the Bay of Naples and on to Baiia, on one of the arms encircling the bright blue waters, past many scenes full of interest, recalling the days when Rome was in the zenith of her glory, and the old deities were worshipped in temples now half covered by the rising sea. C. L. S.

German Babies.

The Indian papoose tied to his board is not unfamiliar to our readers, but it seems that some babies even of our great Saxon race, so unlucky as not to be born in this land of freedom, are subjected to the same treatment. A traveler writes to the Baltimore American :

The babies of Germany are not allowed as large liberty as those of America. They are for the better part of the first year of their earthly pilgrimage tightly wound up in swaddling clothes, with both arms and legs pinioned, and carried about on a pillow especially made for the purpose.

After they escape from their wrappings a bag of feathers is tied on their backs, so that when they tumble over they have something to fall upon. Those of the poorer classes are laid in a basket with a little bag of sugar in their mouths, and are expected to behave themselves without much further attention from mother or nurse.—The nurses on the streets generally carry the babies in their arms on a pillow, and they are tied to it with pink ribbons, lying as still and motionless as if they were little mummies.

They cannot kick or use their arms, and evidently are not allowed to know during their puling days what their legs and arms are intended for. We don't think our babies would stand it, as we observe that German ladies, when they come to America, don't attempt to practice any such tyranny on their babies.

Perils of Ice-water.

In the course of a long editorial on the perils of ice-water, the Cincinnati *Commercial* says:

No woman would think of cooling a cooking-stove when it is red-hot by throwing ice-water upon it; yet what people know would ruin a stove, they pour by the pint into their stomachs when it is in a state of intense activity, and at the highest point of chemical combustion. The cook who pours water upon her fire while she is getting dinner, knows that the potatoes in the pot will stop boiling, and the meat in the oven will not be fit for food. The results from the deluging the stomach with ice-water, are still more injurious.—The process of digestion will be arrested, and will not be resumed until the water is raised to the temperature required to carry it on again.

Take Regular Sleep.

Dr. Richardson, an English physician, says that he has traced the beginning of pulmonary consumption to "balls and evening parties," by which rest is broken and encroachments made on the constitution. He adds:

If, in middle age, the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be maintained, every source of depression, every latent form of disease, is quickened and intensified. The sleepless exhaustion allies itself with all other processes of exhaustion, or it kills imperceptibly, by a rapid introduction of premature old age, which leads directly to premature dissolution.

THE NOBLEMAN'S FOOL.—A certain nobleman had a fool, who one day so amused him with his wit, that he gave him his cane, and told him whenever he could find a greater fool than himself to bring it back to him. In process of time the nobleman came to die, and, sending for his attendant, bid him farewell. "Where is your lordship going?" asked the fool. "I am going to another world," was the reply. "And when shall you return?" "O, I am never to return." "No!" said the man; "then has your lordship made any preparation for the journey?" "Alas! I have not." "Then take back your cane," said the man, "for never could there be folly so great as that!"—*Bishop Hall.*

Monkeys at Supper.

This rather comical picture is from the pen of Mrs. Bradley, an Eastern missionary. We clip it from the *Inland Christian Adv.*

"There is a pretty grove of mango trees just outside of Lucknow, called the Aish Grove, or the monkey grove. In this place there are hundreds of monkeys. One evening I went out to see them. At first, as I rode under the big trees, looking everywhere and not seeing one, I was beginning to feel disappointed. But presently I saw two or three in the road, three or four on the top of a house, and all at once they were everywhere, hanging from the branches of the trees above my head, running across the road, up the tree trunks, so I concluded there were a few left.

As I was watching these few, a man came out of a small shop with a big bag full of grain, and going up and down the road in front of our buggies, began calling out, *ao, ao, ao*; which means come, come, come!

In a few minutes everything seemed alive with the ugly, long-tailed monkeys. They sat down on their hind feet and put the grain into their mouths as fast as they could; very greedy they were. Some of the mother-monkeys took up their little babies in their arms, rocking them backwards and forwards, just as you have seen your mothers do with your little brothers and sisters.

Just as they were in the midst of their big dinner, eating as fast as they could, there appeared upon the top of a house a very large black monkey. He sat a moment and gazed upon the feast then sprang from the roof, seating himself in the center of the assembly. There was a general breaking up, and squealing fearfully, they all ran away to the edge of the road.

The old fat monkey sat upon his hind feet and looked around, then wisely looked up at me seemed, to say,—

"I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;"

and then quietly settling himself to work, began eating.

Not one of them dared to come near him. I asked the reason, and they said he was the king monkey, and all the others were afraid of him. After he had eaten enough he scampered back upon the house-top and sat watching the others as they finished what he had left."

Writing a Composition.

School boys, and school girls also, consider "original composition" as the most irksome of tasks. Their knowledge of facts is as limited as their vocabulary is deficient. They are bothered to choose a subject, and are perplexed as to what they shall say about a subject after it is chosen. Such may be encouraged by the assurance that all great writers have been troubled by similar difficulties. An anecdote of the school-days of the late Wm. H. Seward may console some boy who is saying to himself, "I never can learn to write a composition."

The teacher had designated a day for "original composition," and appointed young Seward to lead off. Having no idea of what was wanted, or how it was to be done, Seward consulted an older pupil. "Nothing is easier," replied his friend. "You must first choose a subject, and then all you have to do is to write about it."

"But what is a subject?" asked Seward.

"It is anything you want to write about," was the reply.

"But," continued the perplexed inquirer, "I don't know of anything that I want to write about. I wish I could see a composition."

"Well," kindly said his friend, "if you won't tell, I will show you an old one of mine that I wrote when at another school."

Seward pledged himself to secrecy, and was shown an "original composition." "On Drunkenness" was the caption, under which was drawn a heavy black line. "Drunkenness is the worst of all vices;" this was the first sentence, and then followed the argument.

Seward decided that he would not choose for his subject anything that was naughty, bad or wicked. So he said, "I will choose a different subject, and will show the composition to you when it is written."

With great labor having written his composition, he submitted it to his friend. It began, "On Virtue." "Virtue is the best of all vices."

Where we disavow

Being keeper to our brother, we're his Cain.

Free men freely work.

Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.

A Grouse Flirtation.

In the breeding season, the cocks select some hollow fallen tree, and strutting up and down, beat it with their wings, making a muffled, drumming sound, that can be heard for half a mile. The beat is at irregular intervals, beginning slowly and measurably, and gradually increasing in quickness, until it ends in a roll. If the bird succeeds in finding a dry log, perfectly hollow and well placed, his tattoo of welcome can be heard a mile, and is one of the pleasantest of woodland sounds. It has the same accelerated pace, and is about the same duration as the call of the raccoon, and is only heard at night. When its mate hears the drumming, she slowly approaches, and, coquettishly picking at seeds she does not want, comes within sight of the drumming-log. No maiden is seemingly more unconscious of the man she desires to attract than is this russet dame of her gallant musician. A snail is on the May-apple plant right before her; she pecks at it three times before hitting it, and then scratches negligently at imaginary seeds. The cock raises his ruff till it looks like Queen Elizabeth's; the yellow skin beneath flushes with pride; he spreads his tail like a fan; he thrums his guitar, clucks an introductory welcome or two, and launches himself out and flies to his bride. If, however, another cock hears the drumming, he feels insulted at the sound on what he considered his own domain. He flies to the drumming-log and dashes at the brave drummer, and the one who is inferior in courage and strength yields his place to the bolder, and retires discomfited.

[Charles E. Whitehead; in the "Midsummer Holiday Number" of Scribner.

A BLACKSMITH'S EPITAPH.—In the churchyard of Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, is the grave of Charles Dixon, known as the village blacksmith, with the following quaint lines engraved on the tombstone, written by himself, shortly before his death:

My sledge and hammer lie reclined;
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vise all in the dust is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My last nail's driven—my work is done.

A SIMPLE ORNAMENT.—A contributor to the *Gardeners' Magazine* says that a lady friend of his gathered a handful of the flowers of Forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*, and to preserve them as long a period as possible, they were put in a large soup-plate filled with rain-water. The flowers were placed near the window, so as to enjoy the advantages resulting from an abundance of light and air, and the water was replenished when needful. In about three weeks, white thread-like roots were emitted from the portion of the flower-stalks in the water, and they ultimately formed a thick net-work over the plate. The flowers remained quite fresh, excepting a few of the most advanced when gathered, and, as soon as the roots began to run in the water, the buds began to expand, to take the place of those which faded, and up to the middle of November the bouquet—if it may be so called—was a dense mass of flowers, and a more beautiful or chaste ornament for the indoor apartment cannot be imagined.

Boys and Home.

Make home a pleasant place for your boys. Do not be so afraid of your best parlor that they may not use it. Let them have plenty of warmth and light, and entertaining books to read, and musical instruments, and any parlor games they like. Girls will stay at home if home be the dullest place under the moon, but boys will not. If their companions are banished if they are checked when they laugh, or sing, or make a noise, if they may not have the innocent freedom of that they need, under the parents' roof, then they will have freedom of some sort elsewhere. And there are always enough ready to beckon them to places where the bloom is brushed from youth's round cheek. A young man will squeeze a little "fun" out of his life, and, if you want him to be a credit to you and to himself, make it possible for him to enjoy himself in his home. Let the home be a place to live and breathe in, not merely a roof under which he may eat and sleep.

To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1877.

Help from the Little Folks.

A very pleasant entertainment came off on Plymouth Avenue, on Tuesday evening, September 18th, when Mrs. Edwin O. Sage kindly threw open her house and grounds, for the benefit of the Children's Cot.

In response to a call from a few of our young folks, some of their friends assembled to share their pleasure and aid them in their labors of love.

During the summer vacation Misses Alice Sage, Effie Hills, Minnie Stowell, Katie Smith, and Fanny Cole, formed a juvenile sewing society, and their active brains and busy hands have been at work for the sick children who cannot be cared for in their own homes; on Tuesday evening their labors were crowned with success, and their beaming, sunny faces illustrated the words of Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The evening was delightful; the bright harvest-moon shone through the tree tops; the many colored Chinese lanterns gave a festive air to the grounds; and the sweet strains of the harp, violin, and flute, in the hands of three Italians who were seated on the back piazza, added greatly to the charms of the scene.

Within doors everything was tasteful and attractive. The handiwork of our young friends was displayed on several tables, the central one of which was adorned with trailing vines interspersed with worsted daisies, in honor of the Daisy Bed that suggested the Children's Cot. An evergreen tree on this table bore a great variety of fruit, and around it were many useful and fancy articles, the work of the deft fingers that had labored so well for the City Hospital. On one of the side tables

we noticed some wood carvings, that evinced a good deal of artistic skill, and on another, a variety of bouquets arranged from flowers donated by Mrs. D. Little, Mrs. Wm. N. Sage, and Mrs. E. Bottom.

The dining room was very attractive with its floral ornaments, ice cream and cake.

In a side room, a fish pond, concealed by our national flag, proved a source of great delight to the juveniles who drew from it a great variety of treasures, using a tiny basket at the end of a long fishing pole as a fish-hook, and silver five-cent pieces as bait.

The proceeds of the evening's entertainment amounted to thirty-eight dollars.

We gratefully thank our young friends for this new proof of interest in our Children's Cot. We would also remember the kindness of Mrs. Edwin O. Sage in her preparations for the entertainment, for the use of her house and grounds, and for the delightful music provided by her; and we must not forget our young friend, Master Livingston Little, who printed the ice cream and fish pond tickets.

It rejoices our hearts to see the young folks coming forward to help us. We hope their good example will be followed by others. Donation Day will soon be here, and there will be plenty of room on the young folks' table, for all the offerings of fancy or useful articles that will then be sold for the benefit of the Children's Cot at the City Hospital.

Hospital Memories.

Dull, murky clouds veiled the October sun as we last wended our way to the City Hospital. The withering leaves of the Maple rustled at our feet, reminding us that summer was past. The Hospital lawn was almost deserted; we saw only one patient availing himself of a seat under the trees that in warmer days proved so attractive a resort for the invalids.

The tent on the lawn had but one occupant, a fearful sufferer from cancer. We could but echo his wish that the good Lord would be pleased soon to release him from his pain.

In the Male Surgical Ward we missed the little boy who had broken both arms, but were glad to learn that he and the man injured by runaway horses had both recovered, and were well enough to return to their own homes.

At the bedside of Mr. G., the blind colored man, who, in addition to his ordinary infirmities, was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, we heard a beautiful tribute of gratitude, in praise of the kind attentions of our Matron. "She has been to me," said he, "like a mother. The sound of her voice cheers me, and I think we shall all know her at the Judgment day, and she will know us, for she has given us many cups of cold water, and visited us much in sickness, in the name of the Master." Another colored man, Mr. P., on the opposite side of the Ward, was confined to his bed, suffering from a lame back, sore foot and rheumatism. A patient with inflamed ankle reported progress; another seemed grateful for improvement of the eye under Dr. Rider's treatment. Mr. W., the paralytic patient who for years has been confined to his chair, was looking forward with pleasure to a little episode in his monotonous life. Kind friends had invited him to Cleveland, and he thought he could be lifted into the cars in his rolling chair, and then he said he should have no trouble, for he always found strong arms and warm hearts among the rail road operatives, who would aid him on his way.

The Medical Ward above was very full. The nurse reported twenty-four patients. Some were very ill with fever, others convalescent, some were suffering from rheumatism, some from diseases of the heart and lungs.

In the upper Female Ward were three

patients, one was a paralytic, a second had rheumatism, and a third was prostrated by convulsions.

The interest in the lower Female Ward centered in a fair, young, motherless maiden, who in life's morning had fallen a prey to consumption. "Poor Louisa is almost gone!" were the words that greeted us, as we first met her nurse; and the pale face and fearful cough of the dying girl repeated the sad tidings. It was a touch-in picture. Rarely have we seen so much beauty in the face of one whose feet had well nigh reached the dark waters. On either side sat a faithful attendant, anxious to minister to every need of the sufferer. — She could take no nourishment and earthly aid seemed of little avail. We spoke to her of Jesus, but she was too feeble to respond, and we rejoiced that in other days she had told us of her love for the Saviour, and her readiness to depart and be with Him above.

On the opposite side of the Ward lay a colored patient suffering from overwork, and a sprained side. She looked very feeble.

We had cheerful chats with several convalescent inmates; one was recovering from a fever; another from abscess on the arm; one who had been a fearful sufferer from rheumatism was grateful for the freer use of her limbs; and one woman, blind in one eye, was impatient for restoration to her wonted sphere of labor. She had left children at home and her motherly heart was yearning for them.

In the next Ward were two infants and their mothers. One of the little ones was three months old, the other only a few hours.


Correction.

In the letter of our Foreign Correspondent, describing the studios in Florence, we by mistake substituted the name of Mr. Black for Mr. Ball. It was Mr. Ball's statue of St. John that was described as so beautiful.

The Children's Cot.

We did not think, dear children, when last month we told you of little Agnes, the first occupant of our Cot, that before you would read the lines we had penned for you, she would have passed beyond our care and attention. She grew worse very rapidly. Her limbs and body were fearfully swollen with dropsy, and when too much bloated to rest with comfort in the rocking chair, she was placed on the little Children's Cot, and there she breathed her last. She was very gentle and patient, and every body loved her. A kind young lady dressed her a wax doll and it pleased little Agnes. When she was suffering she would fold it in her arms and fondle it lovingly, and thus her thoughts were taken from herself.

We do not know how soon another little child may ask to be cared for in the Children's Cot. Perhaps before this meets your eye it may have another occupant.—There are doubtless many sick, motherless ones who would be grateful for the help they could receive in it.

 Please send us some OLD COTTON.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Miss Catharine York	\$ 50
Proceeds of a Parlor Fair, given by Allie Sage, Effie Hills, Fannie Cole, Katie Smith and Minnie Stowell	38 00
Family Box for the Cot	75
Previously acknowledged	87 19
Total receipts....	\$126 44

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.

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.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 16, 1877, of dropsy, Agnes McIntyre, aged 10 years.

[Little Agnes was the first occupant of the "Children's Cot."]

CASH DONATIONS.

Miss Louise C. Arner, San Rafael, Cal., by Mrs. Dr. Mathews,	\$100 00
Receipts from the ball game, played by the "old ball clubs"—by Mr. Samuel Porter,	12 00
Donation Box,	1 00
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.	

Donations.

Mrs. Clark Johnston—Crab Apples, Lima Beans, Pickles, Squash, Pumpkins and Melons.
 Mrs. Witheral—Bushel of Damson Plums.
 Miss Lettington—Linen Dressings.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Musk Melons and half a bushel Delaware Grapes.
 Mrs. L. F. Ward—Dressing Gown.
 Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Invalid's Sack and Old Cotton.
 Mr. A. Colyer—Grapes.
 Mrs. George Ellwanger—Pears.
 Mrs. P. B. Lee—Pears.
 Chas. Salmon & Co.—Basket of Peaches.
 Mrs. Sargent—Reading Matter.
 White Brothers—Flowers, several times.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Musk Melons and Water Melons.
 Miss Green—Night Dress.
 Mrs. Buell—Old Cotton.
 Mr. Horace Bush—Load of Kindling Wood.
 Mrs. J. H. Rochester—One bushel of Pears.
 Mr. C. Morse—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. A. G. Yates—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Montgomery—Old Cotton.
 Prof. J. H. Gilmore—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. C. B. Gardner—Old Cotton and Plums.
 Mrs. Davis—Plum Sauce and Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Robert Mathews—Two Night-dresses.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Ten bushels of Potatoes.
 "Flower Mission"—Box of Flowers.
 Mrs. Charles Shepherd, Dansville—Old Cotton and Linen.

Receipts for the Review,

To OCTOBER 1st, 1877.

Mrs. Ira B. Wheeler, Elizabeth, N. J.—By Mrs. D. B. Beach	\$ 50
L. P. Ross, for advertisement—By Mrs. H. H. Morse	5 00
Mr. C. Morse, 62 cents; Miss Maidie Powell, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Seward, 62 cts.—By Mrs. S. H. Terry	1 86

A. S. Mann & Co.; Wayte's Market; C. B. Woodworth & Son; E. H. Davis; John T. Fox; Trotter & Stone; L. A. Pratt, (each \$5.00;) Curran & Goler, \$2.50; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, \$10.00; Rochester Savings Bank, \$15.00, for advertisement—By Mrs. Clark Johnston . . . 62 50
Mrs. R. Ashley, \$1.25; Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; Mr. Geo. Arnold, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. F. Beers, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, \$1.24; Mrs. Amon Bronson, \$1.25; Mrs. Louis Chapin, \$1.24; E. H. Cook & Co., advertisement, \$7.00; J. S. Garlock, 63 cents; Mrs. J. H. Howe, \$1.24; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, \$1.24; J. M. Mundy, \$1.25; Mr. G. McConnell, 62c.; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cts.; Mrs. N. P. Osburn, 62 cents; Mrs. S. D. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Potter, \$1.25; Mr. Geo. S. Riley, \$2.50; Mrs. C. F. Smith, \$1.25; Mrs. J. A. Stull, 63 cents; Miss C. R. VanEverie, \$1.24; Mr. G. D. Warren, 62 cents; Miss Catharine York, 62 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews. . . . \$28 79

Superintendent's Report.

1877. Sept. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 83
Received during month, . . . 18—101
Died, 1
Discharged, 26— 27
Remaining, Oct. 1st, 1877, 74

Children's Department.

Little Willie and the Apple.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old,
The fruit was all shiining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to day,'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,

When I asked for just one, he would answer me,
'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun.
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss

So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;

In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played;—

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, O beware!
Your fathdr is gone, but your Maker is there,
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,
"This dear little boy stole an apple to-day.'"

Then Willie turned round, and, still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house.
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,

"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

[Heavenly Tidings.

A Gentle Temper.

The New York *Tribune* tells this incident of a clergyman graced with a gentle temper:

It is related by elderly citizens of Rochester, that on a certain occasion the Rev. Dr. Backus, of blessed memory, had been laying out and decorating the grounds about his house at a considerable outlay of labor and expense. On the very first night after the completion of the work, when the grounds had been tastefully graded, and terraced, and sodded, and planted, a herd of vagrant swine broke into the inclosure, and industriously rooted the fair territory into a wilderness of unsightly gullies, and hummocks. The next morning, as the good doctor stepped out upon his porch, one sweeping glance sufficed to furnish a full and appreciative conception of the desolation. Restraining any expression of unregenerate wrath, he stood for a space in silence, and then remarked, with mournful philosophy, "well you never *can* lay dirt to suit a hog!"

Words of Cheer.

O, ask not thou "How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?"
Sufficient for to-day its care,
Its evil and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way,
Strength sufficient for the day.

The beautiful reply of a child when asked, "What is faith?" was, "Doing God's will, and asking no questions."

Washington in the Nursery.

The figure of Washington, as it stands in history, is so august that we are indisposed to think that the real Washington was a man, with all the sympathies and passions that pertain to a man. There are, however, a few anecdotes which make him real to us by bringing him nearer to the level of ordinary humanity. Such a one is told in the Springfield *Republican*, by a descendant of Chief-Justice Ellsworth, of Connecticut, one of Washington's intimate friends.

Washington once dined with the Chief-Justice, at his residence in Windsor. The correspondent writes:

During that visit, Gen. Washington appeared in a novel and interesting scene. Entering the nursery, where were two twin boys, two years old (afterward the late Gov. Ellsworth and the Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth), he took one on each knee, and sang to them this song, often repeated in after years by the Governor with much zest:

THE DERBY (DARBY) RAM.

As I was going to Derby,
 Upon a market day,
 I spied the biggest ram, sir,
 That ever was fed upon hay.
 Tow de row do dow,
 Tow do row de da.

He had four feet to walk, sir,
 He had four feet to stand,
 And every foot he had, sir,
 Covered and acre of land.
 Tow, etc.

The wool upon his back, sir,
 It reached to the sky,
 And eagles built their nests there,
 For I heard their young ones cry.
 Tow, etc.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
 I heard the weaver say,
 Made three thousand yards of cloth,
 For he wove it all in a day.
 Two, etc.

An Instructive Lesson.

Once upon a time, a certain king thought he would build a cathedral. So he called his servants together, and gave orders about the materials; he command-

ed that no one should give in any way toward the building of the cathedral, as he wished the glory to belong to himself alone. He had his name put upon a tablet against the wall, that all who should live in after ages might know of his work.

One night, he dreamed that an angel came down from heaven, and blotted out his name, and wrote, instead, that of a poor widow. This was done three times. The king was angry. He sent for the woman, and said, "What have you been doing! How have you dared to break my command?"

"Ah!" she replied, "I loved the Lord, and wanted to do something for His glory. Knowing that you had forbidden any one to help with this cathedral, I thought I might at least bring a wisp of hay for the horses that draw the stones. This O king, is all I have done."

Then the king saw that he had been doing the work for his own glory, while this widow sought only the glory of her Lord. He commanded then that her name should be inscribed upon the tablet. This was only a dream, but it taught the king a lesson.—[*The Child's World*.

An Ant's Funeral.

Other people besides "sluggards" may profitably "go to the ant" and "consider her ways." Probably we have not yet learned nearly all that can be learned of the curious ways of this interesting race of creeping things.

There are ants which bury their dead—a fact which was discovered by accident.

A lady had been obliged to kill some ants, the bodies of which lay about on the ground. Presently a single ant found its dead companions, and examined them, and then went off. Directly it returned with a number of others, and proceeded to the dead bodies. Four ants went to each corpse, two lifting it, and the other two following, the main body, some two hundred in number, following behind. The four bearers took their office in turns, one pair relieving the other when they were tired. They went straight to a sandy hillock, and there the bearers put down their burden, and the others immediately began to dig holes. A dead ant was then placed in each grave, and the soil filled in.

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.

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

GAS FIXTURES

AND

GAS FITTING.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's

CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y

Feb '75

Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

L P ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 **ROCHESTER, N. Y**

K. P. SHEDD,
GROCEER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

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

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards and even the out of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EX PRESS Bills collected by Express Co.

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

WE have still a very large stock of **Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats**, all the latest styles, which we have **Marked Down** fully 50 per cent. Hats formerly sold at \$1.50 now at 75 cents; 75 cents now for 37 cents; 50 cents now 25 cents. **Flowers, Silk Parasols, Laces**, and everything in the same proportion, as we are determined to close out our entire stock with the season.

Call and secure bargains at

84 and Over 86 State St.

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

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 allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,.....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith, Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.

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

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

54 State st, sep.73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

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.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail,

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr. 75.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.

11 & 13 Mill St. Feb' 74 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.

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

No. 53 State Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

my'73

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

E S ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my'73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Nos. 36 and 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTOM & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS.
STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING, AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery n all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. R. CLARK.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R.
Co., Pittston and Elmira Coal Co.
and J. Langdon & Co's
ANTHRACITE COAL!
GENERAL OFFICE:
28 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade.
YARD OFFICE—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street
corner of Ford, and No. 5 Hudson Street, near the Rail-
Road. H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.
Rochester, June, 1872.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
83 EXCHANG' ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,
APOTHECARIES,
66 West Main Street, Powers' Block.
ROCHESTER, N. Y

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA. CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoi-
sier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
AMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
D. SCFANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scramont,
Abram S. Mann, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

July '74

E H. DAVIS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, 81 STATE STREET, [West Side.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co. ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS, MANUFACTURERS OF Mens' and Boys' Clothing, 14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y. nov. '75.

CURRAN & GOLER, (Successors to B. King & Co.) Druggists & Apothecaries No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.
WILLARD CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in
great variety.
mch] Prescriptions carefully compounded. ['66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER, DEALER IN FRESH AND SALT MEATS, LARD, HAMS, 136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y. Jan '67

Wayte's Market. Fresh Meats, Poultry SMOKED MEATS, SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC. 104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS. C. B. WOODWORTH & SON, Manufacturers of PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c. Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N.Y. nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, 33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts. Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Shirts made to Order. nov '67 1y

JOHN T. FOX, DEALER IN Watches and Jewelry, SILVER WARE And Fancy Articles, No. 3 State St., Rochester, N. Y. Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office. nov '67 1y

Established 1884. ALLING & CORY, Jobbers in Printers' & Binders' Stock Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers. Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St. nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

No. 4.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG,
" N. T. ROCHESTER,

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" 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.

Beware of the Wolf

You never need fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood or the street;
Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable;
I'll give its moral as well as I'm able.
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet every-
where—

Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the very large eyes;
'Tis ready to snap and to trample and tear—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no
concern;

Such mean curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the very large ears,
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness—that's like the wolf in the wood,
With the very large mouth, ever prowling for food,
That eats so much more than for health can be
good,
That would clear a whole pastrycook's shop if it
could;
That never a dainty to others will spare—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

Foreign Correspondence.

BOLOGNA.

On our return North, Florence greeted us with a shower of hail, and the clouds seemed to be taking their turn at throwing *confetti*. Large patches of snow lay upon the Appenines, and we saw very few trees. More than twenty tunnels led us to the summit of the pass—instantly the water turned its course, and about the same number of tunnels brought us down.

Bologna was very charming, with its arcades running along every street, its second story projecting over the sidewalk and supported by arches, often groined, and a great variety of pillars. The streets are narrow, measuring from the second story, but the sidewalks are wide and sheltered. We shivered under the arcades and were glad to get out into the sun. The leaning towers are a poor imitation of the one at Pisa. We tried to keep from freezing while we admired Raphael's "St. Cecilia" and some very fine paintings by Guido. The old University, once so

famous as to have nearly 10,000 students at a time, used to confer a title of nobility upon its graduates who were not already noble. The walls of its very extensive rooms and corridors are literally covered with the coats of arms of its former students, 5000 in number. Mezzofanti, the great linguist, was once its librarian. In its lecture room, cased in cedar of Lebanon, Galvani lectured and discovered the principles of Galvanism, performing experiments upon frogs. Four of its former professors were women, one of them so remarkable for her beauty, that the Pope compelled her to veil her face when addressing the students. The old building is now used as a museum and we were shown Etruscan tombs and relics from them—skeletons with copper in their hands to pay their ferriage across the river of Death.

The arcades extended a long distance outside the city gates, and are continued up a high hill, in serpentine windings, to a pilgrimage church in the vicinity. They lead to the Campo Santo, formerly a Cartesian monastery, but suppressed by Napoleon 1st. The burials are above ground, but in other respects somewhat as in the old catacombs. One passes through long galleries where the walls on each side are covered with memorial tablets, and very fine monuments and side chapels abound. Five thousand francs or one thousand dollars pay for a finished chapel for a family—then the purchaser is obliged to erect a marble monument, and the place of sepulture descends to the heirs forever. One hundred francs purchases a simple burial place for four persons, in perpetuity. There the bodies are laid in two tiers, and two side by side. The face-stone is never removed—the opening being made from the outside where the walls are two metres thick. A few frescos and plaster ornaments are to be seen, but no new ones are permitted except of hard stone, marble or bronze. In a small open court the religi-

ous orders are buried, and in a large one the poor, according to their age; the young by themselves, the old apart. The graves are numbered, so that the bodies can be moved if desired. But no perpetual right is granted in these free receptacles of the dead. After ten years the body must make room for another. The remains are gathered together, burned, and the ashes deposited in one corner trench. The Pope formerly compelled the use of Latin inscriptions on the stones, and permitted only Roman Catholics to bury there; now all languages are allowed—all may mingle their dust together, and in fact, only the Jews now prefer to bury separately. Monuments from ancient suppressed churches have been brought here. We were shown two pillars of antique marble formed of petrified shells, and slabs of alabaster. No interment in churches inside the walls is now permitted. Our guide was very intelligent and communicative, had been a soldier of Victor Emmanuel and liked his government.

A very elaborate monument had been erected by the daughter of Murat to his memory, although he is buried elsewhere. A large one to his grandchildren, with their busts as young men, represents their spirits on each side in more youthful forms floating through the air, to meet Christ, who, in the centre, extends His hands in blessing. In another monument an angel of peace holds out a bronze olive branch between two sarcophagi, each of one solid piece of marble, the bodies being buried beneath. Another represents the ascension of Christ. In front of a tomb of a young man, killed in a duel, sits an angel making the gesture of silence, the trumpet of Fame lying idle in her lap. Beneath this cemetery has been discovered an ancient Etruscan one, from which the remains in the museum were taken. Who can date the first burial in this long-consecrated spot?

We visited San Stefano, a group of

seven churches now united into one, *very* ancient and *very* quaint, but one must see them to appreciate the quaintness. One has a baptistry in imitation of the tomb of Christ at Jerusalem. There is a basin of bronze to represent the laver where Pilate washed his hands, Peter's cock, &c. The adoration of the Magi, a very antique carved wooden group, the pillar of about five feet two inches, is inscribed, "The Height of Christ." The pillars in the churches and court are of many styles, Byzantine, Tascan, Corinthian, Lombard, and Ionic, close together. Some were from an old temple of Isis supposed to have been on that site. It is interesting to notice how often Christian temples have arisen on the foundations of pagan shrines.

With many regrets we bade "Good Bye" to this historic city. C. L. S.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

Donation Reception.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, extend to all citizens and others interested in the Hospital, a cordial and earnest invitation to their Annual Thanksgiving Party, to be held in Corinthian Hall, on *Thursday*, December 6th, 1877, during the day and evening.

Dinner will be served from 12 o'clock to 5 P. M., and the bill of fare will combine the most palatable substantials, as well as the dainties and luxuries of this Thanksgiving season.

Our wants do not vary from other years, except they are more pressing. For the benefit of the new residents of the city, we would especially mention that donations in money, fancy and useful articles, and refreshments of all kinds for the tables, while everything that can comfort and refresh the invalid in our own homes, will

be as acceptable and grateful for the sick in our Hospital.

Donations may be sent to any of the following Managers :

Mrs. M. Strong,	Mrs. W. H. Perkins,
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Mrs. N. T. Rochester,
Mrs. E. T. Smith,	Mrs. G. F. Danforth,
Mrs. W. B. Williams,	Mrs. G. J. Whitney,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Miss A. Mumford,	Mrs. Henry H. Morse,
Mrs. D. B. Beach,	Mrs. G. E. Mumford,
Mrs. F. Clarke,	Mrs. Clark Johnston,
Mrs. Jas. Brackett,	Mrs. S. W. Urdike.

Donation Day.

The bountiful harvests which have blessed so many in neighboring districts will all have been gathered, the Thanksgiving feasts, where loved kindred meet to unite their praises for mercies received, will all be over before the advent of the day selected for our Annual Festival, and we trust, those who in happy homes have enjoyed God's bounties will meet with us at

CORINTHIAN HALL,

On Thursday, December 6th, 1877,

when we stretch out empty hands to receive gifts of all descriptions for the benefit of the inmates of the City Hospital.

WHAT SHALL WE BRING?

Anything useful at home, cash, fuel, flour, meats, groceries, vegetables, fruits, pickles, bedding, sheets, pillow-cases, under-clothing for the poor sick. Any and all of these will be acceptable. Contributions to the Refreshment, Ice Cream, Fancy or Children's Cot Table, may be sent directly to the Hall. Donations of bulky articles to the Hospital may be left there at the convenience of the donor. We would remind our country friends that vegetables, fruits and all kinds of provisions will be useful in our large family.

We trust our citizens will patronize us at dinner.

For the entertainment of the little folks a fish pond will be introduced, and Ship-

man and Binder will exhibit in operation a scroll saw, and donate for sale, all articles cut by them during the exhibition.

The Evening Entertainment will be announced in the daily papers.

Mrs. E. Darwin Smith.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Blessed be the corse the rain falls on."

So sang the poet, and our hearts echoed the sentiment, as the weeping heavens appropriately symbolized the grief that was welling forth from many a heart, when the tolling bell announced that the hour had come to bear from her earthly home, the beloved form of one who had shed joy and sunshine, not only within its portals, but on all who came within her influence. Meet it was that the clouds should mingle their tears with the mourning band, who followed their loved one to her last resting place. The faithful, unselfish wife, mother and sister, had entered her heavenly home; the earnest Christian had rested from her labors; "the places that had known her would know her no more forever," and naught but the blessed memory of her holy life and the rich heritage of her prayers and example remained.

We would not, with profane hand, lift the veil that shrouds the grief of those nearest and dearest to the departed. We trust "in this time of trouble" the Lord has hid them "in his pavilion," and that His banner over them is love, that the staff of Jacob has been given them to lean upon, and that the Holy Comforter is their abiding guest.

The church of Christ, the benevolent associations of our city, the poor and the afflicted in the midst of us, have all, by the death of Mrs. E. Darwin Smith, met with a great loss, for she, who at sixteen, professed her faith in Christ, for nearly a half a century, has followed in the foot-

steps of her Master, and like Him, delighted to go about doing good.

In the Female Charitable Society she has honorably and faithfully filled the offices of Visitor, Directress, Treasurer and Vice-President; for many years she was a member of the City Hospital Committee; she was long a manager of the Industrial School, and an active member of the Church Home Board. In all the organizations she has been a most valued helper; her quiet, unostentatious manner, her unimpassioned, judicious counsels, her warm sympathy and practical common sense, will long be remembered by all her fellow laborers.

Mrs. Janet Morrison Smith, was born at Clinton, in this State, in 1813. She removed to Rochester in 1824, and died October 24th, 1877.

Our Hospital Patients.

The ministry of Christian charity is often beautifully illustrated within our Hospital wards. Here the sick, the diseased, the dying, of every creed, race and color, are welcomed; here medical science and surgical skill, manly strength and womanly tenderness, seek to help the rich and poor, the citizen and the foreigner, the wailing infant and the hoary head.

Since our last report several patients have died, whose cases have awakened peculiar interest in the Hospital. One of these was Louisa, a young maiden without father or mother, who rapidly wasted away, a prey to consumption. She was a communicant of the Episcopal church, and prominent members of St. Luke's church visited her during her illness, ministered to her comfort, and indicated by their kindness, that though without kindred she was not friendless. When necessary they made arrangements for her funeral, which was conducted by one of our city rectors. Another patient was a foreigner of the

Hebrew faith, who had been but about six months in the country when he came to the City Hospital. A violent hemorrhage soon ended his days; then members of his own synagogue, some of our most honored citizens, prepared him for burial according to the rites of the Hebrew church and tenderly laid him in his last resting place. A third patient was an aged colored woman, who had been a faithful servant in the Institution for Deaf Mutes. Her former employers manifested a deep interest in her through her sickness, and their tears mingled with those of her own blood, as a colored preacher of our city performed the last rites within the Hospital Chapel.

Our Male Hospital Wards are just now unusually full. In the Surgical Ward are many infirm, aged patients; we found only one person suffering from acute disease. Our colored blind friend, Mr. G., who last month was quite ill, was up, and much better. Our paralytic friend, Mr. W., had carried out his intention of visiting Cleveland, and reported himself as safe at his journey's end.

In the Medical Ward every cot but one had its occupant. The Cross Ward was devoted to fever patients, four of whom were quite sick. Two convalescents were in the Main Ward. There were four patients subject to fits, three of whom had that day been suffering from them. The loud cry of one of these presaged what was to come, and for a few moments the patient was unconscious of all around him. The cancer patient, who has spent his summer in a tent on the Hospital lawn, had been removed to the third story of the Hospital, the cold weather rendering such a change necessary. The poor man still lingers, a fearful sufferer.

In the Upper Female Ward one patient, a widow, who had been operated upon for cataract reported improvement, but her motherly heart was yearning for her children at home. She told us of her little

girl of eleven, on whom life's burdens were early falling. "For six months," said she, "the little thing has done most of my housework, and now she and her two brothers are living by themselves, and I long to join them." The paralytic patient, reported last month in this ward, had died.

In the Lower Female Ward were several new patients, but much of the interest in one room centered in a middle aged woman, who, three weeks before, had submitted to a very difficult surgical operation which promised to be successful in its results. She was courageously looking forward to another. The patient in this ward who has been longest an inmate of it is a German, and we often find her beside the couch of some new comer, for whom she acts as interpreter. She on our last visit was beside the bed of a German girl, who was prostrated by an abscess, and tenderly she tried to comfort her. She told us she had received a letter from Augusta, the rheumatic patient, who, a few months since, with her fatherless little Bertha, sailed for Germany, and had at last found her own father and mother in her Prussian home. The sea voyage and long journey by land had exhausted the invalid, and she was confined to her bed. Those who have been interested in Augusta will be glad to know she is safely landed in her childhood's home, for which she has so long been yearning.

In the next ward we found a tiny specimen of humanity, five days old, not much larger than a good sized doll. In the north room was an infant of three weeks-

Mite Boxes.

All persons having in their possession any of the Hospital Mite Boxes, are requested to return them to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street, before Donation Day, or on that day, to the Committee, in Corinthian Hall, appointed to receive them.

The Children's Cot.

A little bird has whispered in our ear that some of the young folks are very busy making fancy and useful articles for the Children's Cot Table, on Donation Day. We are glad to know this, and would remind all the girls and boys of the city and neighboring villages, that our table on that day will be large enough to hold *all* their gifts.

It affords us great pleasure to know that the children are becoming more and more interested in this little bed, and are seeking by their contributions to aid the endowment fund.

A Sabbath School Class in Plymouth Church, "the Peace Class," have pledged that they will make a monthly offering of seventy-five cents; Dr. Landsberg has brought us a dollar and twelve cents from eight little Hebrew girls; you'll want to hear their names, so we will tell you: Bella Rice, Bella Stein, Julia Mannheimer, Bella Kirstein, Carrie Wile, Clara Wolff, Emil Landsberg and Mamie Garson. We think if you come to our Donation Festival you will have a chance to see some of them. Five cents come to us from little Maggie, and thirty-eight from Elizabeth Rochester Messenger. Thirty-three cents were found in the red mite box that is placed on the cot pillow, when no little head is resting there. The last offering, one dollar and twenty-five cents comes from young folks in New Jersey, who tell their story in the following note:

MORRISTOWN, N. J., }
 November 1st, 1877. }

We are five children, who met this summer at a lovely place called "Ingleside." As we played under the shady trees or rode in our carriages, or sat on the piazza, we heard of the poor little children who were shut up in the Hospital in Rochester, sick and lonely. On the Fourth of July

we sent a trifle for the Children's Cot, the avails of a little Fair, prepared by us. And now we add the enclosed, a dollar and twenty-five cents; it is our Sunday School offering. Our teacher, Miss Evans, and all of us, hope it will help a little to comfort those who have no dear mammas or papas with them, to nurse or pet them when they are sick. Please give our love to them.

LILY MARSH,
 FLORENCE GARDNER,
 ARCHIE JARDINE,
 KNIGHT McDONELL,
 LEXIE McDONELL.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

"Peace Class" Plymouth Church,.....	\$ 75
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo,.....	50
Bella Rice, Bella Stein, Julia Kirstein, Jennie Mannheimer, Mannie Garson, Carrie Wile, Clara Wolff and Emil Landsberg,...	1 12
Maggie,	05
Little Red Box on the Cot pillow,	33
Family Box—third offering,.....	37
Mrs. Henry Parshall, Lyons,	1 00
Elizabeth Rochester Messenger,.....	38
Miss Evans' Sunday School Class, Morristown, N. J.,.....	1 25

Total for the month,\$ 5 75
 Previously acknowledged,.....126 44

Total receipts,.....\$132 19

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.

Thanks.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Leon H. Lempert, lessee of the Opera House, to Sauer's 54th regiment band, to the Arion and Liedertafel society, to Messrs. C. J. Crowley & A. Dorer, and all others who aided in the musical entertainment at the Opera House, for the benefit of St. Mary's and the City Hospitals.

We regret that the public did not respond to the call—enjoy the musical treat offered them—and enable those who so kindly sought to aid us to contribute something to our charity.

Rochester Female Charitable Society.

The annual meeting of the "Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor," was held on the 6th of November, at the First Baptist Church, and the following officers were elected :

President—MRS. MALTBY STRONG,
1st Vice Pres't—MRS. FREEMAN CLARKE.
2d Vice Pres't—MRS. ADOLPHUS MORSE.
3d Vice Pres't—MRS. W. C. ROWLEY,
Secretary—MRS. OSCAR CRAIG,
Treasurer—MRS. EDGAR HOLMES,
Assistant Treas.—MRS. N. B. NORTHRUP.

The Fifty-Fifth Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the SICK Poor.

LADIES:—The subject of pauperism, with all its attendant evils, is so engrossing the public mind at present, that all objects presented for the exercise of benevolence, are by many persons regarded with distrust, who, when asked to contribute to their relief, either refuse to give at all, or in giving, feel a suspicion that it is only encouraging dependence in those who will not try to help themselves. While we deprecate all indiscriminate giving to street beggars or those who will not work, there are those who through various causes beyond themselves have become sick and involuntary objects of charity ; and it is the sick poor that this society for more than fifty years has in its own quiet way sought to relieve.

During the past year nearly all the managers have been present at the monthly meetings, and have had opportunities of hearing from visitors of the cases requiring help ; and also by personal investigation have been able to determine the best methods of relieving want as economically as possible without encouraging habitual dependence.

Visitors in some of the districts have found no one needing aid during the year ; in others much time and care have

been bestowed upon beneficiaries in providing good nursing and nutritious food, which are frequently the only means used for recovery. Many of the recipients are women, widows or worse than these, wives left by heartless, worthless men, with little children dependent upon them, with whom life is a constant struggle to earn the meagre allowance that barely sustains existence, and who when sickness comes are compelled to appeal to charity. Also single women, who in many instances had no friends and when unable to work were kindly nursed until restored, or beyond the reach of earthly care. Then the old and feeble claim our sympathy and help ; often a mere pittance is given that provides some comfort which cannot otherwise be obtained. During the past year about 300 persons and families have been assisted.

It is with gratitude that we come to the close of the year, with only one vacant place among our visitors. Mrs. S. V. Angle, always faithful and earnest in every benevolent work undertaken by her, was removed by death early in the present year. Mrs. Jonas Brown who recently died at an advanced age, was formerly an active member of the society and greatly interested in its welfare. We have recently been called to part with one who was endeared to many of us by personal friendship as well as by association, in various works of benevolence. Mrs. E. Darwin Smith was from her youth a member of this society, and at different times had filled nearly all its offices. By judicious counsel and by personal effort and sacrifice, her life was a ministry of good to others.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

With the extension of the city limits, we have been obliged to add three more districts to our previous number, making 76 in all, with an increase of visitors.

With all the additional demands upon our treasury comes the very important question, how are we to meet them? Twice during the year we have asked help from the public, but our receipts have not equalled those of former years, in part perhaps owing to the fact, that in the minds of many donors, this society was identified with the Ward organizations that existed last winter, which relieved the sick in some instances, but did not materially lessen the work of this society, and whose ministrations were chiefly confined to the unemployed poor.

It was only by advising visitors to grant very small allowances that the summer was passed without incurring debt. We look forward to the winter, not without anxiety, but still confiding in the Christian charity that has never left us with an empty treasury. Our work commends itself to the prudent as well as the generous, confined, as it is to those who are sick and in poverty, remembering it is in the name of one who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me."

We would acknowledge our indebtedness to the press of the city, and to Mr. Andrews for gratuitous printing, to the City Authorities for the use of a room in the City Hall for our monthly meetings, to Churches for collections, to Societies, especially the Second Ward Aid Society for work done, and to all individuals who have in any way aided us.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN M. CRAIG,
Secretary.

Superintendent's Report.

1877. Oct. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	74
Received during month, ..	31
Births,	2—107
Died,	5
Discharged,	27— 32
Remaining, Nov. 1st, 1877,	75

To Cash on hand, November 1st, 1876,	\$347 94
" Membership fees or Ward Collections	409 66
To Church Collections:	
Alexander St. Methodist, ..	\$ 3 00
Central and Plymouth, ..	59 10
St. Peter's,	65 66
First Baptist,	8 08
Brick Church,	24 57
Central,	68 31
Third Presbyterian,	34 12
Asbury,	9 39
Christ Church,	8 34
Grace Church,	15 50
St. Luke's,	40 02— 336 09

To Individual Donations:	
In response to Annual Appeal,	838 25
Other Donations,	276 50—1,114 75
To Money returned by Visitors,	20 32
" Interest on Deposits & Investments:	
On Gas Light Stock,	\$450 00
" Bonds and Mortgages, through L. A. Ward	370 83
Bank Deposit,	5 89
" Pancost Fund,	66 24— 892 96

Total Receipts,	\$3,121 72
By Directresses' Orders paid,	2,765 89
" Other Expenses:	
Printing Circulars,	\$14 50
Stamps for Circulars, &c., and Treasurer's Book,	3 00
Expenses of Annual Appeal,	13 88
Bills for Dry Goods,	22 27
Cartage,	35— 54 00
Total Expenses,	\$2,819 89
Balance in hand, Nov. 1st, 1877, ..	301 83

\$3,121 72
R. B. LONG, Treasurer.

Report of the Hospital Committee to the Female Charitable Society.

LADIES:—We have no new topic to present. The never varying tale of sorrow and suffering, sickness and death, our work and our wants, must ever be the theme of Hospital reports. Our work, is a work of obedience, and we go forward strong in faith, that such a work must be blest.

It is Christ-like, and is obligatory on all, who would be, as their Master. We cannot, as the Priest and Levite, look upon the suffering of our neighbor and

"pass by on the other side," but as the Samaritan, whose example Christ commanded us to follow, we must "have compassion upon him, bind up his wounds, and take care of him," and thus we are brought to our wants. They are many. Hospital work is continuous and expensive, and demands perseverance in giving month after month and year after year.

Our Treasurer reports a more than empty treasury, and with 75 patients in Hospital, wonder not if your Committee are filled with anxious thought, and falter, as they so often see the lack of interest, and the few comparatively, who feel any responsibility or enter heartily into the work of aiding to sustain our Hospital. But hope dies not, and confident that our citizens will not countenance failure here, strengthens us, and we again buckle on the armor, and with renewed efforts, persevere.

Our records furnish the following statistics:

Number of patients in Hospital,	
October 1st, 1876,	61
Received during the year,	274
	<hr/> 335

Of these there were discharged recovered,	139
Improved,	66
Unimproved,	21
Transferred to other institutions, ..	1
Deaths,	34
Remaining, Oct. 1st, 1877, ..	74

There have been no changes in the Medical Staff. Dr. Green, the house physician, having resigned to settle himself in a more lucrative and permanent position, Dr. Adams was chosen to fill his place.

Miss Hibbard, long tried and faithful, fills her position as Matron, and has the oversight of the household.

In reviewing the year, we recall the death of one of the first Board of Trustees of the Hospital, Dr. John B. Elwood, who

for many years was a prominent physician of this city. He was associated with the late Dr. Toby, whose death occurred a few years since. In the infancy of the Hospital, Drs. Elwood & Toby presented their entire surgical apparatus to the Institution. At his death, Dr. Elwood left a bequest of \$1000 for the Hospital.

Mr. Lewis Brooks has also been numbered with the dead of 1877. He was the generous donor of \$10,000 of gas stock, as an investment, but at his request, his name was withheld from the public. Unostentatious and retiring, his kindness of heart and worth shone through his liberal gifts to this and various other charitable and educational institutions during his life, thus leaving a more enduring memory, as year after year, his gifts aid in relieving the sick and destitute.

What fitting tribute can we offer to the memory of the departed, who have so long shared with us our labor of love?

Mrs. Carr was one of the first members appointed by your society, and was a most energetic, competent and faithful worker. Her unceasing, successful labors for the Hospital and other charities were most fully appreciated by all who knew her. Self-sacrificing and hopeful, she never faltered, but pressed forward, feeling it a privilege to serve her Saviour through His afflicted people.

Mrs. E. Darwin Smith was chosen a member of the Committee in August, 1864, and for eleven years, served faithfully and acceptably, until her feeble health compelled her to resign her duties, which she did in 1875, and was made an honorary member of our Committee. Her last visit to the Hospital was made just a week before her last sickness. Her pastor bore loving testimony to her worth, in the following words: "Her life and conversation evidenced the Spirit's fruit. Gentle and genial, always kind, thoughtful of others' wishes and wants, and full of sympathy, her loving ministries were ever

cheering others' hearts, self-poised, judicious, ready (though always modest and unobtrusive), to stand up for the right, yet quick to discern where silence was golden. She was a prudent counsellor, and her work manifested that efficiency which springs from clear convictions as to duty, guided in action by a wise discretion. Life's blessings all enjoined, life's labors done.

"Translated to her God with spirit shriven,
She passed, as 'tween in smiles from earth to
Heaven."

"God give us grace to follow in her steps where insoever she hath followed Christ."

The "Hospital Review," still sends forth its monthly appeals, and with its 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.

As Hospitals cannot be supported without money, on Thursday, the 6th of December next, the Annual Donation Festival will be held in Corinthian Hall, to which we cordially invite all to aid us, by their presence, their donations and their work.

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

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

We offer our thanks to all who have aided us, in any of the various ways which present themselves, in such an institution. To our Physicians, who give their time and services for the benefit of the sick; to the Editors of our city papers who, by many kindly notices, further the interests of the Hospital; to the Ladies of the "Flower Mission," and many others, who donate

flowers, fruits and delicacies, cheering and comforting the sick by their presence; and to those who bestow the mere substantial gifts; but above all, we render to God, most hearty thanks, from whom we receive the desire and ability to do his work.

C. E. MATHEWS, *Cor. Sec'y.*

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Contributions for Thanksgiving Dinner will be welcomed at the Hospital.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 10, 1877 of consumption, Louisa Richardson, in the 15th year of her age.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 13, 1877, of heart disease, Urcheis Weis, aged 53 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 13, 1877, of general debility, Ann Smith, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 20, 1877, of heart disease, Maria Marlett, aged 53 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 24, 1877, of consumption, Louis Krause, aged 48 years.

Donations.

Mrs. C. E. Mathews—Loaf of Cake and box Cut Flowers.

Mrs. E. L. Osgood—Reading Matter.

Mrs. A. Erickson—Three baskets of Pears.

Mrs. E. Loop—Old Cotton and Grapes.

Mrs. Frier—Old Cotton.

Miss Mary Bassett—Reading Matter.

Mrs. A. Erickson—Basket of Grapes and two baskets of Pears.

Mrs. Judge E. D. Smith—Old Cotton.

Mrs. S. Wilder—Reading Matter.

Mrs. Edward Ray—Reading Matter and Old Cotton.

Mrs. French—Reading Matter.

Dr. H. W. Dean—Grapes and Pears.

Mrs. G. C. Cox, Albion—Basket of Grapes.

Mrs. J. H. Steadman—Old Cotton.

Mrs. George J. Whitney—Pickles.

Industrial School—Flowers, after the Festival.

Receipts for the Review.

TO NOVEMBER 1st, 1877.

Mr. W. L. Hill, St. Louis, Missouri—By

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, \$ 3 00

Mrs. G. C. Cox, Albion, 50 cents; Dr. W.

D. Greene, Mendou, 50 cents—By Mrs.

Dr. Strong, 1 00

Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cts.; Mrs.

E. G. Billings, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. M. Badg-

er, \$2.48; Mrs. G. Brady, 62 cents; W. F. Duffield, for Miss Duffield, McConnelsburg, Pa., 50 cents; Mrs. Matthew Gregory, Millville, 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. Kidd, Albany, \$1.25; Mrs. Eliza Loop, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, \$1.25; Mrs. G. Phillips, \$1.24; Mrs. C. R. Pierson, Ramapo, \$1.25; Miss A. L. Pierson, Danvers, Mass., 63 cents; Miss Simons, Leroy, 50 cents; Mr. W. Simons, Leroy, 50 cents; Mr. F. VanDoorn, 63 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews.....\$13 09

A PAINTING ON A SHEET.—Paul Veronese, like many other painters, was given to eccentric moods and odd habits. On one occasion he accepted the hospitality of a family at their beautiful country villa. He assumed great liberties during his visit, claiming absolute possession of his room, and allowing not even a servant to enter it. He would not suffer the maid to make his bed, and the sweepings of the room were left every morning outside the door for her to remove.

Paul slipped away without bidding the family good-by. On entering the room, the servant found the sheets of the bed missing, and at once reported that the painter must have stolen them. After careful search a roll was found in the corner, which proved to be a magnificent picture of "Alexander in the Tent of Darius." It was painted on the missing sheets of the bed, and the artist had chosen this curious way of recompensing his hosts for their generous hospitality.

Mind.

Mind your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, untruthful or wicked words.

Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects.

Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.

Mind your lips! Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let tobacco pollute them. Don't let the food of a glutton enter between them.

Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any wicked words.

Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it up to Satan but ask Jesus to make it His throne.

Scribner's Monthly for 1877-78.

Without recalling the excellence of the past, the publishers of "Scribner's Monthly," announce, for the year to come, the following papers:

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF AMERICAN FARM LIFE.—This subject will be treated in a series of separate papers engaged from writers who stand in the front rank among Americans, both in qualities of style and in keen insight of nature. Mr. R. E. Robinson, author of a delightful paper on "Fox-Hunting in New England" in the January number, will represent the same section in this series. John Burroughs, whose papers on similar topics have been a highly prized and popular feature of Scribner will write of Farm Life in New York. Maurice Thompson, the poet-naturalist, will describe the characteristics of Western farming, of which but little has been written. It is expected that the illustration of this series will be of a refined and typical character, commensurate with the subject-matter. It is thought that no paper or series of papers yet issued in Scribner will so fully realize the constant desire of the magazine to keep out of the ruts, and, both in text and illustrations, to obtain quality rather than quantity, and to print fresh, strong and delicate work from original sources.

"ROXY,"—by Edward Eggleston, (author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," &c.) This new novel will doubtless be the most important American serial of the year. The first number was published in November. Those who have read it in manuscript declare Roxy to be much the most striking and remarkable story this author has ever written. It is illustrated by one of the ablest of the younger American painters—Mr. Walter Shirlaw, President of "The American Art Association."

AMERICAN SPORTS.—Some of the most novel and entertaining of these papers are yet to appear, the scenes of which will be in the West, the Middle States, the South, New England and Canada.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS,—by John Burroughs, author of "Wake Robin," &c., will contain not only articles on Birds, but on "Tramping," "Camping Out," and kindred topics. Mr. Burroughs' papers will begin in the January number, the first being entitled "Birds and Birds," and illustrated by Fidelia Bridges.

ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.—Dr. Thomas M. Brewer will contribute four exquisitely illustrated articles on birds' nests, which every lover of nature will delight in. Dr. Brewer has probably the finest collection of birds' eggs in the world to draw up for the illustration of these papers.

THE SADDLE-HORSE.—Col. Geo. E. Waring, with whose excellent work of various sorts our readers are familiar, contributes two illustrated articles on the horse. He treats specially of saddle-horses and their use for pleasure and for sport, including road-riding, fox-hunting and racing. The nature of the English thoroughbred and that of his Eastern progenitor (the Arabian) are fully considered in relation to these uses.

SAXE HOLM.—New stories by this popular

writer will be given in early numbers of Scribner, beginning with "Joe Hale's Red Stockings," to appear in January. This "novelette" chronicles an episode of the late war for the Union.

"HIS INHERITANCE,"—By Adeline Trafton, so well begun in the Midsummer Holiday number, will be continued nearly through the year. It will be found to be of increasing interest to the very end.

"A KNIGHT OF FORTUNE,"—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new novel—will be begun in Scribner at the conclusion of "His Inheritance." It will reveal a phrase of American society undreamed of by most of our readers, and will be certain to increase the reputation of the writer as a master of English and of his art.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS will continue to employ the ablest pens in America, and will include the present admirable summary of English publications. Besides the special articles above enumerated, the magazine will contain Poems, Sketches, Essays, Reviews, and shorter Stories of the highest character. A large practical reduction in price is made by an increase in the number of pages.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS of the Magazine, in variety and excellence of design and in typographical execution, will continue to be in advance of those of any other popular magazine at home or abroad.

Subscription price, \$4.00 a year, payable in advance to us or to any book-seller.

No club rates or other discounts to subscribers. The Magazine is worth all it costs, and its circulation is increasing in a constant and steady ratio from year to year.

SCRIBNER & CO.,

743 Broadway, New York.

100,000 Copies of St. Nicholas FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Only 25 Cents a Copy.

Some idea of the attractions offered in the

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER

of St. Nicholas, of which 100,000 copies will be issued, may be gained from the following: There are poems by Henry W. Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant; a fine hitherto unpublished sketch of Boy Life, by the late Theodore Winthrop; and a short story by the author of "Alice in Wonderland," a new fairy story, "Sweet Marjoram Day," by Frank R. Stockton. "The Peterkins' Charades," by Lucretia P. Hale; a poetic riddle by Dr. J. G. Holland, and a comparison between the manners of young folks in old times and nowadays, by Gail Hamilton.

Of the story element, the brightest feature is the beginning of the new serial by Miss Alcott, entitled "Under the Lilacs," with illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote.

The Christmas number contains also the opening of a new Serial Story for Boys, a tale of tropical life, by Gustavus Frankenstein, entitled "Tower-Mountain," admirably illustrated by the artists Moran and Kelly; A Portrait of Miss Alcott, with a sketch of her life; several poems by Two Little American Girls; a Play, and a Christmas Carol (set to music); and half a dozen complete short stories, bright, funny, exciting and pathetic, &c., &c.

The New Cover is by the English Artist, Walter Crane,—the famous designer of "The Baby's Opera,"

St. Nicholas for 1878,

Besides Miss Alcott's serial for Girls, and the three serials for Boys, to follow each other in rapid succession, will contain a short serial story by the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," and an article, "Around the World in a Yacht, Boys!" has been promised by a brilliant writer, now on the actual tour of the world in his own yacht. There will be contributions by a Daughter of the Famous Peter Parley, and a Letter to Young Americans by

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The "How" series of instructive papers by various authors, will tell how to bind your own books; how they mine coal; how to enjoy yourselves at home; how to be an agreeable guest; how to entertain company; how to be a carpenter; how to make an ice-boat; how to build a house; how India rubber is gathered; how matches are made; how money is made; how mackerel are caught; how they laid the Atlantic cable; how they mine in California; how they work in the tea-country; how to be a parlor magician; &c. There will be also a series of stories and sketches of Foreign Life,

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE,

such as "Old Nicoli" (a Russian story), "A Day among the Welch Castles," "Easter in Germany," "The Indians of the Amazon," "How Kitty was Lost in a Turkish Bazaar," "Master Montezuma" (a Mexican story), "Hansa, the Lapp Maiden," and many others.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit" "Young Contributors' Department," "Letter-Box," "Riddle-Box," and "For Very Little Folks," will be continued.

The four bound volumes of St. Nicholas already published are the most wonderful, beautiful and attractive Christmas Present for Young People. Each volume is complete in itself. Vols. 1 and 2, \$3.00 each; vols. 3 and 4, \$4.00 each.

Subscription Price, \$3.00 a Year, postage paid. Single copies, 25 cents each.

Sold by all Book-Sellers & News-Dealers.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Notice.

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.

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

GAS FIXTURES

AND

GAS FITTING.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's

CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.

Feb '75

Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Successors to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

ERASTUS DARROW,

OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

L. P. ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N. Y

K. P. SHEDD,
GROCEER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central

Railroad Depot.

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WE have still a very large stock of Trimmings and Untrimmed Hats, all the latest styles, which we have Marked Down fully 50 per cent. Hats formerly sold at \$1.50 now at 75 cents; 75 cents now for 37 cents; 50 cents now 25 cents. Flowers, Silk Parasols, Laces, and everything in the same proportion, as we are determined to close out our entire stock with the season.

Call and secure bargains at

84 and Over 86 State St.

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

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 allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
	Gilman H. Perkins.

L. A. PRATT,

BOOTS, SHOES,
AND RUBBERS,

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

54 State St, sep 73 ROCHESTER N. Y.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

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.

Shirts made to order.

Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail,

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First-class Laundry in same Building.

Apr. 76.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND

MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.

11 & 13 Mill St.

Feb' 74 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.

GROSS & MARGRANDER, UPHOLSTERERS, and dealers in PARLOR FURNITURE, LACE and DRAPERY CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, PAPER HANGINGS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, ETC.

No. 53 State Street,

my '73

ROCHESTER N. Y.

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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

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

E S ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Nos. 36 and 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery n all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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

ANTHRACITE COAL !

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

Hamilton & Mathews,

No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
83 EXCHANG ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,
APOTHECARIES,
66 West Main Street, Powers' Block.
ROCHESTER, N. Y

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '61] ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoisier
Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfectoid
Spectacles. my '73

S. B. ROBY & Co., Wholesale Dealers in
S. SADDLERY and COACH HARDWARE
IRON, STEEL, &c. No. 80 State Street, and
41, 43 and 47 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
AMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
D. SOPANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Abram S. Mann, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

July '74

E H. DAVIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST,

81 STATE STREET,

[West Side.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.

nov. '75.

CURRAN & GOLER,

(Successors to B. King & Co.)

Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

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

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.

[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

mech] Prescriptions carefully compounded. [66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS.

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

nov '67 1y

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches and Jewelry,

SILVER WARE

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.
nov '67 1y

Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1877.

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 Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1877.

Donation Festival.

Donation Day, December sixth, did not open with very auspicious omens. The murky clouds and drizzling rain made us fear that we should miss many familiar faces at our annual gathering; but, contrary to our expectations, from noontide till eight o'clock in the evening, the Hall was well filled with guests, our tables were liberally patronized, and all agreed we had done wisely in selecting another evening for Mr. Bartlett's entertainment, and in serving refreshments and selling fancy articles at Corinthian Hall through the

evening of Donation Day. This change was less fatiguing to the Managers of the Festival, more agreeable to their friends, and more profitable to the charity here represented.

The whole arrangements of the Hall were very attractive, and several times we heard the wish expressed that the scene might be photographed, it was so pleasant to look upon.

The Treasurer's table was just within the door of entrance, and round it through the day were gathered the Reception Committee, a band of matrons long identified with the beneficent organizations of our city—the mothers of our charities—whose past good works seemed like crowns of honor with which Charity had encircled their brows, claiming them as daughters of her household, and selecting them as the appropriate ones to stand at her portal and welcome guests to her feast.

The south side of the Hall was devoted to the Fancy, Flower, and Children's Cot Tables. For weeks many hands have been making ready for Donation Day, and these tables testified to the taste, skill and industry of the daughters of Rochester.

A table covered with maroon velvet and bordered with curiously woven fringe was particularly admired, as were also some artistically decorated pieces of china. Fancy and useful articles in worsted were very abundant; dolls and their wearing

apparel suggested Christmas and the little folks. A delicate pink shawl, and an exquisitely lined and furnished baby basket, on the Children's Cot Table, were worthy of special attention. On Miss Mumford's Table were some stuffed rabbits made by an inmate of the City Hospital, who was confined to her couch; but the most noteworthy piece of needlework was a patchwork bedquilt, donated to the Plymouth Church Room, in the City Hospital, which was made by one of our most venerable matrons, Mrs. A. R., aged ninety-four.

The centre of the Hall was, as usual, devoted to the Refreshment Tables, which were laden with the dainties and delicacies of the season. There the most fastidious could find a tempting dinner, while the attentions of the fair waitresses served as a *sauce piquante* to the epicure. There were oysters raw, stewed and scalloped; roast turkeys, chickens and ducks; boiled ham, smoked tongue and chicken salad; chicken, squash, lemon, mince and cranberry pies; jellies, Charlotte Russe, fresh and canned fruits, ice cream, coffee, cake, candy, &c. Surely there was something to tempt every appetite.

Just in front of the platform was the Coffee and Oyster Table, presided over by Mrs. Oscar Craig and Miss Fanny Alling. In the west vestibule, Mrs. S. S. Avery rendered efficient and acceptable service in superintending the washing of china, glass, and silver.

On the raised seats, just within the entrance door, the Treasurer of the *Review* received her subscribers, and regretted that her list of patrons was not a little longer. She would be glad if those who omitted to renew their subscriptions on that day would at once send them to her, 28 Spring Street.

Near the Ice Cream Table, Miss Sallie Hall and Miss Mary Perkins received the old Mite Boxes and distributed new ones. There too was dispensed "*The Gentleman's Bail*," but we could not find out what

this was, without incurring the suspicion of being over curious, and we would not scandalize our sex. We afterwards saw a pair of jet black eyes that we imagine attracted the susceptible.

The little folks aided us greatly. We are happy to thank them for so large an addition to our Children's Cot Fund. Surely it was a good Angel who hovered around the table of Ruth Hart, Florence Bennett, and Laura Page Ward, and brought \$107.10 from them for the Children's Cot. Effie Hill and Gerty Chappell were the benevolent fairies who stocked and drew from their Fish Pond, gifts amounting to fourteen dollars, which amount they added to the Cot Fund. Three other little damsels, Carrie Clarke, Daisy Beach, and Gussie Merriman, also brought to it an offering of seven dollars and sixty-nine cents. They made most of this by the sale of flowers and molasses candy; the latter being the gift of an invalid, Miss Ellen Field.

We must not forget our young friends Levi S. Ward and Thomas Wright, who, besides selling many tickets for the Evening Entertainment, made on Donation Day, seven dollars and forty-three cents by their Grab Bag. Other little folks did good service by selling tickets; but the only names that have been reported to us are those of George Cochrane, Gracie Terry, Lulu Heath, Daisy Beach, Mary A. Lennon, John Brewster and Boardie Smith.

Among our honored guests were the Supervisors of our County. At St. Luke's Church Table, with his daughters and grand-daughter at his side, we saw the venerable form and silvery locks of one of our most reliable patrons, who had passed the foreshore and ten years of his earthly pilgrimage, and yet could not be deaf to the cry of the sick and helpless, but whose warm heart prompted him to hasten to our feast, and with his own hand bestow his annual offering. Other aged friends favored us with their presence and

donations. In many instances three generations were working for our charity. One grandmother told us she could not resist the appeals of the little ones who thought grandmother's purse was inexhaustable, and whose grandson touchingly said to her: "*How would you feel to go to a Donation Party with six cents in your pocket?*"

In the early evening Schaich's band appeared on the stage, enlivening the Hall with their music, and affording a pleasant accompaniment to the dancing of the young people, when the refreshment tables could be dispensed with.

The Treasurer's report indicates the success of the Festival, and the Managers would return their grateful thanks to the many friends who so generously responded to their call. They would especially remember the Editors and Proprietors of the Daily and Sunday papers; Messrs. Trotter & Stone, for removing and setting stoves and other services; Mr. James Field, for the use of a flag, Mr. Charles J. Haydon, for the use of tables and chairs; Messrs. S. W. Updike and H. P. Brewster, for their services on Donation Day, and all who, by their donations or labor, promoted the success of the festival.

Our Evening Entertainment.

The large and appreciative audience that gathered at the City Hall, on Monday evening, the 10th of December, indicated not only that the City Hospital was dear to the hearts of our citizens, but that the public endorsed the wisdom of its managers in selecting Mr. George B. Bartlett and Mrs. Montgomery Rochester to conduct the entertainment of the evening. We feel confident that our patrons, while aiding a noble charity, received an equivalent for the price of their tickets, during the enactment of the following programme:

PART I.

1. Elfin Court.
2. Statuary: "Aspiration."
3. Picture: "Titian's Daughter."
4. Ten Little Indians.
5. Picture: "Aurora."
6. The Studio: Studying from the Model.
7. Woman's Rights.

PART II.

Statuary: Instruction.

Auld Robin Gray (in five scenes.)

Scene 1: Parting of Lovers.

Scene 2: Jamie consents to become the wife of old Robin Gray, in order to help her poor parents. (After lapse of one year.)

Scene 3: Jamie returns.

Scene 4: Death of old Robin Gray.

Scene 5: Merry making at the wedding of Jamie and Jamie.

1. Family Jars.
2. Reveries of a Bachelor.
3. Statuary: Boadicea.
4. Blue Glass Cure.
5. Betrothal of the Little Princess.

PART III.

Jarley Wax Works—By Mrs. Montgomery Rochester.

The Chamber of Commerce.

The Court of Appeals.

Mr. Bartlett is so great a favorite in our city that it is no small meed of praise to say of him that he fully sustained the reputation he has so justly acquired.

When the Concord Magician visits us he does not bring for our amusement art treasures from the old world, or even from the Hub; but he evokes from the midst of us such forms of grace and beauty that we gaze spell-bound on his enchanting pictures. Who knew that we had anything so beautiful in Rochester as his Titian's Daughter, or the fair, young face that looked upon us from the Studio, and afterwards greeted us as bride, in the Reveries of a Bachelor? We wish we had some power of photographing in color, for permanent possession, the charming creations of which we had only tantalizing glimpses. Who would not prize a copy of the Models in The Studio, and of the fascinating widow and her predecessors in the Reveries of a Bachelor?

The statuary was, as usual, a very attractive feature in the exhibition. The

natural attitudes, artistic groupings, graceful draping and perfect repose of the figures, produced a most pleasing illusion. Auld Robert Gray, with Miss O. Moore's effective accompaniment, gave us a touch of the pathetic, and The Little Indians, Woman's Rights and Blue Glass Cure, of the humorous. We had a pleasant glimpse of the little folks in the Elfin Court and Family Jars, and nothing could be more charming than the central figures in the Betrothal of the Little Princess. The stately Minuet closed the second part of the entertainment.

Part third introduced to us an old friend in a new role, and all conceded we did well in securing the services of Mrs. M. Rochester, who, by her quaint costume, ready wit, local allusions and successful personation of Mrs. Jarley, greatly amused her audience. Her man John acted his part admirably, as did also her other assistants.

The *Chamber of Commerce*, her first collection of wax-figures, contained C. Columbus, who, when wound up, discovered through his opera-glass; the Whittling Yankee, a descendant of Sam. Patch, who wore the family coat-of-arms on his pants; Simplicity, a lady of the olden times, bedecked with satin, laces, and a profusion of jewelry; the Belle of Rochester, a lay or wire figure, whose haughty spirit preceded a sudden fall; Robin Hood, in green dress, with his bow and arrow; Casaby, who had lost his anchor (Casabianca); the Giggling Girl, who could not stop laughing; Old Father Time, with his silvery locks and hour glass, and the Fair Maid with Golden Tresses, who used Mrs. Wilbur Griffin's hair restorer.

In the second collection, which Mrs. Jarley styled the *Court of Appeals*, she gave us glimpses of royal personages, some of whom she said had been made quite familiar to us by the writings of one of our neighbors, the bard of Avon.

She showed us King Lear, so-called from his propensity to leer; Richard III, who,

though very fond of "hoss flesh," did not seem very successful in mounting his pony; Little Bo Peep, who, with her crook in hand and her wistful glances towards the City Market, in search of her lost sheep, made the most pleasing figure in the collection. She was followed by Alexander, the Great Baby, who held the world in his left hand, and with his right, in a boxing-glove, wiped the briny tears that would flow, because there were "no more worlds to conquer;" Ophelia Strewing Flowers, (loaned for the occasion by Mr. Vick,) preceded Mrs. Squeers, who carried a large chopping-bowl in one hand, while with the other she fed her boarding-house boys with treacle and brimstone, a compound which the man John did not much relish. The Prize Talking Baby and the Siamese Twins concluded the exhibition.

Schaich's band added to the attractions of the evening. Mrs. Jarley showed a great deal of ingenuity in the selection of her characters, and those who personated them, by their stiff mechanical movements when wound up, and their rigidity when in repose, were very excellent representations of inanimate figures.

The managers gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to all who contributed to the success of the entertainment: To Mrs. Montgomery Rochester for her most acceptable and humorous personation of Mrs. Jarley; to the young people who devoted their time to preparation for the evening, and so pleasingly ministered to the enjoyment of the audience; to Messrs. Moore, Brewster, Montgomery and Alling, who acted as ushers; to Mr. George D. Smith for the use of the piano; to Miss Ollie Moore for her song; to Mr. Leon H. Lempert for services in directing the arrangements of the stage and loan of property; to Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., for material and manufacture of same; to the Driving Park Association for use of and cartage of chairs; to Mr. Schaich for services at the rehearsals; to Mr. George

J. Whitney for lumber; to Alling & Cory for 2,000 cards; to Mr. Wm. S. Falls, for printing the same; to the little folks for the sale of tickets; to Mr. M. Wackerman, for aid rendered; and to all who in any way aided or responded to their call.

The Children's Cot.

We are very happy to announce so large an addition to our Children's Cot Fund, and to find so many of the little folks ready to help us.

An interesting letter from Geneseo tells us that the children of the First Presbyterian Church are working for us. Their "Mission Band" has already sent us two dollars.

We have now in our Cot, Joanna Hali-
cey, a bright little girl, nine years old.—
Her birth-day was on Thanksgiving day,
and she was very much pleased with some
apples, nuts, and raisins, that were sent to
her on that day. Three years ago her fa-
ther wandered off and was frozen to death,
and was brought home in his coffin. Her
mother goes out to work, and so there is
no one at home to take care of Joanna.
A few weeks since she fell down a pair of
steep steps and broke her collar bone.
She is doing well, and seems very happy.

Receipts at Donation Festival,

HELD AT

CORINTHIAN HALL, DEC. 6, 1877.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. D. Little	\$ 10 00
Mr. S. E. Tomlinson (Batavia)	5 00
" Bausch	5 00
" Loop	12 00
" James S. Andrews	25 00
" N. Osburn	10 00
" James Brackett	25 00
" C. J. Hayden	25 00
" Edward Brewster	5 00
" Freeman Clarke	50 00
" Lewis H. Alling	5 00
Mrs. Rosenblatt	10 00
Mr. Joseph Bier	5 00
A Friend	5 00
Mrs. I. Butts	25 00
" Howard Osgood	10 00

Mrs. Chester Dewey	\$ 20 00
Mr. Patrick Barry	20 00
" W. N. Sage	10 00
Mrs. Carter Wilder	25 00
Mr. Joseph Field	50 00
Mr. & Mrs. Abelard Reynolds	100 00
Estate of the late J. Woodbury	25 00
Mr. D. A. Woodbury	10 00
Erickson, Jennings & Mumford	100 00
A Friend	10 00
Mr. A. Moseley	10 00
Mr. Durand	5 00
Mrs. C. P. Gardner	2 00
Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society	10 00
Mr. Upton	5 00
Mr. D. W. Powers	50 00
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society	10 00
Mr. Chas. F. Pond	5 00
" W. H. RossLewin	15 00
" E. T. Ettenheimer	5 00
" W. W. Carr	10 00
" Frank Little	5 00
Mrs. J. Nichols	1 00
Miss E. M. Pixley	1 00
Mrs. Pancost	5 00
Mr. Geo. Elwanger	50 00
" Clarendon Morse	4 00
" Dr. Maltby Strong	10 00
" Douglas	25 00
Mrs. A. Bronson, Sr.	10 00
" A. Bronson, Jr.	5 00
" C. B. Smith	2 00
Dr. H. W. Dean	10 00
Mr. J. H. Brewster	50 00
Miss Dunlap	15 00
Mrs. Morse	5 00
" A. D. Smith	10 00
" E. Hollister	5 00
Dr. Walter	5 00
Mr. K. P. Shedd	10 00
Mrs. Clarke Johnston	5 00
A Friend	2 00
Mr. H. Herman	5 00
" D. A. Watson	100 00
Mrs. H. S. Potter	10 00
" D. Walbridge	10 00
" D. A. Watson	20 00
" H. A. Fenn	4 00
" J. Moreau Smith	10 00
Mr. A. S. Mann	25 00
" Julius T. Andrews	20 00
" C. Henry Amsden	2 00
Mrs. Joseph Craig	5 00
A Friend, by Mrs. Matthews	2 00
Mrs. J. C. Nash	10 00
Howe & Rogers	20 00
Mr. Fulton	5 00
A Friend	2 00

\$1,214 00

Cash Receipts from the Refreshment Tables.

Mrs. Levi. Adler's Table	\$139 43
Mrs. John H. Brewster's Table, including a Donation from Mr. F. DeLano and Mr. Pierpont of \$10 each	142 05
Mrs. W. C. Rowley's Table	104 50
Mrs. G. G. Wanzer and Mrs. Adams' Table	52 15
Mrs. J. W. Hatch's Table	79 50

Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage's Table.....	\$ 63 25
Mrs. Curtiss Clarke and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins' Table	118 02
Mrs. E. P. Gould's Table	54 34
General Table	20 50
Miss Louise Alling's Ice Cream and Candy Table.....	82 45
	<hr/> \$856 19

Cash Receipts from the Fancy Articles.

Mrs Geo. J. Whitney's Table.....	\$409 55
Miss A. Mumford's "	181 35
	<hr/> \$590 90

For the Children's Cot.

The Table of Ruth Hart, Florence Bennett and Laura Page Ward, by Mrs. C. H. Angel.....	\$107 10
--	----------

Fish Pond.

Effie Hill and Gerty Chappell.....	\$ 14 00
------------------------------------	----------

Candy and Flower Table.

Carrie Clarke, Daisy Beach and Gussie Merriman.....	\$ 7 69
	<hr/> \$128 79

Grab Bag.

Levi Ward and Thomas Wright.....	\$ 7 43
Gentlemen's Bait.....	10 00
Tickets for Evening Entertainment,....	600 00

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations,	\$1,214 00
Receipts from Lunch Tables,	856 19
" " Fancy Articles, ..	590 90
" " Grab Bag,	7 43
" " Gents' Bait,	10 00
" " Evening Entertainment,	600 00
	<hr/> \$3,378 52
Expenses,	406 84
	<hr/> \$2,871 68
Cash Receipts for Child's Cot Fund...	128 79
	<hr/> \$3,000 47

Bills Donated.

Union & Advertiser, printing,	\$58 20
Evening Express, printing,	46 40
Democrat & Chronicle, printing,	35 40
Wisner, on loan of crockery,	12 50
Anthony's bill, for crackers,	1 66
J. R. Chamberlin,	5 00
Sherlock & Sloan, fixing temporary lights	9 60
Hamilton & Matthews.....	6 48

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

DONATIONS to REFRESHMENT and FANCY TABLES.

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

Mrs. Barron Williams—One Turkey.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Currant Jelly, French Pickles, dish warm Potatoes.
Mrs. Maltby Strong—Squash Pies, warm Potatoes
A Friend—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. H. A. Strong—Pickled Oysters.
Mrs. E. T. Smith—One Turkey.
Mr. Oviatt—A basket of nice canned Fruit, 8 cans.
Mrs. O. D. Grosvenor—Can Spiced Grapes, bowl Chopped Pickles.
Mrs. Kendrick—Chocolate Cake.
Mrs. Mary A. Gaylord—Can Quinces.
Mrs. J. C. Mason—Two Cakes.
Mrs. Pixley—Can Sweet Cream.
Mrs. Joseph Beir—Bag Crackers.
Mrs. Israel Smith—Ten lbs. Crushed Sugar, 3 lbs. Rice, 2 lbs. Raisins, 2 Night Dresses.

The Table of Mrs. L. Adler, Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer and Mrs. J. Wile.

Mrs. A. Adler—Lobster Salad.
" Fannie Adler—Two Smoked Tongues.
" L. Adler—Five Dollars.
" R. Aronson—Cream Puffs.
" H. Bachman—Confections.
" Asher Beir—Three Cranberry Pies.
" Sig. Beir—Two Ducks.
" Benjamin—One Cake.
" L. Bloch—One Charlotte Russe.
" L. Blum—One Dollar.
" Bromley—Charlotte Russe.
" Jos. Cauffman and Mrs. E. Strauss—One Pyramid.
" M. Cauffman—Fruit.
" S. Cohn—One can Pineapple.
" Dinkelspiel—One Cake.
" Eichman—Twenty-five Cents.
" E. S. Ettenheimer—Two Ducks.
" J. Ettenheimer—One dozen Celery.
" S. L. Ettenheimer—Waffles, Grapes and \$1.
" Fechenbach—Biscuits.
" Fleming—One Cake.
" Friedlander—Two Cakes.
" Funkenstein—Jelly.
" H. Garson—Fifty Cents.
" L. Garson—One dozen Celery.
" M. Goodman—Two Ducks.
" S. Guggenheimer—Salads.
" A. Hays—Fifty Cents.
" F. Hays—Biscuit.
" G. Hays—Three cans Jelly.
" M. Hays—Three Chickens.
" S. Hays—Two Dollars.
" L. Hechinger—Four Pies.
" Herman—Two bottles Olives.
" H. Herman—One Turkey.
" M. Hirshfield—Muffins.
" Hochstetter—Two Ducks.
" Jos. Katz—Pickles and Pickled Pears.
" Kerngood—Olives and Salads.
" Kirstein—One Dollar.
" M. Landsberg—Fruit.
" H. Leiter—Two Chickens.

Mrs. N. Levy—One Turkey.
 " Lichtenstein—Two Dollars.
 " M. Lowenthal—One Dollar.
 " S. Manheimer—Two boxes Grapes.
 " J. Meyers—Orange Cake.
 " H. Michaels—Chicken Salad.
 " J. Michaels—Two Cakes.
 " M. Michaels—Two bottles Chow-chow and Oranges.
 " Wm. Miller and Mrs. S. Stein—Twist.
 " A. Mock—Two Chickens.
 " M. Mock—2½ dozen Celery.
 " E. Moerel—Fruit.
 " L. Moore—Two bottles Olives.
 " S. Myer—Cranberry Sauce.
 " Oppenheimer—Fifty Cents.
 " Pinow—Fruit.
 " H. Rice—Three cans Fruit.
 " I. Rice—Two Chickens.
 " S. Rice—Three glasses Jelly.
 " D. Rosenberg—Two Ducks.
 " H. Rosenberg—Two Dollars.
 " S. Rosenblatt—Squash Pies.
 " N. Rosenfield—Oranges and Grapes.
 " S. Rosenthal—Two Dollars.
 " Jos. Rosenthal—Three Twist.
 " B. Rothchild—Two Ducks.
 " M. Savage—One Cake.
 " H. Schwarz—One Dollar.
 " M. Schwarz—One Dollar.
 " F. Seligman—Fifty Cents.
 " J. Shatz—Six Pies.
 " A. Sichel—Nuts and Raisins.
 " I. Sloman—Two dishes Wine Jelly.
 " Sloman—Nuts and Figs.
 " A. Stern—Grapes.
 " L. Stern—One dozen Bananas.
 " M. Stern—One dozen Bananas and Grapes.
 " N. Stern—One Cake, 3 Chickens and \$5.00.
 " S. Stettheimer—Confections.
 " M. Strauss—Fifty Cents.
 " Thalheimer—Two Chickens.
 " VanBergh—One Cake.
 " Wiesner—Six Loves Rye Bread.
 " A. Wile—Fifty Cents.
 " I. Wile—One Turkey.
 " J. Wile—Olives.
 " Julius Wile—Three Dollars.
 " S. Wile—One doz. Bananas and 1 box Grapes.
 " Theresa Wile—Lobster Salad.
 " E. Wolff—Two doz. Oranges.
 " Felix Wolff—Nuts and Figs.
 Mr. Brichner—Five Dollars.
 " C. T. Moore—One Dollar.
 " G. Wile—One Cake.

The Table of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. J. C. Hart, Mrs. H. H. Morse, Mrs. Henry Smith, Mrs. C. F. Pond, Mrs. J. Chamberlin and Mrs. David Gordon.

Mrs. Hubbard—Two Lemon Pies.
 Messrs. Davenport & Hale—Two bottles Oil.
 Mr. C. A. Davenport—One bottle Oil.
 Miss M. Dunlap—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. H. H. Morse—Oysters, Olives and Grapes.
 Mrs. F. S. Rew—One dozen Oranges.
 Mrs. W. G. Watson—Saratoga Potatoes, Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. J. M. Bachus—Malaga Grapes.

Mrs. Hazeltine—Mince Pie.
 Mrs. Edgar Holmes—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Henry Smith—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. David Gordon—Chicken Salad,
 Mrs. C. C. Morse—Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Mince Pie, Biscuit, Bread.
 Mrs. S. B. Roby—Celery and Caudy.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster—Mince Pie, Squash Pie, Chicken Pie, Wine Jelly, Pickles, Currant Jelly.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Chicken Salad and Flowers.
 Mr. Reuben Hill—Two quarts Cream.
 Mrs. Jenny Morgan—One jar Peaches, and one jar Pickles.
 Mrs. E. Heath—One Ham.
 Miss Mary Heath—Cocoanut Cake.
 Mrs. H. P. Brewster—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Cocoanut Cake, Doughnuts, Biscuit and Cranberry.
 Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Mince Pie, Lemon Pie, Chicken Pie, Salad.
 Miss Henrietta Potter—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. C. F. Pond—Three dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. S. W. Uptide—Missionary Cake.
 Mrs. Edward Harris—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Biscuit.
 Mrs. Charles E. Hart—Chocolate Cake.
 Mrs. George C. Buell—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. J. Haywood—Turkey and 2 bowls Jelly.
 Mrs. A. S. Mauu—Turkey.
 Mrs. John Howe—Loaf Cake and 2 bowls Jelly.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Nut Cake, Salad, Lettuce and Biscuit.
 Miss Mary Breck—Two Mince Pies.

The Table of Mrs. W. C. Rowley, Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, Mrs. Henry Anstice, Miss Whittlesey and Miss Caroline Rochester.

Mrs. W. C. Rowley—Chicken Pie and Cake.
 Mrs. G. H. Humphrey—Lemon Jelly and Chocolate Cream.
 Mrs. F. Whittlesey—Mince Pie.
 Mrs. David Little—Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. H. M. Montgomery—Cream.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Roast Turkey.
 Mrs. T. C. Montgomery—Charlotte Russe and Pickles.
 Mr. J. Mogridge—Bottle of Olives and Coffee.
 Graves & Co.—One lb. of Candy.
 T. McMillan—Sundries.
 Mrs. J. Brackett—Malaga Grapes.
 Miss S. Frost—Flowers and Sponge Cake.
 Mrs. C. H. Babcock—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Bread and Biscuit.
 Mrs. H. F. Montgomery—Charlotte Russe.
 Miss C. L. Rochester—Oysters.
 Mrs. C. B. Potter—Cream and Pickles.
 Mrs. J. H. Rochester—Lemon Cake, and Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. F. Gorton—Chicken Salad and Cream Pies.
 Mrs. A. Erickson—Flowers, Fruit, Jelly, Roast Turkey and Pickles.
 Mrs. H. Anstice—Pumpkin Pies.
 Miss Belle Eastman—Neapolitan Cake.
 Mrs. C. M. Curtis—Oysters and Fruit.
 Mrs. C. F. Smith—Pair of Ducks.
 Mrs. H. Sibley—Roast Turkey, Celery and Flowers.
 Mrs. M. F. Reynolds—Malaga Grapes.

Mrs. R. Hart—Bread and Potato Shavings.
Mrs. E. M. Moore—Apple Tarts, Scalloped Oysters and Raw Oysters.
Mrs. Jas. Whitney—Biscuit.
Mrs. Geo. D. Williams—Chicken Pie.
Mrs. J. M. Backus—Cocoanut Cake.
Mrs. C. E. Mathews—Pair Ducks.
Mrs. McAllaster—Fried Oysters.
Mrs. G. J. Whitney—Boned Turkey.

The Table of Mrs. G. G. Wanzer, Mrs. Hiram Hoyt and Mrs. Myron Adams.

Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes—Four jars Cranberries, 2 jars Plums.
Mrs. J. H. Kent—One pair Ducks, hot Potatoes.
Mrs. W. H. Yerkes—Hot Potatoes.
Mrs. Wanzer—Cut Flowers, Saratoga Potatoes, Jelly, Pickles and jar Plums.
Mrs. Geo. L. Stratton—Three Lemon Pies.
Mrs. S. A. Newman—Ham and Celery.
Mrs. Chas. Finkle—One dozen Pies.
Fred. Griswold—Bottle of Olives.
Mrs. H. Brewster—Ham.
Mrs. Dr. Collins—Two Pies and Cranberries.
Mrs. L. P. Ross—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. S. D. Porter—Hot Chicken Pie.
Mrs. Dr. Shipman—Delmonico Pudding.
Miss May Hooker—Cut Flowers.
Mrs. E. Glenn—Parker House Rolls.
Mrs. J. Farley, Sr.—Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. Keyes—Biscuit.
Mrs. E. Peck—Turkey.
Mrs. J. Farley, Jr.—Biscuit.
Mrs. S. Porter—Two Oyster Pies.
Mrs. Myron Adams—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. W. S. Osgood—Turkey.
Mrs. W. R. Seward—Plum Pudding.
Mrs. S. Snow—Chicken Pie.
Mrs. Abelard Reynolds—Biscuit and Bed Quilt for Plymouth Church Room.
Mrs. M. Strong—Turkey and Biscuit.
Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Biscuit and Tongue.
Mrs. C. C. Holton—Two gallons of Cream.
Miss E. Darrow—Cake.
Mrs. C. S. Baker—Doughnuts and Celery.
Mrs. N. A. Stone—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. H. Hoyt—Lemon Jelly, Wine Jelly and Indian Pudding.

The Table of Mrs. J. W. Hatch, Mrs. A. V. Smith and Mrs. R. Turner.

Mrs. R. Turner—Turkey and Cake.
Mrs. A. V. Smith—Roast Beef, Snow and Fig Pudding.
Mrs. A. Prentice—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. S. J. Arnold—Chicken Pie.
Mrs. Johnston—Two Chickens, 2 Mince Pies.
Mrs. H. Palmer—Two Pies.
A. Stone—One Dollar.
Mrs. C. Angle—Four Pies.
Mrs. Motley—Two Tongues.
Mrs. J. Ellis—Cake and Cranberries.
Mrs. E. Leavenworth—Pickles.
Mrs. Geo. Whitcomb—Two dishes Butter.
Mrs. Darling—Charlotte Russe, Cake and Jelly.

Mrs. D. Upton—Ham.
Mrs. F. Bell—Five Dollars.
Mrs. A. M. Corris—Two cans Cherries.
Mrs. C. Salmon—Two cans Cherries, 1 dozen Oranges, 2 lbs. Malaga Grapes.
Mrs. L. Chapin—100 Biscuit and Cake.
Mrs. S. C. Steele—Chicken Pie, Jelly, Pies and Cake.
Mrs. F. Goetzman—Cake.
Mrs. J. Smith—Two Ducks.
Mrs. E. Webster—Mashed Potatoes.
Mrs. H. M. Powers—Chicken Pie.
Mrs. F. Ford—Jelly, Cake and Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. J. A. Ranney—Wine Jelly.
Mrs. J. J. Bouch—Two Ducks.
Mrs. P. B. Bromley—Salads.
Mrs. A. M. Lindsay—Saratoga Potatoes, Fruit Pudding.
Miss Ida McBride—Two loaves Brown Bread.
Miss L. Prentice—Two boxes Cut Flowers.
Mrs. M. Shaw—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. T. A. Newton—Two boxes Grapes.
Mr. C. Gray—Pickled Olives.
Mrs. A. Culross—Five lbs. Crackers.
Mrs. D. Leary—Pork and Beans.
Mr. A. H. Cook—One Turkey, Celery.
Mrs. J. W. Hatch—Scalloped Oysters, Lemon Pies, Pickles.
Mr. C. C. Beaman—One quart Cream, 2 quarts Milk.

The Table of Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage.

Mrs. A. Mudge—Two loaves of Cake and Biscuit.
Mrs. A. R. Pritchard—One Turkey, 1 loaf of Cake and Pies.
Mrs. J. O. Pettengill—Russian Cream, 1 dish Scalloped Oysters and Pickles.
Mrs. C. T. Converse—Pies, Jelly and Pickles.
Mrs. Lewis Sunderlin—One Turkey, Brown Bread and Wine Jelly.
Mrs. William T. Mills—Hot Biscuit, Potatoes and Turnips.
Mrs. Edwin Pancost—One dish Scalloped Oysters, Pickles and Pears.
Mrs. F. B. Bishop—Two dishes Chicken Salad.
Miss Edna Smith—One Turkey and Potatoes.
Mrs. L. R. Satterlee—Tongue, Snow Pudding, Lady Fingers and Jelly.
Mrs. Frank Goodwin—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. E. R. Andrews—One Turkey.
Mrs. S. W. Updike—Cake.
Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—One dish Scalloped Oysters, Brown Bread, Cranberries and Cake, 1 gallon Sweet Cream.
Miss Mary Dean—One dish Scalloped Oysters, baked and mashed Potatoes.
Mrs. E. O. Sage—Two dishes of Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. E. Sugru—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. John Sage—Saratoga Potatoes and Apple Pies.
Mrs. Pomeroy—One Turkey, Potatoes, Squash and Turnips.
Mrs. Edwin Griffin—Sweet Cream and Mince Pies.
Mrs. Alfred Mudge—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. R. Mack—Chocolate and Fruit Cake.
Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage—Oranges, Grapes and Flowers.

Table of Mrs. Curtis Clarke, Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. J. B. Ward, Mrs. James Killip, and Mrs. Frank Ward.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Three loaves Cake, Cranberry, Turkey.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith and Mrs. L. F. Ward—Scalloped Oysters, large basket Finger Rolls.
 Mrs. L. A. Ward—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. Isaac Butts—Flowers, Grapes, Pears.
 Miss Weltha Hill—A-la-mode Beef, 50 Tartlets.
 Mrs. J. H. Babcock—Two galls. Cream, Saratoga Potatoes, Crullers, Butter, Cake, Apples.
 Mrs. Parsons—Cream.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Two pairs Ducks, 4 loaves Cake, Biscuit.
 Mrs. Carter Wilder—Turkey, Cranberry, Biscuit.
 Mrs. Geo. W. Rawson—Ducks.
 Mrs. J. Hayden—Ham.
 Mrs. H. R. Selden—Turkey.
 Mrs. Theodore Bacon—One Dollar for Table.
 Mrs. David Little—Pies.
 Mrs. Matt. Cooke—Cream.
 Mrs. Leighton—Cake
 Mrs. E. M. Osburn—One Hundred Rolls, 4 Mince Pies
 Mrs. C. Boswell—Turkey
 Mrs. A. S. Mann—Turkey
 Mrs. Isaac Hills—Pears
 Miss Oothout—Turkey
 Miss Mattie Dunlap—Two bowls Wine Jelly
 Mrs. Charles E. Upton—Chicken Salad and Sponge Cake
 Mrs. William Churchill—Turkey
 Mrs. Pancost—Pickles
 Mrs. E. K. Warren—Cake, 4 Mince Pies
 Mrs. D. A. Watson—Charlotte Russe, Cream, Pickles, Jelly, Pickled Peaches
 Mrs. N. P. Pond—Turkey
 Mrs. G. E. Ripsom—Two Moulds Jelly, hot Fried Oysters
 Mrs. M. K. Woodbury—Parker House Rolls
 Mrs. James Cutler—Olives
 Mrs. D. B. Beach—Pickles, Charlotte Russe, Canned Peaches, Jelly
 Mrs. D. M. Dewey—Hot mashed Potatoes, Sponge Cake
 Miss Mary Waite—Two Moulds Cranberry.
 Miss Ellen Guernsey—Six Pies
 Miss J. Booth—Mince Pies
 Mrs. James Killip—Turkey, Currant Jelly
 Mrs. J. B. Ward—Two dishes Charlotte Russe
 Mrs. C. C. Merriman—Two large Cakes
 Mrs. Curtis Clark—Cake, Chicken Salad
 Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Saratoga Potatoes
 Mr. Peter Schleyer—Chickens
 Mr. Matthews—Four loaves Imperial Sponge Cake
 Mr. Teal—Two large platters Charlotte Russe.

The Table of Mrs. E. P. Gould, Mrs. John T. Fox, Mrs. Charles H. Chapin, Mrs. Asahel M. Bennett, Mrs. John Canfield and Mrs. Charles Curtiss.

Mrs. A. M. Bennett—Chicken Salad and Potatoes
 Mrs. John T. Fox—Turkey, Cake and Pickles
 Mrs. David Hoyt—Sponge Cakes
 Mrs. W. H. Mathews—Pickled Oysters
 Mrs. J. W. Canfield—Two Cakes, Jelly and Potatoes

Mrs. Clark—Pair of Ducks
 Mrs. Charles H. Chapin—Ham
 Mrs. E. L. Tompkins—Turkey and Mince Pies
 Miss Louise Hall—Charlotte Russe
 Mrs. C. J. Hayden—Two Mince Pies
 Mrs. L. Farrar—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. George Jennings—Loaf Cake
 Mrs. C. B. Curtis—Oranges and Malaga Grapes
 Mrs. Ross Lewin—Three Pies, Pudding, Pickled Oysters and Grapes
 Mrs. E. P. Gould—Chicken Salad, Wine Jelly and Pickles
 Mrs. Lewis Morgan—One Hundred Biscuit
 Miss Carrie Gould—Pudding
 Mrs. Will. Seward—Cake.
 Mr. F. Schlegel—Flowers
 Mrs. William H. Perkins—Scalloped Oysters
 Mrs. S. S. Avery—Turkey

The Ice Cream and Candy Table of Miss Louise J. Alling, Mrs. D. W. Bush, and the Misses Mary Butts, Julia Hamilton, O. S. Moore, E. S. Conkey and M. G. Hooker.

Mrs. George Mumford: Cake
 " S. D. Walbridge: Cake
 " D. W. Bush: Cake
 " Eugene Glen: Cake
 Miss Conkey: Cake
 Miss Butts: Flowers
 Mrs. L. F. Ward: Cake
 Alling & Corey: Paper
 Miss Butts, Mrs. Walbridge, Mrs. M. W. Cooke, Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mrs. D. W. Bush, and the Misses Conkey, O. S. Moore, Hooker and Alling: Cash.

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

Mrs. S. G. Andrews: A Child's Quilt and Infant's Hood and Collar.
 " J. M. Whitney: Materials to the amount of Ten Dollars.
 " H. B. Williams: Mittens and Skirt.
 " Gilman: Mittens.
 " Mrs. S. H. Frink: 7 pair Mittens.
 Miss Clara Durand: Six Sachets, 3 Pin Balls, Painting Handkerchief Case.
 The Misses Saxton: Four pair Mittens.
 Mrs. Lobdell: Knitted Skirt.
 " Hiram Sibley: Six Aprons.
 Col. Lee: Two Pictures in Water Colors.
 E. D. Chapin & Co., Syracuse: Pottery, 3 pieces.
 Miss Lillie Williams: Six Doll's Sacques.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward: A Child's Afghan.
 Miss Anne Williams: Paintings on Pottery, Card Cases, &c.
 Mr. C. C. Burns: Painting on Pottery.
 Mr. R. Briggs, (Boston): One Flemish Jug.
 Madame Guret: Card Case.
 Miss Brackett: Worsted Slippers, Doll's Afghan, 5 Scarfs, Child's Knitted Skirt, 2 pieces Knitted Lace for Skirt, 1 Holder, 4 Wash Cloths.
 Miss Alta Mordoff: 1 pair Mittens, 2 Coseys.
 Mrs. L. D. Ely: Six pairs Mittens.
 " A. T. Lee: crocheted Sacque.
 Mamie Osborne: Three sets Paper Dolls.
 Mrs. W. C. Dickinson: Shoe Bag.
 " Whitney Williams: One Toilet Set.

Mrs. A. D. Fiske: Work-Bags, Bottles, &c.
 " C. D. Fiske: Embroidered Table-cover.
 Miss Clara Wilder: Four Hoods for Infants and 5 Hoods for Dolls.
 " Lois E. Whitney: Decorations on china, satin, &c.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney: Table, &c.
 Ellwanger & Barry: Basket of Flowers.
 John Charlton: Four boxes cut Flowers.
 Edward A. Frost: Box cut Flowers.
 Miss Blossom Buell: Box cut Flowers.
 " Carrie Brewster: Box cut Flowers.
 " Julia Whitney: Box cut Flowers and Bouquets.

The Fancy Table of Miss A. Mumford, Mrs. L. F. Ward, Mrs. Edgar Holmes, Mrs. George C. Buell and Miss Minnie Clarke.

Mr. A. E. Dumble—Nine Photographs
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Pair infant's Shirts
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—Afghan and baby's Blanket
 Mrs. Chester Dewey—Three worsted Hoods
 Miss Mary Perkins—Worsted Sacque and Hood
 Miss Whittlesey—Scrap Bag
 Mrs. Prush—Sixteen Rabbits
 Ellen Kelley—Dressing eight Dolls, 4 Penwipers
 Mary Blackman—Two pairs Mats
 Mr. J. Field—Two balls String
 Messrs. Hawley & Meyers—Wrapping Paper, Tags and String
 Mr. J. H. Stedman—One dozen Standard Gas Burners and Shades, on Commission
 J. & S. Snow—Loan of Wire Frame
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Eight Photograph Frames, 7 eating Aprons
 Mrs. Thomas Chester—Dressing Doll and 5 yards Crocheted Trimming.
 Mrs. L. F. Ward—Child's Hood and Sacque
 Mrs. C. H. Angel—Hood and Baby's Blanket
 Mrs. C. P. Bissell—Dressing Gown and Scrap Bag
 Mrs. M. M. Mitchell—Hood
 Mrs. Edward Cozzens—Infant's Band
 Julia Cozzens—Holder
 L. S. Humphrey—Candy
 Miss A. Mumford—Socks and other things
 Miss Lilly Griffith—Dressing two large Dolls
 A Friend—Two Toilet Sets, Knitting Apron
 Miss Fanny Griffith—Dressing 2 Dolls
 Mrs. Edgar Holmes—Sofa Pillow
 Mrs. M. E. Holmes—One pair Hair Pincushions and Mats
 Miss Lilly Williams—Six babies' Sacks and Mittens
 Mrs. J. C. Cutler—One Toilet Box
 Mrs. Dr. S. W. Davison—Pincushion
 Miss Barker—Fancy Articles
 Mrs. J. H. Brewster—Two Scarfs
 Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Two Infant's Sacks, 2 Cushions
 Mrs. E. N. Allen—Two pairs Mittens
 Mrs. G. C. Buell—Scrap Bag, Basket, China Extinguisher, Pitcher and Bowl, Vase, Pitcher
 Mrs. E. W. Osburn—Pillow Covers
 Miss Bunce (Hartford, Conn.)—Child's Skirt, 3 Infant's Hoods, 2 pairs Socks
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—Hood
 Mrs. Hagan (Washington, D. C.)—Two Fancy Coaches

Mrs. Charles F. Pond—Toilet Case.
 Miss Horton—Tidy
 Mrs. G. F. Danforth—Two pairs Infant's Boots
 Mrs. Oscar Craig—Two pairs Mittens
 Mrs. Clark Johnston—Fancy Jar
 Miss Backus—Loan of Hat Racks, 2 Doll's Hats, 2 Neckties
 Mrs. Tompkins—Two pairs Stockings
 Miss Tompkins—Doll's Cloak
 Mrs. Mackie—Decorated Shell
 Miss Blossom Buell—Work Bag, 5 Ash Receivers, Japanese Plate, 3 Fancy Plates
 Miss Nellie Ely—Dressing Doll
 Miss Carrie Brewster—Dressing Doll
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Five Holders, Crib Blanket
 Miss Helen Hooker—Two Shawls
 Miss Bertha Hooker—Baby's Sacque
 Miss Minnie Clarke—Infant's Hood and Sacque
 Freeman Clarke 2nd—Worsted Ball
 Mrs. L. D. Ely—Four pairs Mittens
 Mrs. A. T. Lee—Child's Talma
 Miss Hamilton—Hood
 Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin—One pair Stockings
 Mrs. Joseph Frost—One dozen Cake Spoons
 Miss Mollie Ward—Work Basket
 Miss Frost—Five Traveller's Pincushions
 Jennie Cochrane—Two Wash-cloths.
 Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Two and one-half yards Skirt Trimming
 Miss Mary Hart—Hood
 Miss Anna Hart—Hood
 Miss Florence Montgomery—Hood
 —, Crocheted Cover, 3 fancy Carvings
 Mrs. Arthur Hamilton—Wall-pocket and 3 Pen-wipers
 Mrs. M. R. Woodbury—Child's Hood
 Miss Louise Williams, (Dansville)—Infant's Sack, Crocheted Slippers
 Mrs. E. N. Buell—Two Hoods
 Mrs. D. B. Beach—Two Work-boxes, 6 paper Boats
 Miss Daisy Beach—Work-box
 Miss Ada Kent—Two painted Dog-collars
 Mrs. Fred Alling—Trimming for two Skirts
 Mrs. W. B. Williams—Two pairs Mittens, Knit Garters
 Mr. C. B. Woodworth, Jr.—Three dozen Bon-Bon Boxes
 McDowell & Co—Loan of Hat Racks
 Mrs. Clary, (Syracuse)—Four Match-scratchers

The Table of Ruth Hart, Florence Bennett and Laura Page Ward, under the Superintendence of Mrs. Charles H. Angel, for the benefit of the Children's Cot.

Ruth Hart—Plaque, 1 pair Mittens, 10 Needle Books, box paper Dolls, 2 pair Vases, Lamp Light, Holders, 2 Chinamen, box of Whist Counters, 2 Watch Cases, Tidy.
 Florence Bennett—Box of paper Dolls, 3 Perfumery Bags, Illuminated Text, Picture Frame, 2 Watch Cases
 Pagie Ward—Six fancy bottles of Cologne, Dolls' Afghan, Doll's Sacque, Muff, Hood and Leggings, Perfumery Bag, 12 drums of Candy, 6 baskets of Flowers.
 Miss Wayleigh—Five Dolls' Hats
 Julia, Louise and Mary Little—Three worsted Balls, 3 dolls' Afghans

Mrs. Montgomery Rochester—Cornucopia Boat.
Maggie Roby—Doll's Parasol
Mrs. Cowen—Decorated Jar
Mrs. C. T. Washburn—Doll's Hood
Mrs. Sidney Avery—Embroidered Skirt
Mrs. J. M. Whitney—Three Thimble Cases
Mamie Osburne—Three sets paper Dolls, fancy Tray
Mrs. E. T. Smith—Six fancy Coaches, two birch bark Baskets, Dolls' Stockings
Miss Cornelia Morse—Tidy
Miss Louise Alling—One pair Mittens
Julia Cozzens—Holder
Norman Mumford—Pin Cushion
Mrs. Prush (City Hospital)—Four Rabbits
Mrs. L. A. Ward—Three tin Milk Pails.
Mrs. Robert Mathews—Red Riding Hood, 2 Clothes Bars, 1 pair Mittens
Miss Cady Howard—Three Dressed Dolls, 2 Dolls' Pen Wippers
Mary Morse—Hairpin Basket, Pin Cushion
Lily Morse—Baby's Sacque
Mrs. I. Quinby—Four Caps
Daisy Montgomery—Two Dolls' Hoods
Mrs. C. Mathews—Tobacco Jar, covered Cologne Bottle
Grace B. Terry—Two Transparent Window Pictures, Photograph Receiver
Mrs. S. H. Terry—"Child Marian Abroad," for Children's Cot Library
Alice and Louisa Upton—Four Dolls' Caps, 2 Dolls' Captivators
Mrs. Walter Clarke, New York—Twelve Scripture Acrostic Cards
Miss Bessie Clarke—Japanese Box
Madie Powell—Worsted Ball for Mats
Eliza Little—Match Bag
Fanny Wilder—Lot of Dolls and Furniture
Miss Ada Underhill—Baby's Blanket
Mrs. J. A. Collier—Very handsome Shawl, 3 pairs Mittens, 2 Children's Balls
Frankie Sage—Dolls' Hair Receiver, Picture and Frame
Miss H. Backus—Eight Dolls' Hats
Daisy Wakely—Letter Bag, Dolls' Socks, 3 Baskets, Ring and Balls, Flower Basket
Fanny Corbett—Dressed Doll
Mrs. George Selden—Three Dolls' Toilet Tables.
Laura Selden—Doll's Hood, 3 pairs Dolls' Mittens
Alice Bacon—Pair Mats, 4 Gourds
Mrs. N. Rochester—Five Mugs, 4 Doll's Tables, 1 Pin Ball, 2 Dolls' Shirts
A Friend of the Children—A beautifully furnished Baby Basket
Miss Louisa Hall—Six fancy Pin Cushions
Miss Libbie Farrar—Six Painted Candles
Miss Julia Hamilton—Two Napkin Holders
Clarence and Charlie Arnold—One Frame
Miss Katie Dean—Two Dressed Dolls
Laurance Angel—Doll's Sacque, Handkerchief, Picture
Mrs. C. H. Angel—Baby's Hood
Mr. E. B. Parsons—Six Dollars

The Fish Pond of Gertie Chappell and Effie Hill.

James Field: Use of Flag.
Scrantom & Wetmore: Paper Dolls.
Geo. Stratton: Pictures.
Woodworth & Co.: Perfumery.
Centennial Store: Picture and Badges.

Sibley, Lindsay & Curr: Fancy Boxes and Cornucopias.
Merriam & Co.: Penwipers.
Miss Underhill: Toys.
Tract Society: Texts.
Erastus Darrow: Books.
Mr. Cunningham, Boxes and Books.
Mr. Williamson, Toys.

Receipts for the Review,

FROM NOVEMBER 1st to DECEMBER 7th, 1877.

Isaac Hartfeld, 50 cts.; Miss S. McEntee, 50 cts.; William McGonegal, 50 cts.—all of East Brighton—By Mrs. J. E. Hulburt, Brighton, \$ 1 50
Miss S. Moody, New York, \$1.00; Miss F. H. Bryan, Philadelphia, 50 cts.—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 1 50
Mrs. C. C. Beaman, 62 cts.; Mrs. Chester Field, 62 cents; Mrs. Edw'd Patten, 62 cents; Mrs. Clarke Woodworth, 62 cts.—By Miss Nellie Pixley, Gates, 2 48
Miss H. Stearns, Salem, Mass., \$2.50; Mrs. N. W. Benedict, \$1.25—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, 3 75
Mrs. G. C. Buell, \$1.25; Mrs. R. Boyd, 65 cents; Miss M. Cochrane, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain, \$1.25; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, \$1.25; Mrs. L. G. Corning, 62 cts.; Mr. F. Delano, \$1.24; Mrs. Chester Dewey, 64 cents; Mrs. W. Eastwood, 62 cents; Extra, 25 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cts.; Mrs. Edgar Holmes, 70 cents; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. Pauline Lee, 63 cents; Mrs. A. McVean, 62 cents; Mrs. N. B. Northrup, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Whipple, Brockport, \$1.50; Mrs. W. H. Ward, 62 cts.—By Miss Mary Perkins, 14 94
Mrs. W. Y. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Barton, \$1.25; Miss E. D. Brown, \$2.48; Mrs. M. H. Cotter, \$1.24; Mrs. J. M. Davy 66 cents; Mrs. Geo. Darling, \$1.24; Mrs. Alfred Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. S. M. Hildreth, \$1.24; Mrs. S. F. Hess, 62 cents; Mrs. J. D. Husbands, 62 cts.; Mrs. D. H. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, \$1.25; Mrs. W. S. Oliver, 62c.; Mrs. W. S. Osgood, 62c.; Mrs. M. Phelan, \$1.25; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, \$1.37; Mrs. J. Requa, \$1.24; Mrs. J. M. Whitney, 64 cents; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, \$1.25—By Miss Minnie Cochrane, 19 45
Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 63 cents; Miss Sarah Bradford, Newton, Mass., 2 copies \$1.00; Mrs. A. DeVos, \$1.25; Thomas Dailey, Avon, \$1.00; Dr. French, \$1.25; Mrs. J. E. Hulburt, \$1.25; Miss Sarah T. Hewes, Newton, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 62c. Mrs. Jerome Keyes, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Messenger, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cts.; Mrs. B. Y. Royce, \$1.24; Mrs. F. Roderrick, East Pembroke, 50 cts.; Mrs. M. E. Solomon, \$1.24; Drs. L. D. & J. S. Walters, (advertisement) \$5.00; Mrs. L. A. Ward, \$1.25; Mrs. W. Whelehan, Mt. Read, 50 cents.—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, 19 90

Mrs. W. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cts.; Mrs. L. Adler, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. Burke, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Isaac Butts, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Brackett, 63 cents; Mrs. M. B. Breck, 62 cents; Mrs. A. F. Beers, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents; J. H. Boucher, 62 cents; Miss N. Bunce, Hartford, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. C. H. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 65 cents; Mrs. W. Churchill, 62 cents; Mrs. Curtis Clarke, 62 cts.; John Craighead, 62 cts.; Mrs. F. Clarke, \$1.00; Mrs. M. W. Cook, 62 cts.; Mrs. T. Chester, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Carson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 62 cents; Miss M. Duclap, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Frost, \$1.85; Mrs. J. Farley, 62 cts.; Miss S. Frost, 62 cts.; Mrs. F. Gorton, 75 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Glen, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Griffin, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Gilbert, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. H. Gregory, Mobile, Alabama, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Hayward, 62 cents; Mrs. Ann Hoyt, 62 cents; Mr. Henry Hermann, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cts.; Mrs. L. Kaufman, 62 cts.; Mrs. Thos. Leighton, 75 cents; Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. H. Martindale, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Mills, 62 cents; Mrs. U. Meyer, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cts.; Mrs. S. Mathews, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Osburn, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Pancost, 62 cents; C. J. Powers, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 63 cents; Mrs. G. W. Pratt, 65 cents; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 75 cents; Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy, 62 cts.; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. H. RossLewin, 62 cts.; Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, 63 cents; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 50 cts.; Mrs. F. Ritter, 62 cts.; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Miss Edna Smith, 62 cents; H. D. Scrantom, 62 cents; Frank M. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Tamblingson, \$1.00; Mr. J. VanVoorhis, \$1.25; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Wing, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. C. Wilder, 62 cents; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents; Mrs. E. K. Warren, 62 cts.—By Treasurer at Donation, \$55 22

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

A Friend: by Mrs. W. H. Perkins,\$ 1 00
 "Peace Class," Plymouth Church, 75
 Family Box, fourth month, 62
 "Mission Band," 1st Presbyterian Church, Geneseo, N. Y., 2 00

"Bank" on Review Table at Donation, ...\$ 35
 Bessie Watson, second offering, 3 25
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, 10 00
 Miss Lois Whitney, 5 00
 Children's Table, in charge of Mrs. C. H. Angel, at Donation, 107 10
 Fish Pond, at Donation, 14 00
 Children's Candy Table, 7 69

Total for the month,\$151 76
 Previously acknowledged, 132 19

Total Receipts,\$283 95

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, Nov. 3, 1877, of softening of the brain, Robert Shanklin, aged 50 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 10, 1877, of cancer, Richard Varian, aged 64 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 18, 1877, of dropsy, John McKenny, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 21, 1877, of injury from a fall, Samuel Smiley, aged 38 years.

Superintendent's Report.

1877. Nov. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 75
 Received during month, ... 13
 Births, 1— 89
 Died, 4
 Discharged, 15— 19
 Remaining, Dec. 1st, 1877, 70

Donations.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Second-hand Clothing.
 Ladies of the 3d Presbyterian Church—Five Comfortables.
 Mrs. Wm. S. Falls—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. J. H. Stedman—Old Cotton.
 Miss Lottie Jones—Seven bowls of Jelly.
 Mrs. Wolcott—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. M. Woodbury—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Joseph Ward—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Rosenblatt—Muffin Irons and Wire Pot Washer.
 A Friend—Quantity of Vegetables.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Six Turkeys and Jelly for Thanksgiving dinner.
 Mrs. J. Billings—Five Second-hand Shirts.
 Mrs. Ely—Reading Matter and Old Cotton.
 Mrs. J. A. Stull—A quantity of Pickles.

LIST OF DISHES.

LEFT AT CORINTHIAN HALL AT THE DONATION.

- 6 Platters,
- 1 Yellow Baker,
- 3 White Bakers,
- 3 large Soup Plates,
- 5 Pie Plates,
- 7 White Dinner Plates,
- 7 Soup Plates,
- 6 Breakfast Plates,
- 1 Tea Plate,
- 8 Saucers,
- 2 Tin Pails,
- 1 Jelly Mould,
- 1 Glass Bowl,
- 1 Glass Jelly Standard,
- 2 Tin Pails.

These Dishes are at the house of the Treasurer, 48 Spring St., and if not reclaimed, will be sent to the Hospital in two weeks.

New Books.

"CHILD MARIAN ABROAD," by Wm. M. F. Round, author of "Achsah" and "Torn and Mended." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by E. Darrow.

This is an instructive and entertaining story for the little folks, being a child's record of what she saw and learned in the old world. Marian was a wide awake little damsel, and her pranks and oddities make the book very amusing.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

**GAS FIXTURES,
ETCHED GLOBES,
ARGAND SHADES.**

ANDIRONS

AND

BRASS WORK

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's
CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y

Feb '75

Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and
Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

L P ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

117 State Street,

Feb 75 **ROCHESTER, N. Y**

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

**ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACE.)**

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WE have still a very large stock of Trimmings and Untrimmed Hats, all the latest styles, which we have Marked Down fully 50 per cent. Hats formerly sold at \$1.50 now at 75 cents; 75 cents now for 37 cents; 60 cents now 25 cents. Flowers, Silk Parasols, Laces, and everything in the same proportion, as we are determined to close out our entire stock with the season.

Call and secure bargains at

84 and Over 86 State St.

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,.....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State st, sep 73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

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.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail.

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr. 75.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

**FANCY AND
MILLINERY GOODS,**

Zephyr Worsteds, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb '74 Rochester, N.Y.

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.

GROSS & MARGRANDER, UPHOLSTERERS, and dealers in PARLOR FURNITURE, LACE and DRAPERY CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, PAPER HANGINGS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, ETC.

No. 53 State Street,

my '73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ANTHONY BROTHERS

STEAM BAKING,

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

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

E S ETENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.

No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(At the Old Burr Stand.)

Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Nos. 36 and 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

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

No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.

R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,

No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. R. CLARK.

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

ANTHRACITE COAL!

GENERAL OFFICE:

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

Hamilton & Mathews,

No 27 EXCHANGE, ST.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

HARDWARE,

House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.

A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,

DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED

FURNACES and RANGES,

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,

83 EXCHANGE ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,

APOTHECARIES,

66 West Main Street, Powers' Block.

ROCHESTER, N. Y

E. F. HYDE & CO.

DEALERS IN

FINE GROCERIES

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

21 West Main St.

E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.

E. B. BOOTH & SON,

JEWELERS.

Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoi-
sier Watch, and Lazarus & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
D. SCANTOM, }
O. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scramont,
Abram S. Mann, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

July '74

E H. DAVIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST,

81 STATE STREET,

[West Side.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.
Nov. '75.

CURRAN & GOLER,

(Successors to B. King & Co.)

Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.
WILLIAM CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER.

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in
great variety.

Prescriptions carefully compounded. '66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
Nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

Nov '67 1y

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

Nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1878.

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.

The Mother's Dream.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"And I will give him the Morning Star."
Revelation II. 28.

Methought once more to my wishful eye
My beautiful boy had come:
My sorrow was gone, my cheek was dry,
And gladness around my home.

I saw the form of my dear lost child!
All kindled with life he came;
And he spake in his own sweet voice and smiled,
As soon as I called his name.

The raiment he wore look'd heavenly white
As the falling snow comes down,
And warm as it shone in the soften'd light,
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His brow was bright with a joy serene—
His cheek with the deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

The odor of flowers, from that fair land, ..

Where we dream that our blest ones are,
Seem'd borne in his skirts, and his small right
hand

Was holding a radiant star.

His feet unshod, as from out the shroud,
Were pure as the opening bell
Of the lily, and set in a folding cloud
Of glory that round him fell.

I asked him how he was cloth'd anew—
Who circled his head with light;
And whence he returned to meet my view
So calm and heavenly bright.

I ask'd him where he'd been so long
Away from his mother's care;
And again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said, "Sweet mother, the song I sing
Is not for an earthly ear!
I touch the harp with a golden string,
For the hosts of heaven to hear.

It was but a gently-fleeting breath,
That severed thy child from thee;
The fearful shadow, in time, call'd death,
Hath ministered life to me.

My voice in an angel choir I lift,
And high are the notes we raise:
I hold the sign of a priceless gift,
And the Giver who hath our praise.

The bright and the Morning Star is He,
Who bringeth eternal day;
And, mother, He giveth Himself to thee,
To lighten thy earthly way.

The race is short to a peaceful goal;
And He is never afar,
Who saith to the wise, untiring soul,
'I will give him the morning star!'

Thy measure of care for me was filled;
And pure to its crystal top;
For faith from her silver urn distilled,
And numbered every drop.

While thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to raise in prayer,
I learnt the way to a world above—
And the home of thy child is there.

The secret prayers thou hast made for me,
That only thy God hath known,
Arose, as an incense, holy and free,
And gathered around His throne.

I filled my robes with the perfumes sweet,
To shed them on this world's air,
As I held my brow, by my Savior's seat,
For the glorious crown I wear.

By this, remember, thine offerings made,
When holding thine infant son,
At the sacred font, as the hand was laid,
In the name of the Holy One.

For now, in that blissful world of ours,
The waters of life I drink;
Behold my feet, as they've pressed the flowers
That grow by the fountain's brink!

No thorn is hidden to wound me there—
There's nothing like chill or blight;
Or sighing, to blend with the balmy air;
No sorrow—no pain—no night!"

"No parting?" I asked, in a burst of joy,
And the lovely illusion broke,
My rapture had banished my beauteous boy;
To a shadowy void I spoke.

But, O! that Star of the Morn still beams,
With light to direct my feet,
Where, when I have done with my earthly
dreams,
The mother and child may meet.

Do it Now.—Don't live a single hour of
your life without doing exactly what ought
to be done in it, and going straight
through it from beginning to end.

We look down on our fellows as the
eagle looks over the edge of the cliff at
the mice which crawl so far below him.
This is the selfishness of the moral nature.
Our gifts of attainments are not only to
be a light and warmth in our dwellings, but
one as well to shine through the window,
into the dark night, to guide and cheer
bewildered travellers upon the road.

Foreign Correspondence.

VENICE.

The ride to Padua was very monotonous through level tracts of rice fields, but as we drew near Venice the Tyrolean Alps came into view, and we felt almost as if we were approaching Switzerland. Then marshy lands, and people paddling about in boats, then the lagoon appears, the longest bridge in the world is crossed, and we reach the station where our omnibuses and droskeys are pulled by oars. It is too cold for the waters to be as charming as they might. While stirring we can keep warm; but most of the wood used for fuel is very small, (mere trimmings of trees) and in doors it is rather shivery. Coal is brought from America for the manufacture of gas, and the coke left kindles a red hot fire in a stove, like the Salamander used some years since with us. This, with the hot dinner, makes the table d'hôte of the hotel Monaco very welcome, and the cooking is wonderfully nice, though we are still in Italy.

The gondolas, with their black covers, seem like hearses, and we felt sadly boxed up, "cabined, cribbed, confined," on our way from the station to the hotel. The top was lifted off at night, and one of our party, coming suddenly upon it, for a moment mistook it for a hearse. We requested that the top might not be restored, and so have enjoyed our freedom ever since.

We took a moonlight ride on the water, from 10 till 11, the first eve., as the moon rose late, and we tried to feel young and romantic, as, bundled up in two outside garments, we kept from shaking in the wintry weather. On Sunday we crossed the canal to church. Landing just at the door-steps of the pastor's house, a maid escorted us to his parlor. There were about a dozen worshippers, and the clergyman, (Scotch, I believe), prayed for Victor Emmanuel, Victoria and the Presi-

dent of the United States. After service we found our boatman sound asleep in the gondola.

We are surprised to find the Venetians going mostly on foot about the city, leaving the boats to travelers and for transportation. There is considerable land here after all, with many narrow streets. In some of these opposite neighbors can reach across and shake hands. We had heard there was not a horse within the city, but on the outskirts, in the public gardens, we have seen a stable and three horses with riders. There is a small garden with trees near our hotel. Horses could not be used on the streets, because the bridges are mounted by steps. Upon the Rialto Bridge are more than 20 shops, having a passage between them, and behind each row. The Rialto Market, close by, is very curious. Shell fish, some very tiny ones, in great varieties, were for sale; eels squirmed and fishes flapped in the baskets; vegetables, greens, &c., were offered to the passers by, and boiled eggs of the natural tint if soft boiled, of a bright crimson if boiled hard. This effect is produced by dipping a kind of wood in the water used for cooking.

The Grand Canal is broad and bordered by old palaces, presenting a fine appearance. But the narrow, cross canals, shadowed by lofty walls, are dark and gloomy, and, if the truth must be told about "beautiful Venice," are very dirty, receiving the sewerage of the city, and at low tide, showing traces of refuse and sewer rats. It is sad to find one's romance vanishing, but here peculiarly,

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

But one cannot fail to admire the skill of the gondolier, piloting his long skiff through these crowded lanes and round the sharp corners, uttering a peculiar cry as he turns, to warn other rowers.

The water for washing, cooking and drinking, is brought from "*terra firma*" in boats, and pumped out into receptacles

in the houses. There are public reservoirs to collect the rain water, and women go with arched pieces of wood over their shoulders and a copper pail at each end, which they attach to a cord by hooks, and thus draw up the water. As we watched them we thought of the woman of Samaria, but these wells are not deep. Yet we pitied the poor women who came often to draw, and one showed me her hand, made sore by the rope. The friction of it had worn scallops all round the bronze rim of the well. There are two wells in the open court yard of the Doge's palace.

I put my hands this morning on the old mast and gazed upon some carving, all that is left of the gay ship Bucentaur, in which the old Doge used to ride out to the Adriatic once a year, to throw into it the wedding ring which united Venice with the sea. A beautiful carved and gilded model shows what it was like in its palmy days, but we cared more for the old, crumbling, worm-eaten wreck.

Yesterday we went through a shower of snow to the magnificent palace of the Doges, stood upon Byron's Bridge of Sighs, not to be confounded with Hood's, and went down into the dreary prisons, compared with which Chillon is almost cheerful. The criminal prisoners had their rooms enclosed in wood to preserve their health; but conspirators and state prisoners were surrounded by stone, and had only stone to lie on with the head but slightly raised above the feet. We fancy sleep scarcely visited the eyes of those who once entered these dreary cells. Through a double grating they could gaze upon the crucifix set in the wall before them and breathe out their confessions. Just outside their door, the executioner set up another crucifix, and strangled or beheaded them. Through holes in the stone floor their blood flowed into the canal, and through an opening, now closed, their bodies were passed out and carried away to be secretly disposed of.

St. Mark's must have been very gorgeous when its mosaics with gilt background were fresh and new. But now has "the gold become dim," and "the fine gold changed," and the marble sullied. It seems like a pile of buildings, and is very Oriental with its domes and pinnacles. The main edifice is low. The Campanile near by towers up on high, yet is destitute of architectural beauty. Colonnades sheltering handsome stores, run around three sides of the Piazza of St. Mark, except where the Piazzetta opens between the Campanile and the church, having on one side the royal palace, on the other, the palace of the Doges and leading down to the lagoon, just above the entrance of the Grand Canal.

The feeding of the doves is one of the prettiest sights here. When the clock strikes two, they all hurry back to St. Mark's Square, and the air is thick with them. As tradition runs, the ancestors of these doves once saved the city in the time of war, and so the descendants are protected by law. One man is appointed to feed them daily. But others go to the piazza with little bags of corn, and the pretty doves, one above another, will gather on the hand and arm and shoulder without fear. When a third alights, it usually disturbs the lower tiers. I amused myself watching a young lady feed them. Her companion put the corn on her hat and the birds gathered so thickly that she could hardly keep it on her head.

Some of the churches of Venice are very rich in pictures and elegant marbles, and stalls of rare wood carvings. In one of them a monument to Conova is especially fine. A white marble pyramidal tomb, forty feet high, has its bronze door ajar. In front, at the left, Genius and the Lion of St. Mark recline in grief. Just about to enter the door is a beautiful, draped female, followed by a youth with a torch. Next in the train come Painting and Sculpture, leaning on and supporting each

other, then two attendant youths with torches.

Adjoining this, looking like a mammoth organ, is a huge pile to the memory of one of the Doges. Four colored slaves bear it up on their heads and shoulders, and their clothes worn at the knee show the black skin through the rents. Each monument serves to set off the other, they are so totally unlike. Opposite Conova's is an elaborate one to Titian. But Conova's was so beautiful that we looked at it too long to leave us time to examine the other as we should otherwise have done.

In another church the guide drew our attention to a monument to a Doge and his wife and son, adding that he was the only Doge who had a wife. I think this must have been a mistake. But the Venetians were so jealous of their liberties, and so afraid of establishing a hereditary sovereignty, that they usually selected a bachelor for their chief ruler. The natural effect was to discourage marriage among young men in the leading families who were at all aspiring, and, as the daughters were not asked in marriage, many of them went into the cloister.

We noticed in the same church miniature crutches and other votive offerings, in thanksgiving for being healed of lameness and disease. The churches in Italy seem to have been built as expressions of the religious sentiment or the ambition of the founders, and not at all with reference to the needs of the people. So one finds whole neighborhoods of churches. In Venice, of the one hundred and twenty churches, the present practical government has taken possession of seventy-two as public offices.

C. L. S.

As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers.

A Noble Woman.

The late Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of Dean Stanley, was a woman of such Christ-like sympathy that her very presence was a benediction, carrying with it strength and consolation :

A few years ago, when the Westminster Hospital gathered its nurses whence it could, a poor woman, suffering from an acute and dangerous disorder, was admitted as a patient, and on the sick-bed was succored and comforted by the good Dean's wife, who was a frequent visitor at the hospital. In a sudden crisis of her malady it was decided by the physicians that the only means of saving life was by an immediate and terrible operation. The choice was submitted to her of certain death, or this fearful passage to recovery. The poor creature sank at first from even life at such a price; then, trembling, she said: "I think if Lady Augusta Stanley were but with me I could go through it."

In haste a messenger was sent to the deanery, where Lady Augusta was found, dressed in readiness to fulfil an engagement at Buckingham Palace. Without a moment's hesitation she wrapped a cloak over her magnificent attire, and went straight to the hospital. Where Christ called her, in the person of His suffering poor, there royalty itself must wait. She stayed with the poor, tortured woman, nerving her to endurance by the strength of her sympathy and presence, until the surgeon's work was ended, and relief and rest had come; and then from the hospital ward went to the Palace to apologize to the Queen for her late appearance.

Learn A Trade.

There is a large amount of good sense stored in the following words, written by Horace Greeley, while editing the *New York Tribune* :

"It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming; so that while our strength lasts, ten-thousand blockheads talking offence at some article they do not understand could not drive us into the poor-house."

- The young man who has a good trade, be it that of a mechanic or a farmer,—for true farming is a trade,—has a sure founda-

tion upon which to build. The following anecdote, and the lesson it teaches should be heeded :

A clerk had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On his twenty-first birthday he went to the merchant, and told him his time was up. He expected promotion, but Girard said to him :

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade, and when you have made a perfect barrel bring it to me."

The young man went away, and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make.

Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him :

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependant upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve."

Talking With the Fingers.

A very pretty story is told by the London *Times* of the arrest of a man for begging. He had a written petition, as he was deaf and dumb, which solicited charity.

The police superintendent believed the man was an impostor, but the judge happened to know the finger alphabet, and with his fingers he asked the prisoner,—

"What have you to say to the bench?"

The prisoner immediately replied on his fingers, "Nothing, but that I wish to be released, as I have committed no offence in law."

The judge replied, "Your petition is well written, and as it has not been shown that it is otherwise than a statement of facts, you are discharged."

The prisoner, with digital emphasis, responded, "You are the first magistrate I ever met who could converse with a dumb man, and it is to this fact I owe my discharge. I shall ever remember you with gratitude."

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1878.

Faith's Triumphs.

On a wintry Sabbath we visited the Hospital and spent the afternoon in the public wards, seeking, during the time of service in the chapel, to comfort those too feeble to mingle with the invalids who gathered there for public worship.

As we seated ourselves between two patients, our thoughts reverted to our own Bible class lesson of the morning, and it seemed to us like a blessed message from our Heavenly Father to His afflicted children. The subject was Paul's tempestuous voyage, *his cheerful courage during the storm*, and so we read the history of the journey as recorded in the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts, and implored Him who strengthened Paul, and, while stout men around him grew faint-hearted, enabled him to say, "*I exhort you to be of good cheer*," to impart faith, and peace, and courage, to these sufferers, during life's tempests, and at last to land them safely in the eternal haven in which Paul had found a peaceful home.

As we commented on Paul's sustaining faith and courage, our listeners caught his spirit, and we hoped were strengthened to bear the trials that awaited them. One of these invalids is a beautiful illustration of a cheerful, patient, trusting Christian. We always find her with a smile upon her face, and a pleasant tone in her voice, and yet she is almost helpless, and often suffers acute pain. She has but little use of her limbs, and cannot even feed herself. She is lifted from her couch to her rolling chair, and there spends the day, often collecting around her a company of patients to whom she reads stories and books that are brought to her by visitors. The second invalid was more advanced in life, had

been a hard worker, and was suffering from weaknesses induced by over exertion. She had submitted to one surgical operation, which had greatly benefited her, and on the morrow was expecting a visit from the surgeon to decide when another should be performed. Paul's words, "*Be of good cheer*," were very appropriate to her.

Our Bible class lesson was suggestive of comfort to another afflicted one, Mrs. P., our German friend, who has been longer in the Hospital than any other patient. We rehearsed to her an incident that had been narrated in that lesson, hoping it would cheer her during the long, wakeful, weary hours which she spent upon her couch, sick with an incurable disease, and often struggling with life's storms. This was the story: Years ago, as one of the Long Island Sound steamers left her port, there were indications of a storm, and the Captain's attention was called to a very large anchor that had been provided for emergencies, and it was suggested that he should take it on board. He declined to do so, stating that he had three anchors, and these were all he needed. The storm at night broke in its fury, the ship drifted to dangerous grounds, and the captain gave orders to cast the anchor. Still the ship drifted. "Cast the second anchor!" was the order. It was thrown overboard but was of no avail; the third anchor was also useless, and the ship swept onward to destruction. In agony the Captain paced the deck, crying, "*If I only had that anchor!*" Within the cabin, a band of Christians were engaged in prayer and in hymn singing, peacefully awaiting the result. Their anchor had entered "within the vail"—and they knew they were safe.

The bright smile that lighted up the face of the listener, told us she understood the application of the story, and we doubt not it will bear fruit in her life.

As we spoke to the other inmates of the ward, our attention had often been called to a paralytic woman, whose sobs

and wailing were most distressing to hear. Her husband was visiting her, and her wifely heart was yearning to return with him to his home. She could not be refused. He knew that she was better cared for at the Hospital than she could be at home, and he could not grant her request, and she was broken hearted. We hesitated about speaking to her, for we felt we might be intruding; but yet this tempest-tossed, suffering sister seemed to need just Paul's comforting words, "*Be of good cheer,*" and we ventured to repeat them to her; they caught her ear, a light beamed on her gloom. We read a few verses, spoke of Paul's faith, of the safe and blissful haven that awaited us all when life's tempests were over, if we only had Paul's trust, and He who said to the stormy waves, "*Be still,*" poured peace into her troubled heart; and, as we left her, she asked her husband to read to her from God's word.

In the Male Ward we repeated Paul's words "*Be of good cheer,*" to Mr. G., a colored blind patient, who came to the Hospital hoping to have his sight restored. Dr. Rider had the past week told him that in his condition it would be unwise to venture an operation, and he looked forward to no improvement; but though the natural eye was dim, there was a light within that brightened his pathway, and he, like Paul, was of good courage.

As we left the Hospital we felt the experience of the afternoon had shed a rich halo around Paul's words "*Be of good cheer,*" and we thanked the Master that we had been permitted to, echo them to these tempest-tossed voyagers on life's journey.

Christmas.

Christmas passed very pleasantly with the invalids. Every inmate of the Hospital had some tokens of remembrance. A never-failing friend brought a bountiful supply of fruit and flowers, and placed in a basket for each patient an apple, grapes

and bouquet. Another friend, an invalid, added to each basket an orange, and her sister-in-law made a tasteful sachet for every female patient. Nuts, pop-corn and candy were distributed, and useful articles, such as stockings, handkerchiefs, cotton, undergarments, mittens, shawls, &c.

One of the three little girls in the Hospital was too sick to be allowed to eat any of her Christmas gifts, but they were placed where she could see them, and the sweet-scented sachet was pressed lovingly against her cheek. Another child was so terrified when she heard Santa Claus was near, that she was told he was not coming in person, but would send his gifts, yet when the gift-bringers entered the Ward she hid away from them.

New Year's at the Hospital.

How gloriously the New Year dawned upon us. The blue, cloudless sky, the bright sunshine, and the crisp atmosphere, made it easy for us to say "*A happy New Year.*" We seemed to be echoing the benediction that our Heavenly Father was pouring out so lavishly all around us.

Our first greetings, outside our own home, were offered to the inmates of the City Hospital, who, on festive days, when loved ones are wont to congregate, are often saddened by painful memories of the dear ones from whom they are separated, and who then, more than at other times, are grateful for tokens of love and remembrance.

It was pleasant to meet the cheerful responses evoked by our new year's salutations. We paused at the bedside of one suffering from enlargement of the liver. With a sparkle in her black eye and a bright smile on her peaceful, pale face, she said, "When we are well and strong, we do not know how much the sick are cheered and strengthened by the sympathy and love of others, if we did, we should often-

er visit them." As she said this, she covered with her finger an opening in a silver tube that had been introduced into her windpipe, when she was afflicted with a disease of the throat. She could not speak unless the opening was covered. She told us of past hours of suffering, but seemed hopeful for the future.

In the Male Surgical Ward we found our paralytic friend, Mr. W., who had returned from Cleveland, greatly improved in spirits by his western trip. He found no difficulty in being transported on his rolling chair, and the company of good friends had made a pleasant episode in his monotonous life. We spent a very agreeable half hour with him, our blind friend, Mr. G., and an aged man from the Emerald Isle. They listened with much eagerness as we told them the story of Daniel Webster's visit to John Colby, and most cordially they thanked us for the simple words we spoke to them.

Our visit to the Hospital was an impromptu one; we went empty handed, we had nothing but good will and cheerful words to offer, but we were most kindly welcomed, and we felt the hearts of some were lightened by our New Year's greeting.

A Welcome Gift.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 6th, 1877.

To the Treasurer and Officers of the City Hospital:

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

Resolved, That the sum of Ten Dollars be donated to the City Hospital, the better to enable you to alleviate the suffering in our midst.

May our Heavenly Father bless your noble spirits, and strengthen your efforts, in the holy and charitable work in which you are engaged, is the unanimous wish of the Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society.

MRS. S. GUGGENHEIMER, Sec'y.

The Children's Cot.

Last month, dear children, we had not space to tell you half we wanted to about Joanna, the present occupant of the Children's Cot, and two other little girls who were very sick in the City Hospital.

Through these gay, busy holidays, while you have been attending festivals, gazing at Christmas trees, and receiving gifts and joyous greetings from your dear ones, three children who love fun as well as any of you have been inmates of the City Hospital.

Two of these have been very sick with typhoid fever, and have been kept away from the other patients lest they might impart their disease to other invalids. Now they are so well that they have been brought down into the same room with little Joanna, and if you could have looked in upon them on New Year's day, you would have thought we needed a *Children's Ward* instead of a *Children's Cot*.

What can we do when so many knock for admission? We can't put them all in one cot, can we? They would fare worse than did the little ones who lived with the old woman in the shoe.

Santa Claus did not forget the Hospital children. Christmas eve he filled their stockings with goodies, and on Christmas day brought them something more. Joanna told us she hung up her stocking at night, on the little cot, and in the morning found nuts, candy and figs in it. She showed us some blue mittens and a perfumery bag, and said she also had a pretty basket with an orange, apple, grapes and flowers in it. She seemed much better than when we last saw her. She carried her arm in a sling. She was running around, and sang us a song about the May Queen.

In a cot near by was Laura Bertha Chatfield, a bright little girl with hazel eyes and dark brown hair. She was dressed and sitting up in bed. She did not look at all sick, but the nurse was very

careful of her lest she should have a relapse. She was not quite eight years old, and her mother had three younger children at home. She was recovering from typhoid fever, and her father was very sick with the same disease in the male Cross Ward. A soft, woolen shawl lay on her bed; it was Santa's present to her.

On the next couch was Henrietta Barbara Yehle, a German girl, twelve years old. For eleven long weeks she has been in the Hospital, very sick with typhoid fever. Her head rested on her pillow, and she looked pale and feeble. She had not been in the room with the other children very long, and though Santa Claus had remembered her, the nurse did not dare let her eat the goodies he left for her, lest they should make her sick. Ten years ago her mother died, since then she has lost twin sisters, younger than herself. Her father was busy with his work, and there was no one at home to care for her but a sister fourteen years old, and so they brought her to the Hospital. What a blessed thing it is that there is such a place for the sick children, where they can be so lovingly and tenderly cared for. "They are dear little girls," said the Matron; "I wish we could always have them with us."

Now, dear children, you have worked nobly for the little cot. It is but eleven months since we received the first donations. Mrs. Matthews' report tells you just how much has been given. What a nice thing it would be if, before the twelve months come around, we could raise the amount to three hundred dollars?

The nurse tells us some paper dolls, picture and story books and games would be amusing for the children when they are recovering. We know there are lots of story books that have been read and laid aside by our little folks; some have been promised us for a Children's Cot Library.

Who will send us some bookshelves to

hang up beside the Cot and hold the books that the children can spare us?

The following letter, which we had not room for last month, will tell the Rochester children what their neighbors in Geneseo are doing:

GENESEO, Dec. 3d, 1877.

Dear Mrs. Matthews:

Your letter was received; many thanks for the same. One of the ladies tells me the children commenced their work last Saturday with a good degree of interest. I am sure it will be a great stimulus to them to feel they are working for some definite object. Enclosed, you will find \$2.00, which they desire to have added to the Endowment Fund for the "Children's Cot."

They would also like you to give them the sizes of the sheets and pillowcases needed.

If not too much trouble, will you acknowledge the money by letter, giving any items which may interest the children, as well as the sizes of the articles mentioned above. Direct to Miss Lucy Bond, Geneseo, N. Y.

Yours very truly,

HELEN R. G. ADAMS.

I neglected to say the money is donated by the "Mission Band" of First Presbyterian Church, Geneseo village.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mr. P. Nessel,	\$ 38
Family Box, fifth month,	15
Mrs. William Breck, Canton, Miss.	1 00
Mrs. E. Peshine Smith,	50
Interest on deposit,	2 37
In memory of Baby Alice,	50

Receipts for the month,	\$ 4 90
Previously acknowledged,	283 95

Total Receipts,

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.

More Help from the Little Folks.

A New Year's gift from Perry! How glad we are we have three such smart little workers there. The following note tells its own story, but not *all* of it.

Dora, Mary and Kittie heard that rags were greatly needed at the Hospital, and, after collecting a barrel of them, from their friends and neighbors, they did not exactly understand how to send them to the invalids, so they asked the aid of a kind lady, whom they drew most of the way on their sled to Mr. Edwin Read's, where they packed and headed up the barrel.—The little girls then put it on their sled and drew it to the depot, leaving it in charge of Conductor Mathews, to send it to the City Hospital. No freight was charged.

Were they not smart little girls! We think we shall have to appoint them agents to collect subscribers for the "Hospital Review." We are sure if they undertook this they would be successful. Look out next month and see if you do not find they have been at work!

PERRY, Dec. 31, 1877.

Dear Mrs. Smith:

We wish you a "Happy New Year." We have sent a barrel of rags to the Hospital as a New Year's gift. They are not all suitable for the Hospital, but they are such as were given us; those that are not, please distribute among the poor,

And oblige,
DORA HOMAN,
MARY READ,
KITTIE CRICHTON.

Omissions.

Last month we omitted to acknowledge as donations to the refreshment tables, a large quantity of chicken salad from Mrs. G. M. Gifford, and oysters, apples, oranges and Malaga grapes, from Mrs. C. M. Curtis; also, donations to the general Fancy Table, of two pairs of infants' socks, from Mrs. M. H. Aldrich, of New York city, and the dressing of a doll, by Mrs. Henry Churchill.

Shakespearean Readings.

Our foreign correspondent gives us this month a spirited and interesting picture of modern Venice, and, of late, many of us have enjoyed a rare treat, as Prof. Locke Richardson has unveiled for us scenes enacted in Venice, in by-gone days, introducing us to the creations of Shakespeare's fancy, and infusing new life into those with whom the great dramatist peopled it in the olden time.

It is comparatively an easy task to understand, interpret and personate one of Shakespeare's characters, but it requires a great versatility of genius to present aright an entire group, to individualize each actor, and give him or her the true position and right prominence in the scene, and bring out all the representations, so that the shadows as well as the lights may conduce to the best effect in the completed picture.

Prof. Richardson has proved himself a true artist; and, after listening to his rendering of the Merchant of Venice, we feel that we have a much fuller appreciation of Shakespeare's delineations, and while Shylock, Antonio, Bassanio and Portia are all in the foreground, we still have a clearer view of Tubal, as he plays on the passions of Shylock, of the garrulous Gratiano, and the weak Launcelot.

But one more opportunity is given this winter to listen to Prof. Richardson, and we advise all who can do so, to hear Othello as presented by him.

Thanks.

The Matron tells us that the *excellent quality and large quantity of pickles* sent by Mrs. Stull, were very acceptable; as were the 49 quarts of choice fruit, donated by Mrs. A. D. Reeney, of Perry.

Several articles appear in this number of our paper which were excluded last month by our long list of Donations.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly.

It is quite refreshing, when our trees are denuded of their Summer verdure and our lawns covered with snow ranks, to look through Vick's new Magazine, and see what possibilities are wrapped up in the seeds and bulbs which he scatters from Maine to California. He loves to help forward the good times when flowers make glad the heart of man, wheu dreary places become bowers of beauty, and sweet odors are wafted on every breeze. He finds his Floral Quarterly Guide insufficient for the demands of the public, and has issued the January number of "Vick's Illustrated Monthly," a copiously illustrated Magazine of 32 pages, with a colored plate of Phlox and Pansies. It contains practical directions on making and beautifying roads, on building cheap green-houses, and useful hints about flowers, bulbs, vegetables, &c., &c. The price of the Magazine is but \$1.25 per year.

What You Can Get For \$5.00.

For \$5.00 you can get, from us or any Bookseller, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, the best of all the illustrated magazines, for one year and a half, beginning with the magnificent Midsummer number for August last, and containing all the chapters of "HIS INHERITANCE," Miss Trafton's graphic story of ARMY LIFE; all of "Roxy," EDWARD EGGLESTON'S New Novel, a story of Western life during the political campaign of 1840; and all or a large part of Boyesen's novel, "A Knight of Fortune," the story of a community of emigrants in the North-west; besides shorter stories by Mrs. Burnett, Sax Holm, Boyesen, &c.; and illustrated Poems, Travel Sketches, Essays, Reviews, nearly a dozen of the splendid illustrated series of "OUT-OR-DOOR" Papers, including many of the best of the series on "American Sports" and on "the picturesque aspects of American Farm Life," &c., &c., &c.; including all the numbers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY from August, 1877, to January, 1879, inclusive, and also the splendid Christmas Holiday Number of ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877, containing one hundred pages—the finest number of a children's magazine ever issued in this or any other country; the whole containing more than 2,000 octavo pages of the best and latest illustrated literature.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Receipts for the Review,

FROM DEC. 8th, 1877, TO JANUARY 1st, 1878.

Mrs. D. B. Eells, Cleveland,—by Mrs. Jas. C. Hart,	\$ 50
Mrs. Joseph Cleary,—by Miss Mary Perkins,	62
Col. W. H. Benjamin, Albany, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Bemis, Mt. Read, \$1.00; Mrs. W. F. Holmes, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. D. Hale, \$1.24; Mr. P. Nessel, 62 cents; Mrs. J. D. F. Slee, Elmira, 50 cents; Mrs. D. Underhill, Buffalo, 50 cents,—by Mrs. Robert Mathews,	5 48

Donations.

Ladies of the 3d Presbyterian Church—Five new Comfortables.
Mrs. Wylley—Bedquilt.
Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Joseph Ward—Old Cotton.
Mrs. M. Woodbury—Old Cotton.
Mrs. J. Billings—Five Second-hand Shirts.
Mrs. Isaac Butts—Dressing Gown.
Mrs. Wm. Shield—Thirty Chickens.
9th Ward Aid Society—Fifteen Bedquilts,—by Mrs. Ford.
Dr. Dean—One Barrel of Apples.
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—Six bowls of Jelly.
Mr. Teal—Three gallons of Ice Cream.
Miss Dean—Three bowls of Jelly, Oranges and Reading Matter.
Dr. Dean—Reading Matter.
Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Two Overcoats.
Gertie Chappell—Seven Illustrated Cards and nine Books for the Children's Cot Library.
M. R. K. Perry, Wyoming Co.—Forty-nine quarts of Fruit, Shirts and Old Cotton.

Superintendent's Report.

1877. Dec. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 70	
Received during month... 21	
Births,	1— 92
Discharged,	15— 15
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1878,	77

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 required by law.

Children's Department.

After Christmas.

I have lately heard a secret;
 Heard it, too, from truthful lips;
 Santa Claus, the sly old fellow,
 Makes his "after-Christmas" trips:

I've been told he has discovered
 Many things that cause him pain,
 Discontent and hateful envy—
 Thoughtful love bestowed in vain.

He has seen his choicest presents,
 Torn, and broken, and defaced;
 Santa Claus, though rich and lavish,
 Frowns on wilful, wicked waste.

All unseen he watched some children
 In their pleasant home, at play
 With the very toys he gave them
 On the merry Christmas day.

Johnny's horse was kicked and battered,
 Just because it couldn't neigh!
 Thought his papa might have bought him
 Two live horses and a sleigh!

Katie wished her doll was larger;
 Wished its eyes were black, not blue;
 Finally grew vexed and threw it—
 Broke its lovely head in two!

Santa Claus looked grave and troubled,
 Shook his head and went away;
 "I'll remember this," he muttered
 "On another Christmas day!"

Then he peered in dismal places
 Where he was not wont to go;
 Where the hungry, shivering children
 Never any Christmas know.

And his heart was sad and sorry
 That he could not help them all;
 And he thought in grief and anger
 Of the broken horse and doll.

As he took his onward journey,
 He was seen to drop a tear,
 And I'm certain that he whispered,
 "I'll remember this next year!"

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."—[*Sir Phillip Sidney*.]

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

"Wanted, a Boy!"

A tradesman once advertised in the morning papers for a boy to work in the shop, run errands, and make himself generally useful.

In a few hours the shop was thronged with boys of all ages, sizes, sorts and conditions, all wanting to find a situation.

The shopkeeper only wanted *one* boy but how to get the right one was the great difficulty. He thought he must find some plan to lessen the number of applicants, and give him a better opportunity of selecting a good one. So he sent them *all* away, and thought the matter over a little. The next morning the papers contained the following advertisement:

"WANTED, A BOY WHO OBEYS HIS MOTHER!"

Now, then, thought the tradesman, I shall see soon who will apply. He also put a bill in his window with these words on. And how many do you so suppose did come? The story is that there were only *two* of all the numerous boys seeking employment in that big city who felt that they could honestly come and say, "*I obey my mother.*"

The crowd of lads was indeed quickly thinned out most effectually, and the tradesman had not much trouble in selecting a boy.

Such boys as these—boys that obey their mothers—are in great demand. My little boy, if you saw an advertisement for such a boy, could you truthfully go and offer yourself for the situation? If not, I fear there is something wrong about you. Look to the matter; seek the Lord's salvation; be an obedient son, and God will bless you.—[*Children's Friend*.]

Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have scorned each other,
 Or injured friend or brother,

In this fast-fading year;
 Ye who, by word or deed,
 Have made a kind heart bleed,

Come, gather here;
 Let sinned against, and sinning,
 Forget their strifes' beginning,

And join in friendship now;
 Be links no longer broken,
 Be sweet forgiveness spoken
 Under the Holly Bough.

Ashes of Roses.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

—[Elaine Goodale, aged thirteen, in December St. Nicholas.

If the disposition is good, the acts will be so too, though a man may not be able to do as he desires.

WHENEVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

In all lives there are lonely hours—when trial and perplexity come and the friend on whose sympathy and judgment we would lean on is not near; and in many hearts there are places too tender for any human hand to touch.

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.

**GAS FIXTURES,
ETCHED GLOBES,
ARGAND SHADES.
ANDIRONS
AND
BRASS WORK**

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

S. A. NEWMAN, Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's
CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Feb 75 *Newman's Castorine for the Hair.*

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and
Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

L P ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 *ROCHESTER, N. Y*

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.
(BROWN'S RACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

84 and Over 86 STATE ST.

Have always a large assortment of **MILLINERY** AND **FANCY GOODS** in their Season. Their Retail as well as Wholesale Department is always full of the very latest Styles of Millinery, which are always sold at the lowest New York Prices.

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,...2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,
William H. Cheney,
Isaac Hills,
Roswell Hart,
James Brackett,
Addison Gardiner,
Nehemiah B. Northrop,
Charles F. Smith,
Mortimer F. Reynolds,
Edward Harris,
Hobart F. Atkinson,
George E. Mumford,
Charles C. Morse,
George J. Whitney,
Gilman H. Perkins.

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

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

54 State st, sep 73 **ROCHESTER N.Y.**

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

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.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail.

"L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr. '76.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND
MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsteds, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb '74 Rochester, N.Y.

S. DUNN'S

Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

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

Works, 48 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.

GROSS & MARGRANDER, UPHOLSTERERS, and dealers in **PARLOR FURNITURE, LACE and DRAPERY CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, PAPER HANGINGS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, ETC.**

No. 53 State Street,

ROCHESTER N.Y.

my '73

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS

Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.

78 State Street, aug. '76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ANTHONY BROTHERS

STEAM BAKING,

137 and 139 North Water Street.

AERATED BREAD AND CRACKERS of all kinds, wholesale and retail. Mar. '73.

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

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

No. 2 State Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(At the Old Burr Stand.)

Closed on Saturdays until Evening.

my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Nos. 36 AND 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

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

No. 12 State Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corbett & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas and Daylight Reflector.

R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,

No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. R. CLARK.

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

ANTHRACITE COAL!

GENERAL OFFICE:

28 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade-YARD OFFICE—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street corner of Ford, and No. 5 Hudson Street, near the R.R. Road H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.

Rochester, June, 1873.

Hamilton & Mathews,

No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

HARDWARE,

House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware

A. S. HAMILTON,

dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,

DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED

FURNACES and RANGES,

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,

83 EXCHANGE ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,

APOTHECARIES,

66 West Main Street,

Powers' Block.

ROCHESTER, N. Y

E. F. HYDE & CO.

DEALERS IN

FINE GROCERIES

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

21 West Main St.

E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33 State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.

E. B. BOOTH & SON, JEWELERS.

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

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
J. D. SCANTOM, }
O. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUTCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Abram S. Mann, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

July '74

E. H. DAVIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST,

81 STATE STREET,

[West Side.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.
Nov. '75.

CURRAN & GOLER,

(Successors to B. King & Co.)

Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

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

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in
great variety.

Prescriptions carefully compounded. '66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N.Y.
Nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

Nov '67 1y

K. P. SHEDD,
GROCEER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

Nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1878.

No. 7.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG,
" N. T. ROCHESTER,

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" 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.

Servant of God, Well Done.

"Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ :

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master's joy."

The voice at noontide came ;

He started up to hear :

A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;

He fell, but felt no fear.

His spirit with a bound

Left its encumbering clay :

His tent, at sunset, on the ground

A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past ;

Labor and sorrow cease ;

And life's great warfare closed at last,

His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done !

Praise be thy new employ ;

And, while eternal ages run,

Rest in thy Saviour's joy.—[MONTGOMERY.

Memorial Tributes

FROM THE

OFFICERS OF THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

The Board of Trustees.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 1st, 1878.

To the Trustees of the

Rochester City Hospital :

GENT:—This is our annual meeting; the Officers and Committees of the Board are to be elected, and the general business of the Institution to be considered and acted upon.

The Lady Managers of the Hospital have again entitled themselves to the grateful consideration and cheerful support of the Board, and of the entire community; and, it is equally true, that there is a growing appreciation of the usefulness of the Institution with all classes of our citizens, which is the best promise for the future as well as the best reward of its present Managers.

The contributions to the Ladies' Festival were, I believe, larger than ever before, which, with the small annual stipend paid by a few individuals, has enabled the Ladies to go through the year without any appeal to the public by subscription, a circumstance almost without precedent in our history.

There is in the hands of the President, the Certificate of the Rochester Gas Stock, par \$10,000

A Bond and Mortgage, . . . 1,200

Rochester City Water Works'

Bond, 1,000

In sad contrast with our general prosperity, it is my duty to communicate to you, for such appropriate action as you may be pleased to take, the deaths that have occurred in our Board, and the Board of Lady Managers.

During the year the venerable Dr. John B. Elwood has passed away. Dr. Elwood was one of the earliest settlers in Rochester, and during his long practice stood at the head of his profession. He was one of the first Board of Trustees of this Institution, and continued a member until removed by death. Owing to his advanced age, and inconvenient distance from our meetings, he had not met with us for many years. His interest in the Institution continued to the last, as manifested by the legacy bequeathed to our trust in his will.

Dr. Henry W. Dean, the faithful, the long serving senior Physician of the Hospital, and recently a member of our Board, died on the 13th of January last. The vacancy this death has created is one that cannot be easily filled. We cannot overestimate his long continued professional services, that, neither asked nor received any other reward than the consciousness of the faithful performance of duty.

The memory and fame of Dr. Dean can gain but little from the tribute of respect it is our grateful privilege to offer, but we may, all of us, gain much by the noble example he has left us. No death has ever occurred in Rochester so universally lamented—none has ever vibrated so broad a circle of sincere friendship and sympathy as the death of Dr. Henry W. Dean.

Death has also, during the year, entered the Board of Lady Managers, and removed from her usefulness, Mrs. W. W. Carr,

one of the most faithful, useful and laborious of that noble band of Ladies, to whom we are indebted for our present prosperity, and, possibly, for the very existence of our noble charity. Such names deserve to be enrolled in the history of the Institution.

Those who shall come after us, and inherit, as we have now reason to believe, a well endowed Institution, can never appreciate the devotion, the toil, the self-sacrifice, its transmission has cost their predecessors.

Respectfully submitted.

AARON ERICKSON,

Pres't.

A minute prepared by the Trustees of the ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, at their annual meeting, February 1st, 1878, in reference to the death of Dr. Henry W. Dean, Dr. John B. Elwood and Mrs. W. W. Carr, to be entered upon their records.

Since the last meeting of the Board one of our most useful and esteemed co-workers has ceased from his labors and has entered into rest.

Dr. Henry W. Dean, in the maturity of his powers and in the midst of his usefulness, departed this life on the 13th of January, 1878, to the profound sorrow of a large circle of admiring friends.

This body unites in the common grief, and deems it becoming to give expression to their sentiments of high regard and appreciation, having been so intimately associated with him in their mutual relations to this Institution.

From the foundation of the "Rochester City Hospital," Dr. Dean has been one of the Medical Staff, who have given their untainted and devoted services, without fee or reward, to the sick and dying, who have been brought to this Institution for care and healing. No one has more assiduously or faithfully performed the kind offices to which a physician is called. He

did his work acceptably and well; and this Board cannot refrain from grateful acknowledgments for the invaluable services which he has rendered this benign charity, and of which they are now deprived by his untimely and deplored death. Nor are they content to express their sense of obligation for labor well done. The many fine qualities of Dr. Dean were so rare, and of such a nature, that it is a pleasure to contemplate a character so perfectly balanced, and so variously and so richly endowed.

He was emphatically one of nature's noblemen. With a person of singular manliness and grace, he united a countenance of uncommon personal beauty; with great dignity of bearing he combined remarkable urbanity of manner.

A most popular and successful physician, and abreast with the times in the learning and practice of the healing art, and a diligent student of science, beyond the special inquiries of the physician; he was noted for his unpretentiousness and modesty, both in public and social life. Neither proud nor vain of his many and varied accomplishments, he bore himself simply as an equal among his fellow men, whether of high or low degree.

To complete and crown his character, his moral qualities were the dominating forces that animated and controlled him. A Christian both by conviction and profession, he gave expression to his faith, by a life of self-denying duty. He feared God, he loved his neighbor; and in a steadfast course of well doing, he was honored while living, and is mourned in death.

We sympathise with the surviving kindred of the deceased; and to his orphaned and doubly bereaved daughter—the sole survivor of her house—we extend our heartfelt regrets. May the Father of the Fatherless sustain her in her solitude and sorrow, and become her protecting “shield and her exceeding great reward.”

Dr. John B. Elwood, one of the original corporators of the Rochester City Hospital, and the first President of the Board, (which office he held for many years,) has also paid the debt of nature since our last meeting.

In speaking of this distinguished surgeon and physician, we speak of one of the honored founders and fathers of the city! A generation has well nigh passed away since he has mingled with the active scenes of life, but in the years that are past, he stood high among the foremost of our distinguished men. As a physician, he was without a peer. As a public man, in National and State affairs, no one commanded more influence. Simply as a man, he was considered the embodiment of good sense, both as a judge of men and of affairs; and in the early days of our village and city, was with very many referred to, almost as an oracle, as to what was right and best in the every day concerns of life.

As a physician, he was sought far and wide, and his benevolence expressed itself in a peculiar manner in his attention to the sick poor, toward whom he never withheld his helpful hand. His friends were many; and the members of this Board, who are advanced in life, cherish his memory with peculiar regard. His appreciation of the Institution was worthily expressed by a gift to it of one thousand dollars, which in this official manner we wish gratefully to acknowledge.

He outlived his generation, and in a good old age he sleeps with his fathers.—His former friends, who still remain, with kindly esteem, cherish him in their memory, among the pleasing recollections of the past.

Another faithful helper to this Institution has also been numbered with the dead, since the last meeting of this Board.

Mrs. W. W. Carr, one of the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, died on the 6th of September, 1877. This

lady was well known and deservedly esteemed by a very wide circle of acquaintances and friends, to whom she was greatly endeared; but her active Christian character and great executive ability, shone conspicuously in her official relations to several of our public charities, and especially to the Rochester City Hospital. Here she gave special proof of her devotion to a good cause. In the general oversight of the domestic economy of this Institution, she bore a large burden of care and responsibility; she labored much in its behalf.

This Board and the community at large are under lasting obligations to Mrs. Carr, for her indefatigable labors to sustain its usefulness and guide its direction; and in our melancholy reflections upon her death, we desire to record this testimony to her most worthy memory.

We extend to her husband and children our kindly sympathy and regrets.

HENRY S. HANFORD,
Sec'y.

The Medical Staff.

At a meeting of the Medical Staff of the Rochester City Hospital, held Jan. 27th, Dr. H. F. Montgomery referred to the loss sustained by the Hospital in the death of Dr. Henry W. Dean, as follows:

GENTLEMEN:

Very recently, we, as members of the City and County Societies, united with the citizens of Rochester generally, in doing honor to our late distinguished associate and eminent physician, Dr. Henry W. Dean. It seems especially proper that this Hospital should not permit the death of one, so closely connected with its labors, to pass without an expression of the great loss it has sustained.

After many years of effort, the title to the ground upon which this building now stands, was secured and its central building was erected. At that time, somewhere

about 1863, Dr. Dean proposed to me that we should tender our gratuitous service as physician and surgeon, to the charitable subjects received into this Hospital. willingly acceded to his proposition, and the wards of the Hospital were opened January, 1864. Since that time, up to the day of his death, though engaged in large and laborious practice, he devoted himself heartily to the interests of this noble charity, in conjunction with the other members of this Staff. He gave his professional services by day and by night without fee, to the sick and afflicted. He aided actively in procuring our medical and surgical apparatus, and was indefatigable in promoting and extending the usefulness of this Institution. Though a man of decided, independent and outspoken opinion, he was not at all combative, and was especially tolerant of the opinions of others. Through all the fifteen years that he has been connected with us in our capacity for the sick and maimed in these wards I cannot recall a single incident which has marred the harmony of our association. He was a learned physician, an enlarged philanthropist and a true friend. In all these qualities, we shall be constantly reminded of his loss.

At the close of Dr. Montgomery's remarks, a motion was unanimously adopted to declare them, as the expression of the Staff, and they were ordered incorporated in the minutes and a copy of them sent to the Lady Managers.

E. V. STODDARD,
Sec'y Staff

The Lady Managers.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the Hospital Board held on Monday, Feb. 4th, the President in the following words, called the attention of the Managers to the great loss we have sustained since our last meeting, in the death of Dr. Henry W. Dean.

LADIES :

It seemed as if the "New Year's greetings" had scarcely passed before we were called again to mourn, not for one of our Lady Managers, but for one who might indeed be called a *Director* in this Hospital.

In the opening and arranging of this "Home for the Sick," Dr. Henry W. Dean, being familiar with hospitals, counselled and advised with those who had the management thereof, and has ever been ready to aid us in all our beneficent undertakings.

A Trustee but recently, but a respected and loved physician, who has, since the opening in 1864, (how much soever occupied by the duties of his profession elsewhere,) been ready to attend the sick and suffering here.

Dr. Dean was in more than the ordinary sense a *healer*, as he could always direct the *mind diseased* to the "Great Physician," as well as administer to the afflicted body.

We have indeed sustained a very great loss, and it seems proper on this occasion, to give expression to our feelings.

—

This fitting tribute was followed by just and affectionate expressions from all present, and the Secretary read the following Memorial Article, which was adopted as the expression of the Board, and ordered published in the "Hospital Review."

LADIES :

In coming together to-day, the sense of sadness which pervades our Board is keenly felt. An oppressive sorrow is upon us, for since our last meeting, one, endeared to us by long years of faithful and loving service to the Hospital, has gone to his rest. The greetings of the New Year were still echoing their gladness, when, like a thunderbolt from a serene summer sky, fell the announcement, that Dr. Dean was dead. At first it was not credited.—Many of us had seen him but a day or two

before, in the possession of what seemed most perfect health, as embodied in that superb *physique* which gave to his very presence confidence that he could cure our every ill. But the report was true, and from the bereaved hearts of thousands a great cry of anguish burst forth. The whole city mourned for a good man; a great and beloved Physician, was dead.—In this Hospital the anguish and mourning were second only to that in his own home—that sacred realm of private grief in which should sound no echo of a stranger's tread.

Dr. Dean has been connected with the Hospital since its beginning. He and Dr. Montgomery were its first Physicians and Surgeons; and ever since, through storm and sunshine, he has gone in and out among the sufferers, bringing comfort and peace even when a cure was impossible.

In "weariness often," he came to the Hospital, never feeling it a burden, but a joy. In conversation he has often been known to say, that the Hospital, like his family, had the first claim.

The labors of the first few years in our Hospital were exhaustive. Soldiers with all forms of disease were here to be cured if possible; in all cases, to be treated, and that with the best skill which the Profession possessed.

When the news of Dr. Dean's death was first whispered in the wards, there burst such a wail of anguish as seldom falls on human ears. For a long time, the nurses withheld it from the more feeble patients, fearing its effect. And through all the length and breadth of the land, who, but the Omniscient eye, will ever know the tears which fell from eyes unused to weep, as men, at their daily toil, stopped to read the brief dispatch that *Dr. Dean was dead*. Instantly, in memory, reappeared the cruel war and the long, weary days in the Hospital, when Dr. Dean came to them with sunshine, bringing hope and comfort, and inspiring that confidence,

which in itself, is half the battle won towards recovery. They called to mind his firm yet tender touch; the word of sympathy when pain was necessarily produced; and often the word of counsel and the voice of prayer, for he ministered to the soul as well as the body. And so throughout the land, there was "weeping and lamentations, because he was not."

The ladies having charge of Hospital affairs, found in him (of whom we write,) an adviser and counsellor, always ready to lay aside everything else, that he might aid them in their work. They will miss him sorely, and in their hearts his life and labors of love will be a living memory.

To those of us who were privileged to enjoy his ministrations as a Physician, there is a sense of loss which cannot be made good. We know not where to turn, even among the goodly number of skillful Physicians with which our city is blessed, for we leaned on him and looked to him for all the comfort earth could give, in times when the heart seemed breaking. Even when he knew that all human skill had been exerted in vain, the same sweet voice which spoke our woe told also where help and healing could be found.

On the last day of the year, in visiting a patient, who was also a loving friend, he remained much longer than usual, conversing upon the wonders and goodness of God. In leaving and in reply to a question asked, his thoughtful answer was, "*yes; and because God did it.*" In the light of subsequent events, these words ring in our ears like a prophecy and a promise. Our comfort, in this sad dispensation which the dear God has seen fit to visit upon us, lies in those very words—"because God did it." And sometime we shall know why.

"So let us wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,"

and then, if like him whom we so deeply mourn, we shall have "been faithful" to life's duties, we too may stand amid the

glories of the Celestial City, where there is no pain or sickness or death and where all tears shall be forever wiped away.

To her who, sitting in the saddened home, endeared by a thousand memories, whose very shadows are peopled by the forms of loved ones gone—we wish we could bring something of the comfort which her beloved father never failed to give to the suffering. But we can only assure her of our sympathy and love.—Countless prayers ascend for her from the hearts and homes mourning with her the universal loss.

May she realize that in "all clouds of sorrow which surround and overwhelm the soul, there are angels' faces," trying with their calm and holy love to heal her wounded heart. Our best tribute to that beautiful life, now gone from our sight, is to follow him as he followed Christ. Then, in the great eternal world, we shall see and know again all the dear ones who, having gone before, draw like a magnet from this world to a better, even an Heavenly.

L. R. B.

Fourteenth Annual Report of the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital.

LADIES:

As we enter upon the 15th year of our Hospital work, we are encouraged and strengthened by the success which has crowned our efforts, and with renewed thankfulness to God, whose is "the silver and the gold," we go forward, trusting that He will abundantly bless these "works and labor that proceedeth of love, which love ye have showed for His name's sake."

In reviewing the year, a sense of the loss which the Hospital has sustained, comes to us afresh, and though with crushed and chastened hearts, "we sorrow not for them who sleep in Jesus," "as others who have no hope," yet, "we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all Thy servants who have finished their course in faith, and do now rest from their labors,"

Dr. H. W. Dean, who was a Trustee of the Hospital and at the head of the Medical Staff, has ever manifested the deepest interest in its success. He gave his services, his talents and his money to advance its interests.

We can offer no higher tribute to his memory than this, that he was a Christian gentleman, exhibiting in his daily life the fruits of the Spirit. Never forgetting his responsibility as a servant of God, he labored to do his duty not only to God, but to his fellow men. As a physician, his patients bear abundant testimony to his skill, his kindness, and his devotion, thus endearing himself to them in their hours of suffering. May God comfort the stricken ones.

Dr. John B. Elwood, for many years a prominent and successful physician, has also passed away. We find his name in the first Board of Trustees of the Hospital, of which he remained a member until his death. He left a bequest of one thousand dollars, for the Hospital.

A gift of one hundred dollars, from Miss Louise C. Arner, of San Rafael, California, placed at the disposal of the Corresponding Secretary, was, at her suggestion, made the nucleus for a "Memorial Fund." This gift was thus appropriated in memory of Miss Arner's mother, Mrs. T. C. Arner, who edited the *Hospital Review* so ably and successfully, from its first number in 1864, to 1871, until her failing health compelled her to resign its charge.

To this fund, has since been added a memento of sixty-five dollars for Mrs. W. W. Carr, whose loss is deeply lamented; a small tribute to her worth by those who shared with her the oversight of the Hospital. Ten dollars also by "a friend to the fund," thus placing one hundred and seventy-five dollars as an investment.

This fund will bring before us, year after year, our absent loved ones, and will be an enduring memorial which will carry with it a blessing.

From the Treasurer's report, we find the receipts for the year to have

been,..... \$16,379 04

Expenses, 16,075 66

Leaving a balance, Jan. 1, '78, \$303 38

The Mite Boxes, so wisely suggested by Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, still prove a source of revenue. Since April, 1877, they have amounted to \$557.13, which, with the amount of the previous year, \$725.00, makes a total of \$1,282.13.

The *Hospital Review* speaks for itself monthly. Constant and faithful work enables us to tell of its success editorially and financially. Its messages to the friends of the Hospital are not in vain; they serve as reminders that the sick and suffering need unceasing and untiring ministrations.

The present Treasurer of the *Review* was given the charge in May, 1876, since which time the receipts have

been,..... \$1,365 50

Expenses, 1,314 52

Leaving a balance of \$50 98

The endowment fund for the Children's Cot has reached the sum of \$300, just one-tenth of the desired amount. The comforts of the little Cot have been already extended to five suffering children. One, needs no more our care, but rests with Him, who, while on earth, so lovingly said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." We trust, as this fund becomes more generally known, that those whose lives are cast in more favored homes, will remember to share their blessings with the little ones, who, in sickness, need this Cot and the care bestowed by a faithful nurse.

The Hospital records furnish the following statistics:

Number of patients, from February 1st, 1877, to Feb. 1st, 1878,...	358
Number of births,.....	20
“ “ deaths, ..	37
“ discharged,.....	239
“ remaining, Feb. 1st, 1878,	82
Total number received since the opening, February 1864,	4858
Total number of births,.....	251
“ “ deaths,	418

Religious services are held almost without exception, every Sunday—which are gratefully received and are enjoyed by those who are able to attend them.

Miss Hibbard still fills the position of Matron. Oft times, weary and careworn, she faithfully and acceptably discharges her onerous duties.

To the editors we are greatly indebted for gratuitous advertising. To the physicians who visit the sick poor, free of charge; and to those who helped to make our Annual Festival and Evening Entertainment such a marked success. We cannot further specify, but our thanks are due to all who aid us, through any of the various channels which supply the wants of the Hospital; and we trust they may appreciate the privileges they thus enjoy, and receive the promised blessing.

C. E. MATHEWS,

Feb. 1st, 1878.

Cor. Sec.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1878.

Death of Dr. Henry W. Dean.

A Jewish legend tells us that Moses, “the servant of the Lord,” ere his eye was dim or his “natural force abated,” apart from the multitudes who had been blessed by his ministry, yielded up his life, as his soul was drawn from his body by a kiss from Jehovah. How enviable such an entrance to the Heavenly Canaan!

Like the great Hebrew leader, our beloved friend Dr. Henry W. Dean, in the rich flush of ripened manhood; fully girded to serve the Master or His humblest disciple; apart from the multitudes who had been blessed by his holy life, Christian counsels and skilful hand, many of whom, in a neighboring church, almost within sound of his voice, would gladly have hastened to his dying couch; away from all these, almost alone with his God, hid in His pavilion, with the everlasting arms beneath him, quietly fell asleep in Jesus. There was no dark valley—there were no deep waters for him.

The departure of such a man makes a void in our city not easily filled. Not only is he missed by her whose tears have so recently mingled with his own over two new made graves, nor in the hospitable home where kindred and friends have been so lovingly welcomed, nor in the church where his contributions and example have honored his Master, nor in educational, benevolent, philanthropic, and professional associations, where his counsels have guided; but throughout the length and breadth of our city, a wail of sorrow comes from the mansions of luxury and culture, from lowly abodes, from homes of sorrow and bereavement, where he has rejoiced with the happy mother as she welcomed her newly born infant, or sorrowed with the afflicted as they passed through deep waters.

Never have we been called upon to record a death that has cast so dark a shadow on so many households.

A slight indisposition preceded his sudden death, and before many of his friends knew his danger, he had passed the Heavenly portal.

Quickly were the tidings borne to the neighboring church, and it became a Bochim. Strong men carried home the sad news and strove to break it gently to loved ones, bound by ties of gratitude to the departed, but unable to control their tears,

they were forced at once to reveal the mournful tidings.

To our City Hospital, this affliction came with a crushing power. Our Matron, Nurses, and some of our patients, who for years had been associated with Dr. Dean, felt his loss was irreparable; some of the invalids refused to be comforted, and from others, for several days, his death was concealed lest fatal results might follow the announcement.

Kind and courteous to the most degraded, sympathetic, tender and refined in all his professional duties, he was everywhere the kind adviser, the Christian gentleman as well as the skilful and beloved physician. Rarely are we brought in contact with a character so rich in virtues, so free from defects.

Dr. Henry W. Dean, son of Joshua and Mary Dean, was born at Morrisville, Madison County, N. Y., August 22d, 1818. He came to this city in 1839; he was married in 1842 to Elisabeth P. Smith, and died at his residence on Fitzhugh Street, of apoplexy, January 13th, 1878.

Memories of the Departed.

"The snow had begun" ere "the gloaming,
And busily, all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white."

In its unsullied purity it lay all around us, as, on February's first morning, we bent our steps toward the City Hospital. It suggested to us Lowell's "First Snow Fall," and our thoughts wandered to a newly made mound in Mt. Hope, that had been gently folded by its feathery flakes.

A bright, open fire gave a cheerful aspect to the Reception Room of the City Hospital, but it was not this that attracted us thither and made us linger within its precincts, but thronging memories hallowed the spot, and we could almost feel "the touch of a vanished hand," and hear "the sound of a voice that is still;" for, at its portal, just one month before, on New

Year's morning, we had received a cordial welcome from "the beloved physician," Dr. Henry W. Dean.

Thirteen years before, on New Year's morn, in our own home, he had greeted us with, "*A happy New Year to you, Mrs. T., and you are the happiest woman I have seen on the New Year.*" The day before that he had rejoiced with us on the advent of an only daughter.

We reminded him of this last New Year's morning, and his cordial response closed our last interview. After this, he disengaged himself from a half crazed patient who clung to him most tenaciously, and as he passed out of the door, we heard the last words that fell on our ears from his lips—they were to this poor demented creature: "*My art does not heal maladies like yours.*"

Within that same Hospital Reception Room, two weeks before his death—near the close of the Sabbath, after some of the inmates of the Hospital had returned from evening service—when his labors for the day were over, he gathered a group around him and rehearsed to them incidents in his early life. He spoke of the small house on Fitzhugh Street, that had been his home when his means were quite limited, and then of the larger one, south of it, in which he died. Said he: "*I have builded over and around twelve, and now we are reduced to two!*"

Among his listeners was one who reminded him of his baptism, which she witnessed, in her girlhood, from the gallery of the First Baptist Church. He said: "I was baptised by Dr. Church, in the old church." She replied: "I never saw anything so beautiful as the scene when you came from the water; you stood erect, with folded arms, reverent attitude, and upward glance, waiting till your wife had received the sacred rite."

The Hospital wards, could they speak, would echo the praises of the departed. His labors of love are over, but his

memory is enshrined in the hearts of many who have been blessed by his ministry in the City Hospital. Meet it is, that some substantial memorial of him should be placed within its walls, to testify to coming generations of the *pioneer friend* and *beloved physician* of the City Hospital. We can think of none so appropriate, or that would harmonize so well with the tenor of his life, as an endowed free bed, where the sick and the poor, *without money and without price* could be welcomed, and which should ever be known as

THE DR. DEAN MEMORIAL BED.

The Hospital Patients.

Our New England origin sometimes prevents us from being snow-bound. As we are "to the manner born" we are fearless in scaling snowy barriers, and so, after the great snow storm, we ventured forth, and found ourselves within the City Hospital. Our efficient Matron was busily employed in devising ways and means to open avenues of approach to the Hospital, for the deep snow-banks that surrounded it in every direction, almost isolated it from the rest of the city.

Within the lower Female Ward a circle of youthful maidens was gathered around the register. One of them, pencil in hand, was writing, as her friend dictated to her the words of the song:

"Write me a letter from home."

Another was taking a lunch of beef tea and crackers, and on the lap of the fourth lay a basket of patchwork. It was a cheerful looking group. One would scarcely have fancied that either of its members needed the ministry of nurse or physician, but each had her story of pain and suffering, though all were cheerful and courageous. The first and oldest of the group was afflicted with epilepsy; the second, aged fourteen, had her knee encased in a plaster of Paris mould; the third, sixteen

years old, was nearly blind, and in the afternoon was to be operated upon for cataract; the fourth, aged seventeen, was subject to sinking turns, when she loses her consciousness; many years since, she had scarlet fever followed by palsy, and for thirteen years her right hand has been almost useless. She places a square of patchwork on her lap, holds it in place with the back of her right hand, and with the left, without a thimble, manages to put through the needle and sew quite neatly.

We pass from this group to an empty cot and look inquiringly for its occupant, and learn that she, Mrs. D., who greeted us so cordially on New Year's morning, has gone where sickness can never enter. It was she of whom we spoke last month as suffering from an enlargement of the liver. Surrounded by loving relatives, she passed joyfully through the dark waters, upborne by strong faith. As her eyes were almost closed in death, a bright smile suffused her face, and when asked its cause, she said: "O! I see Jesus and my Mother!" She selected to be read at her funeral the poem, "Father, Take my Hand," commencing,

"The way is dark, my Father!"

The funeral services, conducted by the pastor of the First Methodist Church, were held in the Hospital Chapel.

On the next couch lies Mrs. P., most severely afflicted by the death of Dr. Dean. Her nurse told her he was very sick, but she caught the sound of sadder tidings, sprang from her bed, injured herself, and has been more unwell. She had pressed flowers brought her from the church after Dr. Dean's funeral services and had planted a slip of rose geranium, which she hoped would grow as a memento of the dear friend, who, for seven years had gently, tenderly and lovingly smoothed her thorny pathway. She had received a letter from Augusta, so long her inseparable friend in the Hospital. The poor, rheumatic widow had found a home with her

aged parents in Zempleburg, Prussia, and on Christmas had received gifts from friends in the City Hospital. She is still crippled and writes: "My aged mother, whom I should take care of, has to wait upon me."

Mrs. B. had been suffering from acute pain in the hip but was a little more comfortable and was patiently eating her dinner, fed by another.

A young girl, long an inmate of the Hospital, called us aside to tell us of her new hope and the peace that came to her from her trust in the Savior. The joy of the spirit made her forget the ills of the flesh. "There are three of us," she said, "who nightly meet to pray together."

The dinner bell called the female patients to their dining room, and we saw fifteen of them surrounding a table supplied with codfish, mackerel, headcheese, rice, potatoes, toast, milk and tea. Six female patients took their noontide meal in the lower wards and three in the upper ward.

Twenty-five patients were in the Male Medical Ward. Mr. C., a typhoid fever patient, and his little daughter from the children's room, had both recovered and left a few days before. The typhoid fever patients were all convalescent. Three men, comparatively young, were very sick with consumption. Three patients about eighty years old were very infirm.

In the Medical Ward were twenty-four patients. One young man had had his foot amputated and another was suffering from an axe wound.

There were seven patients in the Private Wards and only one baby in the Hospital.

The Children's Cot.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Does a journey of three thousand miles seem long to you? I am quite sure it must, as it is about as far as from New York City to San Francisco, and

even in these days of rapid traveling, that is considered a long and tedious trip.

It is now just a year since we started together on a journey, to be measured by dollars, not by miles, and although we may be longer on this journey we will not be weary, nor sorry, when we remember what is at the end. Can you guess what awaits us? It is a little Cot, in one of the sunniest corners of our Hospital, so richly endowed by the \$3000 we shall have gathered, that it will always have a place for some poor, sick child, and so rich as always to ensure for the unfortunate little ones, the best and kindest of care, and as much comfort as suffering little children can have.

Calling our dollars miles, we will give you a review of the first part of this long journey. The first day's travel found us five and a half miles on our way, by steps taken in memory of two little ones, who are safe within "the fold eternal." Then two little sisters joined us, and with their help, we advanced half a mile farther; a generous lady in New Jersey, hearing of this remarkable trip, sent us money to take us three miles more, and a young girl, with loving thought for the sick and suffering, journeyed with us five miles farther. And thus we went on, and on, and at the end of a month, we were twenty-seven miles on our way. Some days we seemed to advance quickly, while there were others when we just stood still, but even then we were cheered on by the remembrance of our care for the little ones, already under the shelter of the Cot in its bright corner.

One regret we have had during the year. We had hoped to receive letters from our young friends. Only once or twice have we been favored in this way, but we will still hope for some such words of encouragement.

Now, we are three hundred miles on our trip; one-tenth of our journey is done, and we are a large and happy party.

Who will help us farther on? Who will join us in this journey of dollars? Pennies help make the dollars as feet make the miles, so send us the small amounts as well as the large—large steps are not all that help. a.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

We repeat our acknowledgments of last month, as a typographical error increased our receipts more rapidly than our books indicated:

Mrs. P. Nessel,.....	\$ 38
Family Box, fifth month,...	15
Mrs. William Breck, Canton, Miss.	1 00
Mrs. E. Peshine Smith,	50
Interest on deposit,	2 37
In memory of Baby Alice,	50

Receipts for the month,.....	\$ 4 90
Previously acknowledged,	283 95

Total Receipts, \$288 85

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport, — by	
Mrs. W. H. Perkins,.....	\$ 5 00
Master Harry P. Roberts,	2 00
Ella Allen, Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter., ..	2 00
Little Red Box by the Cot,	13
Peace Class, Plymouth Church,	75
Walter B. Brown, New York City,	50
Family Box,	27
"For my Nieces,"	50
Eddie W. Hills, second offering,	1 00

Receipts for the month,	\$12 15
Previously acknowledged,	288 85

Total Receipts, \$301 00

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.

More Friends in Perry.

We hope our kind friends in Perry will accept our tardy acknowledgment of their acceptable gift of *forty-nine quarts of most excellent canned fruit*. Our Matron tells us that there are peaches, cherries, blackberries, and, indeed, a little of everything; and that all the cans that have been opened have been exceedingly nice. We would like to know the names of all who so carefully selected and prepared this treat for the invalids. We believe we are indebted to Mrs. A. D. Keeney, of Perry, for a portion of it, and also, for collecting the remainder.

Our limited means do not allow us to furnish all the luxuries of the season to our patients, and the generous remembrance of our friends is fully appreciated by the invalids who often crave such dainties. We regret that a little misunderstanding last month prevented our acknowledgment of this gift.

The matrons and children of Perry are most kindly remembering us and providing us comforts for the sick and wounded; surely we must call them our "Good Samaritan neighbors."

Died.

At Rochester, Sunday, January 13th, 1878, of apoplexy, Dr. Henry W. Dean, aged 59 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 7th, 1878, of consumption, Jerry McNamara, aged 32 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 28, 1878, of disease of the liver, Mary M. Davis, aged 34 years.

Donations.

Mrs. E. Ray—Reading Matter.
Mr. Benedict—Quantity of (prepared) Dried Beef.
Mrs. J. H. Rochester—Bowl of Jelly, for Frederick Gascoin.
Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Reading Matter, several times.
Mrs. R. Mathews—Roll of Old Cotton.
Alice Ray Greene, Batavia—Picture Scrap Book for the Children, of her own work.

Superintendent's Report.

1878. Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 77	
Received during month, ..	17
Births,	1— 95
Deaths,	2
Discharged,	11— 13
Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1878,	82

CASH DONATIONS.

Mrs. Holmes, Brockport, for Child's Cot, \$	5 00
Additional received at Miss Mumford's Table,	8 55
Mrs. G. E. Mumford, for "In Memoriam" Fund,	10 00
From Donation Box,	59

DONATED BILL.

J. L. Stewart, on bill for Setting Glass and Labor,	5 31
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.	

Receipts for the Review.

To FEBRUARY 1st, 1878.

Mrs. A. W. Mudge,—by Mrs. Dr. Strong, \$	62
Mrs. A. E. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., 50c;	
Mrs. Chas. Smith, Andover, Mass., 50 cents.—by Mrs. S. H. Terry,	1 00
Miss S. Newell,—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	1 25
Mrs. M. Rochester, Cincinnati, Ohio,—by Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney,	2 00
Mrs. W. Loughborough, 62 cents; Mrs. E. N. LaCroix, 62 cents; Miss J. Shaw, 62 cents; Miss M. J. Watson, 62 cts,—by Miss Watson,	2 48
Mrs. W. K. Daggs, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Fish, \$3.73; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62c.; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Parsons, \$1.00; Mrs. S. O. Smith, 62 cents,—by Miss Minnie Cochrane,	7 21
Mr. J. T. Andrews, \$1.24; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 63 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Miss Wealtha Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Jeffres, 62 cents; Mr. M. Kauffman, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Mylrea, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Oothout, 62 cts.; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 75 cents; Mrs. S. P. Robins, 62 cts.; Mrs. James Vick, 62 cents,—by S. S. Terry,	8 20
D. Leary, advertisement,—by Mrs. C. E. Mathews,	10 00
Mrs. Chas. P. Achilles, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Ailing, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Breck, Canton, Miss., 25 cts.; Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, 63 cents; Mrs. B. Bosley, Livonia, \$1.00; Walter B. Brown, New York City, 50 cents; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, \$1.25; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Miss Amanda Green, 63 cents; Hamilton & Mathews, (advertisement), \$5.00; Miss Anna D. Hart, 62 cts.; Miss F. Hooker, 75 cents; Mrs. Hiram Hoyt, 61 cents; Mrs. D. C. Hyde, 62 cts.; Mrs. R. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 65 cents; Mrs. Clark Johnston, 63 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. John Keener, 63 cents; Mrs. G. E. Mumford, 63 cents; Miss A. S. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. Clinton Rogers, 63 cts.; Mrs. J. Rapalje, \$1.86; Mrs. M. L. Reid, 62 cents; R-v. Peter Ritter, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Peshine Smith, 50 cents; Mrs. Dr. Stroug, 62c.; Miss E. A. Taylor, 62 cents; Miss Underhill, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Wakelee, 62 cents,—by Mrs. Robert Mathews,	28 32

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column, ... \$10 00
Three Months, 9 00	One Third Column, ... 12 00
Six Months, 8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year, 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

GAS FIXTURES, ETCHED GLOBES, ARGAND SHADES.

ANDIRONS

AND

BRASS WORK

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S BACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS

Cleansed or colored without Blipping, and pressed nicely. Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed.

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

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

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

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

84 and Over 86 STATE ST.

Have always a large assortment of **MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS** in their Season. Their Retail as well as Wholesale Department is always full of the very latest Styles of Millinery, which are always sold at the lowest New York Prices.

ERASTUS DARROW, OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State st, sep 73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail.

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr. '75.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb' 74 Rochester, N. Y.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's

CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Feb '75 Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

L P ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N. Y

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug. '76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

E. S. ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Nos. 36 AND 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS.
STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery n all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. R. CLARK.

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

ANTHRACITE COAL!

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

Hamilton & Mathews,

No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE.
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,

DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
83 EXCHANGE ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S
Dyeing & Scouring Establishment
OFFICE, III WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.
REFITTED and remade oil. We guarantee the same
satisfaction to customers which we have ever giv-
en. Lace Curtains is one of our Specialties. Or-
ders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL DUNN Proprietor.

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.

E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1833.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.

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

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
H. D. SCRANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Chas. E. Fitch, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

July '74

E. H. DAVIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST,

81 STATE STREET,

[West Side.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.
nov. '75.

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

No. 53 State Street,

ROCHESTER N.Y.

my '73

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

meb] Prescriptions carefully compounded. [66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,
SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.
nov '67 1y

K. P. SHEDD,
GROCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1834.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 1y

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1878.

No. 8.

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.

For the Hospital Review,

Gudeman Awa'.

BY J. E. RANKIN.

The sternies blink, when e'enin' fa's,
An' at the break o' day;
Amid wild woods, the ring-doo ca's;
The brown thrush pours his lay:
Nature an' I can na agree,
Syne my ain gudeman 's gaun frae me.

At gloamin' time, I gang an' sit
My lane, without the door;
O wad, aince mair, his manly fit
Might echo on the floor!
At night, wee things asleep, I wake,
An' sair 's my heart, wi' mony an ache.

I hear the soun' of distant hoof:
Some gudeman gangin' hame:
But ah! he hauds his way aloof,
To glad some ither dame!
And sae, heart-sick, I lay my head
Again upon my sleepless bed.

I think, I think mischances o'er,
Whilk ither men befa';
Perhaps, I'll never greet him more,
He'll never come at a'!
An' then I toss, an' grieve, an' fret,
Until my lanely pillow 's wet.

At last, at last, the sunlight glints
The taps o' yonder trees:
The curlin' smoke, plays wi', an' tints,
Then lights the beaded leas:—
Nae sunlight is for me at a',
Syne my ain gudeman 's gaun awa'.

The bairnies come, betimes, at morn,
And speir, "Is daddie come?"

The very dog gangs roun' forlorn,
Or sleeps morose and glum:
An' when, at length, he hears a soun',
He rins wi' nose along the groun'.

But, hush! I hear, I hear a bark!
It echoes far an' near:
My guid man comes! His voice, O, hark!
His step, his step! He 's here!
Awa', awa', my ilka pain,
He 's come! an' I'm heart-whole again!

Ashes of Roses.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

—[Elaine Goodale, aged thirteen, in December St. Nicholas.

For the Hospital Review.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I should like to take *all of you*, who feel an interest in our "Cot," with me some bright, sunny day, to see for yourselves what a pleasant ward and quiet, cosey corner in it the "Cot" occupies, and how happy the little ones are who find a temporary home in our Hospital.

What a company I should have! I'm afraid I could not manage such a large number; and it might not be best to go among the sick in such a procession; so I will try and tell something that I saw, not long since. I hope you will all go (two or three at a time) and see for yourselves, then write and tell the "*Review*," just what you think about it all.

The first thing I noticed was a new patient, on a bed next the little girl who is so rapidly recovering health and strength after a severe illness. She was taking a sun bath, and the new patient was lying quietly near and looked perfectly contented, and so pretty, with her flaxen hair and blue eyes. She had on a tucked night-dress and a cap with a blue lining. I asked, "Who sent her here? and what is her name?" She was sent a good while ago by a good friend of the Hospital, and her name is Ruby. She is not sent for treatment, but to add to the happiness of any and all of the children who come here. A needle and thread will cure her only wound; she cannot take a sun bath as it might melt her and destroy her beauty; she will never give any trouble nor add to the expenses and will occupy any place where she is put and make no complaints.

The little girl who is being treated for her eyes, as well as Richey, seemed much pleased with my interest in Ruby.

I think I have told you enough for this time, but feel pretty certain that if you will visit the "Cot" you will feel more interest than ever, and work harder to save your pennies to help to make it free to any who need it.

I feel quite sure too that your own hearts will be full of thankfulness, that God has given you good homes, and parents, and friends, who can take care of you when you are sick without your being separated from them; and you will thank God, who has put it in men's hearts to provide for those who have not your blessings.

Foreign Correspondence.

VERONA AND INNSBRUCK.

We recrossed the longest bridge in the world, and after 5 P. M. reached Verona. We took a carriage for the amphitheatre, stopping on our way thither at the tombs of the Scaligers or della Scala family, formerly presidents of the republic of Verona. They are very tall and imposing. In the grated network surrounding one of them are wrought many tiny ladders, *scala*, which formed the crest. Another railing was jointed like armor. They are of Gothic structure with sarcophagi.

The market place was crowded with people, the buildings around it indescribably quaint, one of them surmounted by a campanile. It seemed to me one of the strangest looking places we had seen.

The amphitheatre is very much like the Colosseum of Rome only lower and smaller, with two rows of arches one above another, and in a far better state of preservation. It helped me to understand the Colosseum. The seats are left, rising in a circle to almost their original height, and the passages underneath the arches. Some of the latter have been used as prisons. There was an underground passage and cellar as in Rome and a well for flooding the area. We climbed to the top, caught the deep glow of the sunset, looked up to old walls upon the hill and down upon the palace of the Venetian Doges—but clouds hid the mountains of the Tyrol.

I have just turned to Baedeker and am righteously indignant to read about the steps of "grey marble (modern)." How

does Baedeker know that they are modern? Did he see them built? And did not our old guide, older than Baedeker, solemnly affirm that they were ancient when he tried unsuccessfully to chip off a bit for a souvenir? And is not a witness on the spot better than a mere traveler through the country? We will hold to our old guide and would advise leaving out that word "modern" in all future editions.—We almost wish our undue curiosity had not led us to turn that unfortunate page.

Five o'clock in the morn saw us fairly started for our car ride over the Brenner Pass. Most of the route was between mountain ranges, and the white covering showed finely as daylight came on. On the summit snow was falling, men were cutting ice and women were helping to clear the track. The Brenner is the oldest and the lowest pass over the principal Alpine chain. The scenery is often attractive; seldom very grand.

We came down to Innsbruck, which must be very beautiful in the summer, lying just under lofty mountains, upon the river Inn. We visited the Franciscan church to see a magnificent white marble monument to Emperor Maximilian First, of rectangular form, faced with twenty-four exquisitely covered tablets in relief, illustrating scenes connected with his family history, battles, &c. The perspectives are very fine; many figures are crowded closely together; and the princely dresses, the armor of the warriors, the richly caparisoned horses, and the architecture of the buildings are most elaborately wrought out. The emperor, in bronze, kneels above the monument. The effect is somewhat marred by a high, ornate grating surrounding it, but this is necessary as it stands in the centre of the church and has been already injured. Around three sides of it stand twenty-eight life-size figures of emperors, kings, queens, grand-dukes, &c. They are of highly finished bronze, the knights in full armor, cap-a-pie,

the queens in figured brocades except one younger than the rest and uncrowned, in a plain satin. The male figures are mostly represented in action: several of the females have a prayer book in hand. They have immense feet and are about as stiff, clumsy and ungainly as one can well imagine. They were certainly the oddest group I had ever seen. Their very homeliness fascinated me and I could hardly turn away.

We ate of the delicious Austrian bread, tried to study out the mysteries of *kreutzers* and *gulden* and then came on to Germany. C. L. S.

Our Neighbor on the High Seas.

BY LYDIA LEIGH.

And who is our neighbor? A question, this, which, eighteen hundred years ago or more, was put to the Great Teacher. He answered it in such wise that thereafter in no possible combination of circumstances could any man be in doubt on the subject.

Since that time the rule of action then laid down has, to a greater or less degree, regulated the lives of men and of nations. The most beautiful illustration of its working which the writer has ever witnessed happened at sea some years since, during a voyage from New York to Liverpool.

We were out two Sundays; and to us, on our fine steamer, the second one was a perfect day. Before it was over, however, we learned that to our neighbor, not far away, the delicious calm which we enjoyed so intensely was like the presence of the dread messenger. The deep unclouded blue of the heavens above, and the smiling placidity of the great waters, unruffled by the faintest ripple, were sights the most appalling to men whose faces had been upturned day after day in a vain hope of catching some passing breeze which should fill the flapping sails of their bark and speed them havenward.

At the usual hour the service of the Church of England was celebrated on board our vessel, and in consequence of the calm almost every person on board was present. A circumstance most unusual, very few hands were needed out on

deck, and the long line of sailors, neatly dressed, who marched into the saloon in procession, each one carrying a Prayer Book, was a goodly sight. Passengers, too, who had kept their berths almost constantly since leaving port, were up that day and enjoying themselves greatly.

The sweet and solemn service was just over, and we who had attended it were on deck, enjoying the "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," and looking at a speck in the distance which each moment grew plainer and plainer to our vision, when something suddenly attracted the attention of the captain, and in a moment, glass in hand, he was on the bridge.

Presently he spoke a few words to an officer standing near, and then, like an electric spark, from mouth to mouth flew the words: "A vessel in distress!"

Such indeed was the fact, and in obedience to an order quickly given we were almost immediately making straight for her. Before the natural eye could discern more than the merest outlines of a vessel, the captain, with his science-given sight, had read the tale of woe.

"Come and help us," was the entreaty.

"Our neighbor. Aye, we will!" the immediate and heaven-born recognition and response.

How fitting that the service in which we had all just joined should be followed, crowned as it were, by an act of mercy.

The tidings spread like wildfire over all the ship. In an incredibly short space of time everybody was on deck, and all eyes were intently gazing at the poor wayfarer whom we were rapidly nearing. The interest increases with every moment, and when we are quite near, and the engines are stopped, and we stand still in mid-ocean as still as the little vessel yonder, we almost hold our breath in the excitement of the moment.

A small boat, manned by four of the unknown sufferers, puts out and rapidly approaches us. A ladder is thrown over our side, and soon the little boat is alongside, and the poor men stand among us, their sufferings plainly written on their wasted forms and faces.

One of them bears a letter from their captain to ours. Alas! it is in French. Who can read it? Not our blunt, rosy-faced British born and bred captain, you may be sure. Surely enough a woman it was who

turned it into good, plain English, which went straight to his heart.

"We are eight men on board the brig 'Natalie,'" she read, "and we are in great distress. We are from Vera Cruz, bound to Havre. We have been out sixty days, and have been becalmed on this spot for three weeks. For many days we have been on an allowance of two biscuits and half a pint of water; now even this fails! Help us, or we perish, and may the good God bless you."

Every heart was stirred by the simply told tale, and at its close, as by a common impulse, all eyes were turned from the reader to the man who looked to us for succor.

"Take these men to your mess-room," ordered the captain to some of our own sailors, "and let them eat their fill."

When our bronzed and brawny fellows were thus of a sudden made dispensers of good things, there flashed out in each manly face the true, whole-hearted nature of the true British Jack-tar. At that moment we were proud of and thankful for those sailors of ours. In their stalwart manhood and good condition, they were a fine contrast to the slight and more than half-starved men with the dark faces and strange tongue who were now their welcome guests.

What a feast that must have been. While it was in progress the captain ordered one of our own boats to be lowered, and then had her filled with barrels of flour, biscuits, and other provisions. When each barrel went over our side, how the hearts yonder watching it all so anxiously must have leaped for joy.

When the little boat was stocked with its goodly freight, our visitors, now well fed, appeared again on deck. A few lines from our captain to theirs, this time turned into French by the fair interpreter of the occasion, was handed them, and they were quickly made to know that our boat and men would see them home again.

True Frenchmen they were, and bowed and scraped their thanks and good wishes for us until they stepped on the ladder to leave us. Four of our men followed them, quickly, and side by side the two boats set out for the "Natalie."

What a scene in mid-ocean! God above the only witness; His approval the sole reward!

Arriving at their destination, the un-

loading is soon accomplished, and our boat turns homeward. The men bear the heartfelt thanks of the captain and crew of the "Natalie" whose flags, running up and down gracefully, express the same.

The ladder is taken up; the boat secured again in its resting place; the engines started, and once more we are on our way. Hats and handkerchiefs are waived to the "Natalie" as we move off, leaving her in the place where she had been lying so long.

Up runs a flag—"Thank you, thank you," it says.

In the same language we respond, "You are welcome."

"A safe voyage to you," says the grateful "Natalie."

"A safe voyage to you," we return.

How small she becomes during this exchange of courtesies—less and less every moment; but still the flags run up and down! The Frenchman, with his usual volubility, is determined to have the last word.

"Thank you," again he says, and then she quickly fades from our sight. Not till the night falls do we go back to our accustomed quiet. The "Natalie" and her fate are a fruitful source of conversation, and all feel that that day we found our neighbor in much the same plight as did the Samaritan of old as he journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho.—*The Churchman*.

The Little Sweep.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Amongst others came a little fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh yes, sir," was again the reply.

"Do you read?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop-doors which they

passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the sign-boards on the houses. What may not be done by trying?

Officers of the Rochester City Hospital for 1878

Directors.

AARON ERICKSON,

LEVI A. WARD,	JAMES BRACKETT,
DR. E. M. MOORE,	E. S. ETZENHEIMER,
SAMUEL D. PORTER,	DANIEL W. POWERS,
EDWARD M. SMITH,	JAMES VICK,
SAMUEL WILDER,	THOMAS LEIGHTON,
JOHN H. BREWSTER,	JAMES L. ANGLE,
GILMAN H. PERKINS,	JONATHAN E. PIERPONT,
CHARLES C. MORSE,	HENRY S. HANFORD.

AARON ERICKSON, President,

LEVI A. WARD, Vice President.

JONATHAN E. PIERPONT, Treasurer,

HENRY S. HANFORD, Secretary.

Lady Managers.

MRS. MALTBY STRONG,	MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,	MRS. G. F. DANFORTH,
MRS. N. T. ROCHESTER,	MRS. E. T. SMITH,
MRS. W. B. WILLIAMS,	MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER,	MRS. D. B. BEACH,
MRS. A. D. SMITH,	MRS. HENRY H. MORSE,
MRS. CLARK JOHNSTON,	MRS. G. E. MUMFORD,
MISS A. MUMFORD,	MRS. JAMES BRACKETT,
MRS. FREEMAN CLARKE,	MRS. S. W. UPDIKE.

Executive Committee.

MRS. MALTBY STRONG,	MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,	MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. A. D. SMITH.	

MEDICAL STAFF.

Attending Physicians.

DAVID LITTLE, M. D.	W. S. ELY, M. D.
E. V. STODDARD, M. D.	

Attending Surgeons.

H. F. MONTGOMERY, M. D.	J. F. WHITBECK, M. D.
H. H. LANGWORTHY, M. D.	

Special.

C. E. RIDER, M. D.,	Ophthalmic & Au. Surgeon,
MR. LIVINGSTON ROSEBOOM,	First Assistant.

Miss FRANCIS E. HEBBARD, Matron,

FORGIVENESS.—When a poor little deaf and dumb boy was asked the meaning of "forgiveness," he paused a moment; then, taking his pen, he wrote, "It is the odor which the trampled flower gives out to bless the foot that crushes it."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1878.

Sabbath Hours at the Hospital.

On the last Saturday of February we visited the Hospital, and as we entered that building the sound of sacred music in the chapel announced that the hour of service had arrived, and we joined the worshippers. We never saw the chapel so well filled and the patients seemed deeply interested as Mr. Swartz spoke to them with great earnestness, from Rev. 3: 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

We never mingle in a chapel service without being reminded of the group who gathered for healing around Bethesda's pool, for, listening to the preacher, we always find among the patients, "impotent folk, blind, halt, and withered," who resort to this asylum to be made whole, and who, within the chapel, hear of the Great Physician who can impart spiritual healing to the sin sick soul.

Kind friends add greatly to the enjoyment of the inmates by singing hymns in the chapel, and afterwards in the different Wards.

The chapel service over we visited the Medical Ward, where we found twenty-three patients, only one of whom was very sick. Two consumptives and one aged, infirm man had died during the past month. There were no fever patients. Three patients were receiving treatment from Dr. Rider for diseases of the eye. There were several aged inmates and two consumptives.

In the Cross Ward were two men who had each lost a leg; one of the men was injured by an axe wound, and the other was crushed by the cars. Both were doing well.

In the Surgical Ward were twenty-three patients. Quite a number of these were aged and infirm, one was blind, and four were paralyzed. In one corner of the

room a daughter was dutifully ministering to the comfort of her aged father.

In the Female Ward the first patient we visited was quietly sleeping, and she afterwards told us she had not rested well the previous night. Mrs. P. looked brighter than when we last saw her. Near by, at the window, she had placed the slip of geranium taken from the church after Dr. Dean's funeral services. This had rooted, and she seemed pleased with what she called her "Dr. Dean geranium." Four women were suffering from diseases of the lungs, one was greatly weakened by neuralgia and rheumatism, and had almost lost the use of one of her limbs. The patient who seemed to be suffering most acutely was a woman, who, a few days before, had fallen, injured her hand and dislocated her arm. It had just been set and her hand was fearfully swollen. One aged woman, seventy-four years old, who had broken her hip had been brought in from Webster. She was very uncomplaining. The group of young girls of whom we spoke last month had passed through some changes. The epileptic patient had had two ill turns and was in bed, but seemed to be enjoying her supper that had just been brought in on a tray. The girl with diseased knee, was expecting some surgical operation. The blind girl had had operations performed on both eyes and was doing well—and she with a palsied hand had had an ill turn and felt weak and feeble. Another girl of fifteen was suffering from the dropsy but hoped timely remedies would restore her.

In the next Ward were two nine pound babies. There were seven patients in the private Wards.

The Children's Cot.

Our paper last month was so full that we had no opportunity of telling the children about the occupant of the Child's Cot and the other children in the same Ward.

Little Joanna Halicey, who fell down stairs and broke her collar bone, has recovered and returned home to her mother. Laura Bertha Chatfield, who had typhoid fever at the same time her father was sick with the same disease in one of the Male Wards, is now well and left the Hospital at the same time with her father. Henrietta Yehle, the motherless German girl, who has been four months an inmate of the Hospital, and who was very sick with typhoid fever, is so well that ere long she will return to her home.

The present occupant of the Cot is a fat, chubby looking little girl, six years old. Her name is Hatta Slocum. When she first came to the Hospital her eye was almost closed and greatly inflamed. She has been suffering with it for three years, half her life, and though it is better now the Doctor does not say it will continue so, as she has scrofula in her system. Hatta is a happy, playful little creature; she has a baby brother, two years old, at home, who has club feet.

We have had quite a donation of books from our young friends. Gertie Chappell sent us some very interesting stories, and our young friends in Perry, whose letter will be found in another column, have also remembered us and sent us books and a bedquilt.

We have no book shelves yet to hold our books, and no chairs for the little ones. Are there not some vacant chairs in lonely homes that could comfort the sick children of the Hospital?

We have now started on the second year of our endowment fund, and we hope the pennies and the dollars will come in quickly and count up fast. We know the times are hard, but we must seek to be generous to the sick even if we pinch ourselves.

Some of the dear little children, who last year contributed to our Cot, are now suffering from scarlet fever. We hope they may speedily be restored to health and strength, to rejoice the hearts of their anxious parents.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva,	\$ 50
Alice Ray Green, Batavia,	50
Family Box,	25
Maud Bennett,	50

Receipts for the month,	\$ 1 75
Previously acknowledged,	301 00

Total Receipts,..... \$302 75

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited and 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.

The Rochester Female Charitable Society.

We regretted we had not room last month to publish, as we intended, the annual appeal of the Rochester Female Charitable Society. Its needs this year are peculiarly pressing. The hard times have greatly increased the number of sick persons who claim help from this charity.

The Directresses, at the monthly meetings, listen to the most heartrending reports from the aged and infirm, who are greatly comforted by the donations from its Visitors, none of whom give assistance without a personal examination of the applicant, to protect the Society from impostors. Feeble women with young infants, strong men prostrated by accident, reach out empty hands, and grateful thanks come from dying lips for the ministries of this charity.

Donations of money, clothing or provisions, for the sick poor, will be gratefully received by any of the following ladies, officers in this organization :

MRS. M. STRONG, 10 So. Washington St.
 MRS. W. C. ROWLEY, 70 Plymouth Ave.
 MISS C. ROCHESTER, 16 So. Washington St.
 MRS. WM. H. WARD, No. 29 Allen St.
 MRS. S. G. ANDREWS, 33 No. St. Paul St.
 MRS. D. M. DEWEY, No. 36 East Avenue.
 MRS. W. F. COGSWELL, East Ave. cor. Prince.

Consecrated Service.

Those of us who are wont stately in health and strength to mingle with the great congregation, in the house of prayer, scarcely realize how precious an occasional religious service in the Wards of our Hospital is to its less favored inmates, and do we not sometimes forget the responsibility that rests upon us, of imparting to others of the good things received, and of consecrating our talents to the service of the Master?

These thoughts were suggested to us, as, a few days since, on entering the Female Ward of our City Hospital, an attentive group was gathered around Mrs. Bonham, whose Bible readings in St. Luke's Sunday school room, have been so acceptable to the women of our city. We were too late for her opening prayer and reading of the Scriptures, but in time to hear the "old, old story," which is ever new. The patients eagerly drank in her words, as with heart felt utterances she spoke of the loving Saviour, who had so clothed Himself with our sins, that for a time the face of the Father was hidden from Him, but who was ever ready to bestow upon them the robes of His righteousness, that without spot or blemish they might appear faultless in the presence of the holy God.

As she passed from cot to cot, or received the welcome pressure of the proffered hand, and gave words of comfort to the afflicted, we thought how blessed was her ministry, and how much good could be done by the women of our city, if the talents entrusted to them were used in the Master's service.

In the Male Surgical Ward, the paralytic, the blind, the maimed, the aged and the young, attentively listened, as she told the story of an English King who gave a ring to his jester, asking him to retain it till he found a greater fool than himself. Time passed, and the failing health of the King indicated that he was soon to go to

"that bourne whence no traveler returneth," and as he admitted to his jester that he had made no preparations for that journey, the ring was returned to him. As she told the story, an aged pilgrim, with silvery locks and trembling step drew near her, that his deaf ears might the better catch her earnest words. She spoke of that journey that all must take, and pointed out the way to the Heavenly home, and asked all to make preparation for the journey thither, and to take as their guide Him who would safely lead them through the dark valley to the eternal city. She told them of the joys and welcome that awaited all who accepted the terms of salvation, and then, after leading in prayer, she passed from patient to patient, cheering those who were joyfully waiting for the summons home, and pointing out the true pathway to the wanderers.

In the Medical Ward she spoke of Jesus and His finished work, and we trust that some of the precious seed there scattered fell on fruitful soil.

Is there not many a woman in our city who is hiding her talents in a napkin, rather than gaining others by using them rightly? Let the example of our sister stimulate us to follow in her footsteps, and do good as we have opportunity.

"A Little Child shall Lead Them."

A touching incident was lately related to us by one of the teachers in the Institute for Deaf Mutes, that we are sure will interest our readers.

A little household pet, six years old, was sent to the Institute from a neighboring county, to avail herself of the instruction therein imparted. When vacation came the little one returned to her home, and, accustomed at the Institution to have thanks returned before eating food, she felt this also should be done in her own home. When her plate was placed before her she refused to eat till God had been thanked for the food. She indicated to her father

that she wanted him to thank God before he ate; he signified to her that he did not know how to do it. The little one signed to them that then her mother must do it. This quite overcame the parents, they were deeply affected by the conduct of the child, and the good seed which fell from this infant hand lodged in fruitful soil, and resulted in the conversion of the parents, both of whom have recently professed their faith in their Saviour.

We heard also of another little one who was sent to friends in the city, with the intention that she should be a day scholar in the School for Deaf Mutes. The child was so happy with her mates in school and so unwilling to leave the Institute, that she was received as an inmate of the family. She was instructed in vocalization and when her father came to see if she had made any progress, she threw her arms around his neck and called him "Papa." It was the sweetest sound that ever fell on his ear, and the strong man was bowed with emotion, as the hitherto sealed lips uttered the endearing word.

Correspondence.

The following cheering words come from an old friend in the Bay State:

QUINCY, Feb. 1878.

To Mrs. R. Mathews:

DEAR MADAM:—I this morning received your card relating to the "*Hospital Review*." I gladly send the small subscription and the other fifty cents for this year.

I find the paper very interesting and think you must have a model Hospital. But it owes its success to the energy and good work of the ladies connected with it. I wish we had a hospital here on the same plan.

Last summer several children were brought out here to Quincy Point, and were made very comfortable.

Yours, very truly,
E. C. A.

The following note, from our young friends in Perry, tells its own story, and we rejoice to know that we have three such energetic workers among the children of Perry.

We must appoint them Agents for the "*Review*," and we know we shall hear again from them, and we hope when the warm summer days come we shall be able to welcome them at the City Hospital, and show them the invalids for whom they are working so nobly:

PERRY, Feb. 6th, 1878.

Dear Mrs. Smith:

We send you a quilt, to be used for the Child's Cot; it was made by our own hands.

We also send you six Subscribers, (inclosing three dollars,) namely: Mrs. C. A. Cleveland, Mrs. R. T. Tuttle, Mrs. H. N. Page, Mrs. G. B. Olin, Mrs. A. D. Keeney and Bella Watts, all of Perry.

We likewise send you a few books, which we hope will please all who read them.

Yours truly,

MARY READ,
DORA HOMAN,
KITTIE CRICHTON.

Photographs.

We would call special attention to the advertisement of R. H. Furman, Photographer. If you want a good picture, call at 80 and 82 State Street, where you will find artistic pictures, in great variety and of every size, promptly and cheaply executed.

We were particularly pleased with the effect produced by introducing clouds and foliage into the background of some of his Photographs.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 16, 1878, of consumption, Alonzo B. Peck, aged 44 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 23, 1878, of consumption, Frederick Gaseoigue, aged 19 years

Superintendent's Report.

1878. Feb. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 82	
Received during month, . . . 18	
Births, 2—102	
Deaths, 2	
Discharged, 17—19	
Remaining, March 1, 1878, . . . 8	

Receipts for the Review,

To MARCH 1st, 1878.

Mrs. R. H. Furman—by Mrs. N. T. Rochester,.....	62
Mrs. J. Consler, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Penn, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Waite, 62 cents,—by Miss Mary Waite,.....	1 86
Mrs. C. A. Cleveland, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. D. Keeney, 50 cents; Mrs. G. B. Olin, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Page, 50 cents; Mrs. R. T. Tuttle, 50 cents; Bella Watts, 50 cents—all of Perry—by Mary Read, Dora Homans and Kittie Crichton,....	3 00
J. R. Campbell, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Gifford, 62 cents; H. S. Hanford, 62 cts.; Mrs. S. How, Cincinnati, Ohio, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 65 cents,—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins,.....	3 01
Mrs. O. Comstock, 65 cts; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; Edmund W. Hills, 65 cents; Miss O. C. Howard, 65 cents; Mrs. Jas. Upton, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Whittlesey, 70c.,—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, J. W. Adams, 62 cts.; Col. C. R. Babbitt, 62 cents; Miss M. I. Bliss, 62 cts.; W. H. Cheney, 63 cents; Mrs. J. M. Fisk, \$2.00; Mrs. S. Porter, 62 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 62 cents,—by Seth S. Terry,.....	6 98
Mechanics' Savings Bank, \$15.00; Alling & Cory, \$5.00; Smith, Perkins & Co., \$5.00; Joseph Schlier, 5.00; C. F. Paine & Co., \$5.00; E. F. Hyde, \$5.00; Woodbury, Morse & Co., \$5.00,—all for advertisements—by Mrs. Clarke Johnston, ..	45 00
Mrs. N. Ayrault, 75 cents; Mrs. S. J. Arnold, \$1.00; Miss E. C. Adams, Quincy, Mass., \$1.00; C. Henry Amsden, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Bottum, 62 cents; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, \$1.93; Mrs. Henry Brewster, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, for Mrs. E. Bronson, East Avon, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. M. Bissell, 63 cents; Dr. W. H. Briggs, \$1.24; Mrs. H. W. Brown, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. Judge Gould, Brighton, \$1.00; Mrs. H. G. Glen, \$1.25; Mrs. Chas. Hart, 65 cents; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 62 cents; Miss L. Janes, Geneseo, 50c.; Miss R. B. Long, 62 cents; Mrs. Col. Lee, for Mrs. C. F. Little, Northumberland, Penn., 50 cents; Mrs. Geo. McAllaster, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cts.; G. T. Palmer, East Avon, (2 subscriptions,) \$1.00; Mrs. I. L. Pattee, Avon, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Reynolds, 65 cts.; Mrs. O. H. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Mrs. Arthur Robinson, 65 cts.; Mrs. J. Sutphen, Sweden, \$2 00; Mrs. S. Sloan, \$1.24; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Siddons, 62 cents; sale of papers, 25 cts.; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. E. L. Tompkins, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Thompson, 62 cents; Miss E. Vance, \$1.25; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; A. N. Whiting, 50 cents; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 62 cents,—by Mrs. Robert Mathews,	31 77

Donations.

Mrs. D. A. Watson—Quantity of Pickles.
 Mrs. Geo. Elwanger—Second-hand Clothing and Reading Matter.
 A Friend—Second-hand Clothing and Reading Matter.
 Mrs. E. Ray—Books and Transparent Slate, for the children.
 Mrs. Osgood—Reading Matter.
 Eighth Ward Aid Society—Second-hand Clothing.
 Seth S. Terry—Twelve numbers of St. Nicholas, Maggie and Lottie Houston, Books and Papers for children.
 Mrs. French—Old Linen.
 Rev. Mrs. Page, Brighton—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Two Pictures.

Children's Department.

Intra, Mintra, Cutra, Corn.

Ten small hands upon the spread;
 Five forms kneeling beside the bed—
 Blue-eyes, black eyes, curly head.

Blonde, brunette—in a glee and glow,
 Waiting the magic word. Such a row—
 Seven years, six years, five, four, two!

Fifty fingers all in a line—
 Yours are thirty, and twenty are mine:
 Ten sweet eyes that sparkle and shine;

Motherly Mary, age of ten—
 Evens the finger-tips again—
 Glances along the line, and then:

“Intra, mintra, cutra corn,
 Apple seed, and brier-thorn;
 Wire, brier, limber lock,
 Ruble, robble, rabble and rout,
 Y, O, U, R—
 Out!”

Sentence falls on curly-head—
 One wee digit is “gone and dead:”
 Nine-and-forty left on the spread.

“Intra, mintra,” the flat goes—
 Who'll be taken, nobody knows;
 Only God may the lot dispose.

Is it more than a childish play?
 Still you sigh and turn away,
 Why? What pain in the sight, I pray?

Ah! too true: As the fingers fall
 One by one at the magic call,
 Till, at the last, chance reaches all;

So, in the fateful days to come,
The lot shall fall in many a home
That breaks a heart and fill a tomb.

Shall fall, and fall, and fall again,
Like a Law that counts our love but vain—
Like a Fate unheeding our woe and pain—

One by one. And who shall say
Whether the lot may fall this day
That calleth of these dear babes away?

True, too true! Yet, hold, dear friend,
Evermore doth the lot depend
On Him who loved, and loved to the end.

Blind, to our eyes, the fiat goes—
Who'll be taken, no mortal knows;
But only Love will the lot dispose.

Only Love, with His wiser sight;
Love alone, in His infinite might—
Love, who dwells in eternal light.

The Story of an Apron.

And of all little aprons that hung upon the line that windy March day, Nainsook was the very proudest. She flaunted her ruffles, flung out her long ties, dipped, dived, and soared higher in the breeze than any other.

And when Blue Gingham snapped against her she screamed,—

“Keep away, Ginghy; you'll leave a blue mark on me if you don't take care!”

“Don't be so proud, Nainsook; I'd rather be myself any day than a poor armless thing like you. It's Nellie and I that love fun. It's Nellie and I that play in the sand, and it's Nellie and I that make real make-believe cookies, out of flour, too. When she has you on, you are so stuck up and afraid your starch will get out, or ruffles unfluted, that she has to sit in chairs, and hardly dares wiggle her toes.”

“H'm! Arms are very unstylish for aprons, and I have ruffles instead. As to dirt, my taste don't run to playing in it, and when I come out of the drawer, Nellie is going to have company, or go a-visiting.”

“For my part,” said the cambric with the pink buds, “I think Nellie and I have the best times. We are together afternoons after she has been washed up. We play with our dolls then, or build block houses.”

Then the plain white linen made some sensible remarks, the calicoes spoke, and the braided piqué, but Nainsook said no more, for she was very busy.

Only think, she had got one clothes-pin off her shoulder! if she could only wrench free from the other what a grand time! Away from those common aprons, whose company she hated to be seen in! Off with the breeze to find some little princess who would be glad to see her!

A jerk and she was free! Floating high for one glad moment, the next cast down into the muddy lane, trampled upon by horses, nosed over by pigs, dirty and miserable.

At last came a boy along who fished her out on the end of a stick, and carried her home in that way.

“What yer got, Jim?” asked his mother.

“'Er flag of liberty.”

“Give her to me; she's an apurn an' will do for one of the gurls; pity she aint got no sleeves.”

So it came that one day as Nellie and Gingham were chasing down the lane after a stray kitten, they saw a ragged little girl playing in the mud, and on her, all dirty and forlorn, poor Nainsook.

“That's my apron,” cried Nellie.

“'Taint either,” said the girl. “What'll you give for her?”

“What do you want?”

“Would rather have that purty blue one; this aint got no arms.”

Nellie thought a moment.

“Oh no! if I give up my blue gingham I can't play out of doors, or in the kitchen, or have any more fun. I guess you may keep Nannie. Mamma had company yesterday, and I didn't have to be fixed up and sit still 'cause she was gone.”

So Nellie and Blue Gingham ran on, and poor Nainsook wished she had not been quite so nice, or quite so proud.

M. E. H., in *Youth's Companion*.

The Commodore's Stork.

When Commodore Porter (the old Commodore Porter) was quartered in the harbor of Constantinople, near forty years ago, he made great pets of the storks that frequent that city at certain seasons of the year. The following interesting story of one of them is thus told by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, the missionary, in the *Christian Union*:

But one day the commodore's mischievous dog sprang upon one of the old storks and wounded one of its wings. The com-

modore was very sorry, for although one of our bravest naval heroes, he had a great deal of kindness in his heart. He had the wounded wing carefully bound up, and the two storks—for the mate of the wounded one never forsook him—were carefully fed on the lawn and lodged at night under cover. It was rapidly recovering, but the time of migration came, when all the storks go South. To the surprise of the village, instead of the usual orderly and silent flight, thousands and tens of thousands came flying in troubled circles over the village, filling the air with a strange, unusual noise.

It soon became plain that all their trouble was about their wounded companion. Many alighted near him, and seemed to be holding a consultation upon his condition. Instinct urged their flight, then faithful love held them back. But on the third day they all departed, rank after rank, in beautiful military order, and disappeared over the blue Marmora.

But lo! *three* storks were on the lawn. Before departing, they had commissioned one of the stoutest and strongest of their number to abide with the sufferer. All the village became interested in the result. The commodore unbound the wing. It no longer drooped. The bird could fly some, but its flight was feeble. After a few days it could again reach its home on the chimney-top. Nearly two weeks passed, and they were evidently going to venture the long flight.

Many persons assembled to watch their movements. At length the invalid spread his broad wings, and boldly launched forth over the sea on his straight southward course, his two faithful friends following close behind. For a mile or so he sustained his flight well, and then, to the dismay of the beholders, began to sink towards the sea. But just then one of his strong companions came beneath him, and with powerful wing raised him to the desired level again. Thus alternately aiding him, they all disappeared from view. The commodore had no doubt they would reach the opposite shore, some fifty miles distant, where they could feed and rest, although he was sorry "after showing so much wit, they should put to sea before completing their repairs."

Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Oatmeal.

Oatmeal, now found on almost every gentleman's breakfast table, was a few years ago used exclusively by the Scotch and the Irish. Dr. Johnson, who, in his hatred of the Scotch, lost no opportunity of saying a bitter word against them, defined oats as in Scotland food for Scotchmen, but in England food for horses.

"Yes," answered an indignant Scotchman, "where can you find such men as in Scotland, or such horses as in England?"

We have heard of a shrewd old Scotch mother, who used to make her family eat their oatmeal first, saying, "The bairn who eats the most porritch, will get the most meat after it." But the bairn who gained the prize always found himself too full to enjoy the meat.

It is mentioned in a most charming book, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," that Carlyle, catching a sight of Macaulay's face in repose, remarked, "Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal."

If oatmeal can "make" such men as Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers and Lord Macaulay, we may well heap high the porritch dish, and bribe our children to eat of it. One thing we do know that it is far better for the blood and brain than cake, confections, and the scores of delicacies on which many pale little pets are fed by their foolishly fond mothers.

"The Queen's Own," a regiment of almost giants, recruited from the Scottish Highlands, are, as Carlyle said of Macaulay, "made of oatmeal." So boys who want height, and breadth, and muscle, and girls who want rosy cheeks and physical vigor, should turn from hot bread and other indigestibles, to this "food for Scotchmen and horses."

How to be Handsome.

Keep clean. Wash freely. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it takes care of itself. Its thousands of air-holes must not be closed.

Eat regularly and sleep enough—not too much. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse. It must have regular work and rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks.

Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with cleansed teeth. Of course to have cleansed teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. All women know that washes for the teeth should be very simple. Acid may whiten the teeth, but it takes off the enamel and injures them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a cleanly skin who breaths bad air. But more than all, in order to look well, wake up mind and soul.

When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look is away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems so. Think and read, not trashy novels, but books and papers that have something in them.

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.

Pr. Sq. 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column, . . . \$10 00
Three Months, . . . 2 00	One Third Column, . . 13 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.



Each Number contains THIRTY-TWO PAGES of reading many fine Wood Cut Illustrations, and one COLORED PLATE A beautiful Garden Magazine, printed on elegant paper and full of information. In English and German. Price, \$1.25 a year: Five copies \$5.00.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents in paper covers; in elegant cloth covers \$1.00.
Vick's Catalogue, — 300 Illustrations, only 2 cents.
Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

GAS FIXTURES, ETCHED GLOBES, ARGAND SHADES. ANDIRONS AND BRASS WORK

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

Our reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. B. SWEETING & BRO.

84 and Over 86 STATE ST.

Have always a large assortment of MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS in their Season. Their Retail as well as Wholesale Department is always full of the very latest Styles of Millinery, which are always sold at the lowest New York Prices.

ERASTUS DARROW, OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State st, sep 73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
At Wholesale and Retail,

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr. 75.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb '74 Rochester, N.Y.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's

CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.

Feb '75 *Newman's Castorine for the Hair.*

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

L. P. ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

E. S. ETENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 30 AND 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery n all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. E. CLARK.

FURMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
80 STATE STREET.
The best Photographs in the World, for the Price!
Cabinet Size, \$4.00 per Doz.
Card Size, - \$2.00 per Doz.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE.
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHIEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
83 EXCHANG' ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S
Dyeing & Scouring Establishment
OFFICE, 111 WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.
REFITTED and remodelled. We guarantee the same
satisfaction to customers which we have ever giv-
en. Lace Curtains is one of our Specialties. Or-
ders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL DUNN Proprietor.

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA. CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE. SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoi-
sier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
H. D. SCRANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUTCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Chas. E. Fitch, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR,

Wholesale and Retail

DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

july '74

E. H. DAVIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST,

81 STATE STREET,

[West Side.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.
nov. '75.

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

No. 53 State Street,

ROCHESTER N.Y.

my '73

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

mc] Prescriptions carefully compounded. ['66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St.

Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

nov '67 1y

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 1y

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1878.

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.

The following exquisite lines, sent us by a friend, were written by a Miss Starr of Boston, Mass.:

Moths.

An India shawl—of texture wondrous fair,
Wrought in with rich devices, quaint and rare,
And coloring deftly gorgeous, such as blooms
Only in solemn Asia's handilooms,
Worn but on pageant days of human pride,
And, stately service ended, laid aside—

One day was taken from its choice retreat,
A camphor box, inlaid with spice-wood sweet,
When lo! through fold on fold, precisely laid,
Each steeped in purest dyes of loveliest shade,
A single moth, with dull and sullen tooth,
Had cut in silent but relentless ruth.

O lives of costly leisure, through your years
Adorned with graceful culture which endears,
And blessed opportunities, which would
Delight an angel, for all service good,
Cute no dull sluggard tooth of selfish ease—
Yourselves content because yourselves you please?

The good you might have done and did not do,
Left, like some silent malison, with you
To work its own revenge, to breed the moth,
The unsightly worm of spiritual sloth.

That web of life, of texture wondrous fair,
Enriched with colors, and devices rare,
Which God had fashioned from His boundless will
To such consummate beauty, thwarts His skill:
What should have been a wedding garment
wrought

With threads of golden deeds, and generous
thought

Of others' weal or wo, kept bright with use,
Clean as baptismal robe from sin's abuse,
Is but a moth-cut tissue, to surprise
In that dread light which visits dying eyes.

Foreign Correspondence.

MUNICH.

Munich is to so large an extent a modern city, that it ceases to be fascinating to Americans, being too much like what we see every day at home. The streets are wide, the "places" very numerous. One cannot call them squares, for they are mostly long and narrow. At one end extend the English gardens, or parks, where shaded paths lead by a flowing stream. Yesterday, we crossed "the Isar rolling rapidly;" it has been utilized for milling purposes to some extent. The walk along the bank must be quite charming later in the season. But winter still lingers, and the Alps send their cold breath over the plain. The season is very backward. Often in this month the beer-drinkers gather out

of doors, but now they are shut up in a close room where the music of Gung'l's band strives to rise above the thick atmosphere of cigar smoke. But the Germans sit in perfect quiet, listening to the strains and sipping their foaming liquid (for which Munich is noted) in silence. This is an especially good place for the study of vocal music.

We expected to see many bronzes for sale here, but were disappointed. The great bronze foundry seems to concern itself only with mammoth productions; and in its museum, we recognized, in plaster casts, models by quite a number of American artists, Story, Rogers, Miss Hosmer, &c. There were Hart's Henry Clay and Rogers' Doves. Very handsome bronze statues, some of them equestrian, adorn the "places." One in the suburbs personates Bavaria as a colossal female figure, sixty-nine feet high above the pedestal. Some of the party climbed up into the hollow head, and, standing where the brains ought to be, peeped out over the partings of the hair to us ants at the base.

The King is a bachelor, having broken an engagement of marriage in consequence of an exhibition of temper on the part of his lady-love. His mother and he occupy parts of the same palace, but rumor says, they see little of each other, and are not on the most affectionate terms. He is a great patron of the arts, not much of a church goer, loving better to keep his bed Sunday mornings. We gathered, with other republicans, at the door of royalty, to see him start off on his daily airing. There were signals and passings to and fro; a few guides pressed back the vulgar multitude; then a blue carriage with four handsome horses came rattling up under the arcades, no driver proper, but riders astride two of the horses, postilions, and two men behind, in blue and silver. The palace door opens and two officers issue forth, bearing the kingly furs and wraps, then a uniformed guard, and then, in citi-

zen's dress, the King, tall and awkward and looking terribly bored. He had but a few steps to his carriage, but with hat in hand his head bobbed to right and left, and he only donned his hat as he drove off. A little American lad was gazing at him the other day when, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting himself, he drew out his tin sword. The guard warned him against this warlike aspect in presence of the sovereign.

The royal chapel is quite beautiful. The marbles are drab, slate, pale chocolate and olive, all mode colors, and so serve to set off the frescos, in which blue is frequently used upon a gold ground, completely covering the ceiling and walls. The court seats are above. The selections of scripture for the Latin inscriptions on the walls are very good. Over the pulpit, "Better is a day in Thy courts," &c. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles," in another. Over pictures of the resurrection, "I am the resurrection," &c. Christ has the prominent place and Mary a subordinate one, differing from the churches in Rome. Over the high altar, are God the Father, the Dove proceeding from his breast, the Son, and quite below, Mary in a high chair and saints beside her. We were glad to catch a few words from a chapter in a German Testament, (a Catholic lady tells me they don't read from the Bible, only from the homilies of Christ which they call the Evangelium,) and to understand just enough of the sermon to infer that the subject was righteousness in the innermost heart and soul, and that, though it costs much, it is well worth the cost. I guessed out part, for I really only caught the words here and there; but the preacher was very eloquent and in earnest. He wore a little cap while preaching.

The dress of the priests was splendid; over their white robes an overdress of gold and blue, without sleeves, but coming down over the arms and far down over the back. Sometimes a blue mantle bordered

with gold was slipped over this and then removed again. The beadle's dress was of blue, with very rich, broad, silver trimmings, covering a great portion of it, and in his hand a cane with an enormous silver head. He was very stout, but stood, as it seemed, without moving a muscle, in the centre in front of the altar steps. The reading desk rested on a winged lion in marble. The singing was very fine without any instrumental accompaniment.

At St. Michael's, a military church, the instrumental music is very superior. We have visited several of the churches here, but they seem very bare and chilling after the churches of Italy. The large Protestant German church has a disagreeable echo; and the service last Sabbath was more simple than ours at home. The altar was retained, and the minister prayed facing it, and I think with a crucifix before him.

The galleries of painting and the museum are very interesting and extensive—the buildings for them fine. Munich is quite enterprising; its rulers have done much for it in the line of art. I particularly enjoyed Kaulbach's grand painting, "The Destruction of Jerusalem." Some groups are wonderfully beautiful, others terrible. High above, in the heavens, sit the old prophets of the wo of the Devoted City. Below an angel with the sword of justice, and beneath other angels with palm branches, were some just about to perish. One aged man with bleeding breast and face of terror, is fleeing before a group of torturing angels. A mother, in terrible agony, looks upon the exceedingly lovely face of her child, apparently dead by her own hand, which still holds the bloody knife. The group of famished women, some eagerly devouring a morsel of food, while one with horribly glittering eyes seems to gloat upon the dead child, as they sit around a caldron over the coals, suggests what is too painful to describe. One is guarding a treasure—one jar of gold has

just been overturned—and beside him lie the dead and dying. A group of beautiful maidens lightly draped cling to each other, one regarding with horror the Roman soldiers, one of whom on horseback has seized a struggling woman and seeks to force her away. On the right an angel is leading away a group of Christians, some on the back of an animal, while three little children, very graceful and lovely, kneel and beseech to be taken up beside them. Youths on foot go before, singing psalms of rejoicing. Just in the centre, the high priest is plunging the dagger into his heart, as he looks at the soldiers just upon him. A youth is falling at his side, another looks on in terror, while the wife, an ideal Jewish woman, tries to hold back her husband's hand and points to her own bare breast as the right place for the first death thrust. Then there are other figures. The temple is on fire in the background, but I cannot worthily describe it.

There is a spirited picture of Marie Antoinette parting from the Dauphin, where the blending of utter hopelessness, and womanly, and queenly, unyielding pride is wonderful. The Ante-chamber of the Prince, is another. Among the courtly, titled guests, a sweet, young widowed mother, and her orphan boy and girl, have been to offer their petition.

The cemetery is peopled like a crowded city. Just the width of one grave is left in front of each monument, called the burial place of a family. I think the bodies must be placed tier above tier. The graves were many of them covered close with evergreens to keep the plants through the winter. We passed through this city of the dead to the Morgue, where all, rich and poor, lie in state at last, with an attachment to a bell so arranged that the slightest movement will give an alarm. Yet hardly a case of resuscitation has been known in many years. A beautiful young girl of twelve, with long eyelashes over her finely chiseled features, was at rest

among the flowers. A background of rich, dark green foliaged plants, elaborate bouquets and lace and muslin trimmings, like a festal robe, hanging out over the side. A young man was propped up on a high pillow, and flowers and bouquets all about him. These we judged to be of the wealthy class. In one common room, with less costly surroundings, we saw two other men, and eight young infants, some very small. They were exposed to the public gaze, but none could enter the room where they lay without special permission.

The women here work like men, cleaning the streets, sawing wood, and carrying it up many flights in a rude sort of basket on their backs, to pile it in the upper stories. I hope we shall never obtain such women's rights in America. C. L. S.

For the Hospital Review.

My Angel.

BY BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

I.

It comes at times and wraps its luring sweetness
About my spirit's chambers, in a dream;
With misty, real, but shadowy definings,
Like far off clouds that overhang a stream,
And sings, as it had sung perchance, I think me,
Were things but now as never they can be,
Were these tense chords of life's resistless yearning,
But sealed to heaven's diviner harmony.

II.

It comes again, with mute, far off embracings,
And gazes on me with its sainted eyes,
This face, that God has taken, so to lead me
To follow where my truest treasure lies;
The vividness of form, of brow, of feature,
That memory clings to, with her closest hold,
Seems but renewed, and dearer for the parting,
Since now that voice is hushed, that heart is cold.

III.

And sometimes, when the sable pinioned raven
Of sorrow nearer sits and sups with me,
Comes this sweet brooding face with voiceless
yearning,
And, cheek close, shares my woful reverie.

When death draws near, may it be ever nearer,
And if at last the haven shall be won,
Be this the star my feet have ever followed,
That thro' life's ways, has ever led them on.

Easter in Germany.

"Oh, look! look! all those pretty little Easter things in the window already!" exclaimed my little sister one day, as we passed one of the confectionery stores in Stuttgart; and, true enough, though Lent was but half over, there they were, a pretty show. Eggs, of course, in quantities and of all sizes, from that of an ostrich to a humming-bird's, made of chocolate or of sugar, and gayly decorated with little ribbons and pictures. Then there were fat little unfledged chickens, some just emerging from their shells, some not an inch long, and others large as life; pure white lambs, with ribbons and bells around their necks; paste-eggs, with holes at the ends, and, looking through, behold, a panorama inside! and eggs with roses on one side, which, when blown upon, emit a musical sound.

But odder than all these were the goats playing on guitars, or dragging behind them fairy-like egg-shaped carriages, with little hares gravely driving; and in others of these carriages were reclining one or two, (generally two) baby hares, or a hare mother rocking her little one in an egg cradle; there were sugar balloons, in the baskets of which hares watched over their nests full of eggs; wheelbarrows full of eggs, and trundled by a hare; and dainty baskets of flowers, with birds perched upon each handle, peering down into nests of eggs half hidden amidst the blossoms. When one knows that each nest comes out, and forms the cover to a box of *bonbons* neatly concealed beneath, this pretty structure certainly loses none of its attractiveness.

In all directions signs of the approaching season begin to appear. Every old woman in the market-place offers for sale a store of hard-boiled eggs, smeared over with some highly colored varnish, besides candy chickens, hares, etc., in abundance. All the various shop windows display pretty emblematic articles. Besides the sugar and chocolate eggs, there are eggs of soap and of glass; egg-shaped baskets and reticules; leather eggs, which really are la-

dies' companions, and filled with sewing implements; wooden eggs and porcelain eggs, and even egg-shaped lockets made of solid gold.

[*F. E. Corne, St. Nicholas for April.*]

One of Lincoln's "Little Stories."

In Scribner for April, Mr. Noah Brooks prints a number of new anecdotes of Lincoln, elicited by his Lincoln reminiscences in the March and February numbers. The following is one of them :

"A young gentleman in Tennessee was once traveling a country road, mounted on a fine black racing horse of great value. His casual companion was a shrewd old fellow, who was known in those parts as a Yankee, and rode a rack-o'-bones of a horse, apparently hardly able to stand on his feet. The Yankee bantered the Southerner for a horse trade, which of course the Southerner indignantly declined. The Yankee however insisted that his was a very remarkable horse, of what was known as the setter breed, which sets for big game as a dog sets for small game, and that as animals of this breed are very scarce, his horse was accordingly valuable. The Yankee soon had an opportunity to demonstrate the truth of his statement, as his horse had the peculiarity of dropping on all-fours when touched in a certain spot by the spur or heel of the rider. The Yankee seeing a deer on a knoll not far away, touched his raw-bones in the tender spot, and, sure enough, down he went on all-fours, assuring the Southerner that there was game ahead. The would-be horse-trader told the Southerner that there must be game near by, for his horse never 'set' in that way except when on the scent of game. Immediately after, the deer made its appearance to the Southerner, who succeeded in bringing him down, and so much pleased was he with the wonderful instinct of the horse that he immediately swapped with the Yankee, on even terms. Soon after they came to a stream which the Yankee, mounted on the Southerner's fine horse, crossed in good style; then standing on the opposite bank, he looked back after his companion. The 'setter horse' had sunk, his head being hardly above water; his rider was dismounted and nearly drowned. Reaching the bank and blowing the water from his mouth, he exclaimed : 'Here, you infernal

Yankee! what kind of a horse is this to drop on his knees in the middle of a stream?' 'Hush! hush!' replied the Yankee, 'keep perfectly quite. That's a setter horse; he sets for fish as well as for deer, and I tell you there's game there!'"

Webster and Benton.

Daniel Webster and Thomas H. Benton sat for many years in the United States Senate together, without speaking to or noticing each other in any way. Webster was a leader of the Whigs, and Benton of the Democrats; and to their political rivalry was added a strong mutual personal hostility.

A very striking event, which happened to Benton, suddenly changed their relations to each other. In the year 1841, a newly-invented gun was to be tested on the national steamer *Princeton*, on the Potomac River, not far from Washington. The President and his Cabinet went on board, and many of the most distinguished statesmen of the time were present, curious to see the experiment tried.

Just before the gun was touched off, a croud of Cabinet officers, Senators and other notable men, gathered around it, to observe the effect from a near point of view. Among these was Col. Benton.

Just before the gun was fired, some one touched him on the shoulder, and requested to speak with him a moment. Benton left his place in the group, which was taken by Mr. Gilmer, the Secretary of the Navy. The gun was touched off, burst, and killed a number of persons, among whom was Mr. Gilmer; while Benton, who had withdrawn from its close vicinity, was but slightly injured.

This narrow escape affected the great Missourian most profoundly. "It seemed to me," he said afterward, "as if that touch on my shoulder was the hand of the Almighty, stretched down there, drawing me away from instantaneous death."

From that time he was a changed man. He resolved to become reconciled to his old enemies; and one of the first things he did was to go to Webster and ask him to "bury the hatchet" and be good friends again. Webster gladly and warmly grasped his hand; and from that hour till Webster's death, there were no two Senators more cordially devoted to each than he and Benton.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1878.

Our Private Rooms.

We rarely introduce our readers to the upper story of our City Hospital, for the private rooms are tabooed ground. We desire our patients to feel as secluded in the private rooms in the Mansard Wing, and in the Private Wards in the main building, as they would do in their own homes, and so we seldom intrude.

Last month renovation was the order of the day, and with our Matron as our cicerone, we went through the private rooms, to take note of the improvements, and were delighted to find them so cheerful and attractive.

The rooms in the third story of the Mansard Wing were originally furnished by some of the churches of our city, and by private individuals whose names they have ever borne.

We have our Hebrew Room, St. Luke's Church Room, Brick Church Room, First Presbyterian Church Room, Central Church Room, Plymouth Church Room, St. Paul's Church Room, Grace Church Room, Mrs. M. F. Reynolds' Room and Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney's Room.

These rooms have been used exclusively for private patients, and as they were somewhat defaced, they have most of them this spring been renovated, at the expense of those who originally furnished them, and those that were completed when we saw them were certainly very attractive and comfortable looking apartments. Most of them had been freshly painted and kalsomined. The walls were of a soft French gray tint, very pleasant for the eye to rest upon.

These rooms are admirably adapted to promote the health and comfort of the invalid. Their isolated situation secures

the quiet so grateful to sensitive nerves. They are all good-sized, with very high ceilings; each room has a large window with a raised platform before it, on which a stuffed rocking or lounging chair furnishes a pleasant seat for the convalescent. Opposite the window, over the door of entrance, a sliding window, opening into the hall, facilitates thorough ventilation. The rooms are tastefully as well as comfortably furnished. They are all carpeted, have good bedsteads with springs and soft mattresses, bureaus, washstands, wardrobes, tables, and a variety of chairs. Many of them have pictures, illuminated mottoes, books, flower vases, cologne bottles, and fancy articles that give them a home-like air.

We will give our readers a peep into the Hebrew Room, the furniture of which was selected by Mr. Greentree, and which is one of the most complete in its appointments.

This is the most easterly of the Mansard rooms. It has a green Brussels carpet, black walnut bedstead, bureau, wardrobe, tables, washstand and chairs. Some of the chairs are upholstered in green; a green lambrequin and lace curtains adorn the windows. The toilet set and shoe bag are green. The bedstead is supplied with nice bed linen and embroidered pillow shams.

We noticed, in some of the rooms, the pictures of the pastors or bishops associated with particular churches, and also, mottoes appropriate to the afflicted.

The rooms are quite varied in their style of furnishing, so that the taste of an invalid can be easily gratified. St. Luke's Room has oak and black walnut furniture, a bright, cheerful looking red carpet, and upholstered and cane-seated chairs. The Brick Church Room has a red and green carpet, blackwalnut bedstead, &c., and brown upholstered chairs. The first Presbyterian Church Room is also supplied with black walnut furniture, and a red and

green carpet, and green upholstered chairs. The Central Church Room is very pretty, with its drab, blue-bordered carpet, and its harmonious appointments; and Plymouth Church Room has its bright red and green carpet, black walnut furniture, large engravings, and appropriate illuminated mottoes. Mrs. Whitney's Room was in process of renovation. Its peach-bloom, kalsomined walls were pleasing to the eye. St. Paul's Church Room was awaiting the workmen, and the other rooms were occupied by patients.

These rooms open onto a spacious, airy hall, in which there are windows facing the South, a comfortable lounge for each room, and a book case with books for the convalescents. At the end of the hall are a bath room and closets.

By the time the *Review* reaches our patrons, we presume all the improvements in the private rooms will be completed, and while we thank the churches and individuals who have aided in their renovation, we would ask a continued remembrance in their benefactions.

Our Hospital Patients.

In the Male private Ward we found three patients, looking very comfortable in their spacious room. One, about eighty-six years old, was suffering from infirmities incident to old age; another was paralytic, and the third an eye patient.

In the Female private Ward were two patients, one of whom had come in for treatment of a diseased throat.

In the Upper Female Ward Mrs. K., who has long been suffering from palsy, looked brighter than she had done for months, and the patient with fractured and dislocated arm, was slowly gaining.

In the Lower Female Ward more patients were in their cots than we have ever seen there before. The sudden change from mild to cold weather had produced

an unfavorable effect upon them. In one room we found six in bed, and five in the other. Two of these had injured themselves by overwork; two, were suffering from rheumatism; one, a new patient, an Irish woman, had fallen and broken her ankle; another, the aged woman from Webster, was still on her back with a broken hip; one patient had inflammation of the bowels, another a sore arm, one was suffering from dropsy, one had a complication of diseases, and another complained of a troublesome cough.

Around the register we found a youthful group whom we have before mentioned, and it was pleasant to see them so cheerful in spite of their infirmities. One of these, with a lame knee, was making a picture frame out of perforated card board, and another, from the same material, was making an air castle. May B., whose hand is palsied, was sewing patchwork, and Cora had her hymn book in hand, and seemed very happy.

Around the register in the other room of the Female Ward was an older group. One, a new patient, subject to epileptic fits, was reading an illustrated paper, and an aged woman, who seemed cold and feeble, spoke of herself as improving.

A number of the patients in this Ward told of the great pleasure that Mrs. Bonham's visit had given them. Her remarks interested them deeply, but they regretted they were so short.

The patient who had a tumor taken from her throat had returned home, and the young girl with cataracts on her eyes had gone home on a visit.

Two babies and their mothers were the occupants of the Cross Ward.

The Surgical Ward contained twenty-two patients. One man who had had his leg amputated had returned home, and another who had undergone the same operation was rapidly recovering; one patient was afflicted with abscess, and one was

blind; one had fits, and three patients were paralytics.

Twenty-four patients were in the Medical Ward. The day was so disagreeable that there was very little inducement to venture out of doors, and we found three groups of men playing dominoes. The nurse told us that his sickest patients were two who had consumption. One of these, a German, seemed quite feeble; we tried to talk to him, but found he could not well understand our English, so we resorted to a German prayer and hymn book, and as we read to him he listened eagerly, and the men near by kindly stopped their games that they might not interrupt the reading.

Two eye patients were improving under Dr. Rider's treatment, and a third eye patient had just arrived. He had something in his eye and was suffering acutely. There were four epileptic patients; three suffering from chronic rheumatism. There were no fever patients.

The Children's Cot.

When we last visited the Cot, a pink mosquito netting was thrown over the face of little Ruby, of whom Mrs. Rochester told you in the *March Review*. She was resting quietly on the Cot; perhaps her little mother had put her there for a nap, but the blue peepers were very bright. Would you like to know how she came by the name of Ruby? It was given her by Agnes McIntee, the first occupant of the Cot, the dear, motherless little girl who died of dropsy. Agnes thought she looked so much like one of her cousins who was named Ruby, that she gave her that name, and though since then she has had several mothers, she still retains the name Agnes gave her.

Her present mother is, you know, Hatta Slocum. We found her playing with some empty boxes and spools, but her eyes were so much better that we ventured to

show her the beautiful scrap book that had been sent for the Cot from Geneseo.

This book was made by Clara and Lulu, and we all want to know who they are. It was made of colored cambric, carefully buttonholed on the edges, filled with pictures; some were bright colored flowers and birds, and some were prints of animals, children, &c. The book was bound with enamelled cloth.

Hatta was seated in a large rocking chair, and with clean hands was delighted to look over the book. Every time she came to a bright flower, she would exclaim, "*That is the prettiest picture!*" We wished Clara and Lulu could have seen how much pleasure their book afforded Hatta.

Little Ruby was allowed to take a long nap, but we hope she was not jealous of the pretty book that absorbed the attention of her young mother.

Hatta Slocum is the only child at present in the Upper Ward. Henrietta, the German girl, who was so long sick with fever, has gone to her home.

Now, dear children, you must not let the contributions to the Cot come in so slowly. Don't wait for large sums but send us small ones if you can't send large ones. The endowment fund does not grow so fast as it did last year. The times we know are hard, but save up your pennies and when you have twenty-five or even ten, send them for the Cot, or what is better, come to the Hospital and bring them. Hatta Slocum likes little girls and boys, and would be glad to see you, and shew you Ruby and the scrap picture book.

Are there not some mothers who will send us memorial gifts for little ones within the fold, or thank offerings for those who have been restored from sickness?

[Since the above was in type, we have received a thank offering of three dollars, from little ones who have recovered from scarlet fever.]

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

"Mission Band," 1st Presbyterian Church, Geneseo, N. Y.,	\$ 2 50
Little Red Box by the Cot,	35
Mrs. Albert H. Porter, Niagara Falls,	2 00
Thank-offering from Charlie, Julia and Cor- nelia Robinson,	3 00
Family Box for the Cot,	45

Receipts for the month, \$ 8 30
 Previously acknowledged, 302 75

Total Receipts, to April 1st, 1878, \$311 05

Contributions to the Children's Cot are so-
 licited and 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.

Good News from the Young Folks in Geneseo.

On a recent visit to the Hospital, the
 Matron took much pleasure in showing us
 the acceptable donation from our young
 friends in Geneseo. The carefully packed
 box, containing the pound packages of
 rice, sugar, tapioca, cornstarch, pearl
 wheat, fancy soap, &c., was placed where
 it could be seen by the ladies at their
 monthly meeting; and we were delighted
 with the Scrap Book so neatly and care-
 fully made by "Clara and Lulu."

The following note indicates what kind
 friends we have in Geneseo:

GENESEO, N. Y., March 12, 1878.

Mrs. Mathews:

Your very kind and interesting letter was
 gladly received and welcomed by the children.
 Since that time we have been working earnestly
 in your good cause.

The "Band" have quite a missionary spirit,
 and felt that our garments were growing so slow-
 ly, we ought to be doing something else in the
 meantime. It was therefore decided at our last
 Society to open the money box and send the con-
 tents, amounting to \$2.60, (which you will please
 find enclosed), also, to have a pound party, send-
 ing the proceeds to the "Cot," and have a happy
 time ourselves. Accordingly, last Friday even-
 ing, about sixty girls and boys congregated at my
 house, all bearing a share of the contents of the
 box sent you by express to-day.

We were delighted to see that two of our little
 girls had planned a surprise for the Society (as
 it will also be to the children in the "Cot") in
 the form of a neat, pretty, interesting and novel
 Scrap Book. We all hope it will give as much
 happiness to the children who look at and read
 it, as it has given the little girls who made it.

The roll of clothes we know cannot come
 amiss. The pillow was donated by a kind lady
 in the church, together with cloth for a pair of
 cases, which the children will make in Society
 Friday afternoon. We hope at some future time
 to make other additions to the Cot Library, and
 cheer the little, aching hearts in other ways.

Please accept these small gifts from The Mis-
 sion Band of the First Presbyterian Church.

Yours Respectfully,
 L. E. BOND.

Vick's Flower Seeds.

Now is the time to consult Vick's Cata-
 logue, select and buy your seeds, and be
 ready for the bright spring days that will
 soon be here.

Thanks.

We must not forget our little friend
 Alice RossLewin, who has done us good
 service in distributing quite a number of
 Mite Boxes among her friends and neigh-
 bors. Alice is a good worker and we
 thank her for her labors of love for the
 City Hospital.

CASH DONATIONS.

From a Friend,	\$ 5 00
Donation on bill,	94
Donation Box,	59
Received from Mite Boxes, to April 1, '78, \$586 64.	

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Donations.

Mr. Cox, Chili—Twelve bushels of Turnips.
 Mr. Lovcraft—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Ward—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. McGuire—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Farrar—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Henry Wray—Seventy-five Oranges.
 Alling & Cory—Wrapping Paper for *Hospital
 Review*.

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 attend-
 ing Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitz-
 hugh 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. Whit-
 beck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S.
 Fitzhugh Street.

Receipts for the Review.

To APRIL 1st, 1878.

Mrs. H. B. Hathaway,—by Mrs. E. T. Smith,	\$ 62
Mrs. Benjamin Brown,—by Mrs. Dr. Strong	62
Mrs. H. H. Morse,—by Mrs. C. E. Mathews,	63
Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cents; Mr. D. S. Benjamin, 62 cents,—by Seth S. Terry,	1 24
Mr. Edward Brewster, 50 cents; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cents; Miss M. Smith, South Avon, 50 cents,—by Miss Hibbard,	1 62
Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents; R. H. Furman, for advertisement, \$5.00; Mrs. L. Kempshall, 62 cts.; Mrs. F. E. Peek, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Wray, Jr., 62 cts.,—by Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	7 48
Mrs. W. Y. Andrews, 62 cents; Mr. Levi Bartlett, Warner, N. H., 50 cents; Mrs. A. M. Cory, 62 cents; Mrs. D. L. Covill, 62 cents; Mrs. John Durand, 63 cents; Mrs. E. F. Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Loomis, 62 cents; Mrs. A. L. Mabbett, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. E. M. Moore, 65 cts.; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 62 cents; Mrs. E. R. Ottoway, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cts.; Mrs. Geo. E. Ripsom, 62 cts.,—by Mrs. S. H. Terry,	7 98
Miss Anna Barton, \$1.24; Mrs. Buchan, 62 cents; Mr. O. G. Burleigh, 62 cents; Mrs. Oscar Craig, 62 cents; Miss Fannie Hooker, 50 cents; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Interest on Deposit, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Leary, 62 cents; Mr. G. McConnell, 62 cts.; Miss L. M. Phillips, Warsaw, \$1.00; Mrs. Edward Ray, 63 Mr. M. N. VanZandt, 62 cents; Mr. R. D. VanDeCarr, 62 cents; Mrs. George D. Williams, 62 cents,—by Mrs. Robert Mathews,	9 57

Superintendent's Report.

1878. Mar. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 83	
Received during month, ..	23
Births,	1—107
Deaths,	1
Discharged,	25— 26
Remaining, April 1, 1878,	81

Notice.

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

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.

Children's Department.

They Didn't Think.

Once a trap was baited
 With a piece of cheese;
 It tickled so a little mouse
 It almost made him sneeze.
 An old rat said, "There's danger;
 Be careful where you go!"
 "Nonsense!" said the other;
 "I don't think that you know."
 So he walked in boldly—
 Nobody in sight;
 First he took a nibble,
 Then he took a bite,
 Close the trap together
 Snapped, as quick as wink,
 Catching "mousey" fast there,
 'Cause he didn't think!

Once a little turkey,
 Fond of her own way,
 Wouldn't ask the old ones
 Where to go or stray:
 She said, "I'm not a baby;
 Here I am half-grown;
 Surely I am big enough
 To run about alone!"
 Off she went; but Mr. Fox,
 Hiding, saw her pass;
 Soon, like snow, her feathers
 Covered all the grass.
 So she was a supper
 Ere the sun did sink,
 'Cause she was so headstrong
 That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin
 Lived outside the door,
 Who wanted to go inside
 And hop upon the floor.
 "O, no!" said the mother;
 "You must stay here with me;
 Little birds are safest
 Sitting in a tree."
 "I don't care," said Robin,
 And gave his tail a fling;
 "I don't think the old folks
 Know quite every thing."
 Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
 'Fore he'd time to blink;
 "O," he cried, "I'm sorry,
 But I didn't think!"

Now, my little children,
 You who read this song,

Don't you see what trouble
 Comes of thinking wrong?
 And can't you take a warning
 From their dreadful fate,
 Who began their thinking
 When it was too late?
 Don't think there's always safety
 Where no danger shows;
 Don't suppose you know more
 Than anybody knows.
 But where you're warned of ruin
 Pause upon the brink,
 And don't go over headlong
 'Cause you didn't think!

Who Taught Them?

In the autumn time we cannot walk along our garden paths without brushing through the webs that spiders have spun across, but perhaps we never think of the beautiful little specimen of weaving we have damaged so greatly.

When the spider begins her web she makes her foundation of one or two threads doubled and redoubled, then she draws threads in every direction and crosses them again with others until the work is completed. Then she makes her den—a little apartment lined with the same silky stuff which she spins into her web, and from here she darts out to secure any luckless little fly who is caught.

It is not easy to get the small body of the captive away without tearing the web, but the spider manages so as to injure it as little as possible. For this purpose she cuts her web just around where the poor fly is caught, and afterwards it is beautifully mended.

Delicate, indeed, is the cordage of this web; what, then, are the instruments used in producing it? These are only the claws of the spider's feet; with these it guides and arranges the glutinous threads as they are drawn from the spinners.

The number of fibres of which a single thread is formed contributes greatly to its strength. Rope-making resembles this process; and, the end of a thread, by being spread out, is made to grasp more firmly the object to which it is attached.

Spider's thread may often be observed floating in the air, and stretched across a road or brook. It is produced by the gossamer spider; for, having no wings wherewith to fly, nor the power of darting, like

some other insects, a considerable distance, this little creature is enabled to form a balloon, with which it can rise to a great height. In this aerial navigation, the little creature floats with its back downward, and its legs folded; and thus reposing at its ease, up-borne by streamers of silken threads, it commits itself to the upper air. One naturalist states that when he ascended a high tower he saw these insects above him!

Some species show great skill in building. They hollow out cells; they bore galleries; they make vaults; they build, as it were, bridges; they construct entrances to their habitations. They even adapt doors to these entrances which work beautifully on a hinge. On looking within, we find extreme neatness. The soil in which these dwellings are found may be humid, but no water can enter them. The walls are nicely covered with a tapestry of silk, having the lustre of satin, and of a dazzling whiteness.

Another spider chooses a kind of red earth about three inches deep. The wall of the tube is covered by a kind of smooth mortar. This coat is very thin and soft to the touch; but before the spider makes it, she covers the earthy plaster-work with a coarse web, on which she glues her silken tapestry.

Who taught these despised insects how to build for themselves such wonderful homes and to spread such beautiful nets over the ground and stretch them from tree to tree? Naturalists say it is instinct, but this came from God, and in their works we see the hand of a wonder-working God. Well did the Psalmist exclaim, "Oh Lord! how wonderful are thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

The Mission of the Fly.

Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over the wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs, and about his body as far as he can reach. The mi-

nute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insects begin a meal on a lump of sugar. Now, the rubbing together of the legs and wings may be a soothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food.

On placing a fly under a microscope, to the investigator's disgust, it appeared covered with lice. Mr. Emerson concluded that here was something which at once required looking into. Why were the flies lousy? The fly seemed to take his position very coolly, and extending his proboscis, began to sweep it over his body as if he had just alighted. A glance through the microscope, however, showed that the operation was not one of self-beautification, for wherever the lice were, there the trunk went. The lice disappeared into the trunk, and the fly was eating them.

He took the paper into the kitchen and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules, the same as on flies. He had now arrived at something definite; the animalcules were floating in the air, and the quick motions of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal.

The investigator goes on describing how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad-smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bed-rooms, or ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies, covering themselves with minute organisms, and greedily devouring the same.—*Scientific American.*

When it Rains.

Do?—like the things in the garden. Oh!
 Just keep quiet awhile and grow.

Do?—like the bird. It shuts its wings,
 And waits for the sun. Do you hear?—it sings!

Do?—like the lilies. Let it beat,
 Nestle below it—and be sweet.

How to be a Gentleman.

Money will buy a great many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money you can go to a store and buy clothes. But hat, coat, pants and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses, but how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman? Let no boy, therefore think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horses he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of all these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His Commandments.—*Parish Visitor.*

George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come ashore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but feeling that she would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again, he turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you."

Love therefore labor; if thou shouldst not want it for food thou mayst for physic. It is wholesome to the body, and good for the mind; it prevents the fruit of idleness.
 —*William Penn.*

The Fox and the Stork.

A fox one day invited a stork to dinner, but provided for the entertainment only the first course, soup. This being in a shallow dish, of course the fox lapped it up readily; but the stork, by means of his long bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

"You do not seem fond of soup," said the fox, concealing a smile in his napkin. "Now it is one of my greatest weaknesses."

"You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity," said the stork, rising with some dignity, and examining his watch with considerable *empressement*; "but I have an appointment at 8 o'clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. *Au revoir*. By the way, dine with me to-morrow."

The fox assented, arrived at the appointed time, but found, as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long-necked bottle, containing olives, which the stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

"Why, you don't seem to eat anything!" said the stork, with great *nüivete*, when he had finished the bottle.

"No," said the fox significantly, "I am waiting for the second course."

"What is that?" asked the stork blandly.

"Stork stuffed with olives," shrieked the fox in a very pronounced manner, and instantly despatched him.

Moral—True hospitality obliges the host to sacrifice himself for his guests.—*Bret Harte's Improved Æsop*.

A little Greeley, Colorado girl who was picking peas, had gathered eight gallons during one forenoon. She says of a girl, thirteen years old: "She cried for half an hour because I had picked a gallon more than she, and while she was crying I picked another gallon." Such is life.

Little Star.

Good-night, little star!

I will go to my bed,
And leave you to burn,
While I lay down my head

On my pillow to sleep,
Till the morning light,
When you will be fading,
And I shall be bright.

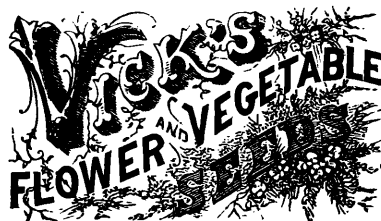
A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another who was in distress, and needed assistance, dryly asked him: "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
Three Months,..... 3 00	One Third Column,..... 12 00
Six Months,..... 5 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 8 00	One Column, 1 Year, 25 00

A Column contains eight Squares.



ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION PEOPLE IN AMERICA. SEE

Vick's Catalogue.—800 Illustrations, only 2 cents.
Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine.—32 pages, fine Illustrations, and Colored Plate in each number. Price, \$1.25 a year; Five copies for \$5.00.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden. 50 cents in paper covers; with elegant cloth covers \$1.00.

All my publications are printed in English and German.
Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE D. LEARY'S

STEAM
DYEING & CLEANSING
ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State St, sep 73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail.

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr '75.

GAS FIXTURES,
ETCHED GLOBES,
ARGAND SHADES.

ANDIRONS

AND

BRASS WORK

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND
MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb '74 Rochester, N.Y.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's

CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.

Feb '75 Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY.

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Successor to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

L P ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N. Y

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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

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

E. S. ETTEHNEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in **WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.**
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 36 and 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery in all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of **Cornett
& Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas**
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. R. CLARK.

FURMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
80 STATE STREET.
The best Photographs in the World, for the Price!
Cabinet Size, \$4.00 per Doz.
Card Size, - \$2.00 per Doz.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N Y
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
29 EXCHANGE ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

S. DUNN'S
Dyeing & 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. Or-
ders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL DUNN Proprietor.

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS,
21 West Main St.,
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N.Y.

HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. **CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c.** mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.

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

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
H. D. SCRANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper,	Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder,	J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews,	F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen,	Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Chas. E. Fitch,	Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth,	Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

July '74

E. H. DAVIS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, 81 STATE STREET, [West Side.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co. ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS, MANUFACTURERS OF Mens' and Boys' Clothing. 14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y. Nov. '75.

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

No. 53 State Street,
ROCHESTER N.Y.

my '73

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.

[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

[Prescriptions carefully compounded.] '66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER, DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,
SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N.Y.

Nov '67. 1y

M. V. BEEMER, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

18 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

Nov '67 1y

K. F. SHEDD, GROCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,
Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 70 and 12 Exchange St.

Nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

coldness about these northern churches to one coming from Italy,—we miss the varied marbles and the frescos, now faded, now glowing with life,—they seem bare, like a house not yet occupied by a family; still, if one has anything of veneration in his composition, he can hardly wander thoughtlessly among these old altars where so many generations have come up to worship.

Coming back again to the Ring Street, we find large and elegant buildings, and at one side, the Hofburg or Imperial residence. It consists of many buildings joined together and surrounding several small inner courts, not imposing except from their number and extent: there are the treasury, the archives, library, cabinets, the guard-house, ball-rooms, theatre, and the chapel. In front extends a very large park, adorned with equestrian statues, and adjoining this, on one side, the Volk Garten, both of which are open to the public, and in fact, the paths serve as city streets. On the other side is the Court Garden with its hothouses—not open, however. Large government buildings are also in process of erection on these borders of the city, and here are the extensive Imperial stables. So the Ring Street makes a wide breathing place, and it is well, for outside extend suburbs, almost towns in themselves, in every direction, except where the city park invites to its shady walks by the brook side with its choice music, or the wide Prater, with its numerous coffee houses, its lake, and military band, affords long drives and fashionable gathering places for the élite, while a side avenue furnishes amusements for a lower class of the population.

The Gothic Votive Church now building, to commemorate the escape of the Emperor from assassination, is very elegant, and though of granite, its towers remind one a little of the Milan Cathedral. The St. Charles has quite an oriental appearance with its high dome and, beside the

entrance, two columns 145 feet high. There are three Protestant churches; the new one with large dome is also fine.

Vienna is not so much distinguished for its single, handsome public buildings, churches or palatial residences, (which are not equal to the best in Boston,) as for the number and extent of fine, substantial looking edifices and the *tout-ensemble* of the city, with its numerous pleasure grounds and its statuary. It lies upon the little river Wien or Vion, from which it takes its name, and upon a branch of the Danube called the Danube Canal. The principal river is at a little distance from the city proper, and we have scarcely seen it. I am told it does not often deserve the title of "Blue Danube."

We have attended service at the Court Chapel, which is small and quite simple, only stucco without many pictures or much ornament. We had heard much of the music, but it was not as good as at the King's Chapel in Munich, and the room itself was not nearly as beautiful as that. The Royal Church of St. Augustine, close by, is really homely, but boasts a handsome monument by Canova to the arch duchess Christina, which, with some changes, served as model for the one over Canova's own tomb at Venice. Genius leans upon the lion, and the animal's face expresses the utmost extreme of grief. A carpet of marble is spread over the steps of the tomb. The door is not seen as at Venice. A woman, not draped in mourning, but with flowing hair, carrying an urn, accompanied by two youthful figures bearing torches, is just entering the tomb. She is followed by a group representing the three ages; an old man, leaning upon a young woman, and a little child beside him. To judge by the eye, the pyramid is not as tall as Canova's, consequently, not so impressive; but I liked the figures better as the master himself grouped them.

Returning from church, we saw a crowd

gathered in the Burg Place, and there soon drove out from under the porte cochère a carriage with six white horses; postilions in bright, yellow satin jackets, white pants and immense boots coming above the knee, on the first and third left horses, and a liveried footman on the seat behind; no driver. Inside was the Emperor's father, an old man of eighty. He is not a man of strong intellect, and on the death of his brother, the former Emperor, the reins of government passed to the nephew. The old gentleman has sense enough to realize his unfitness for the position—but, as he cannot have the substance he grasps at the shadow—not having the power, he needs the display. The Emperor is satisfied with more simplicity. He is much more popular than the Empress, who dislikes Vienna, and spends much of her time in Pesth, and is very devoted to her horses and hunting.

The Imperial family owns 600 horses; part of them are at Pesth. We visited the stables yesterday. I could hardly blame the Empress for her admiration of the beautiful animals. One large stable was full of white and gray horses. Their hair shone like satin, and their tails were like the crimps of a fair belle, light and waving and sweeping the ground. One horse was white with a deep bay head and natural saddle of bay. Another, an Arabian with black head, white neck, white and cream mane and black tail. One was bay with real auburn locks. The colors were finely marked and exquisitely shaded, and many of them had exceedingly small limbs. The stables were very warm, the horses all blanketed, and they seemed like pampered favorites and taking their siesta. We were shown carriages of all kinds and colors—funeral and coronal. One, belonging to the father of Maria Theresa, arranged for eight horses, was gorgeous with gilding and adorned with painted figures by Rubens.

The Royal Treasury has numberless

riches in gold dishes, gold blended with mother of pearl, jeweled clocks and watches, the crown of Charlemagne, the regalia of Napoleon, &c. The crown of the Emperor, and especially of the Empress, are resplendent with diamonds of large size. The Florentine diamond is a little tinted. It was sold by a peasant who found it on a battle field for one florin, and is worth £57,449. One full set of jewels with coronet was of diamonds with large emeralds; but we especially delighted in gazing upon a necklace of roses and buds. The petals were of diamonds, the upper ones slightly drooping over the heart of the roses which were all brilliant rubies. In this set were coronet, necklace with pendant and bracelets. There were many orders of the golden fleece, gilt rams studded with brilliants attached to diamond hat clasps. The Imperial baptismal robes are of white silk with silver mingled in the weaving, embroidered with an elaborate and rather heavy gold vine, the outline of the leaves being wrought in gold and filled with solid work of seed pearls. The silver, gilt cradle of the little Prince of Reichstadt, though costly, was far less beautiful than the one given by the Neapolitans to the Princess Marguerite.

In the Mineral Cabinet are an enormous opal weighing eighteen ounces, a very large emerald and a bouquet of flowers made of precious stones; the green leaves are not worthy of the gems—the bouquet needs resetting. There are not only flowers, but a butterfly, a spider, a snail and other insects upon them, all of gems. We counted the seven colors of the rainbow with intermediate shades.

In the picture galleries here, are some fine heads with life-like finish; a beautiful Venus with Cupid asleep on her lap, by Correggio.

Vienna is said by some to be the dearest capital in Europe. About fifty per cent. of the rent received for letting a

house, goes to the government in taxes—rather less if the house is occupied by the owner or lying idle. A stranger almost wonders where people live here, but finds they occupy the upper stories over the stores, one suite containing all that is needed for a family or even a pension. The Cafes are very numerous—not frequented much by ladies—we judge there are many bachelors to support them.

C. L. S.

For the Hospital Review.

A Query.

A young lady of Rochester had a Sunday school class which was composed of most perfect types of our American "gamin." They were, of course, untamed, knowing and caring little even for the proprieties and small courtesies of life, but their faculties were very wide awake. The power of the Word brought forth the following honest inquiry from one of them.

The teacher was talking and explaining to them about the "still, small voice," whose guiding, if listened to, would surely lead them into right lives, when, suddenly, one of the boys proved his interest by asking, "Wh—wh—why don't it speak up *loud* so a feller can hear?" Of course he needed the answer which he received, that the fault was in the "feller."

The story brings this reflection: What an incalculable amount of *good* these small, bright "fellers" might do now and in the future, if they were brought into the kingdom, and our country needs that their lives be turned in the narrow way. *

One of Stanley's Adventures.

While Stanley, the African explorer, was working his way down the great river whose union with the sea he was the first to discover, he had thirty-two adventures with the hostile natives, in some of which he lost a number of men. One of these adventures is thus described by a correspondent of the *Boston Journal*:

The inhabitants had assembled on the bank, seeing this curious boat filled with strangers approaching, and Stanley's men said they thought the cries, which were almost deafening, of a friendly nature.

But Stanley thought not. To him the cries seemed warlike. However, visions of eggs, chickens, fresh milk, and, perhaps, goat's flesh, for his exhausted men, flashed before his eyes, and he gave the signal to put into the cove.

No sooner had the boat reached the sloping bank, than it was hauled fifty yards up on the shore by an hundred hands, and before Stanley and his astonished men could realize where they were, they found themselves the centre of a circle of savages, each of whom was aiming an arrow directly at the unlucky wights.

There were several hundred of these people, called the Bumrich, after the name of their island, on the shore, and Stanley says that he expected to be instantly massacred. His gun and those of his men lay in the bottom of the boat, and to stoop to pick them up would have brought a shower of arrows and instant death.

So he endeavored to reason with the savages, and showed them some cloth and beads, which they accepted. They crowded around the boat, however, and one took hold of Stanley's hair and gave it a violent wrench, thinking it was a cap, and would come off, disclosing wool.

This was hard to bear, and meantime, one of Stanley's men received a stunning blow from a spear-handle. Then the explorer made another little speech, asking for food and to be allowed to continue his journey, promising more cloth and beads.

The savages then made several ferocious demonstrations, rushing down upon him, gnashing their teeth and shaking their spears in his very face; but they did not kill him, and finally retired to consult. This mortal agony of suspense lasted from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, during which time Stanley did not get out of his boat, nor did he take his eyes off the islanders.

At last, seeing no chance of anything but death, he gave the signal to his men to be ready at a certain cry to drag the boat into the water. Presently the islanders began to return, and something told Stanley not to wait.

So he shouted the word of command, and the boat flew down the slope into the

water, his men diving all around it like so many muskrats, in their eagerness to escape the javelins and arrows which they knew would come.

Stanley picked up his elephant gun, and, as an islander bounded on to the beach was preparing to fire an arrow after the boat, he shot him, and the immense bullet, passed through the savage's body, killing another behind him.

Meantime it was discovered that the oars were lost, and Stanley's men were paddling with their hands as fast as they could to get out of arrow range, when they were horrified by seeing thirty-six savages put off from Bumbrich in three large canoes.

The men in Stanley's boat were anxious to fire at once, but he ordered them to allow the canoes to approach, and succeeded in sinking two of them by firing into their sides at the water line.

In two minutes two dozen savages were struggling in the water, and beating away for the shore with vigorous strokes; the third canoe renounced pursuit, and Stanley and his men found themselves safe, but still half-dead from hunger when they joined the main body of the expedition.

The Story of a May-day.

Alas, children! the world is growing old. Not that dear old Mother Earth begins to show her six thousand (more or less) years, by stiff joints and clumsy movements, by clinging to her winter's rest and her warm coverlet of snow, forgetting to push up the blue-eyed violets in the spring, or neglecting to unpack the fresh green robes of the trees. No, indeed! The blessed mother spins around the sun as gayly as she did in her first year. She rises from her winter sleep fresh and young as ever. Every new violet is as exquisitely tinted, as sweetly scented, as its predecessors of a thousand years ago. Each new maple-leaf opens as delicate and lovely as the first one that ever came out of its tightly packed bud in the spring. Mother Nature never grows old.

But the human race changes in the same way that each one of us does. The race had its childhood when men and women played the games that are now left to you youngsters. We can even see the change in our own day. Some of us—who are not grandmothers, either—can remember when youth of fourteen and fifteen played

many games which, nowadays, an unfortunate damsel of six years—ruffled, embroidered, and white gowned, with delicate shoes, and hips in the vice-like grasp of a modern sash—feels altogether too young for her. Well, well! what do you suppose our great-grandchildren will do?

When the Romans came to Britian to live, many hundred years ago, they brought, of course, their own customs and festivals, among which was one in memory of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers. The heathen—our ancestors, you know—adopted them with delight, being in the childhood of their race. They became very popular; and when, some years later, a good priest, Gregory, (came from Rome also) to convert the natives, he wisely took advantage of their fondness for festivals, and not trying to surpress them, he simply altered them from heathen feasts to Christian games, by substituting the names of saints and martyrs for heathen gods to goddesses. Thus the Floralia became May-day celebration, and lost none of its popularity by the change. On the contrary, it was carried on all over England for ages, till its origin would have been lost but for a few pains-taking old writers, who "made notes" of everything.

The Floralia we care nothing for, but the May-day games have lasted nearly to our day, and some relics of it still survive in our young country. When you crown a May queen, or go with a May party, you are simply following a custom that the Romans began, and that our remote ancestors in England carried to such length, that not only ordinary people, but lords and ladies, and even king and queen, laid aside their state and went "a-Maying" early in the morning, to wash their faces in May dew, and bring home fresh boughs and flowers to deck the May-pole, which reared its flowery crown in every village.

[*Olive Thorne, St. Nicholas for May.*]

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

A philosopher says that the true secret of earthly happiness is to enjoy pleasures as they arise; for that man who can keep his eye upon the bright present, while it is bright, tastes the cup of sweetness prepared.

Giving and Taking.

[Mr. Whittier contributes to the Old South Fair Newspaper, the following versification of a poem by Tinnevaluva, a Hindoo poet of the third Century of our era, who, he says, was "a hater of idol-etry, and had an almost Christian conception of God and duty."]

Who gives, and hides the giving hand,
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed,
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as Heaven.

Forget it not, O man, to whom
A gift shall fall, while yet on earth;
Yea, even to thy seven-fold birth
Recall it in the lives to come.

Who broods above a wrong in thought
Sins much, but greater sin is his
Who, fed and clothed with kindness,
Shall count the holy arms as nought.

Who dares to curse the hands that bless
Shall know of sin the deadliest cost;
The patience of the Heaven is lost
Beholding man's unthankfulness.

For he who breaks all laws may still
In Sivam's mercy be forgiven;
But none can save in earth or Heaven
The wretch who answers good with ill.

Cats in Spain.

Cats have a nice time in Spain, I hear.
No dismal moonlight prowlings over fences
and back sheds for them! They have
the roofs of the whole country for their
walks, and need never touch the ground
unless they choose. I'll tell you why.
Grain is stored in the attics of Spain, be-
cause they are too hot for anything else.
But rats and mice delight in attics, as well
as in grain. So each owner cuts a small
door from the roof, big enough for puss,
and any homeless cat is welcome to her
warm home, in return for which she keeps
away rats. In a sudden rain it must be
funny to see dozens of cats scampering
over the roofs to their homes among the
grain-bags. — ["*Jack-in-the-Pulpit*," *St.*
Nicholas for May.]

Each In His Own Way.

All great works are done by serving God
with what we have in hand. Moses was
keeping sheep in Midian; God sent him
to save Israel, but he sank from the under-
taking. We sympathize with Jethro's
herdsman, alone and a stranger, owning
not a lamb that he watched. He had noth-
ing but his shepherd's rod, cut out of a
thicket, the mere crabstick with which he
guided his sheep. Any day he might
throw it away and cut a better one. And
God said:

'What is that in thine hand? With
this rod, with this stick thou shalt save
Israel.' And so it proved.

'What is that thou hast in thy hand,
stranger?'

'An ox-goad with which I urge my lazy
beasts.'

Used for God, and Shamgar's ox-goad
defeats the Philistines.

What is that in thine hand, David?'

'My sling with which I keep the wolves
from the sheep.'

Yet with that sling he slew Goliath,
whom an army dared not meet.

'What is that in thine hand, disciple?'

'Nothing but five barley loaves and two
little fishes.'

'Bring them to me; give them to God.'
And the multitude was fed.

'What is that in thine hand, poor
widow?'

'Only two mites.'

Give them to God, and behold, the fame
of your riches fills the world.

'What hast thou, weeping woman?'

'An alabaster-box of ointment.'

Give it to God. Break it; pour it upon
the Savior's head, and its sweet perfume is
a fragrance in the Church until now.

'What hast thou, Dorcas?'

'My needle.'

Use it for God, and those coats and gar-
ments keep multiplying, and are clothing
the naked still.

You are a manufacturer, or a merchant,
or a mechanic, or a man of leisure, or a
student, or a sewing-woman. God wants
each one of you to serve Him where you
are. You have your business; use it for
God; order it in a godly manner; do not
allow wickedness in it; give godly wages;
preach not by a long face, but by being
like Him and doing good.

Victoria and Mendelssohn.

The Queen of England (as also her princely husband) was always an admirer of art, and especially of music. Of the many distinguished composers invited from time to time to her palace, one was the brilliant author of the Oratorio of "Elijah."

Mendelssohn, a short time before he died was in London, and visited Queen Victoria. He sat down to the piano and played the accompaniment while she sang some of his songs. The Queen enjoyed the call very much, and when Mendelssohn rose to go, she thanked him and said, "You have given me so much pleasure, now what can I do to give you pleasure."

Mendelssohn excused himself, but she insisted on his naming some favor she could show him. Perhaps she expected him to mention some present or some position of distinction; but he was a great lover of children, and, probably remembering his little household at home in Germany, he frankly told the Queen there was one wish which only Her Majesty could fulfil. He desired to see the royal children in their royal nurseries.

The motherly heart of the Queen was pleased, and, in her most winning way, she led him through the nurseries, and they passed a pleasant hour in talk about their children, forgetting for a time their duties and the position each occupied in the world.—*Little Star.*

Boston Woman's Journal: There is an air of independent modesty about a genuine Boston girl that not one of her New York cousins can ever assume. Miss Knickerbocker makes up for this in fine clothes and in that indescribable breezy something which sails grandly down on you and is by its admirers called "style." She also kindly criticises and mildly patronizes Miss Priscilla Alden, whom she calls "provincial," and wonders how she can endure to live so far "down east," where she is sure they all talk with a nasal twang and only half enjoy life. "If she could only come to New York now." Then she makes some witty remarks about the "modern Athens" and the "Hub of the Universe."

Pretty, pink-cheeked Priscilla usually returns a scathing answer, with a glorious disregard of her r's and a pronunciation of her a's as broad as Miss Knickerbocker's is

flat; or else she contents herself with a brief glance through her becoming eye-glasses, curls almost imperceptible the tip of her classical little nose, and returns to her beloved book.

Pattie Knickerbocker's heart, when you have once reached it through the plaits and frills and flounces and airs and graces that usually guard it, is warm, strong and generous, if often heedlessly impulsive.

Priscilla's heart is the well regulated little organ that propells the blood through her dainty body, and causes her cheeks and brow to mantle with delight. It is about as large as her fist, and solely a part of her animal organization. It is the curious power in her head which she cultivates and consults in matters of affection and benevolence.

And yet Pattie Knickerbocker and Priscilla Alden are powers in their separate worlds and powers in their common world. Dutch heart and Puritan head work side by side for their country's welfare. God bless them.

Good Society.

Many parents who have sons and daughters growing up are anxious for them to get into good society. This is an honorable anxiety, if it interprets good society after some lofty fashion.

Parents, your daughter is in good society when she is with girls who are sweet and pure and true-hearted; who are not vain or frivolous; who think of something besides dress, or flirting, or marriage; between whom and their parents there is confidence; who are useful as well as ornamental in the house; who cultivate their minds, and train their hands to skilled workmanship. If society of this sort is not to be had, then none at all is preferable to a worthless article. See to it that you impress this on your children, and above all, that you do not encourage them to think that good society is a matter of fine clothes, or wealth or boasting, to be somebody. As you value your child's soul, guard her against these miserable counterfeits; and impress upon her that intelligence, and simplicity, and modesty, and goodness, are the only legal coin.

Two things a man should never fret about:—what he can help and what he can not help.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 16, 1878.

A May Morning at the Hospital.

On the morning of May the second, we visited the Hospital, and the grounds in their vernal beauty looked so attractive, that we did not wonder the children from the neighborhood had chosen the freshly mown lawn for their playground.

The Matron told us that the private rooms and the Female Wards had been thoroughly cleansed, and that the Male Wards and lower part of the Institution were to undergo their usual spring cleaning, and by the middle of the month the house would be in order. We never saw it when it looked otherwise, and we are justly proud of its neat and attractive appearance when we take friends to visit it.

Our first visit was in the Male Surgical Ward, and just within the door, with his face to the window, was Mr. W., the paralytic patient, who had rolled himself in his chair from the east side of the Ward and seemed to be enjoying the view spread out before him. The tender shoots and opening buds of the shade trees were certainly refreshing to the eye, and we were glad that those who were confined to the Hospital wards could look upon anything so pleasant.

At the opposite window sat an aged man, who, two years since completed his fourscore years; his eyes were dim, and so E., a paralytic patient, was reading to him from the *New York Sun*.

Mr. P., the colored rheumatic patient, told us he had not felt so well as he then did for a long while, he was sitting up in bed playing checkers with a man, who, eleven weeks before, had had his leg amputated.

In the centre of the Ward four patients were amusing themselves with dominos.

Mr. G., our colored, blind friend, was partially dressed; his head was resting on the bedside. He had taken cold, inflammation had followed, and he had been very sick. He spoke most gratefully of the attention and kindness of the two young house physicians, and manifested the same patient submissive spirit that he always exhibits. It strengthens us to talk with him; he shows most plainly that if the natural eye be dim, he has a bright light within that guides him on the narrow way.

In the corner of the Ward were three patients, one blind, one infirm and one partially insane.

In the Medical Ward above were seventeen patients. Two had died during the past month. One of them, Mr. Hill, had been a fearful sufferer from consumption, and the other, Mr. C., died of heart disease. He was young and had greatly endeared himself to the inmates of the Ward. His mother died in the Hospital in August last. A German consumptive patient, who was sleeping, looked very feeble. He was a stranger in the city, and Rev. Mr. Pick had most cheerfully responded to an invitation to visit him, had been twice to see him, and was expected again. Near by, a man whom we had known six months before, in health and vigor, had been prostrated by pneumonia and one lung was still diseased. Our faithful, efficient nurse, Mr. M., was himself suffering from congestion following a malarial attack. He had overexerted himself in taking care of a very sick patient, and had kept up till the man died, then prepared him for burial, and when this was done he found himself needing the ministry of nurse and physician. His anxiety for the sick had called him from his bed before he had recovered, and he was more unwell. Mr. S., an aged Scotchman and rhymist, was very feeble. Some patients were under Dr. Rider's care, being treated for diseased eyes.

In the upper Cross Ward two babies were sleeping in one cradle. One of these,

a little girl baby, ten weeks old, is a beautiful child; her mother, a deserted wife, would like a situation where she could work for small wages and have her child with her.

Five epileptic patients were in the upper Female Ward. One of these was suffering acutely from headache, another was sleeping, having the previous day had two ill turns, a third was sewing, a fourth had her hymn book in hand, and the fifth had been teaching little Hatta Slocum her letters, picking them out of a coarse print Testament.

In the lower Female Ward, one patient was suffering from severe pains in the head. Mrs. W., the occupant of the next cot, who has been very sick, was much better, was dressed and sewing. A consumptive patient was sleeping on the next cot, a dropsical one was her left hand neighbor, and Mrs. P. was sleeping in the corner. On the opposite side of the Ward, a patient recovering from erysipelas was seated by the bedside of a young girl with diseased spine, caused by a fall. On the next cot was one in feeble health, the result of a fever she had two years since.

In the west half of the Female Ward we found Mrs. B. bright and cheerful, and in bed near her a young girl under treatment for dropsy; near by was a young woman who had had trouble with her lungs. Two patients were under treatment for injuries from a fall; the one had improved somewhat, but the other was still in severe pain. The aged woman with broken hip was patiently bearing her trials. The German patient in the corner seemed to be taking comfort from her Bible. Hatta Slocum still occupies the Children's Cot.

The dinner table was spread for seventeen female patients, and fifteen had waiters that were to be taken to them. They had beef soup, roast beef, potatoes and sweet corn, for most of the invalids, chicken and eggs for others who were quite delicate.

Musical Entertainment.

About fifty of the members of the 8th Ward Mission School, with their Superintendent, Mr. W. B. Leavet, visited the Hospital one evening last month, and kindly sang and played for the benefit of the invalids.

Those of the patients who were able gathered in the parlor to listen to the music, and when the exercises were closed the musicians visited the public Wards, seeking to cheer and comfort those who were unable to enjoy the entertainment in the parlor.

We are glad to know that our Hospital is not forgotten by the young. We hope it will never be overlooked by our citizens—and we thank all who in any way seek to aid us and cheer the sick.

That Nice Corn.

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Jones of Geneseo for 70 pounds of delicious dried sweet corn. Our Matron and Nurses tell us it is most acceptable to the invalids. We saw some of it prepared for their dinner and can testify that it is very palatable. We wish our friends in the country would more frequently send us some of their produce. It is as acceptable as money.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Family Box,	\$ 40
Little Red Box by the Cot,	60
Jeanette and Monty Burns, Kalamazoo, Mich.,	50

Receipts for the month,	\$ 1 50
Previously acknowledged,	311 55

Total Receipts, to May 1st, 1878, ..\$ 313 05

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited and 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.

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

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 13, 1878,
 of Consumption, Mary Dorsey, aged 28 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 25, 1878,
 of Consumption, Edward A. Hill, aged 37 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 29, 1878,
 of Heart Disease, Samuel H. Carnell, aged 24
 years.

Donations.

James Vick—Flower Seeds,
 Monroe Co. Bible Society—German Bible.
 Mrs. S. H. Terry—Second Hand Clothing.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Book Case, Carpet, 11
 dozen Eggs, Porcelain Kettle and Second-hand
 Clothing.
 Mrs. Edward Ray—Six dozen Oranges.

Receipts for the Review.

To MAY 1st, 1878.

Mrs. W. H. Bowman,—by Mrs. E.T. Smith,	\$ 65
Mrs. C. Wilcox,—by Mrs. Dr. Strong....	72
Mrs. R. Johnston,—by Mrs. Geo Gould,...	1 00
Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cts.; W. F. Balkam, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. G. Bradstreet, Melrose Highlands, 50 cents; Mrs. C. G. Wet- more, 62 cents;—by Mrs. S. H. Terry...	2 36
Mrs. S. E. Brace, 62 cts.; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. G. Weldon, 62 cents;—by Miss Min- nie Montgomery,.....	2 48
Miss Athearn, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Isbister, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. H. Porter, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. A. Porter, 50 cts.; Mrs. M. Wells, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Ware, 50 cents; (all of Niagara Falls;) Miss E. A. Spencer, New York, 50 cents;—by Miss Athearn,.....	4 00
Mrs. B. F. Angel, Genesee, 50 cts.; Mrs. Theo. Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. W. B. Douglas, 62 cents; Mrs. M. E. Deaven- port, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Goss, 62 cts.; Miss Hunter, 62 cts.; Mrs. Chas. Jones, Genesee, 50 cents; Mrs. S. Millman, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. Raymond, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. Frank Ward, 62 cents;—by Mrs. A. D. Smith,	7 20
E. S. Ettenheimer, \$5.00; L. S. Kendall, \$5.00; Sherlock & Sloan, \$5.00—all for advertisements—by Mrs. H. H. Morse,	15 00
Mrs. James M. Backus, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. P. Foster, Clifton Springs, \$1.00; Miss Julia M. Hubbell, San Diego, California, 50 cents; Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 62 cts.; Mrs. S. B. Roby, 64 cents; Mrs. Geo. S. Tuckerman, Jamestown, 50 cents; Mrs. M. S. Tower, 62 cts.;—by Mrs. Robert Mathews,.....	4 50

Superintendent's Report.

1878. Apr. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 81	
Received during month,...	20—101
Deaths, ...	3
Discharged,	22— 25
Remaining, May 1, 1878,	76

Children's Department.

Human Nature.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children five years old,
 Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
 Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
 Angels both in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
 That they were as human as human can be,
 And had not yet learned the maturer art
 Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
 Two little rabbits soft and gray—
 Soft and gray, and just of a size,
 As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
 To the dear little pets—their treasure-trove;
 They kissed and hugged them until the night
 Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
 With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
 For ere the light of another day
 Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
 Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
 Brighter and softer than any below—
 A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
 And still alike as before one died; [view
 And it chanced that the children came singly to
 The pets they had dreamed of all the night
 through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
 Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
 Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
 "Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead!"

Later came Marie and stood aghast;
 She kissed and caressed it, but at last
 Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
 "I'm so sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead!"

[EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine.

Mary Had a Little Lamb.

THE TRUE STORY MORE IN DETAIL THAN HAS
 HERETOFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

This is the last week of the spinning bee at the Old South Meeting house, and the children will be interested in the following story, which is substantially correct, except that the lamb is fed upon a more singular beverage than milk, namely catnip tea. Mary has at some inconvenience promised to come each day this week if possible, so as not to disappoint the children. Friday will be her seventy-second birthday.

Who would have believed that the little pet lamb which followed Mary everywhere would be helping to save the Old South Church? All the children know the old song :

" Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went
 The lamb was sure to go."

And many of them know that there is in Boston an old church, on Washington street, at the corner of Milk. The land upon which it stands is worth a great sum of money, and as the property was offered for sale, there was much danger that the house would be torn down to make room for a block of stores. The old church has been so famous in the history of Massachusetts that there was a strong feeling against tearing it down, and to save it, a number of women of wealth bought it, pledging over \$400,000. For months they have been hard at work in a great many ways to secure money enough to pay for it. For several weeks " Aunt Tabitha " has held a spinning bee in the church. Three or four ladies, who were famous spinners in their young days, when it was the custom to wear home-spun garments, have had their hetchels and reels and wheels, and have spun for the people. A great many have watched them at their work each afternoon. To add to the attractions of the exhibition, the old ladies have been dressed in the styles which were common when they were young, and have worked in an old-time kitchen, with its open fire-place and glowing logs.

Among the visitors one day was the real Mary, who, when a little girl, had a pet lamb for her own. She was very willing to tell the story; suppose we listen with the rest. Little Mary's name was Mary

Sawyer, and she lived in Sterling, Massachusetts. She is now Mrs. Tyler, of Somerville, a vigorous lady, over seventy years old. One morning she went out to the barn and found two little lambs which had been born in the night. One was so weak and small that her father said it was of no use to try to raise it. Mary's tender heart pitied the tiny creature, and she begged her father to let her try to save it. He gave it to her care, promising that if it lived it should be her lamb. Mary took it into the house, wrapped it up, laid it in a warm place, and fed it carefully with milk. All day she watched it, and all night too. In the morning how glad she was to hear her father say that the lamb would live.

It was no wonder the pet lamb loved its small mistress, and wanted to go everywhere with her. The day that it went to school, and was turned out, it happened that a young man was there who saw the whole and wrote out the story in the verses which the children knew so well. The lamb lived and thrived and had lambs of its own; it ran in the fields with the cattle, till one day a cow, with sharp horns, while playing tossed it into the air and it fell bleeding at the feet of Mary, who happened to be in the field. With deep grief she watched its life go out. From the lamb's wool a quantity of yarn had been spun, and Mrs. Tyler brought some of it to Aunt Tabitha's bee, and sold it for 25 cents for each peace, so that up to last week Mary's little lamb had earned \$60 towards paying for the Old South Church in Boston. This is a true story of Mary's little lamb.—[*Boston Adv.*]

The Two Apprentices.

Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other " didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun the best. " Come," he often said to his shopmate, " leave your old books; go with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

" If I waste these golden moments," was the boy's answer, " I shall lose what I can never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared

in the newspapers for the best plan for a state house, to be built in one of the eastern states. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try it. After careful study he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but still he thought, "There is nothing like trying."

In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I've got an apprentice by that name."

"Let me see him," said the gentleman. The young man was summoned, and informed that *his* plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his! The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go. This studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in our country. He made a fortune; and stands high in the esteem of everybody, while his fellow-apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.

A Mother's Influence.

The late Thomas H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use any tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have not, and I cannot tell who is the winner or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Training For Girls.

Nothing to do spoils girls, and there is no necessity that even the young ladies of a rich family should be trained for a life of uselessness. Rev. Dr. Crosby, in a talk with mothers, said:

The boys, after leaving school or college, naturally gravitate to commerce, law, medicine, science or divinity; but the girls at a like period begin to play the fine lady, spending their day in pretty idleness. The only question that seems to be asked is, "How can I best amuse myself?"

Dr. Crosby's remedy for this evil is regular daily tasks for girls, either of household or charitable work, or of self-improvement. He thinks young women trained in that way are more likely to get good husbands than are those who devote themselves to folly. He adds:

"Perhaps you have a notion that if your daughter is out of 'society,' she might as well be in Sahara or Kamtschatka, and you have brought yourself to believe that the only 'society' on earth is that which is distinguished by white kid gloves and 'germans.' Did you ever soberly think of the possibility of life outside of the charming circle? It is humbly believed by some that men and women, both old and young, who have had brains and hearts, have managed to enjoy life without initiation into the mysteries of fashion. Some have even dared to think that true refinement is best cultivated in a less artificial atmosphere."

What a Clean Apron Did.

Tidy neatness in girls is an attraction quite equal to a pretty face; and it is a *better* recommendation, because a safer evidence of good qualities of character. Incidents like the following are abundant to prove this:

A lady wanted a trusty little maid to help her take charge of a baby. Nobody could recommend one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of girl. One day she was passing a by-lane, and saw a little girl with a clean apron holding a baby in the doorway of a small house.

"That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked the girl for her mother.

"Mother has gone out to work," was the reply. "Father is dead, and now mother has to do every thing."

"Should you like to come and live with me?" asked the lady.

"I should like to help mother somehow."

The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the girl, called to see her mother; and the end of it was, she took the maid to live with her, and found—what she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits, she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps her mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron."

A Kiss For a Blow.

'I strike 'oo,' cried a little boy, in a sharp tone to his sister.

'I kiss 'oo,' said his sister, stretching out her arms and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss.

Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his little ears hear right? They did, for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a black cloud.

'I kiss too,' he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other right heartily. A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, isn't it?

Nature is the only workman to whom no material is worthless, the only chemist in whose laboratory there are no waste products, and the only artist whose compositions are infinitely varied, and whose fertility of invention is inexhaustible.

Hope On.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart

But has some bird to cheer it;

So Hope sings on in every heart,

Although we may not hear it.

And if to-day the heavy wing

Of sorrow is oppressing,

Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring

The weary heart a blessing.

—*Phila. Sat. Eve. Post.*

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

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. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

Notice.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made 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,	3 00	Half Column, 1 Year,	15 00
One Year,	5 00	One Column, 1 Year,	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S
STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING
ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACE)

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1898 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel,

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State st, sep 73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
At Wholesale and Retail,

L. S. KENDALL,
6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr. 75.

GAS FIXTURES,
ETCHED GLOBES,
ARGAND SHADES.
ANDIRONS
AND
BRASS WORK

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

KENYON & HUNT,
Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in
HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.
my'73 100 & 102 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,
Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND
MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,
40 & 42 State St.
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb' 74 Rochester, N. Y.

S. A. NEWMAN,
Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF
Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's
CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Feb '75 Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

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

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

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

L: P ROSS,
Wholesale Dealer in
BOOTS & SHOES,
147 State Street,
Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N. Y

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

E. S. ETENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 36 and 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery n all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. B. CLARK.

FURMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
80 STATE STREET.
The best Photographs in the World, for the Price!
Cabinet Size, \$4.00 per Doz.
Card Size, - \$2.00 per Doz.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
29 EXCHANG' ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S
Dyeing & Scouring Establishment
OFFICE, III WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.
REFITTED and remode ed. We guarantee the same
satisfaction to customers which we have ever giv-
en. Lace Curtains is one of our Specialties. Or-
ders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL DUNN Proprietor.

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoi-
sier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
H. D. SCRANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper,	Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder,	J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews,	F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen,	Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Chas. E. Fitch,	Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth,	Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing.
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

july '74

E. H. DAVIS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, 81 STATE STREET, [West Side.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co. ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS, MANUFACTURERS OF Mens' and Boys' Clothing, 14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y. nov. '75.

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

No. 53 State Street,
ROCHESTER N.Y.
my '73

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN,
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety.

mc[h] Prescriptions carefully compounded. [66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER, DEALER IN FRESH AND SALT MEATS, LARD, HAMS,

136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
Jan '67

Wayte's Market. Fresh Meats, Poultry SMOKED MEATS, SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC. 104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS. C. B. WOODWORTH & SON, Manufacturers of PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c. Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y. nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, 18 West Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Shirts made to Order. nov '67 1y

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER, 100 and 102 West Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y. COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1834. ALLING & CORY, Jobbers in Printers' & Binders' Stock Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers. Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St. nov '67 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1878.

No. 11.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTEY 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, 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.

Rock of Ages.

BY WILL S. FARIS.

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"

Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,

Fell the words unconsciously

From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;

Sang as little children sing,

Sang as sing the birds in June ;

Fell the words like light leaves down,

On the current of the tune—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"

Felt her soul no need to hide ;

Sweet the song as song could be—

And she had no thought beside ;

All the words unheedingly

Fell from lips untouched by care,

Dreaming not they each might be

On some other lips a prayer—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"

'Twas a woman sung them now—

Pleadingly and prayerfully—

Every word her heart did 'know.

Rose the song as storm-tossed bird,

Beats with weary wing the air,

Every note with sorrow stirred,

Every syllable a prayer,—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"

Lips grown aged sung the hymn

Trustingly and touchingly,

Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim ;

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"

Trembling through the voice and low,

Ran the sweet strains peacefully,

Like a river in its flow.

Sung as only they can sing

Who life's thorny paths have pressed,

Sung as only they can sing,

Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"

Sung above a coffin lid,

Underneath, all restfully,

All life's joys and sorrows hid,

Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,—

Nevermore from wind or tide,

Nevermore from billow's roll,

Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,

Closed beneath the soft, grey hair,

Could the mute and stiffened lips

Move again in pleading prayer,

Still, "O, Rock," the words would be,

"Let me hide myself in Thee."

Small things make base men proud.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

COLOGNE AND DRACHENFELS.

We were of course delighted with Cologne Cathedral, but the little time one can give to any such thing does not enable one to describe it.

In Brussels we saw a peculiar picture by Rubens. I remember reading in the writings of Liguori the theory that Mary could succeed in getting Christ's help. She is the mother of mercies, and if Christ does not grant a petition at first, then we must ask Mary, and she will ask Christ, and he never refuses her anything. This picture embodied that idea. The title was "Christ wishing to scourge the world." Christ is represented hovering in mid-air, looking angry and excited, with thunderbolts in his hand. Beneath, is a city on fire, and people are fleeing from it. Beside Christ, in mid-air, Mary, the mother of Mercy, has bared her full breast of compassion, which she seems to show to Christ. Beneath, is the round globe of the earth, nearly, if not quite encircled by a serpent. Over it, with pierced hands, bends St. Francis, evidently in supplication.

There was a terrible picture of martyrdom, where the tongue of the victim had been plucked out and was held to the dogs. One fierce executioner goes on with his pincers in his pitiless work of mutilation, one hounds on the dogs, but the rest and the spirited horses start back in terror from the angelic band, on which, in ecstasy, the dying martyr gazes.

There was a powerful but exaggerated picture by Rubens of the ascent to Golgotha. His pleasantest pictures have been kept in Belgium; many of his religious ones are in the churches; those finding their way outside are therefore less attractive.

In Cologne we saw some curious old paintings. One represented a red cruci-

fix, which I at first took for a kite flying up to heaven, and drawing by five cords the body of a Monk. These cords looked as if terminated by little pegs which pierced the hands, feet and side. The legend runs, that St. Francis meditated so long on the sufferings of Christ, that the *stigmata*, or marks of the passion became imprinted upon his hands, side and feet. In a vision he saw a crucifix in the heavens and from its head and foot and arms proceeded a cord, or connecting link, reaching his hands and feet. In the Louvre, at Paris, an ancient picture represents the crucifix just fading away from the gaze of the holy man.

We saw three beautiful modern pictures at Cologne. One, of the Emperor and his generals on horseback; this was very large and life-like; the Emperor was an attractive, hearty, energetic looking man, full of animation. Another, was the close of a naval battle, where the defeated party sinks, holding on to the mast and breathing to the last, revenge in every gesture. The other represented the contention for the body of Moses. A peaceful, gray-beard in sleep, without the stiffness of death, is gracefully borne heavenward by an angel and the loveliest of cherubs, while close by, Satan scowls at his defeat.

We came from Cologne to Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. Our rooms were almost over the Rhine, which was at first charming, but the drainage of the town seemed to be into the river near the surface, and at times the odor was anything but agreeable. Our first tea drinking was on the piazza, right over the river, very romantic, but one of our party took cold.

On Sunday we tried to hear an English sermon, but by mistake, got into a German church and sat through a very long discourse.

We enjoyed the view from the windows of the hotel, and as far off as we could see, we noticed a little tower on the Siebergebirge range. We took the steamer

up the river, and not till we were close by, did we know we had been gazing at

"The castled crag of Drachenfels."

Drachenfels, (Dragon's Rock,) is the most famous mountain of the Siebergebirge range, and tradition says, it derived its name from a dragon that made its den in a cavern on the mountain's side, and was killed by Siegfried, whose story is sung in the *Nibelungen Lied*.

We stopped at Koenigswinter, lunched, and took a carriage to the old castle which was built in the twelfth century. It stands about 900 feet above the Rhine, and looks down upon a wide, richly cultivated valley, across the winding river. It reminded us very much of the view from Mt. Holyoke, only, on a grander scale, with Sugar Loaf and Tobey left out.

This valley is thoroughly cultivated and even more divided into strips and patches than that of the Connecticut. On the other side of Drachenfels are the rounded tops of the Siebergebirge, or Seven Mountain Range. On the river side are huge jagged rocks. Very near the edge, a little below the ruins of the castle, is a tiny garden, brilliant with gay flowers, and as we gaze over it, downwards, gray lizards creep over the enclosing wall. Altogether, it sets us thinking of Hatfield, Northampton and Amherst.

We return, to dine at the hotel, and then take another drive. C. L. S.

When Abraham Lincoln was a poor lawyer, he found himself one cold day at a village some distance from Springfield, and with no means of conveyance. Seeing a gentleman driving along the Springfield road in a carriage, he ran up to him and politely said: "Sir, will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" "With pleasure," answered the gentleman. "But how will you get it again?" "O, very easily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it." "Jump in," said the gentleman, laughing. And the future President had a pleasant ride.

Practical Training for Women.

BY M. B. C.

A paragraph has recently been going the rounds of the journals, wherein a much respected and justly-beloved divine is represented as saying that a training of women to be good wives and mothers was of vastly greater importance than their education in social accomplishments or money-making pursuits. A word or two inspired by practical experience may furnish a not unfriendly comment on the good Doctor's exhortations. A good wife and mother is supposed to be not a machine for performing certain established household duties and preparing a certain number of meals a day; she should be a companion, a friend, a helper. But the first step in many homes when "dull times," or financial mistakes make economy imperative, is to discharge the servant, and to suggest that the wife's hands undertake the ordering of kitchen and hall and parlor.

It is not in support of a theory that we must contend that this drudgery unfits her to be an agreeable companion, makes her in a very low and degrading sense a helper, and leaves her very little courage or spirit to be an entertaining and useful friend.

What sort of an evening can a family enjoy when she who should be the light and inspirer of all brightness and all gayety is so wearied with bodily toil as to sink upon the lounge for a nap, or busy herself in silence with necessarily neglected sewing? What kind of training can a woman give her children whose nerves are so worn by domestic duties and compelled privation of out-of-door exercise, that she can hardly keep her mind clear and her manners serene, or her face cheerful?

Better a thousand times for a woman to help her husband with the money gained by trained eyes and hands, than by the petty and narrowing cares of patching and sewing, of scouring and cooking and sweeping.

An industrious woman can save many hours and much strength from household superintendence, from dressing and dress-making and the rounds of "society duties," for pursuits which should employ her mind and hands in a pleasurable and profitable way.

It is not the only resource left to women

—let the publishers rejoice—to assail the magazine editors with vapid and pathetic poems, full of misplaced self-pity and cowardly complaint.

Wood engraving, etching, lithography, millinery, and the making of many useful household articles can easily be carried on in a woman's own home. A successful florist, a skillful designer for silver, or for architecture, need not affront any conservative husband by unnecessary publicity. One is almost tempted to place the compiling of cookery-books in the list of profitable employment, since so many thousands are being sold of two or three satisfactory ones recently edited. An American housekeeper, however fortunate she may be in getting or keeping servants, must necessarily acquire a good deal of culinary knowledge.

Not all women can write, or teach, or make dresses, or cook. But almost every woman can learn by steady and brave endeavor, to gain money by a useful and creditable pursuit. It is just as honest, methinks, to earn money, as it is to save it by turning and piecing old dresses, or by making soda do the duty of eggs. It is quite as honorable to send your handiwork to a shop, and receive payment for it, as it is to take boarders "because you have more room than you know what to do with," or to do "your own work" because "you are so tired of servants you could endure them no longer."

If the husband were always the strong, sufficient prop of the household, many women would be content to make beautiful and inviting the resting-place of home. But when long-continued pressure of business, a sudden failure of hopes, or ordinary mischance of exposure, lays the strong man aside, compels idleness, and this idleness brings about complications of his affairs, is not help, pecuniary help necessary? And how is the bringing of that help unwomanly? Happy the woman who can earn even a small income for the days of trouble.

Many a widow is earning her right to exist who looks back regretfully to the days when she might have been a real and practical help to the toiling man then at her side.

We say nothing of the "training in social accomplishments." The day has gone by except for a few favored pets of fashion or fortune—in which "beauty is

its own excuse for being," or social charm is a requisite in a wife. Woman is no longer "the flower an honest man plucks to wear on his bosom," but the useful and faithful partner who works in his house or at his side.

Let every girl be trained, as her brother is trained, to earn her bread. Let her have, if possible, an occupation which will be an incentive to intellectual growth, and a resource for lonely hours and a cure for morbid dissatisfaction with the world.

For ninety-five out of a hundred sick women prescribe brain-work and a successful calling. The consciousness of well-used powers, the triumphs of deserved success, are the best tonics.—[Hartford.]

Hospitals of Constantinople.

If the business of war consisted merely in killing outright or being killed after the same fashion, many things in this world would be simplified. There would be for the soldier no intermediate state of suffering, no lingering pain, no cruel operations, no weary convalescence—in a word, no need of hospitals. And perhaps this necessity is one of the saddest consequences of war. He that is struck down at once and forever on the battle-field, is fortunate compared with the poor wretch who never more shall rise from his bed of pain the same man that he was on the morning of the engagement. But it was not my object to moralize on the heart-rending vicissitudes of war. I merely wished to say a few words about the hospitals in Constantinople, which, in many respects, are deserving of great praise.

The patients who are to suffer amputation are taken to these hospitals in preference to all others, for the climate here is so healthy that it is peculiarly favorable to the healing of wounds. The average mortality is far less than in the hospitals of other countries—it does not exceed two or three per cent. whereas in Bulgaria and elsewhere it reaches 28 or 30 per cent.

It cannot be said that these hospitals display any great degree of luxury. The beds are formed of iron rods on which are placed three boards, and over these a small mattress covered with a coarse sheet—this constitutes the entire furniture of the wards. But such is the exquisite neatness that pervades them—such the scrupulous cleanliness of the walls, the

beds, the floor itself—so pure is the air, so bright the light, that one can scarcely realize that this, at least for a time, is the mournful abode of the victims of war.

The nervous system of the Turks is unquestionably more sensitive than that of the Europeans. Paradoxical as this may appear in view of the stoicism (derived from the Moslem belief in fatality) which they exhibit in the face of danger, it is nevertheless true. As a rule, the Turks are a healthier race than the European—their constitution is not debilitated, nor is it inflamed or worn out by the use of alcoholic drinks. The surgeons say that they bear the most painful operations with perfect gentleness and patience. A very distressing one was performed quite recently on an unfortunate soldier. An eye-witness relates that the man's forearm was to be opened in order to extract a ball which, after having ripped up the shoulder, had taken a downward course following the bone almost to the wrist. While the instrument was probing the wound in search of the ball, the poor fellow contented himself with saying: "Oh! Effendi!" (Oh! Sir!) but no complaint escaped his lips.

When the ball was finally extracted, he merely said: "give it to me," and as he toyed with it like a child, a joyful smile lit up his wan countenance. He will doubtless treasure up that ball and will put it for three days in water which he will afterwards drink, thinking it will act henceforth as a talisman against fear, unless, indeed, ere long another ball preserve him more effectually still, not only from fear, but from all the ills that flesh is heir to.

It is said that Marco Pasha, the chief doctor of the hospital, obtains everything he wants from his patients by promising them that a band of music shall play from time to time under their windows.

The Arabs are altogether different from the Turks—they complain of everything—of the doctors, of the food, of robbers! The truth is, that as soon as they are able to crawl about, their first occupation is to see what they themselves can rob.

The Egyptian soldiers are the only ones who really fall ill from home-sickness—they pine for the waters of the Nile, and for their wives and children, and more than one has torn off the bandages from his wounds in order to unfit himself for

service and thus ensure his return to his country. One of them went so far as to put lime into his eyes, preferring blindness to the obligation of joining his battalion.

LOLA DE RUIZ.

A Parrot at Church.

The *Providence Journal* gives an interesting account of a parrot well known in that city more than fifty years ago, and quite famous for his religious tastes. He was found on a wharf, and was supposed to have escaped from a vessel; for, on being first domesticated, his profanity was shocking; but when the family united with the Third Baptist Church of Providence, Polly changed his habits, and from that time never but once broke out into profane speech.

He loved dearly to go to the prayer-meetings, where usually he remained quiet. Sometimes, however, he spoke, but not always to edification; once when a meeting was dragging tediously, he called out suddenly,—

"Brother Bushee, close the meeting by prayer!"

The brother, who was musing with closed eyes, was rather confused by the call, but he obeyed the order. At another time, Polly, impatient of long pauses, cried out, "Brethren, there is liberty!" One day a company of ladies met at his mistress's house, to make curtains for the church windows. They were intently talking about fringes, and loops, and frills, when Poll suddenly rebuked their frivolity by saying,—

"Mother Dods, curtains, curtains!—all curtains and no religion to-day!"

When Poll died, he was sincerely mourned by the young people of the neighborhood, and received "Christian burial."

Robert Burns once observed that he could not "pour out his whole soul without reserve to any human being without one day repenting the confidence." This peril of betrayal is one that is inseparable from earthly friendship. But there is one Friend into whose ear the whole heart may be poured, and the secret of the soul is safe.

O, blessed Night! that comes to rich and poor
Alike; bringing us dreams that lure
Our hearts to One above.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1878.

Our Sick Friends.

The soft shadows of the fresh, summer foliage were waving gracefully on the Hospital lawn, making a refreshing picture for the invalids to gaze upon, when last we visited them. Some of these had been attracted out of their winter quarters and were enjoying themselves on the settees on the lawn.

On entering the building, we found the nurse of our private patients about to accompany a friend to the cars. This friend was a former patient who had returned to the Institution, to visit those who had for six months tenderly cared for her; and she spoke in strong terms of the gratitude she felt for benefits received.

We were greatly surprised to see our nurse, Mrs. F., equipped for a walk, for she had always been so constantly at her post, that we regarded her as a fixture of the Hospital, but we learned, to our sorrow, that after nine years of most faithful service, she was soon to leave us, to find a home and rest with her daughter; and another was already assuming her duties. Her departure will be a great loss to this charity, for it will be hard to supply this place. Mrs. F. has been a missionary at her post, living only to impart good to her patients. Ready by night or day to meet their wants, she has always been the judicious, cheerful, kind and attentive minister to nurse them into health and vigor, or soften their pains and sorrows by her acceptable attentions.

We came to the Hospital in response to a call from one of the inmates of the Female Ward, whom we found too feeble to speak much to us, but an application of morphine, made by the house physician, seemed to quiet her pain.

In the adjoining ward, near by, a German patient was afflicted with bronchitis. Mrs. C., a rheumatic patient in the next bed, was much better—brighter and more cheerful than we had seen her for a long time. In the corner cot a consumptive patient was suffering from ague in the face. Opposite her was a pleurisy patient; near by, one recovering from dropsy. Two young patients were seated beside Mrs. B., busily engaged with their fancy work. A consumptive patient and one afflicted with asthma were more comfortable; but a young girl with diseased spine greatly excited our sympathy. She had a seaton in the back of her neck, and we knew she had to exercise much patience.

The occupants of the upper Female Ward were, most of them, very comfortable. Mrs. M. was afflicted with erysipelas.

In the Male Surgical Ward we found nineteen patients; none of them were very sick; several of these were playing dominos. Mr. P., the colored rheumatic patient, was sitting up in bed playing this game with a man who, some time before, had had his leg amputated.

In the Medical Ward there were fifteen invalids. The head nurse, Mr. M., had gone home to recruit, and the German consumptive patient had died. This patient was very grateful for the care bestowed on him. He was visited in his sickness by Rev. Mr. Pick and another German clergyman, who administered to him the communion, and though he died away from his family and kindred, he was most kindly cared for. He was buried by the Odd Fellows.

A consumptive patient seemed greatly discouraged at the rapid loss of strength and weight he had experienced. Mr. S., a very aged man, for years an inmate of the ward, had died.

There were no babies in the Institution.

The Children's Cot.

We trust the little folks are not going to forsake us. Are they growing weary in well doing? We hope not.

One little friend, four years old, has sent us forty cents. This came from John Edward Teall. Little Lilly's savings, too, were so welcome, half a dollar, all in pennies, kept in her Centennial pail. Her good mother had read to her about the Cot, and thus early is trying to teach her little one to do the deeds which have the promise of a heavenly Father's blessing.

A third offering from one who is very much interested in our effort to have a place always ready for sick children is very acceptable, and increases our fund \$3.00.

Little Hatta Slocum, the present occupant of the Cot, is so well, that on our last visit she had left the ward and was playing on the lawn.

Soon, dear children, you will be released from school duties, and during your summer vacation, can't you make some fancy or useful article for the Children's Cot Table on Donation Day? You did splendidly last year, and we hope this year we shall receive as much help from you. We gratefully recall that pleasant sale on Plymouth Avenue and the table at Corinthian Hall, and we hope you will not let the endowment fund languish.

Perhaps some of you are expecting to visit the mountains and seaside. Would it not be a good plan to take a mite box with you and interest other little children in our Cot? While you are so happy in your merry sports, some poor little child may be suffering in the Cot.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

An error in type makes it necessary to repeat our receipts for the Cot for last month:

Family Box,.....	\$ 40
Little Red Box by the Cot,.....	60
Jeannette and Monty Burns, Kalamazoo, Mich.,.....	50

Receipts for the month,	\$ 1 50
Previously acknowledged,.....	311 05

Total Receipts, to May 1st, 1878, ..\$ 312 55

John Edward Teall,	\$ 40
Lilly Oliver's Savings for the Cot,	50
Our Family Box,.....	25
Bessie Watson's third Offering,	3 00

Receipts for the month,	\$ 4 15
Previously acknowledged,.....	312 55

Total Receipts to June, 1878,

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited and 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.

"Songs in the Night."

It is always refreshing to listen to those who, in the midst of trials and afflictions, are upborne by a cheerful, childlike trust in their Heavenly Father, and who from the deep waters send up songs of thanksgiving.

We often find such within our Hospital wards, and it is good for us to come into their presence. Three such cases recently came conspicuously before us.

The first was an aged woman in the Female Ward who for weeks has been lying on her back, in consequence of a fractured hip. Now she sits up a little and her gratitude is great. She could not refrain from pouring out her thanks for favors received. The second of these is Mr. G., the colored patient afflicted with cataract. He is almost blind, has no hopes of recovering his sight, is now more than ordinarily feeble, but feels that God is dealing very mercifully with him. He constantly abides in the land Beulah. He told us of the third case, Mr. S., an aged man, an occupant of the same ward, who is nearly blind, and is also so deaf that he has but little communication with others, but he seems in his isolation to dwell with

God. He offers most fervent prayers to Him and seems to be ever enjoying the sunshine of His presence. We tried to speak to him but he raised his sightless eyeballs and made no response. His ear was deaf to our voice but not to that of the Comforter who is his abiding guest, and of his "Maker, who giveth songs in the night."

For the Hospital Review.

The Hoosac Tunnel.

"So you want to see the hole in the wall," playfully said the porter of our sleeping car to the little damsel who accompanied us, in response to a request to be awakened as we approached the Hoosac Tunnel.

The summons came in the morning twilight, but not too early for us to discern distinctly objects around us, and the grand old Berkshire hills stood like sentinels above us, as, gliding past them, we entered the western portal and slowly moved onward into the very heart of the Hoosac Mountain.

We were soon enveloped in gloom, for with the mountain above, beneath and beside us on either hand, no ray of daylight brightened our pathway; twice or thrice we caught a faint glimmer of light cast from lanterns within the tunnel, but aside from this the obscurity was so great we could not see our hands as we placed them before us.

We were thirteen minutes in passing from the western to the eastern portal, a distance of about five miles. We heard none of that deafening, clattering sound that usually accompanies the passage of a train of cars through a narrow, rock-bound defile, but there was a deep undertone, like the muffled muttering of distant thunder. A strange feeling comes over one for the first time environed by such rocky barriers.

The soft light of the summer morning broke gently upon us as we approached the eastern portal, and passing through it

a scene of rare beauty revealed itself to us. We were embosomed by the Berkshire hills, mantled in the dew-washed, soft verdure of the summer foliage, which to our eyes, coming from darkness to light, had a peculiar richness. Above them, the morning star was paling, and, near by, the silvery crescent of the waning moon was dimly painted over the hill tops. Beside us, flowed a mountain stream, reflecting now the varied outline of bush and tree that skirted its margin, and now rippling with snowy whitecaps over its pebbly bottom.

Some of our fellow travelers were wiser than we, and took their station on the platform of the rear car, and thus, as we receded from the eastern portal, they could look backward and see the mountain under and through which we had been passing. They told us it looked very high.

This Hoosac Tunnel is indeed a wonderful piece of workmanship. In making it, "more than a million tons of rock have been excavated, and in portions where arching became necessary, more than twenty millions of bricks were used in its construction." "The rock through which the tunnel passes is principally mica slate with occasional veins of quartz. Now and then in portions of the tunnel, rock was encountered which could not be distinguished from granite and often exceeded it in hardness."

The tunnel was commenced in 1851, and in November, 1873, "the final blast between the two headings of the Hoosac Tunnel was fired, and an opening eight feet square was made between the central and western sections." There are two shafts, the western one being 318 feet deep and the central one 1,028 feet.

Mules were lowered down the western shaft and for four years "were employed in hauling loaded cars from the headings to the shaft, where the cars were run into cages and hoisted to the surface by machinery above."

One hundred and thirty-six lives were lost during the construction of the tunnel, while in the making of Mount Ceniz tunnel nearly a thousand men perished.

Great care is now taken to prevent accident. Men with lanterns pass daily through the tunnel, carefully examine it, and if any portion of the rock seems to be loosening they paint it white and watch it.

The N. Y. C. train that leaves Rochester at 5-15 P. M., passes through the Hoosac Tunnel at about four o'clock in the morning, and those who take this route will be well repaid for losing their morning nap by the view that reveals itself to the watchful eye.

H. S. T.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 10, 1878, of consumption, John Schmechel, aged 46 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 12, 1878, of heart disease, George Doig, aged 68 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 14, 1878, of debility, William Stafford, aged 84 years.

Donations.

Mrs. S. S. Forbes—Reading Matter.
Mrs. William Churchill—Reading Matter.
Mrs. B. Wing, Brighton—Second-hand Clothing and Reading Matter.
Mrs. Sam. Wilder—Reading Matter.
Mrs. Thomas Turpin—a number of Books.
Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Pie Plant.
Mrs. Prof. Stevens—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Carpet.
Mrs. George J. Whitney—Lettuce.
George, Chester, Fred and Lewis—Reading Matter.

Superintendent's Report.

1878. May 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 76
Received during month, . . . 18— 94
Deaths, 3
Discharged, 17— 20
Remaining, June 1, 1878, 74

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.

Receipts for the Review.

To JUNE 1st, 1878.

Mrs. M. Bellows,—by Mrs. S. W. Updike, \$ 62
D. R. Clark, Adams' Basin,—by J. L. Roseboom, 50
Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes,—by Mrs. Dr. Strong, 75
C. B. Woodworth & Son, for advertisement,—by Mrs. Clark Johnston, 5 00
Mrs. R. Ashley, 62 cts.; Mrs. Thos. Button, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. E. Finkle, 62 cts.; Mrs. S. F. Hess, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. Heath, 62 cents; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Stewart, 62 cents,—by Miss Minnie Montgomery, 4 34
Mrs. H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. John W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Bier, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. D. Barber, 63 cents; Mrs. Chas. S. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. D. Bly, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Collins, \$1.25; Mrs. Fred. Cook, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chace, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. W. K. Daggs, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, \$1.00; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Epstein, 63 cents; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, 62 cents; Miss C. Howard, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 62c.; Mrs. A. S. Jayne, 50 cents; Mrs. L. W. Kaufman, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Knapp, 62 cents; Mrs. F. N. Lord, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. Lampert, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Latimore, 62 cents; Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, 62 cents; Mrs. H. McQuatters, 62 cents; Mrs. M. C. Mordoff, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Marburger, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 47 cts.; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 65 cents; Mrs. R. D. Oviatt, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Palmer, \$1.24; Mrs. J. H. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. L. P. Ross, 62 cents; Mrs. O. S. Stull, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cts.; Mrs. S. O. Smith, 63 cents; Miss S. Shelton, 62 cts.; Mrs. Nelson Sage, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. W. Swift, Fort Elliott, Texas, \$1.00; Mrs. L. R. Satterlee, 62 cents; Mrs. P. T. Turner, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Tracy, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Trzeciak, 62 cents; Mrs. T. H. Turpin, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Trennaman, 62 cents; Mr. F. Van Doorn, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Wallace, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. Witherell, 3 subscriptions, \$1.62; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Geo. G. Wanzer, 62 cts.—by Treasurer, 36 90

Children's Department.

A Little Lesson in Chemistry.

Messrs. Water and Oil

One day had a broil,

As down in the glass they were dropping,

And would not unite,

But continued to fight,

Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,

And quick as a word

He jumped in the midst of the clashing;

When all three agreed,

And united with speed,

And Soap came out ready for washing.

Willie's Faith.

On the banks of the lovely Bosphorus, in a mountain gorge, stands a picturesque little Turkish village, and at the very top of the gorge, at the summit of a steep ascent, stood a dear little Turkish house, on which a genuine Scotch name had been bestowed by its Scotch possessor. It was in the tongue of the far-away land, "a grand spot to glower frae"—revealing a prospect of hill, glen and water rarely rivalled, and overhung by one of the fairest skies in Europe. So it was called, "Glower o'wer a Ha." The fairest gem in it was the eldest born, a curly-headed darling, sweet as an angel, though we little deemed it was the near presence of the "messengers" that made him so unlike other children of his age. I want to tell one little story of him to show how God implants deep into the heart of a little child the jewel Faith—pure, sparkling, undefiled. On a sunny spring morning, Willie, with his little baby brother and his faithful nurse Marian, and let us not forget, his tiny dear wee Scotch dog, had gone for a walk. The roads were steep, but doggie trotted bravely on, and his little master eyed him proudly, but all at once his merry chatter was changed into a terrified cry—"Oh! Mayan," he exclaimed, "see, see, the big dog! My poor ickel dog!" His worst fears seemed about to be realized, as one of the native, hungry-looking, lean, unsparing scavengers, which desecrate the name of dog, advanced with hungry strides to the wee mass of long silky hair round which Willie's heart-strings were so fondly knit. Looking up

with pleading eyes, he clasped his little hands, and under the blue of the glorious heavens, lisped his believing prayer, "Lord Jesus, save my ickel dog." At that very moment a stalwarth Turk issued from an unexpected quarter, and with the instinctive sympathy of his race for little children, at once perceiving the situation, dashed forward and the danger was over. The child drew a long breath, and red and panting, looked up at his nurse, saying in a tone of triumph, "Didn't I tell you, Mayan, Lord save my ickel dog!" Oh the abundant sweetness of a child's prayer! Let us cherish and foster the sweet, believing spirit, and never, by word or action, tarnish it in the soul of a child. It is God-born, let not puny man dim the bright lustre of the priceless gem. Willie has gone to the land where all his many prayers have been realized. "He shines in the light of God." He was a fearless child; and one day prevailed on the Arab groom to seat him on a very high-spirited horse. It ran away with him, and he sustained injuries of which he died the same night. God took him home to be with the Savior he had so early learned to love. Who can tell what a loss it was to his parents, and yet he is their crown of rejoicing. Parents, strive to live so as to implant in the hearts of your little ones, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, this simple trust in Jesus.—[*London Christian Treasure*.]

"Can't" and "Try."

"Can't-do-it" sticks in the mud; but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and he went to the top of a beach tree. The Snow-drop said "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try," and Spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for "Try" to climb, no clay too stiff for "Try" to plough, no field too wet for "Try" to drain, no hole too big for "Try" to mend.

Throwing a Stone—Why a Girl Can't do it like a Boy.

If a girl should practice fifteen years she could not learn to throw a stone with grace and accuracy. Have you ever wondered why this is so? We have.

It is one of the first and most knotty physiological problems which presented itself to our youthful mind—why our big sister, when she tried to throw a snow ball at us, almost invariably sent it careering over the top of the house, while we in turn, could pop her in the ear about every time. It may be that we took a mean advantage of this discrimination of nature in our behalf and against our sister, and it may be that we improved the opportunity to rake her fore and aft, whenever she came within firing distance. But this is neither here nor there.

As time passed on and we increased our stock of observation, we saw that other fellows' sisters labored under the same disadvantage that ours did in the matter of throwing any sort of missile. As near as we could generalize their *modus operandi* of awkwardness—for such we are compelled to call it—we found that they swung the arm back over their head with a nearly vertical motion, as though it was hung by a door hinge on the top of the shoulder, or, much as we may imagine the old Roman catapult operated when firing stones at the enemy. When the arm had swung as far as the hinge would allow, it was brought forward with the same vertical motion, and with as much momentum as the thrower could raise, and, at some undefined point in the arc thus described, the hand let go the missile. While executing this movement, some girls jumped up a little way off their feet; others did not. Some girls gave a little feminine whoop, or, maybe a half whoop and half squeal; others did not. Our sister jumped and whooped both; but then, she was a very bad thrower. As we stated, at an undefined point in the arc described by the forward motion of the arm, the missile flew off. Sometimes it went up, sometimes it went down, and sometimes it went sideways, but it never by any manner of means hit the thing it was intended to, jump or no jump, whoop or no whoop.

Now the point of difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's we found to be substantially this: The boy crooked his elbow and reached back with the upper

part of his arm at right angles with his body, and the fore-arm at an angle of forty-five degrees; the direct act of throwing was accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of a snap, like the tail of a snake or a whiplash, working every joint from the shoulder to the wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had got a whack on the crazy bone. The girl threw with her whole arm rigid; the boy with his whole arm relaxed.

Why this marked and unmistakable difference existed we never learned until, at a somewhat advanced period, we dove into a physiology, and learned that the clavicle collar-bone, in the anatomy of a female, is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than that in a masculine frame. This long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason why a girl can't throw a stone.

The design of this sort of a thing is still unexplained to our entire satisfaction. We have developed a pet theory of our own, however, that an all-wise and beneficent Providence, foreseeing that there would be rolling-pins and stove-hooks and pot-lids and hot-water in the world, set the woman's clavicle down a hitch or two for the safety of the men.

It's lucky for all of us that a woman can't throw stones.—[From the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*.

Try—Don't Give Up.

A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voices of children, and paused to listen.

Finding the sounds proceeded from a small building used as a school house, he drew near; and, as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough, that the younger, and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few kind words to them; then plac-

ing his hands upon the noble brow of the little fellow, who stood apart, he said, "one of these days you may be a fine scholar. *Don't give up, but try, my boy—try.*"

The soul of the boy was roused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious, and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible; a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clark. The secret of his success is worth knowing—" *Don't give up, but try, my boy; try.*"

The Frigate-Bird.

I see a small blue point in the heavens. Happy and serene region, which has rested in peace far above the hurricane! In that blue point, and at an elevation of ten thousand feet, royally floats a little bird with enormous pens. A gull? No; its wings are black. An eagle? No; the bird is too small.

It is the little ocean-eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the daring navigator who never furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all peril—the man-of-war or frigate-bird.

We have reached the culminating point of the series commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than wings: scarcely any body,—barely as large as that of the domestic cock,—while his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span. The great problem of flight is solved and overpassed, for the power of flight seems useless. Such a bird, naturally sustained by such supports, need but allow himself to be borne along. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights, where he finds tranquility. The poetic metaphor untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him: literally, he sleeps upon the storm.

When he chooses to oar his way seriously, all distance vanishes; he breakfasts at the Senegal; he dines in America.—[*Michelet.*]

A Norman applied to a lady who is Summering at Etretat, for employment. "But, my good man," replied the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, madam," was the answer, "if you only knew how little work it would take to occupy me!"

The Foster Parents.

Cuckoo is a queer bird. It never takes the trouble to build a nest, or set up house-keeping, or even bring up its own children. Somebody else must do it. Do you suppose it feels above work? or do you think it is a lazy, shiftless thing, with not ambition enough to behave like respectable birds? or is it too giddy and thoughtless to care? I confess I do not know.

When the time comes for it to lay eggs—for the proudest or laziest birds never feel above that—cuckoo hunts out another bird's nest, and while its owners are out, it sneaks in, lays its egg, and is off again.

Perhaps it is a wren's nest; and the wrens come home to find an egg. They know that an egg is a solemn trust, a grave responsibility, and they cherish it according to the best of their ability, asking no questions. The stranger egg is brought up with their own eggs. Wrens are good parents. They are kind and lively, and never neglect their duty. I am sorry to say that the young cuckoo, when it is hatched, soon shows the selfish disposition of its parents. It tries to tip the little wrens out of the nest, and sometimes it succeeds in getting rid of every one; then it has all the room and the worms to itself. If that is not selfish, greedy, and ungrateful, I do not know what is.

Yet the dear, forgiving old wrens go out and forage and feed it as patiently and generously as ever. Nor do I think they ever reproach or twit it for its ill-behavior. If anything could soften a cuckoo's heart this would. Do you think it will? K.

[*Child's Paper.*]

Kind words are as the dropping of the gentle rain drops; but bitter words are the sweepings of the hurricane.

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. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

Notice.

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

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
Three Months,.... 3 00	One Third Column,.. 12 00
Six Months,..... 8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.



Each Number contains THIRTY-TWO PAGES of reading, many fine Wood Cut Illustrations, and one COLORED PLATE. A beautiful Garden Magazine, printed on elegant paper and full of information. In English and German. Price, \$1.25 a year; Five copies \$5.00.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents in paper covers; in elegant cloth covers \$1.00.

Vick's Catalogue, —300 Illustrations, only 2 cents.

Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

A. S. MANN & CO
17 STATE STREET,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
DRY GOODS.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's
CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.

Feb '75 Newman's Castorine for the Hair.

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Successor to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and
Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

L. P. ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N. Y

1878.

1838.

A. S. MANN & CO.

SUCCESSORS OF

CASE & MANN,

WILDER, CASE & CO.

WILDER, GORTON & CO.

WILDER & GORTON,

BRITTIN, WILDER & CO.

BRITTIN & WILDER.

1838.

1878.

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,....2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. 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,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State st, sep 73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail.

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First-class Laundry in same Building.

Apr. 76.

GAS FIXTURES,
ETCHED GLOBES,
ARGAND SHADES.
ANDIRONS

AND

BRASS WORK

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND
MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.

11 & 13 Mill St. Feb' 74 Rochester, N.Y.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S BACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

Crape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid SHAWLS, and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS

Cleaned or colored without Ripping, and pressed nicely

Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleaned or dyed.

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

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

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

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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

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

E S ETENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in **WATCHES, DIA-**
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 36 and 38 Exchange St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTOM & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery n all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. E. CLARK.

FURMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
80 STATE STREET.
The best Photographs in the World, for the Price!
Cabinet Size, \$4.00 per Doz.
Card Size, - \$2.00 per Doz.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE,
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec'71. ROBERT MATHEWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
29 EXCHANG' ST. aug'73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S
Dyeing & 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 giv-
en. Lace Curtains is one of our Specialties. Or-
ders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL DUNN Proprietor.

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [Nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. **CHINA, CROCK-**
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoisier
Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
H D. SCRANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUTCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Chas. E. Fitch, Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing.
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

July '74

E H. DAVIS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, 81 STATE STREET, [West Side.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co. ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS, MANUFACTURERS OF Mens' and Boys' Clothing, 14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y. Nov. '75.

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

No. 53 State Street,
ROCHESTER N.Y.

my '73

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS, Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN,
[Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS, 20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y. Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in great variety. Prescriptions carefully compounded. '66

JOSEPH SCHLEIER, DEALER IN FRESH AND SALT MEATS, LARD, HAMS, 136 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y. Jan '67

Wayte's Market. Fresh Meats, Poultry SMOKED MEATS, SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC. 104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS. C. B. WOODWORTH & SON, Manufacturers of PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c. Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N.Y. nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, 18 West Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Shirts made to Order. nov '67 1y

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER, 100 and 102 West Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y. COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1884. ALLING & CORY, Jobbers in Printers' & Binders' Stock Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers. Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St. ROCHESTER, N. Y. nov '67 1y

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1878.

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.
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.

In Memoriam.

[The following poem, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in memory of the sons of Phillips Academy, who fell in the war for the Union, was read by Prof. J. W. Churchill at the Centennial celebration in Andover, June 6, 1878. It was accompanied by the statement that that was the birth-day of the lamented Gen. William F. Bartlett, a student of the Academy in 1854, and was followed by the "Soldier's Farewell," rendered by J. B. Lang's chorus of male voices.]

You do not lift your eyes to see
Us pass the conscious door;
Your startled ear perceiveth not
Our footfall on the floor;
No eager word your lips betray
To greet us where we stand,
We throng to meet you, but you hold
To us no beckoning hand.

Dim as the years in which we breathed,
Far as the death we died,

Faint as the faded battle-smoke,
We wander at your side;
Cold as a cause outlived or lost,
Vague as the legends told
At twilight, of a mystic band
Circling an Age of Gold.

Unseen, unheard, unfelt—and yet,
Beneath the army blue
Our heart-beats sounded real enough
When we were boys like you.
We turned us from your ancient lore
With fabled passion rife;
No myth our solemn laying down
Of love and hope and life.

No myth the wrung and severed hands,
No dream the choked replies;
Upon the desolated home
To day the sunlight lies.
Take, sons of peace, your heritage—
Our loss, your legacy,
Our action be your fables fair,
Our facts your poetry.

O ye who fall on calmer times!
The perils of the calm
Are yours: the swell, the sloth, the sleep,
The carelessness of harm,
The keel that rides the storm to strike
Where the warm waves are still.
Ours were the surf, the stir, the shock,
The tempest and the thrill.

Comrades, be yours that vigor old,
Be yours the elected power
That fits a man, like rock to tide,
To his appointed hour.
Yours to become all that we were,
And all we might have been;
Yours the fine eye that separates
The unseen from the seen.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

THE VALLEY OF THE AHR.

From Koenigswinter we drove through a village having, like many of the towns on the river, houses built with large beams for supports, placed perpendicularly, and at every variety of angle, sometimes painted, sometimes not so, the space between being filled in with bricks and plaster, occasionally, in the more ancient ones, with twigs instead of mortar. We have seen hundreds of such the past week. The roofs are quite oddly shaped, peaked and scalloped, though sometimes square.

Then we rode over the hills, to the very beautiful ruin of the choir end of the Abbey of Heisterbach, partly covered with an English ivy, not like those in Ireland. Ivies are not common here on old ruins. On those that have been rebuilt, they are cultivated.

We crossed the Rhine on a ferry boat and took the cars to Remagen. People live out of doors here a great deal, and the hotels have piazzas, grottoes, and gardens attached, where tables are spread.

Next morn we took a carriage and followed the valley of the Ahr, which empties into the Rhine, to its highest point, Altenahr. Beside the road rose high hills, sometimes with large rocks with perpendicular sides almost over our heads, but mostly terraced to the top. The stone is slate, easily worked. With infinite labor these almost inaccessible hills have been cut into terraces. I counted from sixteen to twenty on several. Rude steps along the walls, which have to be built or cut out to support each terrace, led from one to another. The thin soil is then covered to some depth with alternate layers of small stones and manure.

Some of these terraces are horizontal, some slanting, but the stones, thickly covering the part where the vines were planted, and the stony walls, flanking all the

terraces like embankments, keep them from washing away. The vines, after being sown, need but little culture, and last about twelve years, when they are renewed. High above our heads, the names of various brands of wine are painted on the walls.

In some places the vines make a very pretty appearance, but, on the whole, this season, they are not equal to my expectations, being hardly handsomer than the pole beans. They run up a pole, and the top shows above it; not growing in wilful luxuriance as our grape vines do. The low plains are frequently covered with potatoes, grains, &c.; but the high plain and hills, especially those with a sunny exposure, are devoted to the grape, and thousands and thousands of acres have we seen the past week. The cultivators often put the grape trimmings on the top of the vines; we thought it was not for protection but merely as a convenient place to deposit, for they make use of them. We met women with a perfect bower of their nearly concealing their heads.

The peasants wear a coarse blue cotton cloth; the men having skirts of it over their pants. They were fishing in the clear shallow stream, the Ahr, with a peculiar net, standing almost knee deep in the water, in a group, one with a stick, appearing to frighten the fish into the net. Women were washing, their tubs in the stream, and the grass flecked with white garments.

One immense rocky hill, called the Land's Crown, looked like a great fortification. It rounded out in the centre like a fort, and it seemed hard to believe it was not one. Every little space large enough for a child's toy garden was utilized for the grape, even the nooks and clefts of the rocks.

At last we passed through a tunnel cut in the solid rock, the first made in Prussia, and reached the hotel. We dined, climbed to a view full of romantic legends of the valor of the knight of the castle

got a pretty view of the Ahr valley, and returned by the way we came. It led through a little walled city of five hundred inhabitants, about a quarter of a mile between the gates. The streets were very narrow, with dirty yards between the houses, the family near the manure heap perhaps, the town drained just in front of the door steps, where one must hold up the dress in coming out by the little houses. These small, crowded, often dirty towns seem to hold all the barns; we cannot see any anywhere on the hundreds of acres of grain, &c., under culture.

We took the boat again and reached Audernach after dark. C. L. S.

Occupation and Longevity.

Dividing occupation into six very general heads of agricultural, manufacturing, professional, commercial, sea-faring, and military, a recent work on longevity gives an approximate idea of the length of the average life in each of these callings. The farmer, it seems, lives the longest of them all. In the first place, with less care, life is more easily preserved in the country than in the city, owing to the greater purity of the air and freedom of individual action, and, again, the work of the farmer is such as to develop a healthy physical condition. Under these circumstances it is said, the farmers have the longest life of any class of men. A recent Massachusetts report shows that the average life of 1,000 farmers was 65 years, being 15 years longer than that of professional men, and 25 years longer than that of the same number of merchants. Yet it must be remembered that in spite of the apparent advantages of the farmer's life, our records from year to year show that far more of pauper insanity is found with them than any other class. This may be due to their more general poverty and inability to provide for the helpless, or it may not.

The manufacturing classes, shut up in close shops, with dust and other impurities in the air, and beginning work in these places very young as apprentices, live, comparatively, but a short time. Out door labor, when it does not involve too much exposure to bad weather, is always more

conducive to health than work in shops, although in many cases this is the fault of the employers, who at slight expense, could often increase the health, and so the usefulness of their employes, by consulting some of the simplest laws of ventilation.—Constrained positions, such as dress-makers, tailors, shoe-makers and others, cuts down the average length of life among them sadly. Blacksmiths are very healthy, so are letter carriers, whose exercise is the best, as the most natural that can be taken. Butchers do not live long, being poisoned by the exhalations of the slaughter houses. Printers, according to an English table, have the shortest expectation of life of any out of twenty-five different sorts of artisans. Persons who work in a temperature much above that of the body are apt to suffer debility in consequence; as, for instance, bakers, cooks, smelters of ores, operators in many parts of woollen mills, and many others. Miners, of course, and such workmen, have less than average lives.

Judges, clergymen, lawyers, professors, and physicians, taken as a sub-class of professional men, live the next longest average to farmers. The average of all professional lives is set at about 50 years; judges average 66½ years; farmers about 65 years. Among American clergymen, the Presbyterians are said to live the longest. Among 406 ministers of all denominations whose deaths are recorded in 1870 and 1871 in this country, 153, or more than one-third, were beyond 70 years of age. Lawyers and physicians are about on a par. Neither class, save the judges, who have a somewhat different work from the lawyers, is apt to live to any great age, but each average well. Physicians are very apt to marry, and marriage tends directly to longevity.

Scientific men, as they are called, are prone to long life, astronomers in particular. Out of 85 of these students, less than one-quarter died under 60 years of age. There is a notion that "more distinguished" men live somewhat shorter lives than the less distinguished of the same profession. To a certain extent figures corroborate this idea, but it is greatly because a few of the most distinguished die quite early, and so reduce the average somewhat. Many of the most prominent men in all professions have lived to be very old. Literary men shorten

their lives by lack of exercise and a general failure to attend to the laws of health. Artists are apt to live a long time. A dictionary of 1,200 artists contains the names of more than 800 who lived beyond 69 years. Titian was 99 years old, and died of the plague then. Bellini was 90 years old, and Murillo 72 years old at death. Musicians develop oftentimes with astonishing precocity, and die correspondingly early, as a general thing. Blowing upon wind instruments proves by figures to be as harmful in practice as its appearance is agonizing; and the air of public halls is generally so bad that all persons who appear there habitually suffer from it.

Soldiers and sailors have hard lives; ten soldiers die of disease where one dies in battle, and the annual death-rate in our army is about one in thirty-eight soldiers, and one in forty-two officers. Soldiers in battle are in danger of being hit just in proportion to the space they occupy, large men being much more susceptible to bullets than little ones. Sailors, it is said, average only about twelve years of life after they begin to go to sea. Their work is very dangerous and arduous. Tradesmen do not come quite up to the average in the length of life. Clerks have many unhealthy things to fight against, and are weakened thereby for life. Merchants average about fifty years and a half.

—[*Hartford Courant*.]

Water in the Ear.

Those who bathe in salt water should put plugs of cotton in their ears, if they don't wish to run the risk of becoming deaf. Mr. Samuel Sexton, surgeon-in-chief to the New York Ear Dispensary, in a recent communication to the *Medical Record*, estimates that a thousand people of New York City are sent to their physicians to be treated for ear diseases every year, whose troubles has arisen from getting water in their ears while bathing, or from catching cold at such times by exposure or neglect.

It appears from the doctor's researches that salt water is peculiarly irritating to the delicate structure of the inner ear. Very cold water, of the freshest kind, may, however, be equally harmful.

Surf-bathers are especially exposed to such injuries, since a breaker may strike

them on the side of the head, and drive the water into the ear; the same result may ensue if the bather gets a sudden mouthful from an unexpected wave, the water then being forced through from the mouth to the inner ear.

Man, the doctor thinks, is not naturally amphibious. Animals fitted for aquatic life are provided with various arrangements for keeping the water out; seals, for instance, have a movable membrane in the ear, which closes and shuts out fluid; the muscles of the water-shrew are competent to shut the ear-passages.

People who are blessed with very small openings to their ears run the least risk in bathing. A man should never dive, says the doctor, if he wishes to preserve his hearing.

When in the surf, he should take the wave on his chest or back, "closing his mouth and nostrils;" though how a man can close his nostrils the doctor does not state. But the pledget of cotton for the ears is essential, and every bather should be provided with it.

A Tarantula's Home.

One of the most singular curiosities in nature that has ever come under our observation is the nest of the tarantula, a species of spider whose bite is supposed to result fatally. It is constructed of clay and small stones, and is about four inches long and two inches wide. A hole three-quarters of an inch in diameter passes through it lengthwise, one end of which is closed by a trap-door, beveled on the sides and top and fitting so perfectly that when closed scarcely a sign of the opening is visible. The door is rounding at the top, perfectly straight on the bottom, and works on a hinge constructed on the same principal as the joints on which a door hangs. The nest is lined with a soft gossamer substance, and is as round as if bored with an auger. It is said that the tarantula, when attacked, crawls into its nest, and closing the trap-door, secures it by inserting one of its legs through a staple scarcely discernible to the naked eye.—[*Galena (Ill.) Gazette*.]

God promised forgiveness to your repentance; but he has not promised a tomorrow to your procrastination.

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day
 The words unkind
 Would trouble my mind,
 I said when I went away,
 I had been more careful, darling,
 For given you needless pain;
 But we vex "our own"
 With look and tone
 We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
 I may give you the kiss of peace,
 Yet it might be
 That never for me
 The pain at the heart should cease?
 How many go forth in the morning
 That never come home at night?
 And hearts have been broken,
 By harsh words spoken,
 That sorrow ne'er can set right.

We have careful thought 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 curse impatient!
 Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
 'Twere a cruel fate,
 Were the night too late
 To undo the work of the morn.

[From the *Australian Star*.

Slaughter of the Innocents.

It seems hardly possible that an intelligent man could spend his life in ruining his fellow-men, breaking the hearts of wives, and beggaring children, with a full knowledge of what he is doing, and yet without the slightest feeling of malice. But the fact that there are thousands of intelligent rum-sellers proves that it is possible. Of a like class are the wretches who "make a living" by preparing poisonous compounds for children. No matter how many children they kill; that does not trouble them, provided they put money in their own pockets.

We have already referred to the beautiful-looking candies colored with salts of lead! Not less harmful are children's stockings colored with dyes into which arsenic largely enters. But the most malig-

nant instance of this kind of wickedness is mentioned in the London *Lancet*.

An epidemic resembling erysipelas having broken out in England among young children, from which many died, a packet of violet powder, used by the mothers of these children in dressing the latter, was subjected to analysis. This powder was found to contain 25 per cent. of white arsenic,—one-quarter of every packet was deadly poison! The packets were sold throughout the country, and as multitudes of people never read the papers, their mission of death is doubtless still to some extent kept up. These facts show that mothers save their children from the wiles of the destroyer only by the most intelligent alertness.

The Ocean Floor.

Here is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about peris in chambers of pearl, or mermaids, or heaped treasures and dead men's bones whitening in coral caves. The whole ocean floor is now mapped out for us.

The report of the exploring expedition sent out from London in Her Majesty's Ship *Challenger* has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world.

The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies a submarine cable.

The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea-mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, fifteen miles, which is deep enough for drowning, if not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by tiny creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless water of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures, which never rise to the upper currents.

There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep-sea soundings throw a curious light. Plato and Solon recorded

the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which by volcanic action was submerged and lost.

The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of Izcalli the frightful calachysm which destroyed this land with its stately cities.

De Bourbourg and other archaeologists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the *Challenger* corresponds with this theory. What if some keen Yankee should yet dredge out from its unfathomed slime the lost Atlantis! [Exchange.]

Healing a Sore.

Dr. G. F. Waters, of Boston, performed an experiment upon himself to prove that bicarbonate of soda, if applied to a burn or scald, promptly subdued the pain. He scalded himself severely on a space seven centimetres broad, all around his wrist. The application of the bicarbonate immediately relieved the pain, and if all had gone well, the burn would have been cured in a week.

But the doctor was careless, and permitted his cuff-button to catch and tear the blistered skin, and further trouble of the same sort was caused by friction on the edge of the cuff. The result was that while the rest of the burn was soon cured, the part thus torn became a troublesome, suppurating wound.

Studying the subject, Dr. Waters thought that possibly vegetable albumen might answer the same purpose that animal albumen is supposed to in the formation of dermal scales.

He proceeded to test this theory by removing the scab from the portion of the wound, drying the surface with blotting-paper, and then immediately applying the white juice of the common milkweed, (*Asclepias syriaca*).

Space after space of the sore surface was thus treated, each portion being allowed to heal successively before the next part was tried. According to the depth of the sore, the time of healing varied from twenty-four to thirty-six hours; but in each instance new skin formed completely across.

The doctor states, as to this new discovery, that the only essential point is to dry

the wounded surface gently and thoroughly with blotting paper before applying the milkweed juice. From the description, it appears that, after the juice was applied, and while the healing was in progress, a piece of blotting-paper was also used to cover the surface. [Exchange.]

Hanging-Baskets.

Crochet a little saucer-shaped mat in red wool, loose openwork, and place inside a saucer, soup-plate or cover of an old glass butter-dish. Place in it a large sponge, with bird-seed and a few hemp-seeds sprinkled through it.

Cut a slit in the top of the sponge and insert a hyacinth bulb. Now suspend the hanging-basket by four red cords of twisted worsted, finished by tassels at the top. Then fill your saucer with water, and wait patiently for a few days, and you will have a thing of beauty.

There is a still less expensive hanging-basket. Take a turnip or carrot, cut off a slice from the top and hollow out a dish about an inch in thickness. Fill this hollow with water, and hang up the turnip-shell by three cords. Very soon the green sprouts will appear, and will grow almost like Jonah's gourd, curving upward in long, beautiful wreaths.

When one gets too old, it may be replaced by another you had started a few weeks before in the kitchen. It shows us how much beauty and real poetry there is in very commonplace things and lives.

—[Stockton Independent.]

"A Centurion."

The *Christian at Work* gives this amusing attempt to use a big word: "A gentleman the other day called to see a very venerable friend of his, whose age was an enigma. At the door he met an old and faithful servant, who received his education before public schools were heard of.

"Mr. T. has been very ill, sir," said he, 'but he's all right now again. He must have been precious bad though, or he'd never have had a doctor to see him. But, Lor' bless you, sir, doctors couldn't kill him,—not they. Bless you, sir, he's a wonderful man! He tells people he's only ninety-eight; but between you and me, sir, I believe he's a centurion.'"

Adversity.

If none were sick and none were sad,
 What service could we render?
 I think if we were always glad
 We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need
 Our patient ministrations,
 Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
 Its sweetest consolation.


If sorrow never claimed our heart,
 And every wish were granted,
 Patience would die and hope depart—
 Life would be disenchanted.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1878.

Donations.

Our friends, the past month, have most kindly remembered us, sending frequent donations of fruit and flowers. Mrs. Hooker brought a bountiful supply of exquisite roses, furnishing a tasteful bouquet for every inmate of the Hospital—servants and all. Mr. Edward Newton has donated forty yards of new carpeting for one of the halls. Our Baptist friends have fitted up their room in fine style; the freshly painted walls, doors and cornice, and the newly covered furniture, make it most attractive to the invalid. St. Luke's Church Room has also received from two ladies, Mrs. A. Erickson and Mrs. N. Ayrault, members of St. Luke's Church, a beautiful tête à tête set, consisting of a triple plated, engraved, silver salver, tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, and two china cups and saucers. We are sure the inmates of our Private Wards will, in days to come, gratefully remember the friends who so thoughtfully provided for their comfort. Dainty surroundings are peculiarly attractive to the convalescents.

 Communications for the Editress may be sent to No. 84 Powers' Building.

Mid-Summer at the Hospital.

The past month has made some changes in our City Hospital. Our faithful nurse, Mrs. F., who for nine years, with loving heart and gentle hand has patiently ministered to our private patients, unselfishly devoting herself to their comfort, has at last left us, to seek rest and quiet in her daughter's home. Our Matron, after a week's vacation, has again returned to us, and her watchful eye and busy brain are regulating the household, and maintaining the order and neatness that ever attract the attention of all who visit our Institution. The head nurse in the Male Medical Ward, who has been home recruiting, again resumed his duties.

Summer opens wide our Hospital doors, and the grassy, shady lawn, furnishes a refreshing and pleasant lounging place for our sick friends, many of whom, through the winter and spring, have been closely confined in the Hospital Wards.

Our Female Ward has an unusual number of inmates suffering from fractured hips and limbs. The aged woman from Webster, who has so long been with us, sits up daily; but, as she regains her health, a feeling of loneliness sometimes saddens her when she remembers that most of her friends are sleeping under the sod.

Miss F., who occupies the next couch, who is suffering from the effects of a fall, is much improved; but, in the couch beyond her, another woman, similarly afflicted, is in fearful pain. A sufferer, with a broken leg, near by, is patiently biding her time.

Mrs. P., the patient who has longest been an inmate of the Hospital, has, the past month, been passing through deep waters, at times she has been insensible; but, we hope the acute pain which she has been called upon to endure, will not return. She speaks most gratefully of the kindness of her physician and nurse.

Mrs. B., the rheumatic patient, whom we always find in bed or in her rolling chair, varied the weary monotony of her life by being taken once around the Hospital square, and by riding several times in the lawn. She has also been able to attend the Sabbath service in the chapel—a rare treat to her.

We have thirty patients in our Female Wards. In the Male Medical Ward are eighteen patients, one of whom is very sick of consumption. Mr. P. has been removed from this Ward to a tent in the lawn. He has been very sick, had four abscesses, but is now better.

One of the patients was receiving a visit from an aged friend, Mr. L., nearly ninety-one years old. They were chatting pleasantly of by-gone days.

In the Surgical Ward were twenty-three patients.

The Children's Hospital.

We know there is truth in the adage, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," and so we have striven to interest our readers in the endowment of a Child's Cot, believing this contained within it the germ of a Children's Ward, if not of a Children's Hospital.

The oak grows slowly, and so does our endowment fund. It is now in the sprouting acorn state, but we hope favoring circumstances may develop its rapid increase, and that we may soon have in our City Hospital a well appointed, thoroughly furnished Children's Ward.

'Tis true that we now receive children into our Hospital, and of late we have placed them in the upper Female Ward, but it is evident to all familiar with the Institution, that they need a place exclusively for themselves, for, in our public wards, it is impossible to prevent them from seeing and hearing much that is not elevating.

Our Boston friends are somewhat in ad-

vance of us. Nearly ten years ago they opened a Children's Hospital, on a small scale in Rutland street, and more than nine hundred children have been welcomed to it.

In connection with this Hospital, four years since, a Convalescent Home was opened at Weston, where five or six children at a time could be accommodated. The next year, arrangements were made to receive twelve; and last year, eighty-one children shared the benefits of a visit to the Home at Wellesley, a healthy country village, half an hour's ride by rail from Boston.

A few days since, we found ourselves at the door of a plain, substantial brick house, at the corner of Washington and Rutland streets. Save for the sign, "The Children's Hospital," there was nothing to distinguish its exterior from a private dwelling. The servant who opened the door conducted us to what we might call the front parlor. A large table or desk occupied the centre of the room, on which were books and writing materials. Cases with closed doors surrounding the room and a supply of crutches in one corner suggested Hospital work.

We were soon greeted by a bright-eyed, soft-voiced woman, Sister Frances, a member of the Evangelical Sisterhood of St. Margaret. She was clad in a dark serge dress, with linen collar and cap of spotless whiteness, and for love of the Master, without money and without price, she cared for the little ones. Another member of the sisterhood was associated with her; they superintended the nursing and housework. Four hired nurses and four servants were employed in the Institution where there were then thirty children. Twenty were in the Convalescent Home at Wellesley.

Children afflicted with other than contagious diseases, between the ages of twelve and two are received into this charity. Those from out of town are

charged four dollars a week for board, medical attendance and nursing. Those from the city, whose parents are able to pay, are charged from fifty cents upwards. No patients are paid for by the city. Only two of the thirty children we saw were paying patients.

There is also an Out Patients' Department, into which children who can be nursed in their own homes are brought for medical or surgical advice and treatment.

This charity excites a decidedly religious influence over its beneficiaries. There are morning and evening prayers in the Wards, and on Sabbath afternoons, those who are able, assemble in one Ward, where they sing a litany of the Holy Child.

The Home in Wellesley, kept open from May till October, is supported by the Ladies' Aid Association, which also furnishes clothing, bedding, toys and luxuries, a Christmas tree and Thanksgiving dinner for the children.

The Hospital has three wards, each consisting of two rooms. One Ward for boys, one for girls, and one for worst cases. Some of the children were sick with measles and were separated from the others.

As we sat in the reception room with sister Frances, a little child two years old, with diseased hand, was brought in to be taken to the Convalescent Home. She had received treatment, but needed the invigoration of the country air and food. We afterwards saw her fondly folded in the arms of another Sister, who was trying to rock her to sleep, remarking as she did so, "I think I must look like some one she has known, for as I put my arms out, she came at once to me." There was something beautiful in the loving spirit of this Sister's service.

We first visited the Boys' Ward, a bright, cheerful looking, front chamber, with birds, flowers, pictures, and toys, to make it attractive. The inmates were from two to five years old. One of them

was seated before a low table, waiting for his lunch. Four were in bed and looked very comfortable; all wore red flannel sacks. They slept on iron bedsteads, with springs and hair mattresses. Wooden waiters, hollowed out on the front, with an edge an inch high around the sides and back, and legs about eight inches long, made a most convenient dining table for the little ones who took their food in bed.

In this room one boy had club feet; another, dead bone in his ankle, one a fractured thigh, and there were two cases of hip disease. In another room of this Ward four boys, had in addition to other diseases, the measles.

In the Girls' Ward, in the next story, four had hip complaint; one, heart disease; two, pneumonia; two, diseased knees; one, chronic diarrhea; one, paralysis; three lame limbs; one had gone through excision of the hip; three were convalescents, and one was suffering from Bright's disease. These were all clad in red flannel sacks; dolls and play-houses indicated that efforts were made for the happiness of the little sufferers.

The children most severely affected were in the Upper Ward, and we noticed here a screen in the oriental style, covered with pictures. One little fellow had had his hip excised, another, twenty-two months old, had had pieces of bone taken from his leg; but the most pitiable object, was a child three years old, suffering from inherited disease. It seemed full of scrofula, both hands, feet and ankles were bandaged and there were scars on its limbs. It eats well and drinks constantly. It was a free patient.

It is a sad thing to see little folks suffering, and it is most Christ-like to soften their thorny pathways.

Would not the dear children of Rochester like to help the afflicted ones in our city? The way is open to them. We are striving hard to endow a free Child's Cot in our City Hospital. Who will aid

us? Are there not parents who will send us thank offerings for God's preserving and restoring mercies? Are there not others who will offer memorial gifts for little ones who have gone where pain and sickness never enter? Are there not children whose hands should early be trained to aid the helpless poor?

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Family Box,	\$ 15
Red Box by the Cot,	11
Interest on Deposit,	6 26
Edith, (a Hospital baby),	25

Receipts for the month,	\$6 77
Previously acknowledged,	316 70
Total receipts,	\$323 47

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 5, 1878, of hemorrhage, Frederick Benton, aged 33 yrs.

At Rochester City Hospital, June 28, of consumption, F. Dwight Warriner, aged 42 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital June 30, of railroad accident, George Bull.

Donations.

Mrs. S. H. Terry—Old Clothing.
Mrs. Wm. S. Falls—two jars Plums, 2 cans Cherries and 3 Shirts.
Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Pickles and Pieplant.
Mrs. E. Witherell—Strawberries and flowers.

Receipts for the Review,

To JULY 1st, 1878.

Mrs. H. M. Hale,—by Mrs. A. D. Smith, \$	63
Mrs. S. Avery, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. Y. Baker, 62 cents; John Campbell, 62 cts.; Mrs. L. G. Corning, 62 cts.; Mr. E. C. Dunshoe, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Eastwood, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Garson, \$1 24; Mrs. N. H. Galusha, \$1.24; Miss M. E. Gilman, 75 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. Smith, Wheatland, \$1.00; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, 62 cts.; E. H. Cook & Co., (adver-	

tisement), \$7.00; Pritchard & Likly, Goss & Margrander, Kenyon & Hunt, Shatz, Lowenthal & Leiter, K. P. Shedd, H. C. Wisner, each \$5.00 for advertisement.—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, 47 93

Superintendent's Report.

1878. June 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 74	
Received during month, . . . 14—	88
Deaths, 3	
Discharged, 12—	15
Remaining, July 1, 1878,	73

Miss Alcott's New Story, "UNDER THE LILACS."

This story rivals in interest Miss Alcott's first great success, "Little Women." The scene is laid in a fine old New England homestead and the neighboring country town, and the half-dozen jolly boys and girls who form the chief characters are described, and their thousand pranks and scrapes detailed—in the author's very best style, "Under the Lilacs" was begun in St. Nicholas. Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys, for November, 1877, and will be completed in October, 1878. The publishers offer the 12 numbers, from November, 1877, to October, 1878, containing "Under the Lilacs," complete, besides three shorter serials, and short stories, poems, pictures, rhymes, and jingles almost innumerable, for \$3.50, or they can be had of any book-seller at the same rate.

The regular price of St. Nicholas is \$3.00 a year, or 25 cents a number. Of it, the poet Whittier says:—"It is little to say of St. Nicholas that it is the best Child's Periodical in the World."

The *Christian Union* says:—"It is a delightful magazine for children of all ages—from five to eighty-seven."

The *New-York Tribune* says:—"St Nicholas has reached a higher platform, and commands for this service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries."

The *London Academy* says:—"We have no hesitation in saying that both in the letter-press and the pictures this American magazine has no rival."

It is very select in its writers, charming and diversified in its matter, chaste in its tone, and no family can fail to be instructed and elevated by its monthly pages.

Children's Department.

Little Impatience.

It takes so many hours to make a day!

It takes so many days to make a year!

My seventh birthday seems so far away,

And yet my eighth, they say, is nowhere near!

The robins' nest out in the cherry-tree

Held four young birds,—naked, and weak, and small,

A month ago!—so fast they grew, you see,

There's not a robin in the nest at all!

They flew, full grown!—and I'm no bigger now
Than when the nest was built that one can see.

How robins grow so fast, and girls so slow,

Is very strange indeed, it seems to me.

I wonder how 't would seem to be seventeen,

And wear long dresses like my Cousin Sue,

She has a watch,—the prettiest ever seen,

And winds it all herself,—as I should do.

I s'pose I shall be married too, some day,

As mamma was. I've seen her veil and dress:

They're in the bureau drawer, laid away,

She's saving them for me to wear, I guess.

I wonder who I'll have! Not Cousin Joe!

Nor teasing Clare! Maybe my Uncle Tim.

My papa is the nicest man I know;

But mamma's very sure she can't spare him!

—[*Youths' Companion*.]

An Elephant's Revenge.

Elephants have so much sympathy with depraved human nature as to think with Byron, "Sweet is revenge." An anecdote of an elephant's revenge, translated from the French, is published in the *Christian Union*.

Upon one of the plantations was an English overseer named Bennett, an exceedingly cross and disagreeable man, who was employed by the master because of his great capability in directing affairs. Upon the plantation was an elephant named Dourga, that Bennett greatly disliked, and upon whom he often played mean tricks.

His employer, after reproving him several times for his unkindness to the animals warned him that if he carried his trick, too far, Dourga would pay him back with

interest. Finally the time came when Dourga's patience was tried beyond endurance.

He was in the habit of receiving every morning from his driver a huge corn-cake covered with molasses, of which he was very fond. One morning, as this cake was being carried to him on a bamboo hurdle, Bennett, who was passing with a pot full of red pimento, threw it upon the cake, and then stopped to watch and mimic the grimaces made by the elephant when he swallowed it.

The result was easy to see. The poor animal, his mouth on fire, passed the day in a marsh trying to calm the thirst that was devouring him, and to appease the inflammation produced by the fiery dose he had swallowed.

When evening came, the hour when Bennett brought the coolies from work, the elephant pounced upon him, picked him up with his trunk and pitched him headlong in a large reservoir or pond of water, which was thirty or forty feet deep.

Bennett, who knew how to swim, quickly swam to the edge. Dourga allowed him to climb up the bank, when he picked him up again as if he had been a wisp of straw, and threw him back in the water.

This was repeated as many times as Bennett attempted to escape, until he was compelled to remain in the water keeping his head up as well as he could.

The affair would have ended with sure drowning for Bennett if one of the coolies had not come to his rescue and forced Dourga away.

The poor elephant never forgot the injury done him, and rarely allowed an opportunity to escape is still further revenge himself upon the overseer.

Sometimes he would throw a paw full of sand slap in Bennett's face; again it would be a spout of water thrown over him; at another time he would be pitched into a cactus bush, from which he would get out scarcely alive, so horribly scratched would he be.

It was impossible to correct Dourga and make him behave. The upshot of the whole affair was that Bennett was obliged to leave the plantation, which was not large enough for him and Dourga together, and his employer valued the elephant more than he did his overseer.

Three Small Lads.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Three small lads, in their childish glee,
Chased a butterfly over the lea;
Keeping its brilliant wings in view,
Fast they followed, as fast it flew;
Hither and thither, with eager eyes,
Ran the children to seize the prize;
Swinging their kerchiefs deftly looped,
On they hurried and leaped and stooped.
One in his palm had deemed it caught;
Off it darted as swift as thought.
Then there was laughter from all and each,
Mirthful shoutings and merry speech;
Till the luckiest boy of the band
Caught and showed it alive in his hand.
Pay the prize money, pay my due,
Cried the boy, and a quarrel grew.
All were struggling; the butterfly,
Snatched at, and squeezed, and pulled awry,
Lost what made it desired before;
Lost the beautiful wings it wore;
When they paused to look at their prize
Only a bare worm met their eyes.

So with us, who have long pursued
Eagerly some unreal good,
After our struggles and all our pains
Only the naked cheat remains.

[From the Spanish.]

The Four Funny Men.

Some funny men built them a castle so high,
'Way up in the top of a tree,
That only the squirrels could pass their house by!
And only the wild birds could see!

No door did they have to their lofty abode,
No blinds and no windows there were!
The outside, a sheathing of bayonets, showed;
But the inside was padded with fur.

These funny men slowly grew larger inside,
And the walls of their castle grew, too!
For, save to grow plump, and to slumber, beside,
These fellows had nothing to do!

Now what did they wait for, these four drowsy
men,

In their castle, so secret and high?
The squirrels they knocked and they knocked at
their den,

But they never got word of reply!

One day came Jack Frost, who, in galloping by,
Saw those bayonets bristling about;

So he broke in their walls with his finger-tips sly,
And the drowsy men all tumbled out!

Oh, what then became of the four funny men?
And whom do you guess that they were?
Have you thought of four chestnuts? whose
castle and den

Is their own snug and warm chestnut burr!

—[*Youths' Companion.*]

A Paris journal gives this as the Norman's prayer: "Kind heaven, I do not ask for wealth; only to be placed within arm's length of the man who has it."

The most beautiful and efficient operations in life, are often the result of causes beneath the surface, hidden from the sight of men.

Give and Receive.

If we would get, we must first give. When the pump will not work, we pour a little water into it, and this enables it to bring up more. The hand that is closed lets in nothing just as truly as it lets out nothing, and selfishness thus out-wits itself. This is true spiritually, as well as in temporal and pecuniary matters. "Give and it shall be given you." "There is that giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

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. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

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.

Notice.

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

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column, ... \$10 00
Three Months, ... 3 00	One Third Column, ... 12 00
Six Months, ... 8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year, ... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.



Each Number contains THIRTY-TWO PAGES of reading, many fine Wood Cut Illustrations, and one COLORED PLATE. A beautiful Garden Magazine, printed on elegant paper and full of information. In English and German. Price, \$1.25 a year: Five copies \$5.00.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents in paper covers; in elegant cloth covers \$1.00.

Vick's Catalogue, -300 Illustrations, only 2 cents.

Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

A. S. MANN & CO.

17 STATE STREET,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DRY GOODS.

S. A. NEWMAN,

Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

Feezler's Invincible Ointment, and Feezler's CHOLERA DROPS,

115 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.

Feb '75 *Newman's Castorine for the Hair.*

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Successor to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

L. P. ROSS,

Wholesale Dealer in

BOOTS & SHOES,

147 State Street,

Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N Y

1878.

1838.

A. S. MANN & CO.

SUCCESSORS OF

CASE & MANN,

WILDER, CASE & CO.

WILDER, GORTON & CO.

WILDER & GORTON,

BRITTIN, WILDER & CO.

BRITTIN & WILDER.

1838.

1878.

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

BOOKS and STATIONARY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5000, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum. Interest is computed from the first day of the month succeeding the deposit to the first day of the month preceding the withdrawal.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....1st Vice-President,
WILLIAM H. CHENEY,...2d Vice-President,
ROSWELL HART,.....Sec'y and Treas.
ISAAC HILLS,.....Attorney,
EDWARD HARRIS,.....Counsel.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William H. Cheney,	Mortimer F. Reynolds,
Isaac Hills,	Edward Harria,
Roswell Hart,	Hobart F. Atkinson,
James Brackett,	George E. Mumford,
Addison Gardiner,	Charles C. Morse,
Nehemiah B. Northrop,	George J. Whitney,
Gilman H. Perkins.	

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

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

54 State st, sep 73 ROCHESTER N.Y.

Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail,

L. S. KENDALL,

6 Main Street Bridge, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First-class Laundry in same Building.
Apr. 75.

GAS FIXTURES,
ETCHED GLOBES,
ARGAND SHADES.
ANDIRONS

AND

BRASS WORK

REFINISHED AND BURNISHED.

E. H. Cook & Co.

71 STATE STREET.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Extra Inducements in Ladies' Mink and Seal Sacques.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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

SHATZ, LOWENTHAL & LEITER,

Successors to S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

FANCY AND
MILLINERY GOODS,

Zephyr Worsted, Hosiery and Small Wares,

40 & 42 State St.
11 & 13 Mill St. Feb' 74 Rochester, N.Y.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACK.)

Rochester, N. Y.

Our reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

Grape, Brocha, Cashmere and Flaid SHAWLS, and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS

Cleaned or colored without Bipping, and pressed nicely Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleaned or dyed

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

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

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

PRITCHARD & LIKLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
78 State Street, aug '76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

E. S. ETENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIA-
MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.
No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(At the Old Burr Stand.)
Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 36 AND 38 EXCHANGE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS. FINE
FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOL-
IDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine
Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable
Stationery in all the latest styles.
No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
my '73

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-
lius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas
and Daylight Reflector.
R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

OSGOOD & CLARK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,
No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. D. B. CLARK.

FURMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
80 STATE STREET.
The best Photographs in the World, for the Price!
Cabinet Size, \$4.00 per Doz.
Card Size, - \$2.00 per Doz.

Hamilton & Mathews,
No 27 EXCHANGE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE.
House Furnishing Goods, Tin & Paper Ware
A. S. HAMILTON, dec '71. ROBERT MATHWS.

TROTTER & STONE,
DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED
FURNACES and RANGES,
ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,
29 EXCHANGE ST. aug '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S
Dyeing & 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. Or-
ders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL DUNN Proprietor.

E. F. HYDE & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE GROCERIES
WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS,
21 West Main St.
E. M. HIGGINS. [nov '67] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER, 33
State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA, CROCK-
ERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER
PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-
NISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,
TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

Established, 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.
Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoisier
Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles. my '73

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

Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
AMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents,
H. D. SCRANTOM, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper,	Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder,	J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews,	F. A. Whittlesey
Oliver Allen,	Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Chas. E. Fitch,	Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth,	Jonathan H. Child,

Interest on Deposits will be allowed at the rate of Five PER CENT. per annum on all sums not exceeding \$3,000 to be computed from the first day of the calendar month on or succeeding the date of deposit to the first day of the calendar month in which it is withdrawn.

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

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR,

Wholesale and Retail

DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing.
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

july '74

E. H. DAVIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST,

81 STATE STREET,

[West Side.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. GARSON & Co.

ORIGINAL ONE-PRICE

CLOTHIERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Mens' and Boys' Clothing,

14 & 16 WEST MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER N. Y.
nov. '75.

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

No. 53 State Street,

ROCHESTER N.Y.

my '73

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCER

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BRO

[Established in 1826.] Jan. '7

C. F. PAINE & Co. DRUGGISTS

20 & 22 West Main St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods of great variety.

meb] Prescriptions carefully compounded.

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEAT
LARD, HAMS,

186 E. Main St., Rochester, N.

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORK

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N.
nov '67, 1y

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

18 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N.

Shirts made to Order.

nov '67 1y

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Paper

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 1y

ROCHESTER, N.