

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XV.

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The little poets, Dora and Elaine Goodale, of Sky Farm, are to issue a volume of their choicest poems in the autumn. A correspondent of the Evening Post recently visited the little maidens, at their home on the Berkshire mountains, Mass. He sent the following beautiful lines to the Evening Post from the pen of Dora, aged eleven :

Maiden's-Hair.

Where the tinkling waterfalls
Sparkle over rocky ledges,
Where the slate-gray catbird calls
In and out the tangled hedges,
Green and slender, spreading fair,
You may see the maiden's-hair.

'Tis as though some lady left
By the stream her floating tresses
Long ago, and now, bereft,
Where they be she little guesses;
But they still are tossing there,
And we call them maiden's-hair.

Then may these a picture bring
Of green alders overhanging,
Of a wind-blown brook in spring
And a thousand ripples clanging
In a silver mingling, where
Nods the slender maiden's-hair.

Though their grace more formal be
Than when by the brook they fluttered,
Touched by winds that lazily
In among the tree-tops muttered,
Still the same quaint charm they bear
Of the earliest maiden's-hair.

Editorial Correspondence.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Here we are once more in Salem, lingering in the dear old homestead, loath to leave the spot enshrined by such sacred memories, where

"The forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true heartéd
Come to visit me once more."

Five generations of our kindred have here found a home, and the old house is echoing with voices that have long been silent, and with the footfall of loved ones, once "on hospitable cares intent," that now for years have rested from their labors.

How vividly we recall the family gatherings in the old parlors. There we celebrated our Thanksgiving festivals; there on the brow of infancy was placed the baptismal seal; there we bowed around

the family altar; there the marriage vows were plighted; there we gazed for the last time on our loved ones; and from them our uncles, aunts, parents, grandparents, and great-grand parents, have been borne to their last resting place in the family tomb in the old burial ground, or beneath the overshadowing trees of Harmony Grove.

She who now welcomes us to our old home, the sole survivor of ten children all but one of whom reached maturity, is the last link that binds us to the past; but she binds us closely, for in the declining years of our grandmother, she filled a prominent place in the household. She was the housekeeper, the nurse, the friend of the children; she supplied us with goodies, she encouraged our sports and lightened our childish sorrows.

The old house itself has little on the exterior that is attractive to the stranger; nor is it quaint enough to interest the antiquary, but it has its legends and its history that are recalled by the children of the household.

Here, in the olden time, Hospitality unfurled her banner and welcomed strangers and citizens to her liberal board. Our grandmother remembered the happy day, when, in her childhood, her parents here received twelve Indian chiefs and their interpreter, and charmed them with the great hand organ that played a hundred tunes. She was delighted with the Indian songs and warwhoop, and recalled the words of the interpreter, Mr. Kirkland, who said, that if any of the family ever met any of their tribe and would say, "*O has, O has kahate,*" they would be treated with great politeness.

In the beginning of the war of 1812, our grandfather here entertained Capt. L. and those of his company who were to go to Burlington. They stacked their arms in front of the house; a breakfast was given to the Captain and his officers, and lemonade, made in buckets, was furnished outside the house to the privates.

Commodore Stewart the same year was welcomed as a guest, and a long table was spread on the occasion in the east parlor.

The funniest story is that associated with one of the servants of the household. In 1804, one of the sons graduated at Harvard, and great preparations were made for the dinner, which was cooked in Salem and carried to Cambridge. One of the servants, who had lived many years in the family, was so fearful he would oversleep and not be up early enough Commencement day for the necessary preparations, that he took roosters to his bedroom the preceding night, that by their crowing he might be awakened in time to make ready for the Cambridge dinner.

Modern convenience has made some innovations, but still the old homestead looks much as it did a century ago. It stands on the street that Hawthorne, in his *Scarlet Letter*, describes as "long and lazy," "lounging wearisomely through the whole extent of the peninsula, with Gallows Hill and New Guinea at one end, and a view of the alms-house at the other."

Could Hawthorne revisit his native city, he might draw a pleasanter picture of Essex Street, for Gallows Hill is now studded with dwelling houses; an extensive tannery occupies the site of the old negro huts; crowded street cars give it an air of vitality; and beyond the alms-house a pleasant vista is opened on Salem Neck, where, at the Willows and Juniper Point, multitudes daily welcome the cooling sea breeze, as they gaze across the waters at Beverly and Marblehead shores, and on the islands that give picturesqueness to Salem Harbor.

But we have wandered from the old homestead. Let us again visit it, and recall the olden time, when the aged grandmother, with her children and children's children around her, welcomed all her kindred. Let us lift the heavy brass knocker, pass through the front entry, flanked on either side by a large, low-stud-

ded, high wainscotted parlor, and turning to our left enter the west parlor, the family gathering place.

It has nothing of the air of a modern reception room. Everything about it bears a cheerful aspect. The panelled window shutters have been opened and God's sunlight streams through the four windows, beneath each of which a cushioned seat offers an attractive lounging spot. Black John, the old colored servant, has made a bright, wood fire in the open fireplace; he has taken up the ashes of yesterday's fire, put on the back log, back stick, and fore sticks; polished the brass andirons, fender and jamb hooks. Beside the cheerful blaze, in her softly cushioned easy chair, sits the widowed grandmother, robed in a simple black dress, a plaited muslin ruff, and muslin cap with plaited border and black ribbon bow. She welcomes her kindred, without rising, with a friendly smile or loving kiss, but the stately grace and erect bearing with which she advances to greet a more formal guest are most imposing.

Huge beams surround and project from the ceiling, and panelled wood work abounds. Over the high, narrow mantel piece is the broad, short mantel mirror, with its quaint frame, and a corresponding mirror occupies the space between the side windows. Family pictures and colored engravings of the battle of the Nile adorn the walls. Solid mahogany chairs with carved backs and claw feet, and lounging chairs with springless seats have done service since the last century. On the sideboard are silver tankards, pitchers, cans, cake baskets, and castor; there too are decanters of brandy and wine, for ancient hospitality made demands that would shock modern reformers. The old Wilton carpet, with its medallion center and rich border, that was borrowed when Washington visited Salem, to adorn the ballustrade of the Court House, has been replaced by a more modern fabric.

On the north side of this room were closets filled with old fashioned glass and china, the sight of which would tempt the modern lover of ceramics "to crack if not to break the tenth commandment."

The east parlor corresponded in style with the western. A large chimney with closets on either side projected from the eastern end. Old mahogany tables, chairs and sideboard, gave it an air of antiquity. A large, heavily-framed marble slab, supported by four massive legs, was adorned with the statues of a lion and lioness in white marble, that to our childish eyes seemed very beautiful. In the corner of the room stood the cellaret, in which, before ice was in common use, decanters of wine were placed in cold water, to be ready to refresh the coming guests. The rarest furniture in the room was a musical clock, that every quarter of an hour played its tune. It was of dark colored wood, highly gilded, and had been designed as a present for the Pope, but on its passage from London to Rome, during the Revolutionary war, it was captured and brought here as a prize, when it was bought by our great grandfather, as we have been told, for three hundred guineas.

Back of the parlors were the winter dining-room with its pink tiled fireplace, the summer one with its tall clock and marble slab, the mangle room, and the kitchen with its ample brick hearth, open fireplace, Rumford and brick ovens, and high dresser with its polished bell-metal kettles and pewter ware.

We have lingered so long below stairs, that we have not time to visit the chambers and catch even a glimpse of Æsop's Fables on the tiled fireplace, nor of the high post bedsteads and quaint bureaus, dressing tables and high chests of drawers, with their brass handles and ornamented keyholes. They are more interesting to us than to our readers, and we must ask their pardon if we have tarried too long at the old homestead.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

The following description of Capri is copied from a private letter written a month since from Rome :

CAPRI.

I shall have to tell you a little about my trip to Sorrento and Capri. Took the steamer about nine o'clock one morning, paying twelve francs for the excursion, and soon off we steamed, directing our course towards that long promontory, where the main seems to be stretching out a mother's arm to reclaim that wayward child of hers, that bewitching isle, Capri, that has strayed off, off, enticed by the wondrous blue of those waters in which her mountain isle is set.

We only caught a glimpse of Sorrento, the steamer stopping but a moment, but that whole coast is exceedingly beautiful, with its perpendicular fortress like shores and green mountain slopes.

One ought to come by carriage from Pompeii or Castellamare to Sorrento, but thereto is requisite a party or a very long purse.

Capri is more properly a mountain, whose base and connection with the main has sunk down into the waters, surrounded by a sea of the most wondrous blue, so clear 'twould seem some other ether; now breaking in silver waves borne towards the cliffs by noon-day breeze, or deep and mysterious as the blue night when, at set of sun, the black eyed lass with her rustic swain, from the cliffs above, gazes dreamily down upon its dark mirror.

Passing Capri, perched upon the saddle between the mountain and the promontory toward the main land, and descending into some little boats, we visited the Blue Grotto. The entrance is narrow and scarcely two feet above the level of the water; one has to bend ones body nearly horizontal to enter. The water inside has the same color that it has on the outside, only intensified by the exclusion of all light,

save what enters reflected from the white pebbles at the bottom. As a result, the cave is filled with a blue silver light, the oars' blades of silver break the surface of a silver lake, everything that comes in contact with the water is transformed into silver.

Returning to the steamer we veered our course for Capri, disembarked and had just time enough to climb the steep path up to the city, get a glimpse off towards Naples, across the beautiful, shining, isle gemmed gulf, take a hasty lunch and then return to the boat.

There we amused ourselves, or rather watched others amuse themselves, tossing pennies into the water and seeing the youngsters dive for them, then turned back by way of Sorrento to Naples.

The view back towards Capri was very poetic. As the day wore on towards evening descending mists and increasing distance let fall a soft veil about the rugged forms of the mountain isle, lending her a loveliness ever increasing with the distance.

At Naples had a good plunge in the sea, then dined, said good-bye to my acquaintance of a day whom I had found very charming, and then to the house, not to the arms of Morpheus, however, since that god has no sort of sympathy with fleas and mosquitoes, and did not knock at my door till the second night, and then not for a long call. CARLO.

Easter in a Children's Hospital.

The bright sunshine of an April morning streamed through the wide open windows, and roused up the occupants of a number of little bright, green-painted cribs that stood in rows against the white walls of the roomy nursery.

Out from under the dozen little blue and white spreads popped up a dozen little heads, covered each with a funny little night-cap; and two dozen blue eyes peered out and smiled in joy to see this bright Easter morning; for was not this to be a wonderful day? else why were all those brand-new suits hanging round, ready for

their owners? and why had all those dozens and dozens of lovely painted eggs been prepared the day before?

This great house was the celebrated Children's Hospital of Kaiserwerth in Germany, and it is about the little children there that I am going to tell you.

All of them are sufferers, some with curvatures of the spine, some with shrivelled and useless limbs, some with painful sores, but all are carefully and lovingly attended by the good women who take charge of them.

As soon as the little ones are taken out of bed they are taken to the paved bathroom beyond this great nursery, and there are put into tubs of water and thoroughly scrubbed, for the Germans (of the better class) are neat and careful beyond measure.

After careful rubbing and bandaging, each one is clothed in the little soft-knit shirt, the warm, woolen petticoat, the neat dress and long apron, gay stockings and curious German shoes, and, above all, the little tasche, (or "tassy," as they call it,) which is a stout satchel of cloth, fastened to a belt, passed over the right shoulder, and hanging on the opposite side; the handkerchief and any little treasure the child may possess is carried in this pocket; and if you should dress one of these funny little fellows and forget to put this remarkable affair in place, you would hear a loud outcry for "mine tassy, mine tassy."

As soon as all are dressed, the nurses wrap the babies in large shawls, and the larger children form into file, and they go marching forth into the pleasant nursery, into which the sun is still shining.

The little green bedsteads occupy one end, while a long, low table runs beneath the windows, and in one corner another, not more than two feet high, round which are six or eight little arm-chairs.

The room is altogether home-like. On brackets, beside the windows, are neatly painted pots filled with creeping vines, and hanging from hooks were baskets overflowing with greenness and bloom, and the walls are covered with pictures and various pretty knick-knacks embroidered on perforated card and canvas, in which work the Germans excel.

Here they sing a sweet Easter carol,—

"Breeze of Easter, breath of Spring,
Comes the great awakening!

Flowers shall blossom, brooks shall flow,
Birds shall sing and hearts shall glow;
Earth shall break her winter-prison,
For the Saviour hath arisen."

Then the larger children seat themselves around the higher table, and the little ones in their arm-chairs at the low one.

The little hands are clasped and each head bowed, while they chant altogether,

"Come, Jesus, Lord, and be our guest,
What thou hast given by thee be blest. Amen."

A number of bright tin cups are filled with the rice milk, and one given to each little one.

A large basket is also placed on the table, and contains "butter-brods" of several varieties; for some children are allowed sandwiches of bread and butter, with meat between; others, bread and butter; others, again, only dry bread without butter; yet no word of discontent is heard, but each child thankfully and pleasantly takes just what is considered best for it.

After breakfast all the children old enough are taken to the chapel, where, amid lovely flowers and the most delightful music suited to this glad Easter season, they spend a happy morning.

After the dinner of "meat-soups," potatoes, etc., (and upon this day a simple rice-pudding,) follows the grand event of the day,—the seeking for eggs in the beautiful garden belonging to the Kaiserwerth Hospitals.

All the children go, many of them carried in the arms of nurses.

These eggs are of every color and beautifully ornamented. On some are exquisite pictures of bright flowers, gay birds, mottoes, texts, and on others, gay soldiers, horsemen, dogs, kittens, etc.

These are hidden in every nook and corner of the great garden, where are collected a large company to witness the joyous mirth of the children. It is a glad sight, the bright spring sunshine, the trees laden with blossoms, the children in their gay attire flitting through the mazes of the flowery beds like birds just set free, and the pretty arbor, all dressed with flowers, in which is seated *Die Mutter* with her pretty basket ready for the stores of eggs.

Many shouts fill the air, as one after another happily obtains one or many of the treasures, which are brought to the basket,

until after awhile only one remains, which all seek until it is finally found, then gathering round *Herr Pastor*, who waits to distribute the beautiful treasures.

The children listen while he tells them why it is that they have from very ancient times made this festival of Easter so joyous, and how this egg (which he holds in his hand) is a type of the resurrection.

Within this close shell, which has no opening whatever, there is a little life, a germ of a living creature; just as within your bodies there is a soul; and this casket is kept for a time carefully in the safe home-nest, under the mother-wing, where warm and safe it is cherished, until at last it bursts forth into full, glad life and soars away; just as we shall do when our souls escape from the tomb and rise to immortality.

Thus it was the dear Savior opened the gates of death, and it was vain for the wicked men to strive to fasten Him in the tomb; and as the birds soar heavenward, so Christ rose on that first Easter morning of the resurrection.

C. S. J.

Pure Air and Ventilation.

Without air we cannot live. Cut off the supply entirely, and in less than ten minutes animal life vanishes beyond the hope of resuscitation. Its being so absolutely essential to the earthly existence of all the higher forms of animal life, accounts for the very abundant supply with which the earth is furnished. There is an abundant supply of water; but while it is always secured with more or less labor and inconvenience, air, if not obstructed in its free movement, constantly surrounds and accompanies us. The voyager across the ocean or desert must, at some expense and inconvenience, carry with him a sufficient supply of fresh water; but the air accompanies him "of its own free will," or, rather, God sends him a constant supply.

But with all this abundant and free supply, there are, annually, thousands of people brought to premature graves for want of pure air. The exhaustless supply afforded to our earth is evidence of its importance, and a clear declaration that any interference with, or diminution of this supply, must be accompanied with disastrous results. This inference is abund-

antly corroborated by experience and observation. Because men and women deny themselves a full supply of pure air, they become diseased and sink into untimely graves. One of the curses of our modern civilization that comes in to off-set many of its blessings, is the diminution of the quantity of pure air in human abodes. The rudely-constructed and poorly-chinked cabins of the pioneers afforded all necessary opportunities for the free circulation within of this life-imparting and health-preserving commodity; but the really constructed mansions of modern times sadly interfere with this provision of nature, and as a result, instead of the ruddy-cheeked, robust youths of the pioneer cabins, we have the pallid cheeked, hollow-eyed, fashionably-dressed young men and women of modern times.

To realize fully the importance of pure air, it is necessary to understand the physiological relation it sustains to animal life. The purposes for which air must necessarily be constantly supplied to the lungs are twofold; to supply the whole system with a sufficient amount of vitalizing oxygen and to remove from the body the deleterious carbonic acid and the waste, poisonous substances that are produced in it. As the fire in a stove will soon die out if not supplied with air, or the oxygen in the air,—for air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen in about the ratio of one to four,—so animal life can not exist without it; and as the consumption of fuel in the stove by means of fire and air produces carbonic acid gas, which, if not permitted to escape, will in time "smother the fire," so the quiet but none the less certain combustion in the animal system produces carbonic acid gas and other impurities that *must* be expelled by means of expiration. Inspiration supplies the oxygen; expiration relieves the system of the poisonous substances produced by the union of this oxygen with the carbon in the blood. From this it follows that the more pure the air inhaled, the more perfectly will the system be supplied with oxygen, and, as this is the vitalizing, health-preserving agent, the more completely will every organ be vitalized and the health of the whole preserved; and the more impure the air inhaled, the less vitality will be imparted and the more weak, emaciated, and sickly will the individual become. These facts human phy-

siology has established beyond the possibility of successful refutation.

Air is rendered impure chiefly by being taken into and exhaled from the lungs of men and animals, and by being intermingled with the noxious gases exhaled from decaying animal and vegetable substances. It is purified by circulation at large,—for example, smoke being intermingled with the air renders it impure, but by free circulation the smoke, on becoming cold, is heavier than the air and settles to the ground.—and by coming in contact with the foliage of the vegetable kingdom. Nature has wisely provided that carbonic acid gas, which on being mixed with air renders it poisonous to the animal kingdom, is food for the vegetable kingdom. The air impregnated with this gas, on coming in contact with foliage—the lungs—of trees, shrubs and plants, is relieved of its poisonous load and rendered pure. From this source growing vegetation has its chief supply of carbon with which to build its structures—its tall pines and stately oaks as well as its slender straws and tender vines.

Sleeping in tightly-closed, poorly-ventilated chambers is one of the most fruitful sources of disease of modern times. Confining the sick in small, tightly-closed rooms and carefully excluding every breath of pure air annually dooms hundreds of unfortunates to premature graves, who, if but permitted to have a judicious supply of this great vitalizer, would be sure to recover. The locating of the residences where they are constantly surrounded with noxious exhalations from morasses, stagnant pools, and water-closets is a fruitful source of sickness and death. Carefully excluding pure air from churches “for fear some may take cold,” sends many a devout listener home to mourn over a terrible headache rather than to meditate with satisfaction and profit over the sermon.

The greatest defect of modern architecture is a failure to provide human abodes with suitable facilities for proper ventilation. Just how to thoroughly and constantly supply every apartment, each chamber, with a suitable supply of this all-important article, as yet none have fully devised. However, much advancement has recently been made in the right direction. During the winter-time the difficulty seems to consist principally in supplying the residence with sufficient pure air and keeping

it comfortably warm at the same time. What is needed is a device by which currents of pure air, *comfortably warmed*, can be admitted; and right here there is room for some live Yankee to make a fortune. Devices of this kind have already been patented, but they are too complicated and expensive for general use. Meantime, all should remember that it is better to sit in a moderately cold but well-ventilated room than in one comfortably warm but with no ventilation. It should also be remembered that one effectual means by which to secure the influx of sufficient pure air is to facilitate the escape of the impure. “Nature abhors a vacuum,” so the ancients said; and if we will force the bad air out of our apartments, by constantly giving our stores free draft,—even though it do cost a ton or two more of coal during the winter,—the pure air from without will force its way in through crevices and key-holes to fill the vacuum.

A most effectual means by which to gradually weaken the body and destroy the health is to sleep in a stove-room, with a fire in the stove and the draft almost closed. In that case the room is supplied with a poisonous carbonic oxide, which has in many instances resulted in the suffocation of the inmates beyond the power of resuscitation. In many instances the draft of the stove is shut off and the cold air from without is carefully excluded so as to save, during the winter, a few dollars' worth of fuel; and as to a result of such economy the inmates are attacked with diphtheria, pneumonia, typhoid fever, much time is lost in waiting on the sick, and many are ushered into premature graves. “My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.”—[*U. B. Aid Journ.*]

CURE FOR EAR-ACHE.—The following remedy for ear-ache is given by the *Journal of Health*:

There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as the ear-ache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it together and tie it, dip in sweet oil, and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1878.

Our Sick Friends.

Although the past month we have been absent in the flesh from our Hospital friends, we have often been present with them in spirit, and two days since, while enjoying the companionship of one whose heart ever responds to the cry of the afflicted, we were delighted to hear from him what the good people of Boston are doing for their sick. Perhaps their example may be suggestive.

He told us that, at the large railroad stations in Boston, boxes are placed where books, pamphlets and papers that have been used by travelers can be deposited, for the benefit of the inmates of the hospitals, among whom they are distributed.

He spoke of the pleasure given to the sick by the Flower Charity, and also stated that the Young Men's Christian Association raised between six and seven hundred dollars, to be expended in giving drives to the children and invalids who had not the means to take them to the country or seashore.

How we wish we could transport some of our sick friends, who for months and years have been confined to the Hospital, to some of the spots we have lately visited. How it would refresh them to rest in the shadow of those veteran pines and hemlocks near Spot Pond, or to drink in the invigorating sea-breezes that come from the Marblehead and Swampscott beaches.

A friend, through whose eyes we must look this month for a view of the Hospital, informs us that so many patients have resorted to it, that it has been necessary to fit up additional accommodations for the Upper Female Ward, and also to furnish another dining room.

Six private patients occupy the Mansard. In the Lower Female Ward are eighteen invalids. Mrs. P., who for many years has shared the benefits of this charity, and who, of late, has been suffering most acutely, is now much better. Several of the occupants of this Ward are advanced in life and have been afflicted with broken limbs. One of these is doing well, another is greatly discouraged, and Miss F., whose hip was broken by a fall, does not gain so rapidly as we could desire. These hot summer days are very trying to those who cannot make much change in their position.

In the Upper Female Ward there are nine patients. One of these has become greatly interested in our Hospital. She came to Rochester from New York, and when very sick, with dysentery, was brought to our Institution. The care and attention she has here received have impressed her most favorably. This is the first time she has been in a hospital, but not the first time she has been afflicted, for her motherly heart sympathises with her deaf and dumb daughter, who is becoming blind, but on whose pathway shines the light that guides her footsteps to the Great Physician.

In the next Ward are five patients, and in the Surgical Ward there are seventeen, one of whom is very sick.

In the Medical Ward there are sixteen, two of whom are very low; one of these is a young boy afflicted with typhoid fever.

Mr. McP. is still in the tent and somewhat better than he has been.

Correction.

Last month in the notice of donations to our Hospital, the name of Mr. Edward Newton was substituted for that of Mr. Edward Brewster, to whom we are indebted for forty yards of new carpeting. We hope he will accept our tardy thanks for his most useful gift.

Bereavement.

The dark robed angel, whose shadow, of late, has cast a gloom on many a household in our city, with hasty tread has crossed the threshold of another home, and brought in its train sorrow and desolation to the abode of one long and closely identified with the interests of the City Hospital and the sick poor in our city.

This time his beckoning call came to one in life's winter, for Dr. Maltby Strong, who died on the evening of August fifth, had attained a ripe old age; more than half his pilgrimage of four score and one years has been spent in this city, and in the companionship of one who in her childless home now recalls the loving ministries that have brightened her life.

We trust that in her hour of trial, she whose heart has so long and so promptly responded to the cry of the suffering may realize how blessed in their fulfilment are God's promises to the afflicted, and that her lonely pathway may be cheered by the sweet assurance that her aged companion, who daily returned thanks for God's abounding mercies, and whose passage through the dark valley was brightened by an unflinching faith in his Savior, has found a blessed home in one of the many mansions of our Father's house above.

The following notice of the deceased is condensed from the *Rochester Union & Advertiser* :

DEATH OF DR. MALTBY STRONG.

One of our oldest citizens, both in years and time of residence, died last evening. By those who lived here in 1835 and now survive (they are not many), Dr. Strong will be remembered as an active, prominent, influential man, in middle life. His native place was Heath, Mass., where he was born November 24th, 1796, his father being then the pastor of the Congregational Church of that place. He graduated at Yale College in 1819, and chose the profession of medicine. This he practiced for several years in Boston and South Hadley, Mass. and came to Rochester in the year 1832; but he soon, seeing the facilities for manufacturing here, left the active duties of his calling and

entered into the milling of flour, and afterwards of cotton, with his eldest brother, the late Hon. Joseph Strong, who died here in 1847. Subsequently Dr. S. resumed the practice of his profession, but has not been in active service for the past ten years.

Rochester is indebted to him for much of its present growth and prosperity. About 1836 his attention was called to a tract of land lying southwest of the city toward the Rapids, known as the "Hawley Farm." This extended from the river on the east to Genesee street, or beyond, on the west. Its northern limit was the Genesee Valley Canal. Comprising several hundred acres, it now constitutes, divided into lots and improved by streets and alleys, the southwestern quarter of the city.

Dr. S. was largely the promoter of the early educational welfare of our city. He, with others gone before him, founded the Rochester Female Academy on Fitzhugh street. The common schools of the city had their origin in the valuable suggestions and labors of the deceased and his cotemporaries. He was one of the committee who located Mt. Hope. In fact, he was an intelligent, useful citizen, and had at heart the true interests of his adopted city. Himself thoroughly educated, he sought in the best directions to use his talents and influence in setting forward the development of Rochester.

In 1854, Dr. Strong was elected Mayor of the city; he held the office for one term. In politics, Dr. S. was of the conservative school. He was an active and prominent member of the old Whig party, but more recently voted for the best men irrespective of party, calling himself, however, a conservative Republican. His last public work was in causing the removal of that destructive barrier, the Exchange street canal bridge. The high hill there depressed the value and use of property in the easterly part of the third ward, and he, with others, saw that the only remedy was the construction of a swing bridge. His efforts were crowned with success, and the present improved condition of that part of the city along the whole line of Exchange street, bears full testimony to the value of his services.

Of Dr. S.'s family, originally nine brothers and sisters, only two sisters remain. His oldest sister, the widow of the late Dr. B. W. Dwight of Hamilton College, at an advanced age, died some years since at Clinton, N. Y. His second brother, Prof. Theodore Strong, formerly of Hamilton College and afterwards of Rutgers College of New Jersey, was an eminent mathematician, and as such, received high honors at home and abroad. He lived to be over eighty years. Dr. Woodbridge Strong, an eminent physician of Boston, was the next older than the deceased. He died at a good age in 1861. His surviving sisters are the wife of Prof. Charles Avery, L. L. D., of Hamilton College, and Mrs. Bogert, wife of Dr. S. V. R. Bogert of "Sailors' Snug Harbor," of Staten Island.

Dr. Strong leaves a widow to mourn the loss of one, who for over forty years has been a kind and affectionate and endeared companion.

The funeral was from his late residence, No. 10 South Washington street. His remains were taken to Salem, Mass., for interment.

The Siberian Mammoth.

While the citizens and the residents of neighboring villages have recently been greatly interested and instructed by visiting the Siberian Mammoth, at Ward's Museum, St. Mary's Hospital and the City Hospital have received a substantial benefit, the entire profits of the exhibition, \$158.92, being equally divided between them.

We are greatly indebted to Prof. Ward for his generous donation to our charity and also for the opportunity of examining this great natural curiosity, a full description of which, written by the learned Professor, appeared in the Democrat and Chronicle, from which we make the following extract :

"Stepping then, at once, into the presence of this great monster, we note in the first place his colossal proportions. Standing firmly on all fours he is exactly sixteen feet high; his length from front of the pendent trunk to tail is twenty-two feet, from front curve of tusks four feet more, making a total length to the animal of twenty-six feet, while his girth in the largest part of the body is thirty-two feet. The two tusks, which flare outward with a double curve from either side of his upper jaw, are thirteen feet eight inches long, and forty inches in circumference at the base. His fore-feet, nearly round, are quite a yard in diameter—the hind feet a trifle less. The weight of the present structure is about five tons, which weight the living animal must have largely exceeded. Few visitors gazing up at this colossus can appreciate or admit that it is other than an actual animal, dead perhaps, but in some state of rigid preservation which stands before them. We must say to them, however, that this is strictly a restoration; a building up with various materials and guided by the rules of comparative anatomy of a fac-simile of the original body, flesh, bones and hairs covering—of the great Siberian Mammoth—the *Elephas primigenius*."

☞ Communications for the Editor may be sent to No. 84 Powers' Building.

The following letter gives us great pleasure :

NEW YORK, August 6, 1878.

MRS. DR. MATHEWS,

Cor. Sec'y Hospital Review,

Dear Madam :—I have been requested by my cousin, Mrs. Pamela Spear, to tender, through you, her gratitude for the care and kindness she experienced at the hands of your Association, not alone from the professional heads, but also from the nurses; and she believes, under the providence of God, her life was saved by your kind and skilful attention. Words fail to express her gratitude, but, in her devotions to her Heavenly Father, be assured you will be largely remembered.

Very truly and gratefully yours,

JAMES C. BALDWIN.

We have so many who do not appreciate the efforts of the Lady Managers and those engaged in Hospital work, that it is very refreshing and gratifying to receive, occasionally, some expressions of gratitude from those who share the benefits of our Hospital.

Apples.

We would be very glad if some of our friends would supply us with Apples. We consume a large amount, and we are sure some of our citizens or country neighbors would spare some for our benefit. Fruit and Vegetables of every kind are very acceptable to us. Please respond.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 9, 1878, of consumption, Charles Gould, (colored,) aged 59 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 13, 1878, of consumption, Mrs. Abbie Smith, aged 35 yrs.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 21, 1878, of asphyxia, Andrew Morse, aged 77 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 20, 1878, of pneumonia, Mrs. Mary L. Brackley, aged 19 years.

CASH RECEIPTS.

Received from Prof. Ward, as half proceeds of the Exhibition of the Siberian Mammoth,\$79 96
 W. D. Ostermoor's donation on Mattress account, 13 00
 Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Donations.

Miss Annie S. Davidson—Second-hand Clothing and Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Wm. S. Little—Reading Matter and Flowers.
 Mrs. W. Corning—One basket of Apples.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Eggs, Pickles and Jelly.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Raspberries.
 Mrs. W. C. Dickinson—Second-hand Clothing, 3 jars Jelly and Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Huntington—Basket of Eggs.
 Mrs. E. H. Clark—Reading Matter.
 Rochester Journal and Library Ass'n.—Reading Matter and Medical Works.

Receipts for the Review.

To August 1st, 1878.

John Gardner,—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins, \$ 62
 Miss E. Dickenson, Geneseo,—by Mrs. Dr. Strong, 62
 Mr. W. W. Carr,—by Mrs. S. W. Updike 63
 G. C. Buell & Co., E. H. Davis, L. P. Ross, Wayne's Market,—each \$5.00 for advertisement,—by Mrs. C. Johnston, 20 00
 Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 62 cents; Miss Clara Eason, \$1.25; Mrs. Edgar Holmes, 62 cents; Mrs. W. J. McPherson, \$3.00; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, (two subscriptions,) \$1.24; Mrs. M. F. Reynolds, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. Teall, 63 cts.; Miss C. R. VanEverie, 62 cts.; Miss Catharine York, 62 cents; E. B. Booth & Son, advertisement, \$5.00; Osgood & Clark, advertisement, \$5.00; Mrs. Pamela Spear, New York, \$1.00—by Mrs. Robert Mathews, 20 84

Superintendent's Report.

1878. July 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 73
 Received during month, .. 23— 96
 Deaths, 4
 Discharged, 12— 16
 Remaining, Aug. 1st, 1878, 80

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.

Toady's Courting.

BY J. C. PEABODY.

A dandy young toad, with a lively spring-halt,
 Rigged out in a suit of "pepper-and-salt,"
 Sat on a toad-stool, a-cleaning his claws,
 New spotting his vest, re-stretching his jaws,
 In short, primping up, with all his small might,
 For I'm going a courting, says Toady, to-night.
 But the night was pitch dark, while the rain did
 pitch in
 Enough to have wet the young beau to his skin:
 So lest he might chance to miss and go wrong,
 He got his friend fire-bug to light him along,
 When a funny conceit made him giggle "he, he,
 I travel, like folks, with a buggy, you see,
 But I need an umbrella, I do, it is plain;"
 So he plucked up his toad-stool, and started again.
 Now Polly, his flame, was a proud little wog,
 And lived with her father, Professor Bullfrog,
 Who all through the season, that opened in June,
 At the Muddy Pond sociables blew the bassoon,
 Polly was proud of her feet, just beginning to
 grow.
 And proud of her tail, just beginning to go;
 And she vowed in disgust: "I'll not have a fel-
 ler,
 Not much, who comes with a toad-stool um-
 brella;
 And the king of all toads might expect me to
 flout him,
 If he came having *bugs*, horrid creatures, about
 him."
 Then she called the Professor, whose awful bas-
 soon
 Sent Toady pell-mell with its boombleteboom;
 And he stumbled, and crumbled his stool, in
 his flight,
 And trod on the firebug and put out his light;
 But he vowed, as he plumped in his dear native
 spot,
 If again he went courting he hoped to be shot.

"How did you come to know her?" asked a mother of her little girl, as she saw her bidding good-by to a poorly-dressed child at the church-door.

"Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sunday school all alone, and I made a place for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled, and then we were acquainted," was the pleasant answer.

Queer Tom.

Tom Flossofer was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried. I never saw him cry. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say:

"What makes you cry? Can you cry tulips? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them!"

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "you can't play any mo-o-o-re!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whittle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flossofer was queer, certainly; but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.

Good Life—Long Life.

He liveth long who liveth well;
 All else is life but flung away.
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each day with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go;
 The life above when this is past
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

L. GERIDEAU.

Daisy-picking.

A little child, knee deep in meadow grasses,
 Her tiny apron heaped with blooms of spring;
 Lightly above her head the soft wind passes,
 Sweetly along her way the bluebirds sing.

Quick fly the eager glances hither, thither,
 The little gasping fingers know no bound;
 Already some fair buds begin to wither,
 Some softly drop unnoticed to the ground.

No matter now, the world is full of sweetness;
 Stretches the field before her wide and gay;
 Blithe little heart that knows no incompleteness,
 No touch of gloom in all the sunny day.

Ah, gladly take what springtime brings of glad-
 ness,
 Each tended blossomed joy of childhood's hour;
 For days will come when treading slow in sad-
 ness,
 Thou may'st search vainly for one wayside
 flower. —[Home Journal.

Gave What He Wanted.

One often hears of the charity which gives liberally what is not wanted at home, such as worn-out garments, to Western missionaries. But a little boy in Hartford kept what he did not want, and sent what he did value to poor children.

A pretty story is told of a little boy in Hartford, too young to write, who held a child's fair recently, for the benefit of the Union for Home Work. As it was so near the Fourth, his comrades wouldn't buy anything except with pins, preferring to keep their money for fireworks.

In despair the little fellow dictated a letter to the superintendent, sending her the dollar of savings that he had himself been gradually accumulating for the Fourth, telling her "to please spend it among the poor children, yet not to buy them bad-tasting medicine with it, but something good like ice-cream."

He added, in a postscript: "I would have sent you some money from my fair, but the boys would only pay me in pins, and I suppose you have plenty, so send you all my pennies instead."

A little boy who wore striped stockings was asked by a man on the street why he made barber's poles of his legs. His pert reply was, "Well, ain't I a little shaver?"

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.

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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.
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 17 STATE STREET,
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DRY GOODS.

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PROPRIETOR OF
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Feb '75 *Newman's Castorine for the Hair.*

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1838. 1878.

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1877.

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Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

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Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITEST ME."

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1878.

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.

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,
9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

Florence.—1878.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

What shall I sing for the darling who lies
With the kisses of sleep on her innocent eyes :
Who sees in her dream land the wonderful flowers
Whose shadowless beauty has vanished from ours?

Ah, fair maiden, my wisdom is vain
To choose thee a path never haunted by pain ;
Thy feet may be bruised, but in darkness or light
The hand of the Shepherd will lead thee aright.

The years of thy future are safe in His hold
Whose smiles like the sunshine, His children enfold ;

Go, hide in His bosom, if troubles assail,
Secure in His keeping whose love cannot fail.

Eyes raised toward heaven are always
beautiful, whatever color they may be.

—[Joubert.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

GERMANY—NEAR THE RHINE.

We reached Andernach after dark. Porters shouldered our box trunks and we followed on foot, passed under a stone arch, and as we went on it seemed as if we were in an immense cellar of some old giant. But I soon found that the narrow street into which we had entered by the gate in the city wall, with its stone houses so near together, in the dim light had deceived me and the arch was not continuous. My friend and I took a room together—it seemed such a weird place to be alone in. The narrow street was paved and terribly noisy, and we slept poorly.

Next morning we took an omnibus and rode in the heat, part of the way through woods, to a lake called Laacher See. We should call it a pond. No bottom can be found. It is surrounded by hills, some thickly wooded with a patch of lower land under culture ; on one side a building with a roof that glistened in the sun. I wondered why we had taken so much pains to see merely a pretty pond. But our attention was soon drawn to the wonderful reflection in the still water. What I had taken for two buildings with shiny roofs was but one. The cultivated land was less extensive than I had thought it. We came to a part of the road where the woods on one side concealed the exact borders of the

Laacher See. Then looking across to the woods on the other side, though we knew that the lake lay between, we could scarcely believe it. It seemed as if densely wooded hills descended to a very deep valley, out of sight and we were looking at them through a misty haze; again and again we gazed and the deception was perfect. In another part of the lake the water had the appearance of foam rising up about the trees and shrubs. It was an exquisitely beautiful picture. Once, in a painting, I saw what I supposed to be the course of a river, only marked by the ascending vapor, while the river was out of sight, and this made me think of it. Schlegel says of it in words which I imperfectly translate without my dictionary.

By Andernach, upon the Rhine, lieth a deep sea,
Stilller than it is none under the Heaven's height,
Once lay upon an island in the midst of it a castle,

Till cracking with a great sound it shot down beneath.

The boatman finds no ground nor bottom till this hour,

What has life and breath is drawn down into the abyss.

Close by is a very pretty abbey in a good state of preservation, with a wonderful echo, where we sang, and the sound echoed and re-echoed and died away. We tried "Scotland's Burning," and it seemed as if there were a choir of voices. A figure of the builder, with a model of the abbey in his hand, lies in state near the entrance. The Jesuits had a cloister near by, but they have been driven from Germany.

We rode back through a country full of lava where the soft lava-stone has been sliced down and caverned and made to assume almost every shape convenient for obtaining it. These rocks look like clay hills—I could not believe them to be rocks till C. got out and brought us a piece—a little like pumice. Exposure to the air I thought would make them crumble. They are mixed with chalk and cut into blocks for building.

We returned, dined and took the boat for Coblenz. The views on the winding, constantly winding banks were quite charming. From the landing we passed through the city wall and crossed the street to the hotel. Our beautiful room, elegantly furnished, with a wee piazza, looks across the river to Ehrenbreitstein.

The next morn, C's birth-day, we drove to Stolzenfels, a splendid castle built first in the 13th century and rebuilt by the last King of Prussia in the present century. It is the private property of the Emperor, but the Empress prefers passing her summer in a palace in the city, and only comes to S. for the day. The chapel wall is covered with beautiful pictures. I wanted to study them all out, but the guide ruthlessly hurried us away. One represented the tree of knowledge. On one side Adam has bitten the apple and hands it back to Eve. The serpent is on the tree. On the other side the Ancient of Days, walking in the cool of the day; Adam and Eve hiding in a bower, Eve with her hand over her face. There were several pictures of the "Ancient of Days," an old man with flowing beard. One of Cain's fruit offering unconsumed, Abel's Burning; Abel dead beside the altar, Adam and Eve coming in consternation to look upon him, and Cain fleeing away. Others of the worship of the Magi, the Ascension and the Judgment.

We saw beautiful cabinets of ebony and silver, buhl, &c., armor on the walls worn by Alva and other celebrities; rare porcelain and glass. The beds were very narrow. One room only had a large double bed. The wife of the last king, who was lame, used to be drawn into this apartment over an inclined plain. But after her husband's death she rarely slept there. Our informant said she was greatly beloved, but the present Empress is not. I said, "Is she proud?" No, very condescending, but I don't know why; she is not liked.

We returned to the hotel; dined and rested. Then took a carriage across the Rhine bridge and up and round, and round and up to Ehrenbreitstein. The view was beautiful, but we could only see the outside of the extensive fortifications of this impregnable hold. The interior is kept secret. But we saw enough to make us admire its grandeur and strength, from Nature and Art combined.

We drove back from the river over the hills to a poor little village, Aar-enberg, where the people under the inspiration of their Romanist priest have built one of the loveliest of churches. I wish I could describe it to you so that it would make on your mind the same impression it did on mine. It was built of small, dark lava stones, the trimmings being of a lighter color. The pulpit and the decorations about the altar were of quartz and shells. At the back of the church, opposite the altar, near the floor, a pale blue light from a hidden window was let into a glass enclosure in which was a spar cradle, over which two angels kept guard; evidently intended at certain seasons to receive the figure of the Infant Christ. In the front of the church behind the high altar was an artificial, rocky hill with tropical foliage. Over two arches beneath the hill climbs a massive vine, bearing great purple clusters. On the summit are three crosses, Christ in the centre, with hands and feet nailed and blood dripping from His side: the thieves on each side with their arms thrown over the cross and bound with cords, bringing out the muscles of the neck and chest in strong relief. Below stand the Virgin, the Maries and a few others. The altar table bears a crystal cross and is trimmed with imitations of precious stones, topaz, rubies, &c. At one side of the altar near the floor, a flood of amber light streams into a sepulchre containing a dead Christ—a figure of much power—a crown of thorns lies beside him. On the other side a soft, rosy light illu-

mines the recently deserted tomb, where the linen cloth and some flowers remain, and over which bend two angels. Finely selected texts of Scripture were set up in every available place through the church. By the steps of the high altar, "And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Say unto the people, take heed to yourselves that ye go not up into the mount.'" Near the basin of holy water, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin." "Wash me with hysop and I shall be clean, cleanse me," &c. There was very little apparent worship of Mary—very little to offend a Protestant.

The many precious Scripture texts made it seem like holy ground. By the door in passing out were posted printed requests to the visitor, of which I can only give you the spirit: If you are tempted to take away any thing from this church, remember that it is the temple of the living God, holy unto Him. If tempted to take even the smallest stone from the walls, remember who it is that has said, "Thou shalt not steal." If you desire to bear away any thing, let it be in the memories of the soul, for those will abide with you. We went away with softened hearts, for the true spirit of religion had met us in those quiet aisles. It was quite in keeping that no one could be found to whom to give the usual fee.

A large, well-kept grottoed garden was attached to the church. How we longed to pluck a sprig and bear it away—but, no! the soul memories must suffice, and we knew these would not leave us. Passing by white marble stones, carved to represent the scene, or stages in the passion of our Lord, we reached a little chapel built of quartz, with magnificent quartz crystals in its walls, with the emblem of a heart pierced by a sword, over the door, dedicated to the sorrow of Mary, the Mater Dolorosa. Beyond this, on an elevation, which added to the effect, was a disagreeable representation of the woman described in Rev. 12th,

clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet—holding up the new-born child high to save it from the seven-headed dragon that sought to devour it. Close by, a tree covered with apples, some half-open, disclosing a death's head inside. Turning from this shocking figure, a sign board guided us to the Mount of Olives. In an arbor-like chapel knelt a life-size figure of Christ in earnest prayer. Upon the window was painted an angel holding out to Him the brimming cup. C. L. S.

For the Hospital Review.

The Origin of Abbott Female Academy.

Before presenting the diplomas to the graduates of the Abbott Female Academy, in Andover, Mass., Prof. E. A. Park, in his own inimitable way, illustrated, by anecdote, how largely our history is modified by small and obscure events. "*Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.*" Sometimes we may trace the broad stream up to the few drops of its source.

Years ago, a young man in Harvard College was engaged to become a teacher in Phillips Academy, Andover. In his graduating essay he dropped a few words indicating that his theology was not in accord with that of the founder of Phillips Academy. It was suggested that if any more lucrative position should be offered to him, the Trustees would accept his resignation. He took the hint, resigned, and, as requested, recommended his classmate, Samuel Farrar, to fill the position.

Mr. Farrar came to Andover, and for sixty-five years was identified with the interests of Phillips Academy. He entered the family of Madam Phillips, who impressed him greatly. He was then a country youth, and Madam Phillips became to him an inspiration; he never lost the power of the influence she exerted over him. Years afterwards, Mrs. Abbott came to him to make her will. He advised her to give her property to found a Female

Academy in Andover, and she did so.

"Only one man had a finger in founding the Abbott Female Academy, and that man was inspired by a woman."

H. S. T.

Terrible Experience.

Mr. J. J. Talbot, who died at South Bend, Ind., from the effects of a recent relapse into intemperance, was formerly a minister, and once a member of congress from Kentucky. He operated for the temperance orders, but evidently was not supported by religion. In a temperance meeting at South Bend he gave the following as his experience:

"But now that the struggle is over, I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had position high and holy. This demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterwards I had business large and lucrative, and my voice in all large courts was heard pleading for justice mercy, and the right. But the dust gathered on my unopened books, and no foot-fall crossed the threshold of a drunkard's office. I had moneys ample for all necessities; but they took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. This evil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of altars, and, leading me through its portals, despair walked forth with her, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning; and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart, that no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the bright wings of a father's undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. The infernal monster couldn't spare me even this. I had a mother who for long, long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease; her choicest delight was in the reflection that the lessons she had taught at

her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt reached even there, and there it did its most cruel work. Ah! me; never a word of reproach from her lips—only a tender caress; only a shadow of a great and unspoken grief gathered over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly on my head; only a closer clinging to the cross; only a more piteous appeal to heaven if her cup was not full. And while her boy raved in his delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into her rest.

“And thus I stand: a clergyman without a cure; a barrister without brief or business; a father without a child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; a man with scarcely a friend; a soul without a hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.”

Hay Fever.

Professional knowledge of this disease, so far as we know, does not extend back of the year 1809. For the forty years that followed, attention to it was confined almost wholly to England. Since 1859 it has been extensively studied on the Continent, and within the last few years in this country.

It is now generally regarded as caused by the pollen of various grasses. The pollen does not act as a simple irritant, like ordinary dust, but chemically as a poison.

It inflames the mucous membranes of the nose, the eyes, the mouth, the upper air passages, and frequently the air cells of the lungs, causing a peculiar asthma.

The fever is light, though much higher in the asthmatic form. Both forms have a favorable issue at the end of three or four weeks, disappearing very rapidly, the asthma almost instantaneously.

Sometimes the attacks have continued for three months. The same patients are visited by it regularly every year, at the flowering season. The susceptibility to it is confined mainly to people of sedentary habits.

Treatment is powerless against the disease. Sea voyages furnish immunity; and in this country the White Mountains

seem to be lifted away from the irritating pollen.

It generally begins with a tickling of the nose. Then follow a running of the nose, violent sneezing, and swelling of the membrane, so as sometimes to close both nostrils. The eyes also become red, burn and swell. The tear passages are often completely filled; shooting neuralgic pains are felt in the back of the head.

A Scene not Set Down on the Bills.

During the long run of “Uncle Tom” in an Eastern city, the family of the gentle Eva went to housekeeping, and during the occupation of the elder forces a small boy—brother of Eva (the Eva on this occasion being Miss Lulu Prior) strayed away and was lost in the strange city. Moving was suspended and hunting commenced, but the child was not found. Audiences must not be disappointed, however, and so the poor little sister was forced to array herself for her part, wash off the tears, and try and forget that her little brother was lost. But during the evening the runaway was found, and the parents, to relieve their little daughter’s mind, took him directly to the theatre. The death scene of Eva was on: Topsy, with her apron on her head, crouched on the floor. Seeing out of a corner the recovered youth, Topsy said in a whisper, “Hold your Nebuchadnezzar up.” Eva lay on a couch—St. Clair bent over her with the question, “What do you say, Eva darling?” To which the dying child was only to reply: “Love—joy—peace,” and fall back dead upon the pillow. Just as Eva raised her head feebly, lifted her head and commenced the broken sentence, she spied the refund brother. With a cry of joy she extended her little arms toward him and broke out, “Oh see—see, he’s found! he’s there, and I thought never to see my little brother again!” Then, recollecting her part, she gave a great gulp of fright, fell back spasmodically to the studied words and cried out, “Love—joy—peace!” and dropped her head upon the pillow. The scene was never more affecting. Sobs were heard on all sides. The speech was so heartfelt that the audience felt sure it was part of the play—that the dying Eva was supposed to have a vision of a lost brother, waiting on the mystic shore.

A Water Lily.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

O star on the breast of the river,
 O marvel of bloom and grace,
 Did you fall straight down from heaven
 Out of the sweetest place?
 You are white as the thoughts of an angel;
 Your heart is steeped in the sun;
 Did you grow in the golden city;
 My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
 None gave me my saintly white;
 It slowly grew from the darkness
 Down in the dreary night.
 From the ooze of the silent river
 I won my glory and grace.
 White souls fall not, O my poet;
 They rise to the sweeter place.
 —[From Sunday Afternoon

Royalty Learning Trades.

The German government has long sought to make industrial pursuits reputable and universal. To this end, members of the royal family have practiced as well as preached the gospel of honest work. In Carlshrne, I learned of an excellent girl's school in which the grand duchess of Baden, the only daughter of the emperor of Germany, had recently placed her young daughter, with instructions that she should be excused from none of the household industries required of the other pupils, that she should be trained in sewing and knitting, and made as through a seamstress as if she were to earn her livelihood by her needle. During her school life she is not to be distinguished by any of the high titles which she may bear in after life. In all respects she is to be on a par with her young companions, receiving no favoritism in view of her rank, but to work and play, run and romp, give and take on perfectly equal terms with her companions, and receive exactly the same punishment if remiss in study or work. The present crown prince of Prussia early learned the cabinet maker's trade, and at Babelsberg near Potsdam, the summer palace of the emperor of Germany, are shown articles of furniture of superior workmanship made by him. His cousin, Prince Frederick Charles, learned the trade of a glazier, and

cause quite artistic and enthusiastic in his craft. Fine specimen of his work may be seen in the Potsdam palace, consisting chiefly of colored glass tastefully joined together by means of lead and tin strips like the fine colored memorial glass windows so often found in churches. Such examples of honoring industry have exerted a vast and beneficial influence throughout the German empire.

Cause of Typhoid Fever.

It has long been suspected that the typhoid fever prevalent in New England villages is the direct result of drinking impure well water. Says the *Medical Record*:

In many cases the well is beneath the house, adjacent to the cellar, which usually contains more or less decaying vegetable matter; in many, it is within a few feet of the barn; in some, indeed, in the barn yard itself; and in many more the sink drain discharges within a few feet of it, and pools of stagnant house-waste are permitted to percolate into the surrounding soil. The researches of the State Board of Health, of Massachusetts, carefully prosecuted in 1872, with the assistance of local medical authority, developed the astounding probability that more than half the wells in New England are so situated as to be subject to sewerage contamination; and the subject is one that should be thoroughly discussed by the secular press before popular attention can be sufficiently directed to it.

THE POOREST GIRL.—The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught how to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them. They have been taught to despise labor, and depend on others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn and miserable women on earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training.

Keep good principles, and they will

A Shadow Pantomime.

A California paper describes a funny free exhibition that was entirely unintentional,—literally a *side-show*:

A house was recently moved from one end of Napa to the other, a portion of the frame being sawn off, and left behind for the family to occupy temporarily. Across the exposed front of this shell were stretched several sheets, and behind the curtain the family lived, moved and had their domestic being. When the lamp was lighted, and the family sat down to supper, a crowd gathered on the sidewalk, and remained there until there was a darkness within. It was a most interesting series of shadow pictures.

The potatoes, as they passed into the mouths, looked on the screen like pumpkins pitchforked into hay-mows, and the spoons and forks were enlarged so as to represent base ball clubs and shillelahs. The sons and daughters of toil finished their supper and went to bed, utterly unconscious that they had been illustrating Brobdingnag for the benefit of their neighbors.

Spanked.

The *Troy Times* has heard of an astonished doctor, out West, who was called to a critical case, but found his "occupation gone." Presence of mind and rough determination proved as effectual in a dangerous emergency as mere skill. The *Times* tells how it was:

A small yearling youngster at Fort Wayne, Indiana, had the misfortune to suck a kernel of corn into its windpipe the other day. The doctor was sent for in haste, and announced that it would be necessary to perform the operation of tracheotomy to save the child's life.

The Hoosier mother, familiar with a practice of domestic surgery of a different sort, and not pleased with the idea of having the child's windpipe cut open, seized the sufferer by one leg, and holding him up, head downward, administered sundry resounding spansks. There was a sound not unlike the sound of a pop-gun, and the kernel of corn was ejected with great force. The child was at once relieved, and recovered of course.

The astonished physician declared that, for a "*corn-doctor*," this Hoosier mother beat him all hollow.

A Nice Little Fish Story.

HOW SOME TROUT SAVED A YOUNG GIRL FROM DROWNING.

One of the most remarkable evidences that fishes possess reasoning power, is related to us by a reliable gentleman, which we hasten to lay before our readers. Our informant has on his grounds an artificial trout pond, which contains at least 3,000 spotted beauties, weighing from a half to two pounds each. The gentleman has a little daughter, five years of age, who may well be called the queen of the speckled beauties. This little miss has succeeded in training the fish, so that she can go to the edge of the pond, and with a handful of crumbs feed them from her chubby fat hand. The fish have learned to jump up out of the water and snatch a worm from her fingers. They seem exceedingly fond of her, in fact, they are said to perfectly adore their little queen. On Thursday last the little one was standing near the edge of the pond, where the water was quite deep. While reaching over to drop a few crumbs to her subjects, she suddenly lost her balance, and pitched headlong into the water. She says that she "went way down," when she felt something underneath her, and she quickly rose to the surface, where she put her little lungs to their utmost test and called lustily for help. Her cries quickly attracted her parents, and they were horrified at seeing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed quickly to the water's edge and reached out for his treasure, and as he raised her from the water a perfect solid mass of trout were found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen, as she fell, quickly gathered beneath her, and thus showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived, thus preventing her from meeting a watery grave, which she would have otherwise done. Parents who have little ones can imagine the parents' love for these trout, when they remember that their sagacity saved the life of their little daughter.

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?"

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1878.

Hospital Inmates.

After some months' absence from the city, we found ourselves at the entrance of the City Hospital grounds, on the last morning of August. The implements of archery and croquet indicated that the Hospital lawn did service as a play-ground; a bright bed of scarlet geraniums gave it a cheerful aspect, and groups of convalescents were gathered under the friendly shelter of trees. Those on the west side were females and the males had taken possession of the eastern side.

We were glad to recognize among the convalescents some who had long been inmates of the Hospital Wards. One of a group of three was writing; she was under treatment for spinal complaint. On a settee near by was our friend Mrs. P., who had been very sick during our absence, but who was then very comfortable and rejoicing in her ability to leave her couch. She seemed very grateful for the attentions of her physician, who had carried her through a painful and dangerous sickness. Another patient, afflicted with chronic rheumatism, looked very comfortable with her book and work beside her.

Three gentlemen, two of whom we recognized as old patients, were enjoying a chat and greeted us cordially, playfully remarking that the City Hospital patronized the street cars so well that the horses expected to stop when they passed it, and they hoped the proprietors would remember the Institution on Donation Day. An aged patient sixty-eight years old, who had endured many privations during a twenty years' residence in California, was suffering from nervous prostration, and a younger man was enjoying a nap stretched at full length on a settee. The tent on

the lawn was empty, its occupant, Mr. P., having died some weeks since. A cancer patient was soon to occupy it.

As we entered the Hospital we heard music from the piano and found one of the epileptic patients was amusing herself by playing.

In the Surgical Ward we found nineteen patients, one convalescing from a fractured hip, another had recently fractured his leg, one had abscess on his face, one was blind and deaf, one was suffering from nervous depression, one had lost his mind. A paralytic patient was playing dominoes with one of his friends. Mr. W., who has long been confined to his rolling chair by paralysis, had been amusing himself by making cornucopias of colored paper, filling them with lamplighters, red, white, and blue, and presenting them to his friends.

We missed from this Ward one who, on our last visit, seemed dwelling in the land of Beulah, Mr. Charles Gould, our colored friend. In our visits to the Hospital, we have met with few who interested us so much as he. Blind and helpless, his cheerful spirit accepted with childlike faith all the dispensations of his heavenly Father, and at his bedside we have learned many a lesson of patience in adversity. He was for many years a member of the Second Baptist Church in this city, and he worthily adorned his profession and exerted a holy influence that was felt throughout the Ward of which he was an inmate. His death was very sudden. He was up and dressed the day previous; his nurse noticed he was more silent than usual, but he did not complain, and passed away before his attendants knew he was nearing the heavenly Canaan.

As we were leaving this Ward we were greeted by Mr. K., an aged man of 73, who seemed very grateful for the Hospital ministrations. He said he had great cause for gratitude for all his mercies, that though he sometimes forgot God, God never forgot him.

In the Medical Ward we found sixteen patients, some recovering from malarial fever, and several rheumatic patients.

The Female Wards were all full.

In the lower Ward a group of elderly people was assembled, four of whom were recovering from fractures, three of these were bright and hopeful, but the fourth who had long been suffering from a fractured hip was fearful she never would be well; they looked very comfortable in their rocking chairs. Nineteen from this Ward ate in the Ward dining room, and nine had their meals served on waiters.

In the upper Female Ward there were many young patients. Sixteen of these were about taking their seats around the upper Ward dining table, and six were to eat from waiters. The sickest person in this Ward was a cancer patient who a few days before had passed through a severe surgical operation.

In the next Ward were two babies and four waiting patients.

In the Mansard were five private patients.

The Children's Cot.

The little Cot is at present empty, for it is not quite large enough to hold the youngest patients who are now in the Female Wards. There are a great many young people just now under treatment, one very near the Children's Cot, a young girl, is very sick with abscess. We could not talk with her for she was sleeping.

If our Cot was in the Male Ward we should put in it a little boy nine years old, who knows nothing of his father and whose mother is a hard working woman. The little fellow has been sick nineteen weeks, of malarial fever. He is now much better, was sitting up when we saw him, but the nurse said he needed some friend to look after him.

Another young patient is a boy fourteen years old who was quite feverish. He has

suffered much from hip complaint, and had bed sores that were very annoying. The poor little fellow's countenance indicated he had endured much pain.

A bright, motherless boy of fourteen was under treatment for broken wrist; he had his arm in splints and seemed in good spirits. He tried to jump from a fence to a tree, fell and fractured his wrist.

Our Cot Fund does not grow as fast as we wish it did. We hope the dear children who have been spending their vacation at the sea side or in the mountains or in pleasant country scenes, as they return to their homes, will send their offerings for the less favored children of the poor.

We are happy to know some of our little friends have remembered us. We saw a lovely pair of pink crocheted slippers for the occupants of the Cot and also a nice story book, "The Roly and Poly Story Book," given by Mary Bell Brewster.

The Matron gave us 86 cents and told us that some of the children in and near Livingston Park, the Gaffneys, the Fitz-Simons and Osgoods, had made paper dolls, pin wheels and other little paper fancy articles, had sold them and divided the profits between St. Mary's Hospital and our Cot Fund.

Dear little children, don't forget our Children's Cot.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

One-half the proceeds Children's Sale, . . . \$	86
Family Box,	15
Previously acknowledged,	323 47

Total receipts, \$324 48

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Old Cotton.

Our Matron tells us she is in great and constant need of Old Cotton. Please send it every month.

Sympathy.

The insatiate archer, whose arrows of late have been flying thickly around us, has again bent his bow, and with unerring aim pierced the heart of one closely linked with two of the prominent physicians of our city, whose professional services have long blessed the inmates of our City Hospital. For weary months the husband and son have sought to shield their beloved one from the fatal shaft, but human aid was powerless, and in their darkened home, they mourn for her whose unselfish life there beautifully illustrated the duties of wife and mother.

On the morning of August 30th, Mrs. Sarah Allen, wife of Dr. W. W. Ely, died at her residence on South Fitzhugh Street.

Modest and retiring in her manner, but earnest in spirit, Mrs. Ely made home the shrine to which she brought her choicest offerings, and found her happiness in training her children for posts of honor and usefulness, from which they now rise up to call her blessed.

We would offer our sympathy to these stricken ones, especially to those who have so often ministered consolation and healing to the afflicted sufferers of our City Hospital.

New Quarters.

The demand for more cots for female patients has forced the managers of the City Hospital to furnish the western half of the upper Female Ward. Ten additional beds have been placed there with washstand bureaus between them, and most of these new cots are occupied. There are now twenty-four occupants of the upper Female Ward, and for these a dining room at the west end of the building has been furnished. Fourteen patients from this Ward come to the table and the others have their meals sent to them in the Ward.

We hope the day is not far distant when we can build a laundry with sleeping rooms above it for the employees of the Hospital. We greatly need these. The smoke and steam from the laundry have always been very disagreeable, we need the servants' dormitories for Hospital uses, and would prefer removing the occupants from the Hospital patients.

The Second Baptist Room.

Our friends of the Second Baptist Church have been renovating their room in the southeast corner of the main building of the City Hospital. It is now a most attractive spot for an invalid. Mr. E. T. Miller has decorated it most tastefully. He has whitened the ceiling, painted the wall a soft, neutral tint, put on a handsome cornice and Eastlake dado, that harmonizes with the new Eastlake carpet. The beds have been renovated and new bedding furnished. The furniture is of oak and black walnut. There is a comfortable lounge, plenty of nice chairs, two tables, a wardrobe, bedstead, bureau, washstand, &c., and the walls are adorned with pictures, among which is a likeness of a former greatly beloved pastor, Dr. George Dana Boardman, now of the Arch street Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

We thank our friends for thus ministering to the taste as well as the comfort of the invalids.

Fruit and Vegetables.

The response to our appeal for Apples is very acceptable. Fruit and Vegetables of every kind are very grateful to our invalids. Apples and Tomatoes can be used in large quantities. We can use any amount of Tomatoes.

Communications for the Editress may be sent to No. 84 Powers' Building.

Correspondence.

It is pleasant to be thus kindly remembered :

CLEVELAND, Sept. 9, 1878.

Mrs. R. M. :

Enclosed please find one dollar, my subscription to the *Hospital Review*.

The little paper is a source of pleasure and instruction to me. Cannot afford to do without it.

Very Respectfully,
E. M.

Timely Ministries.

We hardly expected "to point a moral or adorn a tale" for the *Hospital Review*, but a recent episode in our life prompts us to record our gratitude to the youthful surgeon and the blessed ether, whose timely ministries carried us safely over a rugged pathway.

A fall down stairs resulted in a dislocated shoulder, and in our time of need our young friend and neighbor, Dr. Richard M. Moore, proved "a friend indeed."

Our past experience had given us abundant opportunities of testing the comparative merits of various methods of reducing dislocation, but as our curiosity on this point was satisfied, we begged for ether, and in the hands of Dr. R. M. Moore, we were blissfully unconscious of all pain, till the wandering shoulder was brought to its proper bearings and placed under bonds for good behavior for some days to come.

We West Beach people are very proud of our surgeons, and rejoice to know that the skill of the father is likely to be transmitted to the sons.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 1, 1878, of pleurisy, Jacob Harmond, aged 29 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 17, 1878, of pulmonary abscess, J. McPherson, aged 38 yrs.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 24, 1878, of typhoid pneumonia, Henry H. Cummings, aged 24 years.

Donations.

- Flowers, from the Flower Mission.
- Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck—Apples.
- Mrs. Munn, Greece—Three market baskets of Apples.
- Mr. Edward Brewster—Basket of Peaches.
- Mrs. Edward Ray—Basket of Peaches.
- A Friend—Two bushels of Apples.
- Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Basket of Pears, 6 dozen Eggs.
- Davenport & Hale—One bushel Beets.
- Mrs. E. Mathews—Roll of Cotton.

Receipts for the Review,

To SEPTEMBER 1st, 1878.

- Mrs. L. Sunderlin—by Mrs. S. W. Updike \$ 62
- Mrs. D. Gardner, New York, 50 cts.; Mrs. W. B. Stearns, Boston, 62 cts.—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, 1 12
- Anthony Bro's, S. Dunn, J. Fahy & Co., and S. B. Roby & Co., \$5.00 each for advertisements—by Mrs. Clark Johnston, 20 00
- Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, \$1.25; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62c.; Mrs. Pamela Spear, New York, \$1.00; Mrs. E. L. Thomas, \$1.25; Mr. A. J. Warner \$1.25—by Mrs. Robert Mathews 5 99

Superintendent's Report.

1878. Aug. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 80	
Received during month, . . .	32
Births,	2—114
Deaths,	3
Discharged,	24— 27
	87
Remaining, Sept. 1st, 1878,	87

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.

Children's Department.

The Fire-Fly.

Fire-fly! fire-fly! bright little thing,
 Light me to bed while my song I sing;
 Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
 That I may merrily go to my bed;
 Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
 That I may joyfully go to my sleep.

Come, little fire-fly, come, little beast,
 Come, and I'll make you to-morrow a feast;
 Come, little candle, that flies as I sing,—
 Bright little fairy-bug, night's little king,—
 Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along;
 Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song.

A Touching Scene.

A late number of the *Detroit Free Press* says: "Five weeping children were left orphans the other day by the death of their mother, a widow who lived on Prospect Street. The father was killed at one of the depots about two years ago, and since then the mother had kept the family together by hard days' work.

"Lack of food, exposure and worry brought illness which terminated fatally, and the children huddled together in a corner of the room, feeling awed and frightened, but unable to realize that death had made them waifs. When the remains had been sent away to the potter's field, a dozen women gathered and held a whispering conversation.

"'I'll take one of the poor things, though I've four of my own,' said one of the women.

"'And I'll take another.'

"'And I'll take one.'

"'And so will I.'

"Then there was the baby,—a toddling boy, who had been rocked to sleep every night of his life, and whose big blue eyes were full of tears as he sank behind his sister to escape observation. As none of the poor women seemed prepared to take so young a child, a girl not over ten years old, dressed a little better than other children there, crept into the group, reached out for the babe, patting his white head, kissed him, and said:—

"'I will take this one! I have no bro-

ther, and my ma and pa will let me keep him. He can sleep in my trundle-bed, play with my doll, and they may put all the Christmas presents into his stocking?' And the girl ran around the corner and returned with her mother, who sanctioned all she had said.

"'Come bubby; you're mine now!' called the girl; and he laughed as she put her arms around him and tried to lift him up.

"By-and-by a woman said, "Children, you have neither father, mother, nor home. You must be divided up, or go to the poorhouse. Kiss each other, poor orphans, and all kiss the baby!"

They put their arms around him, and hugged and kissed him, and they went out from the old house to go in different directions, and perhaps never again to meet all together."

Care of Canary Birds.

Those who are charmed by the singing of the canary will find in the following directions much that will increase the happiness of the songster, provided the hints are heeded:

Place the cage so that no draught of air can strike the bird. Give nothing to healthy birds but rape and canary seed, water, cuttlefish-bone, and gravel paper or sand paper on the floor of the cage. No hempseed. A bath three times a week. The room should not be overheated—never above seventy degrees.

When moulting (shedding feathers), keep warm, avoid all draughts of air. Give plenty of German rape seed; a little hard-boiled egg, mixed with crackers grated fine, is excellent. Feed at a certain hour in the morning. By observing these simple rules, birds may be kept in fine condition for years.

For birds that are sick or have lost their song, procure bird- tonic at a bird-store. Very many keep birds who mean to give their pets all things to make them bright and happy, and at the same time are guilty of great cruelty in regard to perches. The perches in a cage should be each one of different size, and the smallest as large as a pipe-stem.

If perches are of the right sort, no trouble is ever had about the bird's toenails growing too long; and, of all things, keep the perches clean.—[*Fancier*.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Fr. Sq. 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column, . . . \$10 00
Three Months, . . . 2 00	One Third Column, . . 12 00
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Our Stock of Fall Millinery Goods will be ready for inspection on and after September 10th, when we will display a very large and carefully assorted stock of Flowers, Feathers, Hats, Velvets &c. &c., as every Department in Millinery and Fancy Goods will then be completed.



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.
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1878.

1838.

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SUCCESSORS OF

CASE & MANN,

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WILDER, GORTON & CO.

WILDER & GORTON,

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1838.

1878.

ERASTUS DARROW,
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1846.



1877.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1878.

No. 3.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.
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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, No. 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,
9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

A Child With a Shell.

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell ;
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely ! and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy ; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences ! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith. WORDSWORTH.

Two of the musicians in Queen Victoria's service being strict Methodists, refused to practice on Sunday. They were dismissed, and she restored them, saying, " I shall not permit any of my people to suffer on account of their religion, and shall not allow any rehearsals on Sunday."

Our Foreign Correspondence.

NEAR THE RHINE.

After visiting the beautiful chapel at Aarenberg, our road ascending presented to us a magnificent view of hills of the most varied form, and an elevated plane, patched with dark green, brown and golden hues, and the Rhine lying like a lake below.

The roads are very fine, kept in order by the government, and this road wound round and round between Lombardy poplars, sufficiently distant from each other to give us the view, near enough to induce a feeling of safety on the hillside.

We rode down again to the lowlands and entered Ems, a fashionable watering place on the Lahn. We went for mineral water, thirsty after our long drive, but found it hot and not very inviting. The hotels are numerous. The Russian Emperor often comes here for the health-cure. We saw a Greek in flowing costume. A richly dressed company was gathered for supper under the trees in a beer garden by the river.

Returning through the narrow valley to Coblenz, the long ranges of hills bend closely together and it seems as if there were no exit. We thought we must have to pass through a tunnel, but C. said, " If the river Lahn can get out I think we can. We can probably follow its bendings," and so we did. We crossed the bridge to Co-

blentz, the lights looking finely on the water.

Taking the boat at six in the morning, the mist hid the view a little, but softened the glare and so helped us, and we passed through the finest and most romantic part of the Rhine, often bending and flowing between high banks, with old castles coming continually into view—three at once, three several times, and each had its legend.

The railroads are cut through the hills with picturesque gateways to the tunnels. Some of the hills are vine-clad. A peculiar prominent rock is the famous Lorelei.

Bingen, on the Rhine, is not much of a place to see. Many of the towns show the remains of old walls and watch towers here and there. The space enclosed must have been very small. We saw the Cat's Elbow where the nobles tried to break down the Mouse, a Bishop close by.

Some of the castles have been restored. One, where some of the royal family live, was very beautiful with its chapel.

We left the boat at Bingen and took a rowboat back to Rudesheim, then took a carriage over the Niederwald, where fine wine is produced from grapes raised on high lands, where the sun shines all the day long. We had some pretty views; but it was very hot in the middle of the day.

We took the boat again to Biberich where the Rhine is wide, with low, flat banks, and then a droskey to Wiesbaden.

In the morn we breakfasted in an elegant artificial grotto made with rocks and the bark of trees, and real and artificial plants, with stuffed birds and a basin of water with crabs.

We took the cars intending to leave and visit some castles, but the heat and the fatigue of the preceding day made us change our minds and hasten on to Frankfurt on the Main. The hotel at which we are stopping is a new and very elegant one. We are in the sky-parlor, in the

fourth story, and find it about the cheapest place we have been in. Tickets have to be purchased beforehand for dinner, and the first day we had hard work to get a place at the first table d'hote. Each meal is paid for before leaving the table.

On Sunday we went to an English church, and it was a real treat to hear the simplest of simple sermons. It was so much more homelike and earnest than anything we had heard before in English.

I believe we have seen but two barefooted children in Germany, and but one with ragged shoes, all wear good shoes and stockings and whole clothes; but the women of the lower classes usually go bareheaded, even in carts and boats, the men never. The women carry baskets and burdens on their heads; one little girl of thirteen carried a basket and was knitting as she walked.

c. l. s.

The Crown Jewels of France.

There are two points in the Paris Exposition which, for weeks and weeks, have been constant centers of attraction. Go when you will, early in the morning, or when the shadows of night are falling, the eager, anxious, excited throng seems always to be the same. One of these points is the exhibition made by the diamond merchants and jewelers of Paris; the other is the exhibition of the crown jewels of France.

While the simple monetary value represents many thousands of millions of francs the historical interest which centers around the national collection is above and beyond all estimate. It is not often that the common herd are allowed to feast their eyes on such a sight. In many places on the continent are rich and royal collections, and in the Tower of London may be seen the jewels of the crown of England; but the visitor is hurried along, and at the very moment his attention is excited by something of absorbing interest, a gentle push from the anxious attendant reminds him that time is precious. But here you can stand by the hour if you wish and examine these glittering piles of gems, realizing that such a privilege is not accorded to

common people much oftener than once in a lifetime.

In the national collection are eight royal coronets and four minor tiaras of enormous value and of rare and exquisite beauty. Four of the eight coronets are composed almost exclusively of diamonds; one is composed of magnificent pearls and diamonds, the others have mingled with the king of gems, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, opals and other precious stones. Lovely strings of pearls are temptingly displayed, but the *Regent*, like a glittering star, stands solitary and alone. This great gem was formerly known as the Pitt diamond, having been purchased by Mr. Pitt of a native prince, while governor of India. It was bought by the Duc d'Orleans at a cost of over four millions of francs, and shortly after the proclamation of the empire, Napoleon had it mounted in the hilt of his sword. This royal bauble was left behind on the field of Waterloo, and was captured by the Prussians, by whom it was restored to the eighteenth Louis on his accession to the throne of France. Among the collection is a massive jeweled belt which can be used either as a kingly collar or a queenly cestus, which is lovely beyond description. In the center is a mass of brilliants of enormous size and of the purest water.

The huge diamond in the center of the cestus of which I speak, once glittered in the scepter of Clovis, the first Christian King of France; and the two magnificent pearls under the center diadem were worn by the beautiful Clotilda on the occasion of her marriage with Clovis, at Soissons, A. D. 493. The three royal gems that glittered in the helmet of Charles Martel at the terrible battle of Poitiers, are part of this priceless collection. A collar, of the whitest of pearls, is here, which once rested on the bosom of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Before me is the coronet which crowned the lovely brow of Josephine on that proud day when the husband of her heart led her up to the most splendid throne in Europe. It is told that when she first appeared with these superb jewels, an old crone who saw her in the distance prophesied the hour of her ruin. It was said that the prophecy reached the ears of the Empress and haunted her with cruel foreboding. On the fatal night when her imperial husband came to inform her that they must part for-

ever, she was wearing the magnificent pearls that now lie before me. Tearing them from her neck she dashed them on the floor; the fatal prophecy came back upon her and she remembered her pearls and her tears.

The estimated value of this royal collection is over twenty thousand millions of francs. The only wonder is that, in the midst of so many revolutions and changes of government, a single diamond remains. Rich as this collection is, and carefully as it is guarded, it has not always escaped disaster. An inventory was made of them by the order of the Convention of 1792, and only a few days after the inventory was completed a descent was made upon the place where they were kept, and the whole of the crown jewels were stolen. Though forty persons were concerned in the robbery, only two of them were ever discovered, and the discovery of these two might be termed a lucky accident. A hair dresser, by the name of Lamieville, had been consigned to the Conciergerie for forging and had received some kindness from the sergeant of the guard. In gratitude for his good treatment, he told him of a conversation he had overheard between two persons the night before his release. The sergeant acted on the hints he obtained, and succeeded in finding every one of the jewels concealed in the beams of a rickety old house in the Latin quarter. The two thieves were afterwards hanged, and Lamieville was made Colonel of a regiment of the line and fell gallantly fighting at Marengo.

"Broadbrim," in *N. H. Sentinel*.

Regulating the Time.

The housekeeper who regulates time well and discreetly has acquired the art of making business and pleasure friends. Their households will run smoothly. The power of regulating time is a gift with some people, that others, however well meaning, can never attain. There are some women who find time for everything—to manage their households thoroughly and comfortably, look after their children, get through a certain amount of needlework, read for an hour or two every day,—who never neglect their husbands' comforts, and are always ready for any social pleasure.

The well-known sentence, "I have not

time," is never said by them. How they may manage this is a mystery to those who have not the gift, though they will explain it in these few words: "I never dawdle, and I never waste a moment."

A great deal of valuable time is wasted by people thinking it is not worth while to do anything in the few minutes there are to spare between finishing one piece of work and beginning another.

Some ladies never go about without some knitting in their pockets, which they can take up and work at if they have even five minutes to spare.

To the rule that everything can be overdone, this industry is no exception, for there are people who carry it to the extent of rudeness, who will hardly look up from their work to greet a friend, and forget the first impulses of good breeding in their anxiety to waste no time.

There ought to be no such thing as lack of time for courtesy. It is part of our training here to give up to our fellow-creatures; and if some of our time is wanted by them, it must be given cheerfully and willingly.

It is very trying, certainly, when every hour of one's day has been marked out, to find at the end of the day that each hour has been more or less disturbed by unforeseen circumstances, so trying that it is the wisest not to mark out any definite plan for the day, but merely to make a good lasting resolution not to waste a minute.

A Women's Home.

A "Home" for young business women has been opened at No. 61 Clinton Place, New York, where, for the moderate sum of four dollars a week, the inmates may enjoy home and social privileges without being subjected to any other restraints than those which are necessary to every well regulated family. This enterprise is undertaken by Miss Sarah H. Leggett, who, as the proprietor and manager of a book and stationery shop on Broadway, has herself been a working woman for many years. The numerous applications for rooms which have been received, indicate that such a home is greatly needed. The house, which will accommodate about forty, has been fitted up with plain but tasteful furniture; sewing machines are furnished for the use of the boarders, free of extra

charge; they also have the use of a piano, and a library supplied with good books and the leading periodicals and journals, this reading matter having been contributed by the publishers of New York. By good organization and wise economy this home will be self-supporting, and the family gathered there will enjoy freedom and protection. Miss Leggett identifies herself with her guests by making her home with them. Doubtless, this is but the beginning of other enterprises of a similar nature, and that before long there will be no lack of simple, quiet "homes," where all needful comforts may be obtained by working women at prices within their means.—*Woman's Journal.*

Judge Story's Mother.

The distinguished men of New England have generally come up from families where the mother was at once servant, seamstress, housekeeper, school-mistress, and lady. Her frugality and management made the two ends of the year meet, for food was dear, comforts scarce, and means stinted. Many were the shifts to which she was put, yet her household was managed with tact, her children clothed and educated, and there was always a little something to give in charity.

Such a woman was the mother of Judge Story. When a boy, he was an ardent lover of books, and ambitious to excel in his studies. If dinner was not ready at the school-hour, he would take a piece of bread in his hand, and run off with it to school, so that he might not be numbered among the tardy boys.

The mother fostered her boy's love of study. Accustomed herself to take the lead and to be always busy, she stimulated him to be second to none.

"Now, Joe," she used to say to him, "I've sat up and tended you many a night when you were a child, and don't you dare not to be a great man."

How thoroughly the boy drank in her spirit is shown by his career as a Judge of the United States Supreme Court. Her character, and the deference he saw paid in his early home to her judgment, created in his mind a high estimate of woman.

Every man, coming to an obscure old age, thinks he would have achieved wealth and distinction if——

The Pauper's Death Bed.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow—
 No passing bell doth toll—
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo! death does keep his state;
 Enter—no crowds attend—
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meager hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone;
 A sob suppress'd—again
 That short, deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!—
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars!

O change!—stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod;
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

A Constant Struggle.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a man of work. He was the author of an English Dictionary, of "Lives of the Poets," "Rasselas," and of much valuable literary criticism. His influence on the literature of his age was remarkable.

Yet all his life he had to struggle with a constitutional tendency to slothfulness. Unless he had successfully resisted it, his indisposition to work would have robbed the world of the fruit of his ripe culture and r

How hard he struggled may be learned from a volume he sent to a friend. It is filled with his private prayers, composed during fifty years on New Year's days, on birthdays, and before his Easter communion. It is a suggestive record of a great man's efforts to overcome his natural tendency to indolence and irritability.

He heard the voice of duty constantly calling him to live an industrious and useful life. He made many noble resolutions to obey the call; but when he would carry them out an indisposition to work paralyzed his will-power.

In 1738, on his birthday, he prayed, "O Lord, enable me by thy grace to redeem the time which I have spent in sloth, and to make use of thy gifts to the honor of thy name."

In 1752, he prayed, "Enable me so to shun sloth and negligence that every day may discharge a part of the task which thou hast allotted me."

In 1764, after a previous day of fasting, he laments his irresolution and indolence, and writes, "This is not the life to which heaven is promised." He again records his resolution, written before nearly all his prayers, "to avoid idleness."

The recorded resolutions and prayers which for fifty years specially refer to his temptation to mental idleness would fill a volume. At the age of fifty-six, he writes, almost in despair,—

"I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving. I have done nothing. The need of doing is pressing, since the time of doing is short. O God, grant me to resolve aright."

"From Me," says the Scripture, "is thy fruit found." Dr. Johnson knew this fact. His peculiar temptation came, as temptation generally comes, in the line of his temperament and special calling. He lamented his lapses from industry, and looked to God for help. His prayerful struggle, notwithstanding his despondency, and self reproach, and conscious failures, rescued him from natural indolence, and made his life a useful one to his day and generation.

Irresolution, indolence, and a tendency to put off work, are common temptations. The example of Dr. Johnson, as exhibited in his high sense of obligation to God, and in the results and rewards of his life, should encourage those who must struggle, in order to live a life of uprightness, against their constitutional tendency to inactivity.

[H. B., in *Youth's Companion*.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1878.

The Hospital Inmates.

Our last visit to the Hospital was on one of those bright days in the early autumn, when all nature seems to invite one to enjoy her sunshine and drink in her invigorating air. Responsive to her call, the patients who could leave their Wards had sauntered forth, and were gathered in cheerful groups on the Hospital lawn, and the bright eyes and sweet graces of infancy added their charms to the picture.

The centre of the first company we visited was a young girl with diseased knees, she had come a second time to the Hospital for treatment, reported progress, and was very happy in welcoming her sister and a little baby who, in her comfortable carriage under the shadow of a tree, evidently found the Hospital lawn a pleasant resting place.

Near by, twin children of two summers were climbing over their grandfather, an aged man prostrated with nervous debility. The old man was stretched at full length on a settee, and the motherless children of his deceased daughter were making him forget his troubles. "They live near by," said he, "and every pleasant day they come to the Hospital lawn, and if I am there they come in and play with me. I do not know what I should do without them." It was a touching sight—these little twins climbing over the old grandfather, whose daughter, their mother, had died of cancer.

Behind the old man a boy of nine years, recovering from malarial fever, was amusing himself with a croquet mallet, and near by two consumptives, seated in comfortable rocking chairs, were pleasantly chatting with each other. An epileptic patient seemed sad and discouraged.

The lawn tent was empty; for several weeks it had been occupied by a cancer patient but a frosty night had driven the occupant in doors.

On a settee a young girl with a troublesome cough was seated near her mother, and alone, by herself, was a bright girl of nineteen, without father or mother, under treatment for spinal complaint. She had a slight curvature and also inflammation of the spine, induced by overwork. She had been imposed upon by those with whom she lived as she had none to protect her. She seemed very patient and cheerful, felt her Hospital treatment was doing her much good, and it was refreshing to hear her speak of her faith in her Heavenly Father who comforted her in all her sorrows.

The Surgical Ward was quite full of patients, many of whom were on their cots. Three had had fractured legs, one a broken arm, three were suffering from wounds, one had injured his leg and another his feet, three were aged and infirm, three were under treatment for debility, one had hernia, another erysipelas, two paralysis, two abscess, one consumption, and one rheumatism.

In the Medical Ward we found very few patients, for most of the inmates were enjoying themselves out of doors. Two were not able to leave their beds, one of these was suffering greatly from inflammatory rheumatism, his knee being swollen to a fearful size, but he said it was much better than it had been. A young, pale-faced boy had hip complaint.

In the Cross Ward were fever and consumptive patients.

In the Upper Female Ward all but one of the beds had a tenant, one of our nurses was confined to her bed with erysipelas and an epileptic patient had had her finger amputated.

In the next Ward were four babies and three waiting patients—one young woman

had given birth to twins, but they were not living.

In the lower Female Ward we found but few of the patients, as the convalescents were many of them on the lawn. Two of them with broken hips had gone home; another, similarly afflicted, was up walking with her crutch, but the aged woman from Webster was reclining and complaining of debility.

We have eight private patients.

The Children's Cot.

Dear children, where are your donations for the Children's Cot? Are you not going to help us by increasing the endowment fund? We want to hear from you every month. Last year you did nobly on Donation day, and we hope your fingers are busy making articles for our Fancy Table.

The season has past when mothers so anxiously watch over their teething infants. Some little ones have been very ill and have been preserved through the trying summer. Shall we not have thank offerings from some mothers?

Some homes have been brightened by the advent of infants. We want thank offerings to the Cot for these blessings.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Maidie Powell,\$ 1 52
 Mites, 25
 Previously acknowledged..... 324 48

Total receipts,\$326 25

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Entertaining Books.

A few good story books, illustrated Magazines, or light, entertaining books, would be very acceptable to our patients, who need *amusement* to make them forget their pain.

 Fruit, Vegetables and Old Cotton are always acceptable at the City Hospital.

New Goods.

A. S. Mann & Co. are offering great bargains to purchasers. They have a well-selected assortment of goods, adapted to the season, and from their large stock all classes and tastes can be satisfied at 17 State street, Rochester.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 26, 1878, of enteric ulcers, Mrs. Emily Wellman, aged 66 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing and canned Fruit.
 Mrs. Ezra M. Parsons—Squash, Apples.
 Windsor Club—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. W. C. Dickinson—Jelly, Blanc Mange and Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Davis—One bushel of Tomatoes.
 Mrs. R. Mathews—Roll of old Cloth.
 Mr. Edward Brewster—Door Mat.

Receipts for the Review.

To OCTOBER 1st, 1878.

C. Henry Amsden,—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins,\$ 62
 C. V. Jeffreys, for advertisement,—by Mrs. S. W. Updike, 5 00
 Miss M. Cochrane, 62 cents; Mrs. S. M. Hildreth, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Medbery, 97 cts.; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, \$1.24—By Mrs. D. C. Loop, 3 45
 Mrs. Dr. M. B. Anderson, \$1.25; Mrs. Dr. Bennett, 62 cents; Miss H. H. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Lewis, 62 cents; Mr. C. Morse, 75 cents; Mrs. W. B. Mosely, 62 cents; Mrs. S. R. Seward, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Sage, 62 cts.; Mr. A. Strong, 62 cents; Mrs. D. A. Watson, \$1.25; Mrs. S. Wilder, \$1.25;—by Miss Booth, 10 08
 Mrs. G. Brady, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. C. Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Dawes, \$1.25; Mrs. J. M. Davy, 62 cts.; Mrs. Thos. Knowles, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Loughborough, \$1.24; Miss S. P. Mather, Sodus Center, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Mitchell, Cleveland, Ohio, \$1.00; Mrs. W. S. Oliver, 62 cts.; Mrs. S. D. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mrs. G. S. Tuckerman, Jamestown, 50 cents; Trotter & Stone, advertisement, \$5.00; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, 62 cents; Mr. G. G. Clark-son, 62 cents—by Mrs Robert Mathews 14 95

Superintendent's Report.

1878. Sept. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 87	
Received during month, . . . 22	
Births, 2—111	
Deaths, 1	
Discharged, 23— 24	
Remaining, Oct. 1st, 1878,	87

Children's Department.**The Robin's Song.**

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

A robin sat on a hawthorn tree
Singing aloud its winter song,
When a poor old woman passed that way,
Wearily trudging along.

"Ah! pretty bird," said she with a sigh,
"Don't you know the morn is cold?
What will you do when you, too, like me
Grow feeble, lonely and old?"

The robin sang all the louder then,
And nodded his lively head,
"I trust to Him who has kept me yet;
Don't you see my table spread?"
"How long will they last, those berries red?
They'll rot in the cold and wet;"
"I only know as the years have passed,
I have had enough as yet."

"But, what if you grow so weak and old,
That you cannot search for food?"
"I'll trust my life in the hands of Him
Who only doeth good.

He hath fed me yet, He'll feed me still,
Through Summer and Winter's cold,
For surely He who hath kept my youth,
Will keep me when I am old.

I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him, till the end"
Sarg the thankful little bird,
And the doubting woman's lonely heart,
Grew the lighter as she heard.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy will clear,
And what looks dark in the distance,
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think,

The Lord may sweeten the waters,
Before I stoop to drink,
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

Archery.

Dr. Carver Tells What he Knows About the Bow
and Quiver.

"You see," said Dr. Carver, as he deposited a whole sheath of brightly-feathered arrows on the table, took off his umbrageous felt and drew up a chair, "I must be shooting at something or other all the time. If it isn't a Winchester it's a bow and arrow. Pretty, they are. But most too fine! Fancy things, these arrows, for handsome young ladies to shoot on grass plats at straw targets. Now an Indian arrow is a good bit longer—may be thirty-two inches—and when a Sioux draws it chock up to the bow it fairly hums when he lets it fly. An Indian arrow has grooves cut in it behind the barb—that is to say, the ones they use in hunting—so that the blood can flow, otherwise the wood would spoil and swell. The fighting arrows are nasty things. The barb is so put on the shaft that when it hits you, the steel, or old hoop iron stays in the flesh when you go to pull out the arrow. Dear sakes! what ugly wounds I have seen them make! An Indian boy begins to handle a light bow when he toddles, maybe at four or five years. His bow is taller than he is. He shoots at most anything around the camp. When he is twelve years he uses sharp arrows. A boy must be strong at eighteen to use a man's bow. Now, a white man who takes an Indian bow for the first time, has all he can do to bend it. It wants some strength, but more knack. The bow is made straight. When it is strung, the cord, even when in tension, almost touches the bow. It is thick, some four and a half to five feet long—that is, their hunting bow—and has extra stiffening by having sinews pasted on it. I have seen *We-shessa-has-ka*—that's the Long Man—and he was the best of the Ogale Sioux, kill an antelope with his arrows at 125 measured yards. *We-shessa-has-ka* was nearly seven feet tall, and a good Indian. On horseback, broadside to a buffalo, I have more than once known that Indian to send an arrow through a big cow. The arrow hung out on the other side. The bow for

horseback and for war is a trifle shorter, and may be stiffer. You do not draw the arrow to the eye, but catch aim as I do when shooting from the hip. That can only be acquired by long practice. The string is drawn by the clutch of the whole fingers, though some of the tribes use the thumb and three fingers. The Long Man could shoot an arrow in the air out of sight, and so can I (the doctor pointed to an arrow buried up to the feather in the ceiling of our office, his own peculiar ornamentation of the Forest and Stream sanctum). I think that in a couple of months I could get into practice, for I used to hold my own with any Indian on the plains. Sometimes, after I had been shooting with my Winchester, an Indian would come up and show his bow, and tell me his bow was 'muchee good;' but then I used to take his own bow and beat him at it.

"To pass away the time when I was at the Brooklyn driving park, I bought an English bow and arrow of Holberton and soon got into the trick of it. I hit blocks of wood thrown into the air quite as often as I missed them. The English bows and arrows are fancy, but good. I would rather have an old Sioux one, made of hickory or ash, but the boss bow I ever owned was made of buffalo ribs. An Indian carries his quiver of arrows over his right shoulder, so that he can get his arrows quickly. When he discharged one arrow, with the same motion as he uses in pulling the string he clutches another arrow. If he shoots one hundred yards he has three or four arrows in the air, all going at the same time. It's great fun shooting at a bird with a long tail that flies over the prairie. Knock out his tail and his steering apparatus is gone. I have knocked the tail out of many a one, and so caught him in my hand when he tumbled. See here. Talking about these things just makes me long to be back again on the plains. New York is a mighty good place, and I have made lots of friends; but somehow I want a horse, a big field with miles on miles before me to gallop over, and buffalo just showing on the divide. And here Dr. Carver shut his eyes and seemed lost for a while in the visions of rolling prairies in the far-off western wilderness."

[*Forest and Stream.*]

A plain speaker—One who is the reverse of handsome.

Capturing Sea-Lions in Alaska.

[From illustrated paper by Henry W. Elliot, Scribner for October.]

A singular method is annually employed by the natives of St. Paul's Island, Alaska, for the capture of the sea-lion. Here is an island which, instead of presenting an almost unbroken line of bold, abrupt cliffs to the sea, like its fellows in the North Pacific, offers to the landing seals a low, though gradually rising ground. Taking advantage of this topography, the natives of St. Paul's Island secure every season hundreds of sea-lions, with but a tithe of the labor and exposure by which their capture is attended at other places. Eleven miles north-east from the village on St. Paul's Island is a point upon which a large number of sea-lions annually repair for the purposes of breeding, etc., but as this animal is timid, and sure to take to water when brought into the presence of man, its capture requires much discretion and boldness on the part of its captors, who are chosen every season from the village people, with especial reference to their physical qualification for the work. The "searichie," as the natives name them, cannot be approached successfully by daylight; so the hunters, ten or twelve in number, rendezvous in a hut near by until a favorable night comes on, when the moon is partially obscured by drifting clouds and the wind blows in from the rookery. Then they step down to the beach, at low water, and proceed to creep flat on all fours over the surf-beaten sand and boulders up to the dozing herd and between them and the water; in this way a small body of men crawling along in Indian file may pass unnoticed by the sea-lion sentries which doubtless in the uncertain light confound the forms of their human enemies with those of seals. When the creeping natives have all reached the strip of beach which is left bare by ebb tide between the water and unsuspecting animals, at a given signal the hunters leap at once to their feet, shout, yell, and brandish their arms while the astonished and terrified lions roar and flounder in all directions. If, at the moment of surprise, the brutes are sleeping with their heads pointed toward the water, they charge straight on in that way, directly over the men; but if their heads have been resting pointing landward, they fol-

low that course just as desperately, and nothing will turn them, at first, either one way or the other. Those who charge for the water are lost, of course, but the natives promptly follow up the land leaders with a rare combination of horrible noises and demoniacal gesticulations until the first frenzied spurt and exertions of the terrified animals completely exhaust them, and then, panting, gasping, prone upon the earth, they are extended at the mercy of their cunning captors, who gently urge them along up to the hut in which they have been keeping watch during several days past, for the night in which to make this effort. Here the natives have what they call their pen or cage, in which the lion-like seals, as they are captured from night to night, are collected and retained until sufficient numbers or a drove of three or four hundred has been secured. This cage is nothing more than a succession of small poles stuck at wide intervals over a circle, in the ground; these poles are decked with fluttering strips of white cotton cloth, and light ropes are loosely stretched from one to the other. Within this flimsy circle the sea-lions are securely imprisoned, and though incessantly watched by two or three men, they scarcely make an effort to escape, but their roaring is almost deafening, while they constantly writhe and twist over and against one another like a handful of angle-worms in a saucer.

Optical Experiments.

Among the experiments which Mr. F. E. Nipher sends to the *Nature* are the following:

1. Fold a sheet of writing paper into a tube whose diameter is about three centimetres (an inch or so). Keeping both eyes open, look through the tube with one and look at the hand with the other, the hand being placed close by the tube. An extraordinary phenomenon will be observed. A hole the size of the tube will appear cut through the hand, through which objects are distinctly visible. That part of the tube between the eye and the hand will appear transparent, as though the hand were seen through it. This experiment is not new, but I have never seen it described. The explanation of it is quite evident.

2. Drop a blot of ink upon the palm of the hand, at the point where the hole ap-

pears to be, and again observe as before. Unless the attention be strongly concentrated upon objects seen through the tube, the ink-spot will be visible within the tube (apparently), but that part of the hand upon which it rests will be invisible, unless special attention be directed to the hand. Ordinarily the spot will appear opaque. By directing the tube upon brilliantly illuminated objects, it will, however, appear transparent, and may be made to disappear by proper effort. By concentrating the attention upon the hand, it may also be seen within the tube (especially if strongly illuminated), that part immediately surrounding the ink-spot appearing first.

3. Substitute for the hand a sheet of unruled paper, and for the ink-spot a small hole cut through the paper. The small hole will appear within the tube distinguishing itself by its higher illumination, the paper immediately surrounding it being invisible. Many other curious experiments will suggest themselves. For example: If an ink-spot somewhat larger than the tube be observed, the lower end of the tube will appear to be blackened on the inside.

4. Look through a paper tube with one eye at green paper, and through another tube with the other eye at red paper. The paper should be illuminated by the direct solar ray. The two colors, at first vivid, are rapidly enfeebled. After half a minute transfer both eyes to either one of the papers, say red. To the eye fatigued by green, the red color is very brilliant, and the effect is the more striking on account of the simultaneous impressions now received by the two eyes.

A Poor Irish Newsboy's Career.

An exchange gives the following as "a short study for boys." The eminent lawyer, Charles O'Connor, of New York, has from the first been distinguished, it is said, for the two qualities of *conscientiousness* and *industry*. It is claimed, and no doubt justly, that to these he chiefly owes his great success and fame.

When eight years old he was an office boy and newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending in the office, delivered the journal to its subscribers in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. He used a skiff to cross the rivers, and would fre-

quently be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old he entered a lawyer's office as an errand boy. He borrowed law books, took them home and read them by the light of a candle far into the night. Several lawyers noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Connor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

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 taking offence at some article they do not understand could not drive us to the poorhouse."

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 foundation upon which to build. The following anecdote, although an old one, is worth reading again, 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 dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade

Another Day.

Lo! here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforesime
No eye ever did;
And soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away? CARLYLE.

Killed by Cherry-Stones.

The reckless swallowing of fruit-stones, as plum, black-cherry, etc., is always with (sooner or later) risk of life. The human stomach was not made to receive such substances.

A man died in Vermont recently after suffering from dyspepsia for twenty years. Some peculiar circumstances in his case led to a post-mortem examination, which revealed thirteen cherry-stones imbedded in the lining of the stomach, causing a thickening of the walls of that organ some three-fourths of an inch, and ultimately the man's death. It was the opinion of the physicians that the stones had been there many years.

They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's-feet upon my fore-head, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not I. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not I. This is the house in which I live; but I am young, younger now than I ever was before.—[*Dr. Guthrie.*]

The thistle that grows in thy path dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead.—[*Carlyle.*]

The Way to Win.

It is not by endless hoping,
 By sighing, and weeping, and moping,
 By dreaming, and theming, and groping,
 That fortune you ever can win;
 'Tis only by thinking and doing,
 By purpose defined e'er pursuing,
 Your own course to prosperity hewing—
 And now is the time to begin.

CALEB DUNN.

An ex-Mayor, of Chelsea, Mass., to whom, as to many others, the past few years have not been productive of much financial prosperity, has taken off his coat and gone to work in his brickyard, doing the "striking"—the hardest part of the work—himself, and employing his carriage horse in grinding clay. He continues to pay a hundred cents on a dollar, and in this, as in other respects, is altogether behind the times.—[*Commercial Bulletin*.

It is a pity that all Associations cannot imitate the work of their Philadelphia sisters at Asbury Park. This lovely seaside home, with rooms for one hundred and seven working women, and board at three dollars a week, has been crowded all summer. The length of stay is limited to two weeks, that the largest possible number may enjoy the rest and recuperation of sea fair and bathing.

Perhaps the most delicate thing a man has to manage in the course of his life is his habit of hoping; to encourage just enough hope to carry him pleasantly forward, and yet not to indulge in rushes of hope which are perfectly sure to hurry him into the still waters of despondency.—[*Arthur Helps*.

Let it be remembered, we are artists ourselves, and competitors, each one, with Phidias and Raphael, in the production of what is graceful or grand. The foundation of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber.—*Emerson*.

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is one mutton as is small."

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upward and the downward ones light."

Little Johnny ran into the house the other day, while the mercury was hugging "ninety-five degrees," with the perspiration streaming from every pore, and shouted, "Mamma, mamma, fix me! I'm leaking all over!"

Brevities.

Queen Victoria is one of the most ardent friends of the temperance movement in England, to which she contributed \$25,000.

Eleven young ladies are studying at the London Medical School, in preparation for missionary work in India and China.

The managers of the Reformatory Home for Women, in Chicago, claim that eighty-four per cent. of all who come to them are permanently saved.

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.

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1878.

1838.

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WILDER & GORTON,

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BRITTIN & WILDER.

1838.

1878.

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UNDERTAKER,
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ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.  1877.

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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1878.

No. 4.

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

The Death of the Daisy.

BY ELIZABETH S. HAWES,
Aged 11 years.

'Twas a solitary daisy
In a field of wheat and corn;
Sad and sadder grew this daisy,
'Till, one lovely summer morn,
She sent two fairy messengers,
To old Professor Thorn.
Who lived at the end of the garden
In a withered stalk of corn.

But they were truant messengers
And played the live long day,
Playing with two young butterflies
In a little pile of hay.
For a long time daisy waited,
Watched and waited all in vain,
'Till a passing leaflet told her
They would never come again.
Then she folded her petals,
Her petals all so white,
And she died that very evening
In the lovely sunset light.

Foreign Correspondence.

We are permitted to publish the following extracts from the private letter of a student friend:

SPAIN—A BULL-FIGHT.

BARCELONA, Sept. 23d, 1878.

A Spanish greeting to you this afternoon. How wonderful it seems to me to be here in this beautiful land, from whence come to us across the cold sea such wondrous legends; land of the poets, of soft blue, dreamy skies; land of the Moors, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles the V. and Phillip the II.; beautiful land, receive me, thy adopted child, awhile to thy home, and, whiling away the hours with me, breathe into my soul the gentle, tender inspiration of thy fair nature, thy legends and thy history.

This morning very early we anchored in Spanish waters. 'Tis a spacious, double harbor, and many a good ship rocks away lazily here, resting from her sea voyage.

Later in the day, wandered towards the Cathedral, and, entering by the carved Gothic side portal, found myself in that half gloom, so soft, so full of religious breathings. The church is divided into three broad aisles by a double row of lofty clustered columns, which above spring forward in Gothic arches, to support the roof of the nave; the side aisles are divided into Gothic arched chapels half the

height, the upper half remaining an open arch, closed from behind by the side walls of the church, or pierced by a grand old stained glass window. Over the central entrance, inside, there is a species of lofty stone rosette, formed by forespringing Gothic arches; the columns that divide the nave close in a semicircle about the high altar. The whole effect is very impressive, the colors of the stained glass are so deep, so rich; the columns and aisles so lofty, so grandly simple; the proportions of the church so harmonious, and, pervading all, that sweet, dim, religious gloaming, appealing not to the cold reason but to the heart, to the æsthetic sense, awaking in the soul a holy awe, a delicious, wondrous consciousness of a higher presence. No, it is not unfitting that God's house and his service, through their beauty, appeal unto the soul. Those of colder climes or of natures less susceptible to such influences, natures in which the reason reigns supreme, may adore in temples bare and cold, with service devoid of beauty, that speaks only unto the reason, but for one I can easily understand how such simple forms as the signing of the cross, the falling upon the knees, the repeating certain phrases, and many other forms, meaningless for others, may be for those who worship here, the best, perhaps the only perfect channel of communication between their hearts and God.

Made the acquaintance of a real nice old priest who showed me about. He opened the bronzed gate separating the choir from the nave and called my attention to the carved Gothic stalls, each painted with the arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, who held here in 1519, a general chapter, presided over by Charles V. In the corner, the central position, was the stall of the Emperor, then, however, only the King of Spain. Thither came, among other knights, the Prince of Orange and Duke of Alva, the father and the terrible courage of the Netherlands so few years

later. My good old priest seemed greatly pleased when I told him how beautiful, how harmonious in its proportions the little cathedral seemed to me, and said I must come to-morrow to hear the high Mass. On leaving him I was about to offer him something, and he was already about to refuse, when I said, "It's for the poor," and so he accepted it.

Sept. 25th. Yesterday afternoon attended a grand bull-fight. 'Twas the patron saint's day and everybody having been to church in the morning must of course seek the mild relaxation of the bull-fight thereafter. I had purchased a ticket for a *loge*, at sixteen reals, somewhat more than four francs. On entering, found a large open arena in the style of the Coliseum, recalling it vividly, built however of wood with sitting capacity for some 20,000; there were then present probably 15,000 persons.

To have a vivid idea of the scene just picture to yourself the Coliseum, on a small scale, all the seats filled with impatient spectators, above the line of seats rows of boxes likewise filled. In the arena enter in procession the gaily dressed *capradores* with their bright colored *capas* or mantles, the *picadores* armed with long pikes, in the worst looking mountings one ever imagined, with their legs encased in iron and presenting from waist down the stiffest possible appearance, then, the grand lions of the profession, the *espadas*, with their long, sharp swords and bright red mantles. At the head of the procession one mounted on a fine horse, the master or director I suppose of the fight.

As they pass below the *loge* of the *Alcalde*, he throws down the key to the door that shuts out the bulls from the arena; the signal that the fight can commence. The *picadores* range themselves close by the gate through which the bull is to enter the arena, the *espadas* vault the barriers, the rest scatter themselves here and there, in the attitude of expectation, then the

trumpet blows, the door is opened and the bull rushes out from the darkness where he has been confined some three days. To his back is attached a large rosette with gay colored pendants set with iron thorns, which goad him terribly and very soon cover his back with dark patches of blood.

At times the bull rushes madly out into the arena, bellowing, pawing with his fore feet, and turning rapidly to attack the *picadores* who are ranged close to the barriers, on horseback. They are each armed with a long pole, with short steel point, and their aim is to receive the attack of the bull and cause him to veer aside, by planting, just at the right moment, their pole in the center of his forehead and pushing him off, an effort that of course demands immense force. Half the time however they did not succeed and then, ugh! it made one at first shiver to see the bull plunge his sharp horns into the chest or flank of the poor horses; if the horse is mortally wounded sometimes he falls on the spot and with him the *picadore*, so loaded down with iron that he cannot move himself; thereupon, immediately the servants rush up to disengage him, and from another side the *capradores* draw aside the attention of the bull, flaunting in his face their bright colored *capas*, then bounding away and drawing him after them, or receiving his attack in the *capas* and quickly jumping aside.

So the fight goes on—*picadores* and *capradores* vieing with each other in provoking and enraging the bull; finally he gets so confused between the swarm of his assailants, that he stands at bay and with difficulty accepts an attack.

The most horrible sight is that of the poor horses—one I see now, staggering in the death agony, bowels protruding, bleeding from a cruel wound in the chest, still spurred forward by the *picadore* and pounded from behind by the servants, so as to bring him up again near the bull—that last thrust finished his agony, he fell with his

rider and I did draw such a sigh of relief. Three horses now lie dead in different parts of the arena—again the trumpet blows and the *banderillos* appear, light, agile figures, dressed in gay colored, richly ornamented garments, each armed with two darts about a foot and a half in length—festooned with colored papers. The *banderillero* rushes toward the bull till, arrived about twenty feet from him, he seeks to enrage him, jumping in the air, brandishing his darts, &c.; the bull lowers his head, then you see man and bull rush towards each other, the man with a quick thrust plants the two barbed darts in the back of the bull, behind the horns, and bounds aside letting the bull pass. The bull, maddened by the pain, commences more fiercely to stamp the earth, and bellowing, awaits the attack of the second *banderillero*, and thus continues until some eight barbed darts have been planted in his back, and have bathed his flanks in blood; then the trumpet blows for the third time and the *espada* appears with his bright red mantle and long sword; he, passing below, in front of the *loge* of the *Alcalde*, salutes him with a flourish of his sword, and then flaunting his red mantle, approaches the bull.

If tired out by the previous fighting, the bull is not easily provoked, but at last he rushes forward, the *espada* carefully eyeing the bull rushes towards him. In the moment that they meet, the *espada* from in front with all his force drives the sword up to the hilt into the shoulder, back of the horns of the bull, seeking to reach the heart. If the blow is well aimed, the bull either sinks down dead at his feet or goes staggering forward a few paces to fall then and die; if not, the thrust must be repeated. If well done, a shouting, a throwing of hats, cigars, everything into the arena, in sign of content; if not, a hissing, a whistling, a crying of all sorts of epithets to the unsuccessful *espada*. Then ropes are fastened

about the necks of the dead horses and horns of the bull, and spans of four gaily festooned horses tackled abreast attached to each, and with whipping and shouting, at full gallop, they drag them out of the arena. Then another bull is brought in, other horses are killed, and so on. Yesterday—you must bear in mind, however, that it was the great holy day of the year—seven bulls and twelve horses were killed.

It's tremendously absorbing at first—the head spins from the intensity of the excitement—then comes a horrible sensation when one sees the first poor horse disembowelled, torn to pieces little by little. One gets accustomed to it and it does not seem any longer so dangerous, the bulls seem tame, not at all furious. One can't help feeling, however, that with just the same cold-blooded indifference to the sufferings of other creatures, this people would to-day look at a combat of gladiators.

CARLO.

A Smart Old Lady.

The Philadelphia *Times* tells the following anecdote of a well-known old lady:

Mrs. Gen. Gaines, the famous and now successful litigant for millions upon millions worth of New Orleans city lots, was riding down Pennsylvania Avenue, in the five-cent fare street cars, the other day. The car was so crowded that the next passenger must stand. The next passenger happened to be an old woman of about fifty, with gray hair. Mrs. Gaines, who is eighty at least, though her blonde curls, soft eyes and energetic movements suggest only about forty years, immediately arose, and waving her hand to the younger woman, with an air of reverence for age, said, "Pray have my seat, Madam." The lady thanked her and accepted, while Mrs. Gaines quietly stood the rest of the ride. A lady of thirty was sitting near, and, though she knew Mrs. Gaines, considered that it would be a want of tact on her part should she have offered the sprightly old lady her seat on the ground of disparity of age.

What was the most honest bet that was ever made? The alpha-bet.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1878.

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 5th, 1878, during the day and evening.

Dinner will be served and supper also, 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. Updike.

Our Annual Festival.

We would call the attention of our readers to the invitation of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

We hope they will respond liberally to their call, and meet them at

CORINTHIAN HALL,

On Thursday, December the 5th.

Our Donation Reception will continue *through the evening* as well as through the day, and we hope our dinner and supper tables will be well patronized, and that our young friends will spend a social evening with us.

The Entertainment, usually given on the evening of Donation Day, will be deferred till December 26th, when an amateur dramatic performance will come off at Corinthian Hall.

Hospital Memories.

The withered leaves of the maple strewed our pathway as we bent our steps towards the City Hospital, on the first Sabbath of November.

It was the hour of the public weekly service in the chapel, and as we entered the building we heard the voice of the youthful preacher and were attracted to the spot whence it came. We were in time to hear nothing but his closing exhortation to those who were running the Christian race, seeking to win the imperishable crown that Christ gives to his faithful followers. As we looked around upon the group gathered for Sabbath worship, we were reminded, as we have often been before within the chapel walls, of those who assembled around Bethesda's pool to be healed of all manner of diseases. Here were the aged and the young, the convalescents and the incurables, the lame, the halt, the palsied, each in search of a healer.

The Sabbath service at the Hospital is a feast of good things to some who for years have been prevented from mingling with the great congregations in the house of God. For the first time since we have visited the Hospital, we saw among the listeners in the chapel Mrs. B., who, confined to her rolling chair, has seldom left the Female Ward, but being more free

from pain than usual, she was rolled to the elevator and taken up to the chapel, and her bright face and cheerful response to our congratulation told us how much she valued the privilege of joining in the service.

The young ladies who had charge of the musical part of the chapel service, when that was over, followed the preacher to the Female Ward, where, when he had read from the Bible and led in prayer, they sang "Abide with Me." Then they went to other Wards but we remained behind.

Our first visit was to a young maiden whose pallid cheek and incessant cough indicated the nature of her disease. A mother and sister had come to offer their ministries of love; and the sad face of the mother proved that the Hospital patient was not the greatest sufferer in the group. Not far off, a middle aged woman confined to her bed was troubled with extreme nausea; she longed for the hour of her release. As we passed to the next patients, two German friends, we found them awaiting us with an open Bible, and they eagerly listened as we read to them some of David's psalms and a hymn by Wesley.

One of these patients had long been suffering from chronic and incurable disease, the other had been afflicted with asthma and dropsy but was improving. By the register sat a patient recovering from chills and fever. On the north side of the Ward three youthful patients were in their cots, one recovering from congestion of the lungs, the second under treatment for a lame knee, and the third for debility.

In the west section of the lower Female Ward, we found persons afflicted with bronchitis, heart complaint, lame feet, rheumatism, broken hip and debility.

In the upper Female Ward were sixteen patients. Five of these were under treatment for epilepsy, one had had a cancer removed, one was recovering from inflammation of the lungs, one had had a finger

amputated, one had had chills and fever, and the youngest was the occupant of our Children's Cot.

One of these patients requested us to express her gratitude for medical services received while an inmate of the Ward.

In the next Ward was but one baby. There were three waiting patients.

In the Medical and Surgical Male Wards we found the occupants gathered round the supper tables. In the former were twenty and in the other eleven patients. Among these some were afflicted with scrofula, some with rheumatism and paralysis; there were consumptive and fever patients; and some who had received injuries requiring surgical operations. There were cases of chronic disease and quite a number of aged and infirm men.

The Children's Cot.

The little folks are coming to our rescue. A thousand thanks, dear children, for all you have done for us; we beg your pardon for even hinting that your zeal was flagging. Your warm hearts and busy fingers have helped us greatly, and we rely on you to carry on the good work and complete the endowment fund.

Donation Day, Thursday the fifth of December, is our grand harvest feast. Mrs. Charles H. Angel is to take charge of a table for the benefit of the Children's Cot fund, and we want all the children of Rochester, and some from the neighboring villages, to be represented there. Any fancy or useful articles that you can make or get your friends to make for you will be acceptable, and we hope to receive some cash donations from a great many children. We do not want our little friends to feel they cannot bring their offerings because they are so small. If you have but five cents bring them. We hope on that day to receive *thank offerings* from parents whose little ones have been safely preserved through the trying months

of summer, and *memorial offerings* for dear ones within the fold of the Good Shepard.

The Sunday before Donation Day is the first day of December, and we wish the Sabbath school children would talk to their teachers, superintendents and pastors, and see if they would not be willing, on that day, to take up a contribution in the Sabbath school, and send it to the Children's Cot fund on Donation Day. We hope all the children who read this will consider themselves our agents to help forward this work.

We must now tell you what some of our young friends in Rochester have been doing for us: Two little girls, who live under the shadow of Plymouth Church, Mary Belle Brewster and Alice Churchill, put their wise heads together to see what good they could do for others. At first they thought they would do something for the yellow fever sufferers at the South, then they decided that help was needed nearer home, and so with no outside aid they went to work, made simple, fancy articles, had a sale, and brought \$3.06, the avails of it, for our Children's Cot fund. This should have been acknowledged last month.

The following extract from the *Democrat & Chronicle*, tells what good works have been done by other young friends:

GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle.

SIR:—It was our good fortune on Saturday evening to be present at a gathering which deserves public notice. About two weeks ago a little girl eleven years old, living on the east side, noticed an appeal from the managers of the City Hospital in behalf of the "children's cot." She at once said, "Let's do something." Without delay she started to consult her playmates. The result was that a society was immediately organized, and the proper officers appointed and a resolution passed to have a sale. For just fourteen days fourteen little heads were busy conceiving, fourteen little tongues busy talking about, and 140 little fingers and thumbs busy executing plans for the sale.

At 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, the society gathered at the home of its president, on Meigs street, and the sale began. With the rooms handsomely decorated with flags, and trailing

vines, and brilliant autumn leaves, one could hardly imagine a prettier scene than was presented by this bevy of little girls, all dressed in white, with white mobcaps and gay ribbons and sashes, with flashing eyes and faces all aglow with enthusiasm as they stood by tables laden with flowers and sweets and beautiful fancy articles, almost entirely the work of their own hands. Artistically, socially and financially the sale was a grand success. At 9 o'clock the last article was sold, and as the announcement was made that the net proceeds amounted to \$40.86, the chorus of glad shouts that ascended from those little throats was sweeter far than the music-of-well-the drum corps of the fifty-fourth regiment. Considering the object of this work, and that it was all accomplished by fourteen little girls in just two weeks, shall we not say, "Well done, good and faithful servants"? Now let us hear from the West side.

You will want to know the names of these little girls who have worked so well for us, so here they are :

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Carrie Clark, | Gussie Merriman, |
| Lila Cartwright, | Nellie Pond, |
| Julia Little, | Alice Upton, |
| Eliza H. Little, | Louise Upton, |
| Louise Little, | Nellie VanVoorhis, |
| Helene Leighton, | Marian Wright, |
| Mary Mann, | Pagie Ward. |

We must not forget to tell you about the present occupant of the Cot, Nellie C., who has been several weeks at the Hospital and will probably remain there during the winter.

Nellie is only eight years old, and when she came to us, she was very pale and feeble. The little thing had been sadly neglected, and her physician said if she was not carefully nursed she would soon die of consumption. Good food, tender care, sun baths and rubbing have greatly benefited Nellie. She does not look at all as she did when she came to us; she now coughs but little, her appetite has improved, and in one week she gained two and a half pounds. Her nurse says she is a good little child and sings very sweetly. When we last saw her she was rocking little Ruby to sleep.

Now, dear children, be sure and remember the Children's Cot table on Donation Day. If you prefer to send your offer-

ings before hand, they will be thankfully received by Mrs. C. H. Angel, 3 Gibbs street; Mrs. R. Mathews, 28 Spring street; or Mrs. S. H. Terry, 2 Tremont St. Everything donated, shall be marked, "For the Children's Cot Fund." This fund, you know, is for the endowment of a *free cot* for the poor, sick children of Rochester and vicinity.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. Charles D. Miller, Geneva.....	\$ 2 75
Proceeds of little sale, from Mary Bell Brewster and Alice Churchill,.....	3 06
From Fair given by Eliza H. Little, Pagie Ward and twelve other Misses,.....	40 92
Catch-penny Box,	15
Receipts for the month,.....	\$ 46 88
Previously acknowledged.....	326 25
Total receipts,.....	\$ 373 13

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Our New Root House.

We would announce to our friends in the country and city that we have a new root house, where we can store for winter use any amount of fruit or vegetables that may be sent for our patients.

The Mite Boxes.

A Committee will be at Corinthian Hall on Donation Day to receive the Mite Boxes. All persons having these are requested to return them at this time.

Country subscribers to the *Hospital Review*, may send their subscriptions to the Treasurer, Mrs. R. Mathews, 28 Spring Street, in postage stamps.

Old Cotton is still acceptable.

**The Fifty-Sixth Annual Report of the
 Rochester Female Charitable Society,
 for the Relief of the SICK POOR.**

LADIES:—Looking back upon the early days of this Society, the first among those of similar design in the city, we see that its founders were characterized by practical wisdom as well as benevolent intention. Its division of the city into districts assigned to visitors required to give a report of persons assisted and amount of money expended, to be passed upon by the Board of Directresses at the monthly meetings, secures the proper discrimination which is often wanting in organized charities.

In these latter days when the abatement of the evils of pauperism should be one of the important objects of all benevolent organizations, we believe the same spirit animates this Society that actuated its founders—the care of the *sick poor* without forfeiting their self respect or encouraging future dependence. Social science may well influence the channels and methods of benevolence—the ways and means—but will never abolish such agencies or supplant the instincts and duties of a Christian people. Few persons will acknowledge the part of the Priest or Levite passing by on the other side, deaf to the call of sickness and distress.

While other portions of our land have been devastated by a pestilence that has so signally walked in darkness and wasted at noonday, we would gratefully recognize the care of a kind Providence that has permitted us to meet at the close of this year with none removed by death from our active members. In the decease of Dr. Maltby Strong at a ripe age, this Society lost not only one of its trusted advisers, but a friend ever ready with sympathy and means to relieve the sick and needy. The death of N. B. Northrup, Esq., whose active labors were freely given to us, is another loss, that we are called to mourn.

There has been the usual attendance of

the Board of Managers at the monthly meetings to hear the cases brought before them for their decision, and the exercise of their discretion as to the best way of affording relief with economy and true charity. Visitors in a few districts have found no one needing help—while in others much time has been spent and energy taxed through cold and heat to afford relief: In one of the worst sections of the city, a faithful visitor has assisted 26 persons during the year; in several cases of fevers besides other diseases requiring the care of weeks before recovery. The widow with dependent children, earning her pittance, who from insufficient food and overwork succumbs to sickness; the old and feeble with none to care for them; laboring men sick for a short time needing a little help until able to work, and others with sickness in the family and unable to procure employment: such are the objects of our care. About the same number of persons and families are assisted each year; from 250 to 300. Visitors find persons sick and destitute who have never received help, and are reluctant to become objects of charity, where often nutritious food and good nursing will effect a timely restoration and prevent the pauperization of this self respecting class.

Pursuing this work quietly with no outward demonstration, it becomes necessary at times to ask means to continue it. We believe the supplies thus received are generally dispensed with a higher degree of care and conscientious effort than would be given by the donors themselves, who thus become, through the administration of this Society, benefactors in the highest sense—not only in intent but in deed and in truth. We hope that the generous contributions sent by our citizens to the afflicted South, will not lead them to forget the needs of our home charities at the beginning of the season when greatest demands are made upon our funds. We would leave our cause with those who, like the good

Samaritan, will not only have compassion upon their suffering neighbors without distinction of race or creed, but will furnish the oil and wine and the means for their continued care.

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; also to the Board of Education for their room in the Free Academy; to the Ladies of the 2d and 9th wards for material and work; to churches and all individuals who have in any way befriended us. Respectfully submitted,

HELEN M. CRAIG,
Secretary.

**Rochester Female Charitable Society.
Annual Report of the Treasurer.**

NOVEMBER 1st, 1878.

Cash on hand to balance, Nov. 1, 1877	\$ 301 83
Individual Donations,.....	1224 50
Interest on Investments,.....	815 99
Interest on Pancost Bequest, ...	163 22
Returned by Visitor.....	50
Membership Fees, received at Annual Meeting,.....	9 50
1st Ward Membership Fees,.....	19 30
2d " " " ".....	49 25
3d " " " ".....	60 50
4th " " " ".....	65 13
5th " " " ".....	33 00
6th " " " ".....	14 50
7th " " " ".....	32 55
8th " " " ".....	17 25
9th " " " ".....	46 06
10th " " " ".....	37 45
12th " " " ".....	9 25
13th " " " ".....	5 00
14th " " " ".....	14 25
Brick Church Thanksgiving Day Collection,.....	26 30
Plymouth Church Union Collection, Thanksgiving Day,.....	61 10
Plymouth Church January Collection,.....	28 85
Central Church Collections,.....	64 42
Third Presbyterian Church Collection,.....	40 00
St. Peter's Church Collection,.....	64 12
St. Paul's Church Collection,.....	10 55
St. Luke's Church Collection,.....	42 11
Total,.....	\$ 3256 48

BY ORDERS PAID.

429 Orders. By Directresses,.....	\$ 2149 70
Bill for Dry Goods and Blankets,.....	43 00
Paper, Envelopes and Stamps for Annual Appeal,.....	12 50
E. R. Andrews, Printing Circulars, ...	8 75
Book for Collector,.....	40
Moving Trunk,.....	50
Total,.....	\$ 2214 85
Cash on hand to balance, Nov. 1, 1878,	1041 63
	\$ 3256 48

MRS. EDGAR HOLMES,

40 Troup Street.

Treasurer.

Fourteenth Report of the City Hospital to the Female Charitable Society.

Ladies :—Fourteen years to-day your Hospital Committee presented to your Society a report of your foster-child, the Rochester City Hospital. A little one of only a few months, but it had sheltered within its doors many whom God had called to pass wearisome days and nights of suffering. Many who had left their loved ones and the comforts of home, and offered their lives for the preservation of the Union. They were sent to the Hospital to receive the care and attention which a grateful people were so ready to give, and every available space was filled with sick and wounded soldiers. The impetus thus given our Hospital gave promise of a successful future, and to-day we rejoice that we are not depressed with a sense of our indebtedness, which has sometimes hung so heavily upon us. But thanks we give to God, who has blessed our work, and opened the hearts of the benevolent, to enable us to continue to provide for the poor and needy and to heal the sick, as our Saviour commanded.

Truly, God has been very merciful to us, while our Southern brethren have been sorely smitten with the plague, it hath not come nigh us or our dwelling. Would it not be fitting, that a thank offering should be given to our Hospital, for our preservation from "the pestilence, that walketh in darkness, and from the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Our year's record reminds us most forcibly of the loss we have sustained in the death of Dr. Dean; working with us from the opening of the Hospital till he "fell asleep in Jesus." We knew his worth, but our feeble pen fails to do justice to his memory. His loving spirit is withdrawn from every shade of sin, but

"We may not say too soon,
 He went not ere his manful toil had won
 The blessing of success, while yet 'twas noon
 His goodly task was done."

The shadow of death has also fallen upon one of our managers; and another who was always interested in our Hospital and always gave to its support, "rests from his labors." The deep sympathy of many loving hearts is extended to the lonely one, but

"Jesus himself will comfort her,
 In His own time, in His own way."

Miss Hibbard still retains her position as Matron, and the Hospital bears evidence of her thoughtful oversight.

Our thanks we extend to the Physicians of the Staff, and to others who aid in the care of the sick.

We remember with especial gratitude the courtesy and generosity of the editors and publishers of the various city papers, Union, Democrat & Chronicle, Express, Herald and Tribune.

The services on Sunday are held through the efforts of Mrs. E. T. Smith and Miss Mumford, who have borne the entire expense for two or more years. If one soul is thus led to know a Saviour's love, will not their reward be abundant? We cannot estimate it.

The *Hospital Review*, which for fourteen years has borne its messages from the Hospital, still greets us monthly. We wish it were more generally taken.

The Memorial Fund amounts to \$195, \$20 being memory of Dr. Dean.

The Fund for the Children's Cot has

reached nearly four hundred dollars. We trust this will be largely increased.

The Donation Festival will be held at Corinthian Hall, on Thursday, December 5th. The Lady Managers extend a cordial invitation to all interested in Hospital work, to aid them in making this Festival a success financially. Donations to the fancy tables and Children's Cot, as well as refreshments, are very earnestly solicited.

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

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 12, 1878,
 of Syncope, Susan B. Marlin, aged 46 years.

Receipts for the Review.

TO NOVEMBER 1st, 1878.

Miss F. H. Bryan, Philadelphia,—by Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	\$	50
Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy, San Francisco,—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins,		62
James Vick, for advertisement,—by Mrs. S. H. Terry,	4	66
Mrs. F. P. Allen, 62 cts.; Freeman Clarke, 62 cents; Miss Bessie Clarke, 62 cents; extra, 14 cts.,—by Mrs. Freeman Clarke,		2 00
Mrs. E. Bates, New York, 50 cents; Miss M. L. Clark, New York, 50 cents; Dr. M. L. Mallory, 50 cts.,—by Mrs. James Brackett,		1 50
Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Arnold, \$1.86; Mrs. D. C. Loop, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. McVean, 62 cents; Mrs. Howard Osgood, 62 cts.; Miss A. B. Porter, 62 cents,—by Mrs. D. C. Loop,	4	96
Rochester Savings Bank, advertisement, \$15.00; Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., advertisement, \$5,—by Mrs. Clark Johnston		20 00
Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, 63 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, \$1.25; Mrs. Dr. Dolley, 31 cents; Mr. F. Delano, 62 cents; Dr. F. French, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, 63 cents; Miss Mollie S. Hayes, Buffalo, 50 cts.; Mrs. W. R. Hallowell, 62 cents; Mrs. E. F. Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Lowry, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. W. Parsons, 86 cents; Mrs. H. S. Potter, 62 cents; L. A. Pratt, (advertisement,) \$5.00; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, \$1.24; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. James Sargent, \$1.24; Mrs. James Vick, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. H. Ward, 62 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews,		19 10

Donations.

Mrs G. Lester—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. J. Brackett—A quantity of Clothing.
 Mrs. Bissell—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Page, Brighton—Linen.
 A Friend—"Illustrated Christian Weeklies."
 Mrs. Buell—Reading Matter.

Superintendent's Report.

1878. Oct. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 87	
Received during month, . . . 13—100	
Deaths, 1	
Discharged, 19— 20	
Remaining, Nov. 1st, 1878, 80	

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.

**SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY
 CONDUCTED BY J. G. HOLLAND.**

The Handsomest Illustrated Magazine in the World.

The American edition of this periodical is now
MORE THAN 70,000 MONTHLY,

And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations.

Announcements for 1878-9.

Among the attractions for the coming year are the following:

"HAWORTH'S," a serial novel, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, a serial novel, by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar," "The man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance, the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable, to be begun on the conclusion of "Falconberg." This history will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-4-5,

the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS.

This series (begun in August with the portrait of Bryant) will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John Muir, the California naturalist. The most graphic and picturesque and, at the same time, exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South,") preparing for Scribner a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, rivers and resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to Scribner during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for Scribner, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on How Shall we Spill (two papers by Prof. Lounsbury), The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places (by Samuel Parsons, of Flushing), Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archæology, Modern Inventors; also, Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland: record of New Inventious and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Review: fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.
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GOOD THINGS FOR 1878-9.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

"A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP,"

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The story is one of travel and adventures in Florida and the Bahamas. For the girls, a continued tale,

"HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS,"

By Katharine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Dielman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eye-bright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called

"RUMPTY DUDGET'S-TOWER,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of St. Nicholas, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps, to let her five volumes already issued, prophecy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and

the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "Letter-box," and "Riddle-box."

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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.

Children's Department.

Whalebone.

Few persons know what the whalebone of commerce represents in the living animal. A writer thus describes it:

Whalebone, in fact, represents an enormous development of the gum of the whale, and exists in the living animal in the form of two rows of plates, which, like a great double fringe, hang or depend from its palate.

From one hundred and fifty to two hundred of these plates exist in the mouth of a whale, and the largest plates may measure from eight to ten or twelve feet in length. The inner edges of these whalebone plates exhibit a fringed or frayed-out appearance, and the whole apparatus is adapted to serve as a kind of gigantic sieve or strainer.

Thus when the whale fills the mouth with water, large numbers of small or minute animals, allied to jelly-fishes and the like, are engulfed and drawn into the capacious mouth cavity.

The water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth, but its solid animal contents are strained off and entangled by the whalebone fringes, and when a sufficient quantity of food has been captured in this way, the morsel is duly swallowed. Thus it is somewhat curious to reflect that the largest animals are supported by some of the smallest beings.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ceipt of custom," was the Treasurer, surrounded by the ladies of the Committee of Reception. Among these we noticed three matrons, whose children and children's children were actively engaged in advancing the interests and increasing the revenue of the Hospital.

We missed one on this occasion whose place has never before been vacant, and who had none to represent her, whose heart and sympathy were with her sisters, but who, in her lonely home, was remembering him who in other days had gone up joyously with her to the Hospital Festival. We searched vainly also for the presiding genius of one of the Fancy Tables, whose work testified to her untiring zeal for this charity, but who was then responding to another call of duty.

Among our honored guests were about twenty of the Supervisors of our County, for whom a special table was provided directly in front of the stage. South of this the ladies of the Brick and Plymouth churches spread their tables, and the young ladies served ice cream, cake and confectionery, and received and distributed Mite Boxes.

The eastern side of the Hall was occupied by the Refreshment Tables of the Hebrew ladies and those of the Central and St. Luke's churches. On the elevated platform the Treasurer of the "*Hospital Review*," received subscriptions.

On the west side of the Hall guests were welcomed by the ladies of the Baptist, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, Christ, and the First Presbyterian churches. Near the West door was the coffee table. The Children's Cot table occupied the stage, and the Fancy and Flower tables attracted visitors to the south side of the Hall.

The Refreshment Tables were laden with the substantials and the delicacies of the season; flowers too graced the boards, and on several of them were ornamental pyramids kindly donated by Mr. Isaac Teall, who also contributed to the Child-

ren's Cot Table a very handsome fancy pyramid, decorated with flags. Two pyramids on the table of the Hebrew ladies were worthy of note. They were donated by the proprietors of the Café Lieders, and were composed of flowers of varied hue and form, birds and butterflies, all cut out from vegetables and artificially colored.

In the absence of Mrs. George J. Whitney, her table was presided over by Mrs. Wm. H. Ward and Mrs. Isaac Averell. Conspicuous among other articles at this table were two silk bed quilts and an embroidered table cover. One of the quilts, made by Mrs. George J. Whitney, was composed of stripes of gay colored, watered ribbons, interspersed with brocaded ones, on which beautiful tinted flowers were set off by a dark background. This was lined with a delicate blue silk and quilted. The second quilt, made by Mrs. S. G. Andrews, was composed of blocks of damask and brocaded silks, of exquisite, delicate hues, lined with a gorgeous crimson satin, bordered with gray, in the centre of which an initial "A." was embroidered with gray silk.

A table-spread, the work of Mrs. Arthur D. Fiske, was a marvel of beauty. It had a border of embroidered peacock's feathers, in which the resemblance to the natural feathers, was very striking. The eyes were very perfect, and one almost fancied that the natural feathers were by some magic power transferred to the fabric. This sold for fifty dollars, and Mrs. D. A. Watson is the fortunate purchaser.

A case of china, artistically and gracefully decorated by Miss Lois Whitney, contained compotes, after dinner coffee cups and saucers, and plates, which were very much admired. At the same table were straw scrap bags wrought and lined by Mrs. James M. Whitney; two dolls beautifully dressed by Miss N. Gordon; purses with silver beads and clasps made by Mrs. G. J. Whitney, and a variety of fancy straw work and paintings.

At Miss Mumford's table we saw a pretty rustic screen on which Miss Ada Kent had painted sedges, autumn leaves and butterflies; a larger folding screen donated by Mr. Levi Ward was ornamented with a flamingo on each section, and was very handsome, as was a hall table of oak from Mr. H. O. Hall; among the smaller articles were some made by two German inmates of the Hospital, Mrs. Prosch and Louisa Suter; the former sent some stuffed rabbits and the latter a silvered flower receiver, in the form of a gypsy camp kettle.

On the Flower and Confectionery table were some pretty fancy articles in straw.

The Children's Cot table on the stage was filled with articles, many of which were donated by little folks. Mr. Teall's pyramid occupied the centre of the table and around it was a variety of fancy and useful articles—among which were some decorations by Mr. C. C. Burns; fifteen doll's hats donated by Miss H. H. Backus; an ingenious representation of a lawn party playing croquet, made by Miss Eliza Little; and a profusion of flowers in baskets and button hole bouquets from Messrs. E. & H. Frost.

In the early evening the refreshment tables were removed from the center of the hall, and Schaich's band added a new charm to the entertainment, as the young people engaged in promenading and dancing.

Behind the curtain, on the back part of the stage, our little friends Levi Ward, Thomas Wright, and Gilman Perkins had a side play, and with a good deal of spirit, three times acted the comedy of *Box and Cox*, greatly amusing their audience, and reaping for us a handsome benefit.

The Treasurer's report shows the results of the Festival, and the Managers would gratefully thank all who in any way, by their presence, their donations, or their services contributed to the success of the enterprise. They would especially acknowledge their indebtedness to the Edi-

tors and Proprietors of the city papers; to Messrs. Trotter, Stone & Co., for the use and cartage of stoves, for the assistance of a man at the Hall, and for invaluable personal services; to Mr. C. J. Hayden, for the use of tables; to Col. Wm. Emerson, for ice; to Mr. A. B. Hone, for donating and arranging flannel for the Fancy Tables; to Messrs. Capt. S. W. Updike, H. P. Brewster and M. Dolanty, for carving; to Mrs. S. S. Avery, for personal services at the Hall; to Mr. K. P. Shedd, for the use of baskets and wagon for carrying donations to the Hospital and other services; to Mr. William S. Falls, for printing placards and bills of fare; to Mr. C. B. Woodworth, president of the Street Car Company, for the posting of placards on and in the street cars, on Donation Day, and thus advertising our Festival; to Mr. G. A. Redman, of the Telegraph Company, for the services of a messenger boy; to Mr. H. C. Wisner, for dishes; and to all who in any way aided them.

The Children's Cot Fund.

We regret that our space does not allow us to speak more fully of the busy little fingers that worked so deftly for the Children's Cot Table; of the dramatic entertainment of our young friends Levi Ward, Thomas Wright, and Gilman Perkins, that was so amusing and paid so well; of the contributions from the First Presbyterian Sabbath School, where the wee ones of the Infant Class brought pennies of their own earning; of the generous donation of the Eighth Ward Mission School; of the thoughtful Grandmamma who remembered her "Bessie, two Julias, Ruth and Cornelia," and of all who in any way added to the Children's Cot Fund.

The present occupant of our Cot is Nellie, the little consumptive girl, who has greatly improved since she came to us. She takes a sun bath every bright sunny day, and when last we saw her was very happy, eating popped corn and looking at pictures.

Dramatic Entertainment.

The entertainment usually given for the benefit of the City Hospital, on the evening of Donation Day, has this year been postponed to the evening of December 26th; when the Managers hope their friends, one and all, will meet them at Corinthian Hall, and enjoy with them, the pastoral drama of "Dora."

This play is in three acts, and opens with a beautiful Christmas carol. It is founded on Teunyson's touching poem, enlarged and dramatized by Charles Reade. It is interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental; the latter by Schaich's band.

The pastoral drama is preceded by a farce entitled, "Which shall I Marry?" Performance commences at 8 o'clock. Tickets, fifty cents.

We trust a well filled house will secure to the Hospital a good benefit.

Christmas.

There are many inmates of the Hospital who are away from kindred and friends and have none to remember them on Christmas. Some of the Managers seek to provide for each patient some slight remembrance. Donations of useful or fancy articles, or choice fruit, directed "Christmas," and sent to the Hospital, or to Miss Mumford, 37 Troup street, on or before December 24th, will be appropriated to this object.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 5th, 1878.

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 to assist you in the increased appeals for charity in our midst. The prayers of the unfortunates will ascend to Heaven to bless your efforts in the noble work in which you are engaged. MRS. G. GUGGENHEIMER,
Secretary.

The Children's Cot.

A small Christmas gift, dear children,
We ask for our little Cot,
We wish to endow it *quickly*,
And we would not be forgot.

It stands in a corner cheerful,
Where the bright, south sunshine creeps,
And there, through frosty December,
Snug and warm, our Nellie sleeps.

'She was feeble, pale and languid,
When at first she claimed our care,
But now she's rosy and playful,
And her sweet songs fill the air.

On the soft and downy pillow
Of our children's dainty bed,
There's many a wailing darling
Would nestle its aching head.

We seek to endow this nobly,
And to make it *free for aye*,
So we ask your help, dear children,
And you must not say us, nay.

But when you're dreaming of Santa
And the joyous Christmastide,
Don't forget the poor, sick children,
But open your purses wide.

And mothers, whose arms are empty,
With lambs in the upper fold,
Pity the motherless lone ones
Who are ailing, weak and cold.

And you who have tiny stockings
That Santa ne'er filled before,
Remember the sickly children,
And bless them from out your store.

Omissions.

The chairman of the Children's Cot Table and several other ladies have requested us to state that they lost a portion of their lists of donations, and fear there are some omissions. We shall be glad to make corrections in our next "Review" if notified of any omissions or errors.

PS Persons who have not obtained dishes sent to Corinthian Hall on Donation Day may find them at the house of the Treasurer, 48 Spring Street. If not soon claimed, they will be sent to the Hospital.

Receipts at Donation Festival,
HELD AT
CORINTHIAN HALL, DEC. 5, 1878.

Cash Donations.

Mr. William Loop	\$ 12 00
Mrs. M. Strong	10 00
" N. T. Rochester	2 00
Mr. E. Brewster	5 00
Miss Newell	5 00
Mr. J. S. Andrews	25 00
" Freeman Clarke	100 00
Mrs. J. M. Whitney	5 00
" Chester Dewey	20 00
Mr. W. B. Douglas	25 00
" M. Greentree	5 00
" Charles F. Pond	10 00
" Charles F. Smith	10 00
Dr. E. M. Moore	5 00
Erickson, Jennings & Mumford	100 00
Mr. H. Hermann	10 00
Estate of J. J. Woodbury	25 00
Mrs. E. O. Sage	10 00
Mr. Wm. N. Sage	10 00
" Henry S. Potter	25 00
Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society, by Mrs. Gugenheimer, Secretary	10 00
Mr. S. D. Porter	10 00
" H. J. Babcock	5 00
Mrs. Wm. F. Cogswell	5 00
Mrs. Osgood	10 00
Mr. F. L. Durand	5 00
" N. Osburn	10 00
" Joseph Bier	5 00
" J. R. Chamberlin	5 00
" E. Glen	3 00
" E. B. Parsons	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Abelard Reynolds	100 00
Mrs. H. H. Warner	10 00
Prof. Lattimore	5 00
Mr. C. H. Chapin	5 00
Mrs. Gaylord	50
" E. Hollister	10 00
Mr. J. Craig	3 00
Dr. Anderson	5 00
Mr. H. T. King	5 00
" John H. Brewster	100 00
" C. J. Hayden	25 00
" K. P. Shedd	10 00
" C. Morse	5 00
Mrs. H. B. Knapp	5 00
" Pancost	5 00
" Bishop	5 00
Mr. D. A. Watson	100 00
" J. E. Pierpont	5 00
" E. S. Ettenheimer	5 00
" G. H. Perkins	50 00
Mrs. Benton	1 00
" Nichols	1 00
Miss E. Field	2 00
Mrs. A. Bronson	10 00
" C. B. Smith	3 00
" C. H. Babcock	5 00
Mr. Geo. Ellwanger	25 00
" A. S. Mann	25 00
" Frank Brewster	5 00
A Friend	10 00
Mr. Julius T. Andrews	10 00
Mrs. L. B. Ross	10 00

Dr. Walters	\$ 2 00
Dr. E. H. Davis	2 00
Class 28 of Plymouth Church Sabbath School	5 00
Miss Dunlap	20 00
G. P. & J. E. Wolcott	5 00
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	1,091 50

Cash Received from Supervisors' Table.

R. P. Odell	\$1 00
L. A. Pratt	1 00
J. H. Billings	1 00
Wm. Oliver	1 00
A. Friend	2 00
H. W. Davis	1 00
A. McQuarters	5 00
Mr. Underhill	1 00
Wm. Fellows	1 00
J. E. Hayden	2 00
Wm. Emerson	1 20
Mr. Sheldon	1 00
" Britton	1 00
Wm. S. Falls	1 00
H. A. DeLand	2 00
Lunch	50
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	\$23 70

Cash Receipts from the Refreshment Tables.

Supervisors' Table	\$ 23 70
Mrs. Lundsberg's Table	176 58
" J. H. Brewster's Table	111 65
" T. C. Montgomery's Table	105 16
" Wanzer's Table	60 71
" E. Gould's Table	62 34
" Stebbins' Table	153 78
" Sage's Table	35 00
" Palmer's Table, including Mrs. Bell's donation of \$10	59 50
Miss Mary Perains' Ice Cream and Candy Table	90 60
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	\$879 02

Cash Receipts from the Fancy Articles.

Mrs. George J. Whitney's Fancy and Flower Tables	\$428 70
Miss Mumford's Table, including sale of candy by Miss Louise Hooker, of \$18.35	214 75
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	\$ 643 45
Children's Cot Table	\$ 107 00
Levi Ward, Tom Wright and Gilman Perkins' play of "Box and Cox"	31 82
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	\$ 138 82

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations	\$1,091 50
" Receipts from Lunch Tables	879 02
" " " Fancy Articles	643 45
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	\$2,613 97
" " " Children's Cot	138 82
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	\$2,748 39
Expenses	\$226 49
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	\$2,521 90

Donated Bills.

C. H. Wisner, for loan of Crockery, . . . \$19 17
 C. J. Hayden, for loan of Tables, . . . 15 00
 C. H. Babcock, quarter ton of Coal. . . 1 65
 Trotter, Stone & Co., loan, and cartage
 for Stoves.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

DONATIONS to REFRESHMENT and FANCY TABLES.

The General Receiving Table of Mrs. N. T. Rochester and Mrs. W. B. Williams.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Six Turkeys, 3 ducks, 4 glasses Jelly, 3 Mince Pies, 1 loaf Bread and quantity of Biscuit.
 Mrs. M. M. Mathews—Roast Ducks, Plum Pudding and Sauce, Pickles, Turkey.
 Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Turkey.
 Mrs. G. J. Whitney—One boned Turkey, 12 heads Lettuce.
 Mrs. Maltby Strong—Hot Turkey, Potato and Gravy, 2 Squash Pies, Biscuit.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Hot Turkey, Potato and Gravy, bowl of Jelly, jar of French Pickles.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Turkey, Chicken Pie, Oranges, Apples, Pickles and Jelly.
 Mrs. G. F. Danforth—Two Turkeys.
 Mrs. S. W. Updike—Turkey, 3 Pumpkin Pies, Cranberry.
 Mrs. W. B. Williams—Turkey.
 A Lady from the City Hospital—Turkey.
 A Friend—Plum Pudding and Sauce.
 Mrs. David H. Little—Two Mince Pies.
 Mrs. Henry Smith—Three gallons Oysters, bottle of Olives.
 Mrs. Clark Johnston—Chicken Pie, two Mince Pies.
 Mrs. T. Chester—Quantity of Biscuit.
 A Friend—Four lbs. Malaga Grapes.
 Mr. H. Hermann—Six large Tongues.

The Table of Mrs. M. Landsberg, Mrs. L. Adler and Mrs. S. Stern.

Mrs. A. Adler—One Dollar.
 " Fanny Adler—Tongue.
 " Bachman—Two Dollars.
 " Jos. Beir—One Dollar.
 " A. Beir—Two Ducks.
 " S. Beir—One Dollar.
 " Bronner—One Dollar.
 " Benjamin—One Dollar.
 " L. Block—Charlotte Russe in cups.
 " Blum—One Dollar.
 " J. Cauffman—Mixed Fruit.
 " S. Cohn—One Dollar.
 " Dinkelspiel—Two Dollars.
 " E. S. Ettenheimer, } Pyramid.
 " N. Levy, }
 " M. Garson, }
 " Carrie Ettenheimer—Ornamental Cake.
 " J. Ettenheimer—Four Chickens.
 " Funkenstein—Three Dollars.
 " L. Garson—Two Ducks.

Mrs. S. Guggenheimer—Celery.
 " Greentree—Biscuits and Cake.
 " M. Gutman—One Dollar.
 " F. Hayes—One Dollar.
 " M. Hays—Two Chickens.
 " S. Hays—Two Dollars and ornamental Jellies.
 " Martha Meyers—Fruit.
 " Hirschfeld—One Dollar.
 " H. Herman—Turkey.
 " G. Hays—One Dollar.
 " Hochstetter—Six Pies.
 " Jos. Katz—Cake.
 " Kirstein—One Dollar.
 " H. Leiter—One Dollar.
 " M. Lowenthal—One Dollar.
 " S. Meyer—Chickens.
 " J. Meyers—Fruit.
 " Wm. Miller—One Dollar.
 " H. Michaels—Lobster Salad.
 " J. Michaels—Cake.
 " M. Michaels—Jelly.
 " M. Mock—Pigeons.
 " L. Moore—One Dollar.
 " S. Mauheimer—Oranges.
 " Oppenheimer—Fifty Cents.
 " I. Rice—Two Ducks.
 " H. Rice—Two bottles canned Fruit.
 " S. Rice—Confectionery.
 " D. Rosenberg—Salads and Pickles.
 " Henry Rosenberg—Two Dollars.
 " Herman Rosenberg—One Dollar.
 " S. Rosenblatt—Cream Puffs.
 " Jos. Rosenthal—Linzer Torte.
 " S. Rosenthal—Two Dollars,
 " B. Rothschild—Chicken Salad.
 " J. Shatz—Eight Pies.
 " M. Schwartz—One Dollar.
 " A. Sichel—Salads and Pickles.
 " J. Sloman—Two Chickens, Cranberry Sauce
 " M. Savage—Cake.
 " N. Stein—Fried Cakes.
 Miss T. M-eyer—Two Ducks.
 Mrs. S. Stein—Twist.
 " Steinfeld—Grapes and Bananas.
 " A. Stern—Two Ducks.
 " M. Stein—Fruit.
 " S. Stethheimer—Turkey.
 " E. Strouss—Confectionery.
 " Picard—One Dollar.
 " Thalheimer—Two Chickens.
 " Van Burgh—Wine Jelly.
 " J. Wile—One Dollar.
 " I. Wile—One Dollar.
 " S. Wile—One Dollar.
 " I. G. Wile—Lobster Salad.
 " J. M. Wile—Cake.
 " Felix Wolf—One Dollar.
 " Wald—Fancy Ornaments for Table.
 " Friedlender—Fifty Cents
 " Wiesner—Rye Bread.
 Osburn House—Chicken Salad.
 Brackett House—Pyramid and Chicken Salad.
 Mr. I. Teall—Charlotte Russe.
 W. M. Fleming—Charlotte Russe.
 J. M. Backus—Olives.
 E. F. Hyde—Olives.
 Mat Dolanty—Chicken Salad.
 Café Lieders—Two Bouquets.
 Mr. Sweetland—Mixed Fruit.

The Table of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, J. C. Hart, Mrs. H. H. Morse and Mrs. Henry Smith.

- Alling & Cory—Paper.
 Mr. George Cooper—Two dozen heads Celery.
 Mrs. I. F. Quinby—Crumpets, Butter Balls.
 Mr. E. Frost—Flowers.
 Miss Buets—Grapes.
 J. M. Backus—Grapes.
 Mrs. John Hill—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs. Edward Gray—Bottle Olives.
 Mrs. Hazeltine—Mince Pie.
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Cake, Biscuit, Cranberry, Doughnuts.
 Mrs. H. H. Morse—Duck, Cranberry and Biscuit.
 Mrs. C. F. Pond—Three dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. J. H. Brewster—Chicken Pie, Mince Pies, Biscuits, Pickles and Jelly.
 Mrs. Babcock, Brighton—Two doz. Eggs, Cream.
 Mrs. C. E. Hart—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. D. M. Gordon—Three loaves Quince Cake.
 Mrs. Hubbard—Plum Pudding and Wine Sauce.
 Mrs. J. C. Hart—Oranges.
 Miss Potter—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. G. J. Whitney—Bottle Salad Dressing, Lettuce.
 Mrs. E. S. Hayward—Turkey and Jelly.
 Mrs. Cogswell—Turkey.
 Mrs. Watson—Wine Jelly, Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mr. I. Teall—Chicken Salad.
 Miss Dunlap—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Edward Harris—Turkey, Oranges, Grapes.
 Mrs. Charles Morse—Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Chicken Salad.

The Table of Mrs. W. C. Rowley and Mrs. T. C. Montgomery.

- Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb—Loaf of Cake.
 Mrs. F. Gorton—Fried Potatoes, 3 dishes Chicken Salad and 4 Cream Pies.
 Mrs. Erickson—Turkey, Pickles, Apples, Currant Jelly and Flowers.
 Mrs. H. B. Hathaway—Six glasses Jelly, 2 doz. Oranges.
 Mrs. A. Bronson, Jr.—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Edgar Holmes—Two Mince Pies, 2 bowls Cranberry Jelly.
 Mrs. Andrews—Two loaves Bread.
 Mrs. T. C. Montgomery—Butter, Jelly, Pickles.
 Mrs. G. H. Humphrey—Seven moulds of Jelly.
 Miss S. Frost—Sponge Cake.
 Mrs. H. Anstice—Three Pumpkin Pies.
 Mrs. John C. Moore—Pair of Ducks.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Lettuce, Salad Dressing.
 J. Mogridge—Three dozen Oranges, and box of Malaga Grapes.
 Mrs. G. D. Williams—Pickles and Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. F. Whittlesey—Mince Pie and loaf of Cake.
 Mrs. N. Ayrault—Turkey and 3 moulds Spanish Cream.
 Mrs. Wm. Bebasz—Chocolate Cake.
 Mrs. G. Ellwanger—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. Wm. Ward—Turkey.
 Mrs. H. M. Montgomery—Rolls.
 Mrs. E. W. Williams—Walnut Cake.
 Mrs. Dr. Moore—Ducks, Celery and Jelly.
 Mrs. J. K. Chappell—Lobster Salad and Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. R. Mathews—Pair of Ducks.

- Miss P. S. Ely—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. H. Osgood—Two forms of Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. C. H. Babcock—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. C. M. Curtis—Raw Oysters.
 Mrs. Rowley—Chicken Pie and Squash Pies.
 Mrs. M. C. Mordoff—Chicken Salad.
 Miss Lillie Barton—Cocoanut Cake.
 Mrs. Clinton Rogers—Turkey.
 Mrs. J. M. Whitney—Rolls and Saratoga Potatoes.
 Miss Lula Gilkeson—Nut Cake.
 Mrs. H. F. Montgomery—Turkey.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Fruit.
 Mrs. T. Chester—Rolls.
 Mrs. R. Hart—Saratoga Potatoes and Ducks.
 Mrs. Albert Bristol—Oranges.
 Mrs. J. T. Piugree—Tongue.
 Miss Bell Eastman—Confectionery Cake.
 Mrs. Q. VanVoorhis—Rolls.
 Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Jelly and Chocolate Cake.
 Mrs. Lafayette Rogers—Scalloped Oysters and Pickles.
 Mrs. McAllaster—Pickles.
 Mrs. C. H. Gifford—Chicken Salad.
 Miss C. Rochester—Raw Oysters.
 Mrs. H. P. Brewster—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. A. J. Johnson—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. W. Gibbons—Raisins.
 Mrs. Dr. Little—Flowers.

The Table of Mrs. Geo. G. Wanzer, Mrs. M. Adams and Mrs. W. R. Seward.

- Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Two dishes Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. C. S. Baker—Apples, Pickles, Doughnuts.
 Mrs. D. A. Robbins—Oranges, Grapes.
 Mrs. Henry E. Hooker—Saratoga Potatoes, Flowers.
 Mrs. Wm. Miles—Hot Brown Bread.
 Mrs. E. B. Booth—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. B. H. Clark—Turkey.
 Mrs. J. H. Kent—Chicken Salad, Butter.
 Mrs. Dr. Collins—Two moulds Cranberry Jelly, Tapioca Pudding.
 Mrs. S. A. Newman—Turkey.
 Mrs. C. M. Everest—Wine Jelly, Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Chas. Fitch—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. N. A. Stone—Mince Pies, Parker House Rolls.
 Mrs. S. D. Porter—Hot Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. Hiram Hoyt—Scalloped Oysters.
 Miss Wealtha Hill—Tarts, Sweet Cream, Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Henry Brewster—Hot Turkey and Gravy.
 Mrs. Samuel Porter—Flowers.
 Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes—Turkey.
 Mrs. W. R. Seward—Hot Vegetables, Pickles, Fruit, Flowers, Hot Pudding, Sweet Cream.
 Mrs. L. P. Ross—Fish Chowder, Celery.
 Mrs. Geo. G. Wanzer—Celery, Pickles, Lemon Pie, Flowers.
 Mrs. Peck—Fruit, Cake.
 Mrs. E. Lyon—Fruit, Flowers.
 Mrs. W. S. Osgood—Hot Vegetables.
 Mrs. Judge Hawley—Biscuit.
 Mrs. M. Stillwell—Cake.
 Mrs. Rapalje—Three moulds Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. M. Adams—Two dishes Charlotte Russe Flowers.
 Mrs. Jerome Keyes—Charlotte Russe.

The Table of Mrs. H. A. Palmer, Mrs. D. T. Hunt and Mrs. W. D. Lee.

Mrs. P. M. Bromley—One dish Salad.
 Mrs. Strong—One dish Salad.
 Mrs. A. C. Dickinson—One dish Salad.
 Mrs. Sam'l Steele—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. F. S. Disbrow—Chicken Pie, 2 Mince Pies.
 Mrs. I. C. Mason—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. Lindsay—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Alex. Prentice—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Chas. St. John—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Henry Goulding—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Clark Johnston—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. Motley—Two Tongues.
 Mrs. James Lord—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Wm. Judson—Mashed Potatoes.
 Mrs. T. Parsons—Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. Roscoe B. Ashley—2 dishes Scalloped Oysters
 Mrs. Henry Mackie—Two Ducks.
 Mrs. Geo. Storms—Two Ducks.
 Mrs. M. B. King—One Dollar.
 Mrs. Jesse W. Hatch—Biscuit and Pickles.
 Mrs. McBride—Scalloped Oysters, Bread, Biscuit.
 Mrs. Weaver—Turkey, 2 Pies, Cranberries.
 Mrs. Rev. J. B. Shaw—Three Dollars.
 Mrs. Chas. Angle—Two Pies.
 Mrs. C. Clark—Biscuit.
 Mrs. T. King—Two Cakes.
 Mrs. King—Two Pies.
 Mrs. L. Whitcomb—Butter and Jelly.
 Mrs. Lampert—Cakes.
 Mrs. Rob't Liddy—Two Cakes.
 Mrs. Wm. Otis—Two Pies and Cakes.
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Two Pies and Cakes.
 Mrs. J. Morey—Basket of Fruit.
 Mrs. W. Rogers—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. McKindley—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Alfred Bell—Ten Dollars.
 Mrs. W. D. Lee—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. H. H. Babcock—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs. Frost—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs. D. Upton—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. A. V. Smith—Flowers.
 Mr. Cork—Cheese.
 Mr. Pentecost—One barrel Flour.
 Messrs. Moseley & Motley—One barrel Flour.
 Miss F. Eddy—Pop Corn and Chestnuts.
 Miss Shaffer—Wine Jelly and Cake.
 Miss Mary Shaw—Lemon Jelly.
 Miss Leavenworth—Pickles and Jelly.

The Table of Mrs. W. L. Sage.

Mrs. Leutchford—Fruit.
 Mrs. A. R. Pritchard—Turkey, Biscuit, Mince Pies
 Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—Chicken Pie, Cranberries.
 Miss Howard—Four Mince Pies.
 Mrs. F. B. Bishop—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters
 and Pickles.
 Mrs. A. W. Mudge—Two dishes Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage—Biscuit, Vegetables and
 Flowers.
 Mrs. Sugru—Four Lemon Pies.
 Mrs. Pomeroy—Turkey and Vegetables.
 Mrs. Sunderlin—Turkey and Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Battell—Ham.
 Mrs. Geo. Hale—2 Coconnut Pies, 2 Squash Pies.
 Mrs. E. O. Sage—Two dishes of Charlotte Russe.
 Moore & Cole—Grapes and Fancy Biscuit.
 Miss Boughton—Chocolate Cake.

The Table of Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. DeWitt Clarke, Mrs. Curtis Clark, Mrs. Sam'l Wilder and Mrs. James Killip.

Mrs. L. A. Ward—Chicken Pie.
 " Freeman Clarke—Chicken Salad.
 A. D. Smith—Turkey, Biscuit, Scalloped
 Oysters.
 " D. W. Powers—Chicken Salad, Cake.
 " David Little—Pies.
 Isaac Teall—Macaroon Pyramid, Charlotte Russe
 Moore & Cole—Ice Cream, Biscuit and 3 boxes
 Grapes.
 Mrs. H. H. Warner—Chicken Salad and 2 loaves
 Cake.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Bread, Cake.
 " W. L. Halsey—Turkey.
 " Hiram Sibley—Turkey, Cake, Flowers.
 " George Ellwanger—Flowers.
 " Henry Ellwanger—Ducks, Flowers.
 " George Williams—Chicken Salad, Pickles.
 " D. A. Watson—Ten lbs. Sugar, 10 pounds
 Grapes, Olives.
 " J. G. Cutler—Olives.
 " M. B. Anderson—Ham.
 " C. E. Upton—Charlotte Russe.
 " C. C. Merriman—Cake.
 " F. Macomber—Chicken Salad, Grapes.
 " J. E. Hayden—Ham.
 " Mrs. DeWitt Clarke—Grapes and Flowers.
 " I. Hills—Pears.
 " J. Killip—Turkey and Jelly.
 " Siddons—Three loaves Cake, Cranberry and
 Jelly.
 " Griffith—Cake, Pickles.
 Miss Weltha Hill—A la mode Beef, Tarts.
 Mrs. John H. Rochester—Veal loaf, Cake.
 Miss Fanny Whittlesey—Cake.
 Mrs. Wm. Ashley—Cake.
 " M. K. Woodbury—Parker House Rolls.
 " Flemming—Variegated Jelly.
 E. M. Higgins—Sardines.
 Miss Lois Quinby—Cake.
 " Amaden—Cake.
 Mrs. W. C. Dickinson—Charlotte Russe.
 M. A. Morrel—Cream.
 Mrs. J. E. Whitbeck—Ducks.
 " Thomas Leighton—Cream and Flowers.
 " E. M. Osborn—Rolls, Jelly and Potato Cro-
 quettes.
 " L. D. Ely—Cake, Cream.
 " E. B. Parsons—Pudding, Jelly.
 " Aaron Erickson—Chickens, Pies, Flowers.
 Miss Newell—One Dollar.
 Mrs. Albright—Biscuit.
 Peter Schleyer—Turkey.
 Mrs. Bentley—Mince Pie.
 Miss Guernsey—Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. Martin Breck—Biscuit.
 Mrs. William Little—Turkey and Cake.
 Miss Hooker—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Three pairs Ducks, Roast
 Beef, Biscuit, Cake, Flowers.
 Miss Ella Winn—Pickles, Jelly.
 Mrs. J. Van Voorhis—Turkey.
 " Joseph Ward—Charlotte Russe.
 " Frank Gordon—Lemon Pie.
 Mr. Salter—Flowers.
 Mrs. Curtis Clarke—Charlotte Russe, Ducks.
 " J. W. Stebbins—Saratoga Potatoes.

The Table of Mrs. E. P. Gould, Mrs. J. I. Fos, Mrs. C. H. Chapin, Mrs. J. W. Canfield and Mrs. A. M. Bennett.

Mrs. E. Furman—Two Pies and Pickles.
 Miss Newell—Grapes.
 Mrs. S. S. Avery—Turkey and Olives.
 Mrs. Whitman—Cake.
 Miss C. Gould—Three Pies.
 Mrs. J. W. Canfield—Chicken Salad, African.
 Mrs. A. M. Bennett—Chicken Salad, Potatoes.
 Mrs. H. Gorsline—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Bromley—Chicken Salad, Charlotte Russe.
 Mr. H. H. Zimmer—Two Ducks.
 Mrs. S. H. Terry—Jelly and Tapioca Cream.
 Mrs. C. T. Crouch—Biscuit and Cake.
 Mrs. E. P. Gould—Wine Jelly, Doughnuts, Pickles, Cranberry.
 Miss Lizzie Gould—Oranges.
 Mrs. W. H. RossLewin—Pickled Oysters, 2 Pies.
 " C. H. Chapin—Charlotte Russe, Oyster Pies, Pickles and Sugar.
 Miss Nellie Frost—Flowers.
 Mrs. H. Benton—Cake.
 " G. Gould—Two Pies.
 " G. E. Jennings—Two Pies.
 " H. Arnold—Two Pies, Parker House Rolls.
 " D. Bush—Chow-chow.
 " W. H. Perkins—French Pickles.
 " L. H. Morgau—Champagne Ham.
 Miss Fannie Baker—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. E. Tompkins—Two loaves Cake.
 " D. C. Wayte—One Turkey.
 " C. J. Hayden—Three Mince Pies.
 " O. Craig—Chicken Pie.
 " E. Heath—Two Loaves of Cake.
 Mr. T. F. Aldrich—Two lbs. Malaga Grapes.
 Mr. J. M. Backus—1 doz. Oranges, 1 bottle Olives
 Mrs. E. F. Hyde—One doz. Oranges.
 Mrs. Regina Buckley—150 Oysters.
 Newdale & Sons—Flowers.
 Mrs. J. T. Fox—Chicken Salad, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols—Walnut Cake.

The Ice Cream Table of Miss Mary Perkins and Miss Sallie Hall.

Mrs. W. Halsey; Cake.
 Mrs. Mat Cooke; Cake.
 Mrs. Glen; Cake.
 Mrs. G. C. Buell; Cake.
 Miss Sallie Hall; Cake.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith; Cake.
 Miss Perkins; Cake.
 Mrs. Aaron Erickson: Flowers.
 White Bro's, Smilax and Flowers.
 Miss Butts; Flowers and Grapes.
 Alling & Cory: Paper.
 Owen Lovejoy; Pyramid of Candy.
 James Vick; Loaf of Flower Standard.

The Flower and Candy Table of Miss Julia Whitney.

Mrs. E. T. Smith; Nine Bark Baskets, 12 Bouquet Baskets, 12 Straw Baskets, 1 Doll's Hat, 1 Cradle.
 Miss Carrie Brewster; Six Sachets.
 Ellwanger & Barry; cut Flowers.
 Mrs. Curtis Clark; cut Flowers.
 Miss Clara Durand; cut Flowers.
 Miss Butts; cut Flowers.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney; Bouquets.

Fancy Table of Mrs. George J. Whitney.

Miss Jeffrey; One Landscape on Easel.
 Miss Kate Jeffrey; Three pairs Doll's Mittens.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews; One elegant Silk Quilt, 1 Infant's crotcheted Cap, 2 pairs Mittens.
 Madame Gueret; One Catch-all.
 Miss Lois Whitney; Decorated China.
 Miss Clerise Jeffrey; numerous Fancy Articles, painted.
 Miss Mamie Jeffrey; numerous Fancy Articles, painted.
 Miss Clara Durand; numerous Fancy Articles, painted.
 Mrs. William Ashley; One Water Color.
 Mr. Lycett, New York; Six Decorated Plates.
 Mrs. Arthur D. Fiske, New York; One elegant Table Cover.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney; one elegant Silk Quilt.
 Mrs. Hiram Sibley; Six white Aprons.
 Colonel A. T. Lee; one Water Color.
 Mrs. A. T. Lee; One crocheted Sacque, 1 Pin Cushion, 1 pair Mats.
 Miss Ruth Quinby; Two Ladies' crocheted Hoods.
 Miss Nellie Ely; One pair children's Leggings.
 Mrs. James Whitney; Embroidered Baskets.
 Miss Conkey; One Infant's Sacque.
 Miss Alice Montgomery; One Tobacco Pouch.
 Mrs. William H. Ward; One Ladies' crotcheted Hood, 2 pairs Infant's Socks.

The Fancy Table of Miss A. Mumford, Mrs. L. F. Ward, Mrs. Edgar Holmes, Mrs. W. L. Halsey, Mrs. E. V. Stoddard and Mrs. S. Porter.

Mrs. J. H. Gregory; Crib Blanket.
 Miss Amanda Green; four Pin-balls, two cake Tidies.
 Mrs. Arthur Robinson; Infant's Sacque, Mittens.
 Mrs. James Brackett; two Knit Skirts.
 Hawley, Myers & Co.; Wrapping Paper.
 J. & S. Snow; loan of Wire Frames.
 Mrs. Chester Dewey; 3 Hoods.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins; 3 Silk Bags, Hood.
 Miss Mary Perkins; Hood and Infant's Sacque.
 Miss Annie Knapp, New York; 2 Toilet Sets.
 Miss Julia Cozzens—Neck-tie, 2 Pin Balls.
 Mrs. A. T. Smith; Breakfast Cap, Baskets.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford; 13 Child's Aprons.
 Louise Suter; Flower Stand, 2 Needle-cases, 4 Court-plaster Cases.
 Miss Carrie Brewster; Infant's Collarette.
 Miss Griffith; Dressing 2 large Dolls.
 Miss Fanny Griffith; Lace Collar, 9 linen cambric-Bows.
 Mrs. Howard Osgood; Five Dressed Dolls, 2 Baskets, Doll's Toilet Basket furnished, Complete Darnier, 4 Wash-cloths and Gentleman's Traveling Case.
 Miss Osgood; Work Bag, Neck Tie.
 Mr. Howard Osgood; Tape Measure, Thimble Case in Ivory.
 Miss A. Mumford; Socks, etc.
 Mrs. Thomas Chester; Child's Collarette.
 Miss Carrie Updike; Infant's Sacque.
 Mrs. M. W. Cook; Two Breakfast Caps.
 Mrs. Prosch; Seventeen Rabbits.
 Mrs. L. F. Ward; Child's Apron, Scrap Bag, 2 Screens, Baby's Afghan.
 Mrs. Samuel Porter; Purse, Crocheted Trimming.

Miss Hamilton; Tea-pot Holder.
 Mrs. Sidney S. Avery; Work Bag.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster; Work Basket, Scrap Basket, Toilet Set.
 Miss Mattie Porter; Worsted Hood.
 Mrs. Wm. L. Halsey; Toilet Set.
 Mr. Alfred Wright; One doz. bottles of Perfumery, one doz. bottles Extract Lemon, 1 doz. bottles Extract Vanilla.
 Mrs. Frank Ward; Child's Sacque.
 John D. Cutler & Co.; Quantity of Silk on Commission.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith; Three Nurses' Aprons, 6 Muslin Ties, Muslin Apron.
 Mrs. M. A. Phelan; Scrap Bag, Cigar Holder, 2 Match Boxes, 2 Jewel Cases.
 Mrs. Eugene Glen; Worsted Shawl.
 Miss Louise Williams, Dansville; Infant's Sallie
 Miss Sallie Hall; Crocheted Slippers.
 Mrs. Edgar Holmes; Set of Luce Tidies.
 Miss May Hooker; Crocheted Purse.
 Mrs. Joseph Craig; One pair Mittens.
 Mrs. Oscar Craig; Three pairs Mittens.
 Mrs. H. H. Brown; Two pairs Crocheted Slippers, 2 Work Bags.
 Miss Susan Newell; Calico Apron.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke; Four Worked Holders.
 Mrs. E. V. Stoddard; Painted Screen, Fancy Basket, Worsted Shawl, 2 Muslin Neck Ties.
 Mr. Junius Judson; Nine boxes Pins.
 Mrs. Charles Pond; Apron.
 Miss Baltzell; Hood.
 Miss Kate Montgomery; Scrap Bag.
 Miss Fanny Alling; Head-dress.
 Miss Milly Alling; Ten Dinner Cards.
 Miss McKay; Two pairs Infant's Socks.
 Mrs. Clark Johnston; Bracket.
 Mrs. C. C. Morse; Two Worsted Bags.
 Miss Linda Morse; Embroidered Suspenders.
 Miss Kent; Large Screen.
 Mrs. L. A. Ward; Sofa Pillow, 2 Lamplighters, Holders, 2 pairs Candle Screens.
 Miss Grace Woodbury; Horse Shoe.
 Ellen Kelley; Two Dolls, Watch Case and Pin-cushion.
 Mrs. Arthur Hamilton; Hood, 2 Canoes.
 Mrs. W. C. Dickinson; Two pairs Mittens.
 Miss Frost; One pair Mittens.
 Miss Lou Hooker; Sixty boxes of Home-made Candy.
 Mr. H. O. Hall; Solid Oak Card Table.

The Table for "Children's Cot," of Mrs. C. H. Angel, Misses Minnie Clarke, Florence Bennett, Jessie Powers, Pagie Ward.

Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Four Doll's Shawls, Hoods, 1 pair Doll's Socks.
 A Friend—Four Silk Birds, 3 Pen Wipers, 1 Needle Book.
 Mrs. J. A. Collier—Four pairs Mittens, 2 pairs Crocheted Slippers.
 Mrs. Frank Ward—Hour Glass, Thread Wagon.
 Florence Bennett—Two Dressed Dolls, 1 Holder, 4 Photograph Cases, 1 Paper Doll, 2 Tidies, 1 Match Box, set of Bureau Mats.
 Fannie Stillson—Two Court Plaster Cases.
 Julia, Louise and Mary Little—Handkerchief Bag, 2 Whist Counters, 1 pair Mittens.

I. Teall—Handsome Centre Piece.
 Miss Filon—One Pin Cushion, Watch Case, 1 Holder.
 Allie Filon—Twenty-five Cents.
 Ida Sage—One Dollar.
 Mrs. Maltby Strong—Five Dollars.
 Carrie Clarke—Seven Doll's Hoods, 4 Dogs.
 Minnie Belle Tracy—Fancy Lantern.
 Miss Fannie Corbett—Dressed Doll, 1 pr Mittens.
 Emmet Jennings—Carved Jewel Case.
 Miss H. H. Backus—Fifteen Trimmed Doll's Hats, a quantity of Ribbons.
 Jessie Powers—Sachet Bag, Fancy Box, 2 Decorated Tea Pots, 4 Holders, 1 pair Crocheted Slippers, Jewel Case, 1 pair Doll's Mittens, Baby's Knit Shirt, Baby's Leggings, Tidy, 2 Lacquered Plates.
 Mrs. James Cutler—Head Wrap.
 Henrietta C. Allen—Five dressed Dolls.
 Mrs. James Hart—Two Aprons.
 Mr. Judson—Nine boxes Pins.
 Mrs. Geo. Seldon—Three Doll's Cradles, 1 Japanese Tidy.
 Laura Seldon—Six Dressed Dolls. [Fans.
 Mamie Osborn—One Painted Panel, 5 Painted
 Miss C. L. Crowninshield—Three Tea-pot Holders
 Miss Lois Whitney—Two Painted Plates.
 Dasie Montgomery—Two pairs Baby's Socks.
 Mrs. John Brewster—Three Neck Ties.
 Bessie Clarke; One Japanese Tidy.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke: Two Baby Blankets and 5 Holders.
 Mrs. M. W. Cooke: Baby's Comforter.
 Miss Minnie Clarke: Twelve Fancy boxes Candy, 6 Fans.
 Mrs. Levi A. Ward: Three Milk-pail Cushions.
 Mrs. Allen: One pair Mittens.
 Belle Brewster: Two Doll's Sacques, 1 Scarf.
 Miss Lampert: Four pairs Painted Pipes.
 Louisa and Alice Upton: One Painted Panel, 2 Covered Bottles, 1 pair Pipes.
 Mrs. King: Two Dogs, 1 Worsted Ball.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder: Twelve Dressed Dolls and Brush Brooms.
 Eliza Little: Dolls Playing Croquet.
 Lilla A. Parsons, five years and a half old: One Dollar, and a Holder made by herself.
 Lon Hooker: One set of Paper Dolls.
 Mr. Edward and Henry Frost: Forty-five Button-hole Bouquets, 12 baskets of Flowers.
 Maggie Ashley: One pair Mats.
 Miss Libbie Farrar: Sachet Bags, Penciled-head Framed.
 Laura Page Ward: Child's Reins, 2 Dressed Dolls, 2 Scrap Pockets.
 Mrs. L. F. Ward: Baby's Comforter.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—One Muslin Apron, 4 Neck Ties.
 Laurance Angel: Kindergarten Toys.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel: Bureau Cover, Dressed Doll, 3 Match Boats, 2 Baskets, 4 pairs Pipes, 2 Horse Shoes, etc. etc.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Eighth Ward Mission School,.....	\$ 5 00
Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	2 00
Little Clara Landberg, ..	05
M. Strouff,	25
Mrs. S. H. Terry,	2 00

Harry P. Roberts' second offering,	50
Box on "Review" Table at Donation, . . .	92
Mrs. A. H. Porter, Niagara Falls, for her five little grand-daughters, Bessie, two Julius, Ruth and Cornelia,	5 00
Box and Cox," given by Levi Ward, Gilman Perkins and Tom Wright,	31 82
Children's Cot Table at Donation, by Mrs. Chas. H. Angel,	107 00
Interest on deposit, to December 1st, . . .	8 08
First Presbyterian Church Sunday School,	12 00
Receipts for the month,	\$ 174 62
Previously acknowledged,	373 13
Total receipts,	\$ 547 75

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Receipts for the Review.

FROM NOVEMBER 1st to DECEMBER 6th, 1878.

Mrs. S. Miller, New Haven, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. Smith, Andover, Mass., 50 cts.; Mrs. James Upton, 62 cents—By Mrs. S. H. Terry,	\$ 1 62
Mrs. I. S. Averill, 62 cents: Miss J. Sloan, \$1.25; Mrs. Ira B. Wheeler, Elizabeth, N. J., 50 cents—By Mrs. D. B. Beach,	2 37
Erastus Darrow, advertisement,—By Mrs. Clark Johnston,	5 00
W. C. Dickinson, advertisement,—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	10 00
O. G. Burleigh, 62 cts.; Mrs. Louis Chapin, 62 cents; J. S. Garlock, 62 cents; Dr. J. Requa, 62 cents; Geo. S. Riley, 62 cts.; B. W. Tone, 62 cts.; Alex. Thompson, 62 cents,—By Mr. Crawley,	4 34
Mrs. C. M. Allen, \$2.00; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Gregory, Millville, 51 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 75 cents; Miss Agnes Jeffrey, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Loop, 63 cents; Mrs. S. W. Urdike, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Upton, \$1.24,—By Mrs. Robert Mathews,	6 99
Mrs. S. Avery, 62 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 65 cents; Mrs. Dr. M. B. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Y. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Adler, \$1.00; Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Brackett, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Breck, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 65 cents; Jas. H. Boucher, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Chapin, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 62 cents; John Craighead, 62 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Chester, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. Jos. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Coann, Albion, 50 cts.; Mrs. George F. Danforth, 65 cents; Mrs. C. Dewey, 62 cents; Mr. Erastus Darrow, 62 cents; Mr. F. L. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. N. H. Delaney, 62 cts.;	

W. F. Duffield, for Miss A. Duffield, McConnellsburg, Penn., \$1.00; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Edmundson, Newmarket, Ont., 50c.; Miss S. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. Chas. E. Fitch, 75 cts.; Mrs. F. Gorton, 75 cts.; Mrs. Eugene Glen, 62c.; Mr. M. Greentree, \$1.00; Mrs. H. H. Gilbert, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. W. Goss, 65 cents; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Hayward, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. T. Huntington, \$1.24; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. W. L. Halsey, \$1.24; Mrs. Anna D. Hart, 62 cents; Henry Hermann, \$1.00; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Hicks, by Mr. M. Greentree, \$1.00; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 64 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Leutchford, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Martindale, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. C. Meriman, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. U. Meyer, 62 cents; Prof. W. C. Morey, 62 cents; Mr. P. Nessel, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Osburn, 62 cts.; Mrs. Thos. Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Pancost, 62 cts.; Mrs. Geo. W. Pratt, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. B. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. H. W. Poinier, 62 cents; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Ripsom, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Rogers, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. T. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, 50 cents; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Siddons, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cts.; Matie L. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Stoddard, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Tamblingson, 62 cents; Mr. M. Van Voorhis, \$1.24; Miss M. A. Vaughan, 62 cts.; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Waite, 65 cents; Mrs. D. A. Watson, 62 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Wing, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Ward, 62 cents; Dr. E. F. Wilson, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. Zeweld, 62 cts.—Donation Festival, \$61 26

Donations.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1878.

Mrs. Dr. Strong—One barrel Apples.
 Mrs. M. B. Breck—One barrel Apples.
 Mr. E. S. Hayward—Seven barrels Apples.
 Mr. Peck—Old Linen. [of Squashes.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Reading Matter and a barrel
 Mrs. Page, Perry—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Reynolds—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. S. Wilder—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. D. K. Robinson—Six barrels Apples.
 Mrs. Geo J. Whitney—Six Turkeys.
 Mrs. Jones—Newspapers.
 Mrs. C. P. Bissell—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. E. H. Hollister—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. W. S. Little—Underwear and Reading Matter
 Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth—Five barrels Apples.

DONATIONS OMITTED BY MISTAKE IN OCTOBER REPORT.

Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy—Old Linen.
 Mr. Clarendon Morse—A quantity of Clothing, Coats, Pants, Cap, &c. &c.
 Mrs. E. Ray—Twenty-five lbs. Grapes.
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—Large quantity of Grapes.

DONATIONS RECEIVED AT THE HALL ON DONATION DAY.

Frederick Guetzmann—One case of very fine Claret Wine.
 Moseley & Motley—One barrel best White Flour.
 John R. Pentecost—One barrel White Wheat Flour.
 Mrs. Hurlbut—Six packages Corn Starch, Apples, two packages Sugar and one package of Rice.
 Mrs. Pettee—bundle of Old Cotton.
 Mrs. M. A. Gaylord—one can Quinces, 2 pounds Dried Apples.

Our Hospital Patients.

During the early days of December, a peculiar interest centred in the Surgical Ward of our City Hospital, for there, seven of the men, who were injured by the falling of the wall of the Rochester Brewery, were received for surgical care and nursing.

The city papers have fully chronicled this sad accident, and we are happy to report that only one of the seven patients died. This was Joseph Ritzfelt, whose spine was injured and who died the next morning after the accident. Four of these patients have left the Hospital, and the two who remain are doing well. One of these had a severe wound on his head, broke one of his ribs, and dislocated his elbow. On the 16th instant when we visited the Ward, he was up, dressed, and watching with some interest a game of dominoes. The other patient who had a scalp wound and sprained his ankle was reclining on his cot.

In the same Ward we noticed a young man who had injured his shoulder by being thrown from a buggy, and another suffering from abscess on the face, and one with a broken leg.

On our last visit, the German Lutheran

minister had just finished administering the communion to some of the inmates of the lower Female Ward, who greatly enjoyed the service.

December finds but few empty cots in our Hospital, but our space does not allow us to speak of our other patients, except to say that they appreciated the good things that were brought from the refreshment tables, after the Donation Festival, at Corinthian Hall.

Good Samaritans.

The ladies of the "Ninth Ward Aid Society," have been doing a good work the past year among their sick neighbors, providing for their needs, instead of calling upon the Charitable Society; thus expending about three hundred dollars. Their example is worthy of imitation.

Since the articles on the Children's Cot were in type, we learn little Nellie has gone to her father.

Jellies, dried, fresh and canned fruit, are very acceptable for the invalids.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 27, 1878, of consumption, Ella F. Smith, aged 21 years.

Monthly Report.

1878. Nov. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	80
Received during month,	20
Births,	3—103
Deaths,	1
Discharged,	20— 21
Remaining, Dec. 1st, 1878,	82

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.

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, 25 00
One Year, 10 00	One Column, 1 Year, 50 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

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A beautiful work of 100 Pages. One Colored Flower Plate, and 300 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

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Vick's Seeds are the best in the world. Send FIVE CENT STAMP for a FLORAL GUIDE, containing List and Prices, and plenty of information. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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 115 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Feb 75 *Newman's Castorine for the Hair.*

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1878.

1838.

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WILDER, CASE & CO.

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BRITTIN & WILDER.

1838.

1878.

JEFFREYS,
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 125 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

ERASTUS DARROW,
 OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846. **D** 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.

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Shirts made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed.

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First-class Laundry in same Building.
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Dyeing & Scouring Establishment
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 C. B. Woodworth, Jonathan H. Child,

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How its sad eyes forevermore tell us,
 In their anguish,—“The child is not here!”
 They told me this even at sunset
 Just where I should find you, my sweet,
 On the old hill-top lying so mutely
 With the long golden rod, at your feet.
 But I *could* not come,—will you blame me?—
 O, I never could stand beside you,
 And remember the days when we wandered
 Now your short little summer is through.
 So I shall go back to the city
 And ever and ever again,
 Will I turn from my window at twilight
 With a heart very heavy with pain.
 Yes,—I know the meaning of patience.
 But I feel your small hand in my own
 Lead me nearer our Father, and truer,
 Than all else that my man’s life has known.
 And fame, and the world, and its praising,
 Each hollow endeavor I hold,
 I would give,—for your faith in my goodness,
 And your friendship untarnished by gold.
 And I marvel to think we should cherish,
 Rare exotics, and deem they are sweet,
 When no rose in the world is so precious,
 As the wild one, that grows at our feet.
 And so, is it strange that the Father,
 Thus leads us, that humble and mild
 We would give all our earthly bought wisdom,
 For the love and the trust of a child?
 So, sleep!—thro’ the long summer weather,
 While the robins sing on in the sun,
 And the rose leaves fall down on your bosom,
 When their short golden blooming is done.
 When I reach another vacation,
 It may be the first at the gate,
 Will be *your* sunny face, with its welcome!
 Then, although it be long,—I can wait.

For the Hospital Review.

Art-Study.

As more attention is bestowed now than formerly on all matters relating to art, it may be of some interest to the reader to be reminded of various opportunities for culture, here at home, which were out of the reach of a past generation. President Anderson’s art-lectures to his senior classes, running through a series of years, have been of immense advantage, not only to them, but through and beyond their immediate circle of friends. The stone that glances along the water’s edge, sends its

ripples far and wide. These brilliant and comprehensive discourses on art, have been listened to, also, by a few privileged friends, who, while listening, could not but regret that a much larger audience were not sharing with them the pleasure and the advantage.

Some valuable works, both in painting and sculpture, in possession of a few of our wealthier citizens, though they may not be cited as a general means of culture, are at least an unfailing source of delight to them and to their friends. They are not without their influence. But to Mr. D. W. Powers is reserved, thus far, the satisfaction of throwing open to the public a valuable collection of works of art, including paintings, sculpture and engravings, which reflect credit on his taste in their selection, and on his generosity in the manner of their disposal. His collection of stereoscopic views exceeds in number and variety that of any other in the world. This gallery, with its labyrinth of rooms so tastefully arranged, affords the art-student an opportunity for seeing at his leisure, not only admirable copies of some of the most famous paintings; but of comparing the merits of original productions of the living masters of French, German, Spanish, Italian and other schools.

Passing through a succession of draped doors, let us take a glance at the *new room*, which contains the more recent additions to the gallery. We are impressed with the harmonious coloring of carpet and walls. Rich fabrics are artistically draped around the door, windows and mirror. The colors are garnet, black and gold; the ceiling is frescoed; and the frieze that leads up to it is painted in an original design and in keeping with all the details of the room. Opposite the entrance-door, as if to enhance the effect, is a picture by Edouard Dubufe, *The Favorite of the Pasha*. The reclining figure of a young girl is marked by a luxurious ease of posture, and that brilliancy of effect for which

this painter is celebrated. Next we look at Escosura's Château in Spain. It depicts a group of people in mediæval dress, emerging from a quaint, old gateway. They are beckoned forward by an ancient servitor, with keys in hand. The ladies are proudly escorted by a gallant old beau, who holds over them a dainty, pink parasol, humorously contrasting with his own stalwart figure. We find here a rare handling of light and shade.

Close at hand are two striking Studies of a Head. These are by Menzlea, of Munich; and the one in profile is especially attractive. A Kindergarten, by Piltz, requires close inspection to study its innumerable phases of the childish countenance. Hiller gives us a delicious glimpse of Tyrolese mountains, with blue, vaporous sky, and a foreground of chalets, and the horses and passengers of a diligence. A Fête-Day, by Lemaire, is worthy of attention. The figures are well grouped. In the foreground is a ballet-dancer, in gossamer dress and pink stockings, who exacts tribute of some elderly cavaliers; while they, in their cocked hats and laced coats, smilingly accede to her demands. The musicians are expressively drawn and give a dash of color to the foreground; the fortune-telling dogs are in themselves a picture.

Many think an art-collection is incomplete without something from the hand of Meyer VonBremen. We have here La Lecture, a young girl with an arch expression of face; the flesh-tints are admirably painted. La Sentinelle, by Romako, is a spirited portrayal of an audacious beauty of the time of Louis Quinze. Richard Zimmermann, (one of a family of noted painters,) introduces us to a Musical Rehearsal by Peasants of the Black Forest. The arrangement of figures is good, and the faces are humorously expressed. The peasant girl pouring out wine, has a rare touch of nature. The picture throughout glows with a rich, amber coloring. A

Cattle-Piece, by Voltz, is characteristic of the works of that master. A Dutch Kitchen, by Benedicter, is an interior with heavy shadows and pillared Gothic arches. A window in the dim perspective, opens into the clearest daylight. A fire is blazing before the cook, and shines and quivers on the homely utensils of her trade. An attractive picture is Bougerreau's Stolen Fruit. A young girl is helping a child over the wall; both figures stand out in bold relief from the canvas. The child's face is remarkable for beauty of expression, and is tinted like a peach that hangs ripening in the sun.

In this brief mention of a few of the gems of Mr. Powers' gallery, must be included an admirable painting by Adolph Schreyer, entitled Hungarian Draft-Horses. His indefatigable study of the horse, has resulted in a wonderful skill in its delineation; and his extensive travels through portions of Asia and Africa were directed to the same end. This picture, with its background of forest, depicts a number of horses, driven by peasants. The faithful animals are struggling with their cumbersome load, every muscle strained with their tedious effort at progress. A figure on horseback, in the middle distance, adds to the sombre effect of the grey and hazy atmosphere. C. H.

For the Hospital Review.

Our Sparrows.

Where are our little friends, the English sparrows, hiding themselves while the huge snow banks are heaped up all around us, covering their feeding grounds and cutting off their usual sources of supply?

About a score of them for a few days have accepted our hospitality, amusing us greatly as we have watched them picking up crumbs and gleaned treasures from the snow banks.

It is well for the children to remember them at this season of the year. Rochester is famous for its charities; it has

given a Christmas dinner to the boot-blacks and the newsboys, and surely we must not let the sparrows go hungry.

Our friends the other side of the water, in Norway, treat their birds to a Christmas dinner. Should you chance to visit that country on Christmas morning, you would find every gable, barn door and gateway ornamented with a tall pole crowned with a sheaf of grain, a Christmas offering to the birds. Even those who are not very well off spare something for their winged friends, and what is not consumed by them on Christmas helps them to keep joyfully the holidays.

Last winter the sparrows in Newark, N. J., were very enterprising and wove about a quarter of a ton of hay into a sparrow hotel, locating it in a safe retreat, in the frame work of a shed, protected from the wintry blasts and secure from the attacks of cruel boys and sly grimalkins. A large colony of them took possession of it. There were warm winter quarters for thousands of them, and on pleasant days tiny heads were seen peeping out from their snug homes.

Perhaps we have among us some specimens of bird architecture as worthy of note as was the Sparrow Hotel at Newark.

H. S. T.

Grave-Digging Beetles.

One of the wonderful provisions of Nature is the existence of certain beetles, with the function of digging graves for dead rats, moles, birds, and other small creatures left upon the surface of the earth, and the effluvia from which might be offensive and baleful. Beetles of this kind are known as the *Necrophorus Germanicus*. About these remarkable animals, Mr. Gleditch, an entomologist, has given us several interesting and curious particulars. Being desirous to test the strength of the grave-diggers, he provided a glass vessel half filled with moist earth, into which he put four beetles with a dead linnet. No alarm was shown by the captives. Apparently intent on the one sole object of their existence, they began immediately to inspect the

bird; and then commenced the digging of a hollow underneath it, removing the earth, and shoveling it away on each side. This was accomplished by leaning strongly upon their collars, bending down their heads, and working with singleness of purpose. After laboring for nearly two hours, one of the beetles was driven away and not allowed to work again. This Mr. Gleditch concluded was a female, as it was smaller than the others, who continued their labor, until one by one they ceased, leaving only one beetle at his work. Five hours more work were given by the remaining beetle, who at last sank exhausted on the earth and rested from his task, and finally, suddenly rousing himself, stiffened his collar, and by an extraordinary effort of strength, lifted up the bird and arranged it within the spacious grave. In three days the grave was finished, and the bird safely deposited within its narrow limits.

During a space of fifty days, these busy workers interred the bodies of four frogs, three small birds, two grasshoppers, and one mole. This singular occupation, which continues from the middle of April until the end of October, proceeds from an instinctive desire for the preservation of their off-spring. Eggs deposited by the parent in the substances which they inter, when hatched, produce larvæ, which feeding on the carrion which surround them, grow to an inch in length. These in their turn change into yellow chrysalids, and lastly into beetles; and the latter, when emerged from the earth, begin to dig graves and inter dead animals for the benefit of another generation.

In September 1877, the writer had unexpectedly an opportunity of making the acquaintance of these curious insects. Two of the grave-digging beetles made their appearance in one of two underground kitchens, in the window of which stood a very large pot filled with mould prepared for the reception of plant-cuttings. To this pot the insects made their way, and at once began casting up the earth. On being observed, they were provided with a dead mouse, and set to work exactly in the manner described by Mr. Gleditch; but as soon as they became tired and rested from their labor, they were carried into an adjoining kitchen and placed close to the fire-place. The following morning discovered them again

at work, having traveled to their former quarters during the night; and again they labored perseveringly till the body of the mouse gradually disappeared. At the end of the second day, it was neatly covered in, and the insects were turned out of their home and again placed in the back kitchen. Meanwhile, the body of the mouse was removed; but on the following morning the beetles had returned to their flower-pot, and were again burrowing in search of the dead mouse, throwing out nearly the whole of the mold in their untiring efforts. Finally, as a reward for industry and perseverance, they were transferred to the garden and placed close to the dead mouse, which they at once began to bury afresh.

Dom Pedro.

One of the commissioners from Brazil to the Philadelphia Exposition told a pleasant story of the Emperor. A lad of good family in Rio de Janeiro found himself left by the death of his father friendless and penniless. One day, he saw a middle-aged gentleman, plainly dressed and with a singularly candid, kind countenance, walking alone in the street. The lad's companion told him it was the Emperor, adding, "He chooses to be unnoticed, to go up and down as the father of his people."

"If he is the father of his people," said the boy, "he will take some interest in me," and approaching the Emperor, though trembling with fright, he told his story in a few direct words. Dom Pedro listened attentively.

"What is it that you want, then, my boy?"

"An education, Your Majesty. If I had that I could be of some use to myself and to others. Now I am of none."

"For what business did your father design you?"

"That of a civil engineer, sir."

"Come to me at noon, to-morrow."

The Emperor inquired concerning the lad, and then took upon himself the whole expense of his support and education, sending him to this country to receive the latter. The fact which gives more significance to the story is that the Emperor is comparatively a poor man, his income being much less than that of many wealthy Brazilian gentlemen. Even the

education of this one boy involved a certain amount of self-sacrifice on his part.

Dom Pedro probably fills the part of the ideal monarch, the paternal ruler of his people, better than any sovereign in Christendom. He cares nothing for luxury, pomp, or even the honors of the world; his one aim is the elevation and improvement of his subjects. For this purpose, he has visited almost every civilized country, carrying home the best in theory and practice, to experiment upon in Brazil. He was accustomed on his tours of investigation at the Exposition, to go about incognito, in shabby coat and trousers, to the great disappointment of the crowd. They did not recognize the fact that no insignia of royalty could add dignity to such real majesty of character.

[The following hymn was a favorite with the late Mrs. Amon Bronson, and was sung at her funeral.]

Not Lost, But Gone Before.

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

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

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

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

The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1878.

Christmas at the Hospital.

The song of the herald angels, "*Good will toward men,*" was beautifully illustrated at our City Hospital on Christmas morning, when two friends of the inmates passed from Ward to Ward, distributing gifts to the invalids, whose infirmities prevented them from mingling in the public festivities that made joyous the Christmas holidays.

Those of us who live in pleasant homes, free from sickness and pain, surrounded by loving friends and kindred who delight to gladden us with their Christmas offerings, can hardly appreciate the sadness and loneliness of those whose afflictions have brought them to our public institutions, and who, on these festive days, sigh for the comforts and loved ones that have been wont to cheer them in past years. A small gift, a slight token of affection, has then to them a peculiar value; it tells them they are not alone, that there are hearts near them that beat in sympathy for them, and that they are not forgotten.

Christmas morning was so cold and frosty that but very few of the invalids ventured to leave their snug quarters in the City Hospital, and the Wards were filled with many who eagerly welcomed the gift-bringers. At an early hour we looked in upon a busy group in the Reception Room, where large clothes baskets were filled with gifts, and the Matron and Miss M. were in eager consultation how to distribute them appropriately among the ninety-eight inmates, who were each to be remembered. Not one in the public Wards was forgotten. There was something for each and for all, from the aged grandmother who sat by the register in her comfortable rocking chair, and smiled as

her silver locks were crowned with a new cap, and a package of pop corn placed in her hand, to the youthful occupant of the Children's Cot, a little boy nine years old, who welcomed his birch bark canoe filled with goodies. Materials for a warm dress, a comfortable shawl, a tasteful necktie, a gay handkerchief, a furnished work box, a new sacque, a nice collar and cuffs, were samples of the gifts bestowed in the Female Ward.

In addition to these tokens of regard, ninety straw work baskets were distributed, in each of which were an apple, an orange, a bunch of grapes and a bouquet.

Thirty-nine inmates of the Male Wards, forty female patients, eight nurses and eleven servants were remembered, and a friend, who duly appreciated the services of our long-trying, faithful Matron, presented her with a prettily framed copy of Dufue's celebrated picture, *The Prodigal Son*.

Seventy-five pounds of stewed chicken, a bushel of potatoes, stewed tomatoes, celery and a baked rice pudding furnished the Christmas dinner. We counted six tables that were spread for the inmates, and saw many of the invalids in their cots, partaking of food brought them on trays from the Ward tables.

A lady, whose husband has for months been a patient in one of the private rooms in the Mansard, and who now occupies an adjoining room to be near him, accompanied us as we passed through the public Wards, to witness the pleasure of the inmates as they welcomed the gift-bringers, and she expressed in strong terms her appreciation of this noble charity. It did us good to hear such commendation from one whose opportunities enabled her to judge so well of results here accomplished.

We learned a lesson of contentment and gratitude for mercies received, from a poor, lone, colored woman, Sarah D., once a slave, who a month before had been operated upon for cataract, and was then re-

joining because of her restored sight. Her story was a very interesting one. Her father was a slave and belonged to the father of Jefferson Davis. She herself was a twin child and very tiny in her proportions. When two weeks old, a little girl on her way to school saw her and was so fascinated with her, because she was so small, that she begged her own mother to buy the little colored baby for a doll for her and dress her in doll's clothes. The mother was not inclined to grant the child's request, but the impotency of her daughter prevailed, and the little Sarah was purchased and was ever afterwards kindly treated by the little girl who wanted her for a doll. When she grew up and was married, she took Sarah to her new home. Sarah spoke of her mistress with great affection, said she was always kind to her, kept her as a house slave, instructed her in religious duties, and allowed her to unite with the Baptist church though she was an Episcopalian. Sarah's old and young master were both mortally wounded in the Confederate army, and died in the hospital where she nursed them. In the early part of the war her mistress became insane and died. When peace and emancipation were proclaimed, Sarah's husband came to her, but he and both her children have died, and three years since she came North in hopes of finding some of her old friends. She had been trained as a cook, and had no difficulty in securing a place at service, but nine weeks ago she became blind. She came to the Hospital, Dr. Rider operated successfully in removing a cataract from one eye, and she intended at some future time to have an operation on the other eye.

An aged Scotchman in the Male Ward, responded cheerfully to our Christmas greeting, saying, "*Every day is happy.*" We always find him cheerful, and at this time he was ministering to the comfort of a young man with a broken limb.

We often see our patients beautifully

illustrating the precept, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and we find them forgetting their own sorrows while lovingly ministering to their neighbors. One who is too feeble to help herself, reads amusing stores to groups who eagerly gather around her, and also instructs them in God's holy word. A German patient, long an inmate of the lower Female Ward, makes special efforts to cheer and help those who speak her mother tongue; and the aged lady from Webster, a patient sufferer from a broken hip, has many who delight to help "grandma."

Our Hospitals, our benevolent organizations are the natural outgrowth of Christianity, and meet it is that their inmates should be remembered at the joyous Christmastide.

Dramatic Entertainment.

We were somewhat unfortunate in the selection of an evening for the presentation of a Dramatic Entertainment for the benefit of our City Hospital. Sickness and affliction, in the families of some of the managers who were wont to take a prominent part in preliminary arrangements, and the multitudinous cares and engagements of other friends during the Christmas holidays, prevented as large an audience from gathering in Corinthian Hall, on the evening of December 26, 1878, as should have greeted those who so kindly and successfully enacted the Pastoral Drama of "DORA," and the Farce, "WHICH SHALL I MARRY?"

If we were disappointed in the size of our audience, we were more than delighted with the character of the entertainment. We are not frequenters of the theatre, and perhaps not so well qualified to judge of dramatic representations as others, but from our standpoint, this was one of the most pure, beautiful, unexceptionable and artistic dramatic entertainments we have ever witnessed, and in say-

ing this, we but echo what has been said to us by many who were present on the occasion, and whose opinion we value highly.

The following programme indicates the characters assumed, but as the personators have withheld their names, it would hardly be delicate to announce them here. With the exception of the gentleman from Boston, Mr. H. O. Billings, whose Yorkshire dialect added so much to his admirable personation of Farmer Allan, all the actors were residents of Rochester.

DORA I

"With Farmer Allan at the Farm, abode William and Dora."

CHARACTERS:

Farmer Allan,	Whose "Will is law."
William Allan,	His Son.
Luke Blomfield, A Young Farmer, in Love with Dora.	
Jem Blunt,	Farmer Allan's Servant.
Willie,	William Allan's Child.
Dora,	Farmer Allan's Niece.
Mary Morrison,	A poor relation of the Allans.

ACT 1.

The Old Farm House on Christmas Day.
 "Carol, brothers, carol."

ACT 2.—[Four Years Later.]

Scene 1—The Old House in Spring-time.
 Scene 2—A Laue near Wm. Allan's Cottage.
 Scene 3—William's Cottage and Garden.

ACT 3.—[Three Months After.]

SUMMER! THE WHEAT-FIELD! RECONCILIATION!

"WHICH SHALL I MARRY?"

CHARACTERS:

Nailm Tite,	A Village Blacksmith.
Alonzo Skipjack,	A Cockney from London.
Mary Moo,	A Milkmaid.

Music by **SCHAICH'S ORCHESTRA.**

The Christmas carol was charming. The sick scene near William Allan's Cottage was well rendered, where Mary suppressed her own sorrow to comfort her feeble husband, as he listened to Dora, while she touchingly sang Tennyson's Song of the Brook:

"For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever."

The dauntless spirit of Farmer Allan, and his persistency when baffled in making his will, his dandling of his little grandson, and the whole reconciliation scene called forth much applause.

The closing scene made a beautiful picture, in this the old man, on whose back Luke Blomfield had placed William Allan's child, retreated through the wheat-field, with Dora and Mary on either side, Luke was elated with his future prospects, and the farm servants waved their hats as they shouted forth their joy at the reconciliation.

We congratulate our friends on their successful presentation, and we trust another opportunity will be afforded our citizens of witnessing what was to us so enjoyable an entertainment.

To all, who by their dramatic or musical talents, or by personal services contributed to the success of the evening, particularly to our kind friend Mr. H. O. Billings, from a neighboring State, we tender our grateful thanks. We would also remember those who aided us at the ticket office or as ushers, also the little folks who sold our tickets, and Scantom, Wetmore & Co., who gratuitously printed our programmes.

The Treasurer's report indicates the financial result of the entertainment.

The Mite Boxes.

Persons who have not yet returned their mite boxes are requested to send them to the Treasurer, Mrs. William H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street, where those who are willing to receive new mite boxes can obtain them.

Fewer boxes were distributed last year than on previous years, but many of those that have been returned have been better filled than at other times.

We should be glad to have all the boxes in use, and would like to have them in positions where they will do service for the Hospital.

Mortuary.

The joyous Christmas' carols and the merry New Year's chimes fell heavily on many saddened hearts in the midst of us, and January's snows are drifting on newly made mounds in the neighboring cemetery, where loving arms have reverently borne those, who, by their benefactions and labors, have prominently identified themselves with the charitable institutions of Rochester.

One of these was the venerable patriarch, Mr. Abelard Reynolds, one of the fathers of our city, whose life spanned nearly a century, and who, on his bed of languishing and pain, remembered the City Hospital and sent his annual offering at the last Donation Festival.

On Christmas day, the shadow of the dark robed angel crossed the portal of one whose warm heart and liberal hand had ever responded promptly to the cry of the needy and the helpless, and, at daybreak, on the following morning, his "hastening oar" parted for her "the silent river."

As the last sands of the old year were fast running out, an arrow from the shaft of the unerring archer pierced one who, but a few weeks before, in the full flush of ripened manhood, by his great executive talents and business operations, had given employment and support to many in this community. The death of one so generous and public spirited, as was Mr. George J. Whitney, is a great loss to our city, and one that will bring sorrow to many abodes, but especially to that home where has been reared a band of helpers, whose abounding labors and untiring zeal have proved a tower of strength to the City Hospital.

The same messenger that brought us tidings of Mr. Whitney's death announced that in another portion of our city, a mother, whose wise counsels and consecrated wealth had long blessed our benevolent organisations, had gathered her child-

ren about her and exultantly passed through the dark valley.

Mr. George J. Whitney was associated as a Trustee with several of our city charities; and Mrs. Amon Bronson and Mrs. Isaac Butts were both members of the first Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

To all the stricken households of our deceased benefactors we would offer our sympathy; and we trust, as they are passing through deep waters, they may be upborne by the everlasting arms, and find how rich in their fulfillment are God's promises to His afflicted ones.

The Children's Cot.

Since last we wrote you about our Cot it has taken a journey and received a new occupant.

About the middle of December little Robert Comstock was brought to the Hospital. He had a diseased spine, and suffered from Saint Vitus's Dance to such a degree that it was not safe to leave him at night in an ordinary bed; he was libable to throw himself from the bed to the floor, and as the Cot had sides to it, like an infant's crib, it was just the thing needed to protect Robert, so it was brought into the Male Medical Ward and there for the past month it has been used by him. When he first came to the Hospital he seemed to have no control over his limbs, could not walk or feed himself. Now he runs about quite nimbly and calls himself well. When last we saw him his father and two little brothers were visiting him. Robert is nine years old. Near by him is another youth fourteen years old, who has suffered a good deal from hip disease and scrofula. Santa Claus brought Robert a birch bark canoe filled with goodies, and the Children's Cot received as a Christmas gift two dolls and two indestructible picture books, just the things to please sick children; these were sent by a kind lady,

Mrs. N. Morse, of Boston, who had read in the *Hospital Review* about our little Cot. The lady to whom she sent them took them to the Hospital on Christmas morning, and both Robert and the other sick boy were quite delighted as the pictures were shown them.

We have received another gift for the Cot that pleases us very much. It comes from a mother, as a "thank offering for baby Isabelle." It speaks to us of a home that has been brightened by the advent of a little darling, and the mother's heart prompts her gratefully to remember those who in sickness and pain must be soothed by strangers.

We have had promises of Sabbath school offerings in several directions. In some churches where Sabbath school collections are already appropriated to specific objects, we have had a promise that an additional collection should be taken up for the Cot.

It is not quite two years since we commenced the Children's Cot Fund; the first offering was in February, 1877, and we hope before the second year is completed we shall have received \$600. We only need about forty-seven dollars to do this. Who will help us?

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

A mother's thank offering for baby Isabelle, \$ 5 00
 Previously acknowledged, 547 75

Total receipts, \$552 75

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Omissions.

The following donations were omitted in last month's report of the Donation Festival:

Mrs. L. D. Ely—Thirteen pairs of Mittens.
 Miss Saxton—Two pairs of Mittens.
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—One gallon of Oysters, one bottle of Olives.

The Wounded Inmates of the Hospital.

Our Hospital has of late received an unusually large number of wounded men into its Wards. The accident at the Rochester Brewery brought seven patients into the Surgical Ward. One of these died the day after the accident, but the remaining six have so far recovered as to return to their homes.

The rail road accident at Fairport brought two more, one of these who had had his limb amputated, was very low and died the day after his arrival at the Hospital. The other is doing well and will recover without permanent injury.

Soon after we left him, a stretcher was called for and another sufferer from a rail road accident brought in for treatment. He was wounded in October, but the injury, at first apparently not very serious, had assumed a more alarming character and at times he suffered fearfully.

One man is under treatment for a broken jaw and two men for broken legs.

In the Female Ward a new patient has been brought in with a broken hip.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 3d, 1878, of fracture of Spine, Joseph Hitzfelds, aged 47 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 3d, 1848, of cancerous infiltration of Lungs, Julia Weinsheimer, aged 37 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 20, 1878, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Mrs. Susan Duval.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 23, 1878, of Pneumonia, Mrs. Mary Lecruil, aged 60 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 28, 1878, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, John Holmes, aged 30 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Books and Papers.
 Mrs. Wardall—Second-hand Clothing.
 Davenport & Hale—One peck Cranberries, 8 doz. Oranges, quantity of Celery.

Receipts for the Review,

FROM DECEMBER 6th, 1878, TO JAN. 1st, 1879.

Mrs. J. M. Bissell, 65 cts.; Mr. Levi Bartlett, Warner, N. H., 50 cents; Mrs. O. Comstock, 63 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. O. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., 62 cents.—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, \$ 3 02	
Mrs. H. Briar, Coldwater, 50 cents; Mrs. C. C. Beaman, 62 cents; Miss Cossett, 62 cents; Miss Clara Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Field, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Patten, 62 cts.; Miss C. Smalley, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Woodworth, 62 cents.—By Miss Nellie Pixley,	5 46
Mrs. P Barry, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. C. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. George Ellwanger, 62 cents; Mr. J. McGraw, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Southworth, \$1.24; Miss J. Shaw, 63 cents; Mrs. J. Sproat, 62 cts.; Miss M. J. Watson, 62 cents.—By Miss Watson,	5 59
Miss J. Barton, 62 cents; Miss A. Green, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cts.; Miss E. A. Taylor, 62 cents.—By Mrs. Robert Mathews,	2 48

Monthly Report.

1878. Dec. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 82	
Received during month,	21
Births,	1—104
Deaths,	5
Discharged,	22— 27
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1879,	77

Additional Receipts for Donation Festival.

Additional receipts from Ice Cream Table,	\$ 2 40
Additional Cash donation from Sam'l Sloan, Esq.	10 00

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations	\$1,111 50
" receipts from Lunch Tables	881 42
" " " Fancy Tables	643 45
" " " Tickets	248 50
	<hr/>
	\$2,884 87
" " for Child's Cot	149 54
	<hr/>
	\$3,034 41

Expenses at Donation:

December 5th,	\$243 32
December 26th,	84 35
	<hr/>
	\$327 67

Nett \$2,706 74

Miss Louise Arner, San Rafael, California, Christmas Memorial	10 00
---	-------

Donated Bills.

Union & Advertiser,	\$22 80
Evening Express	23 60
Democrat & Chronicle, Jan. 1877 to Jan. 1879	54 25
Sherlock & Sloan, on account,	6 71
Taylor Bros.	2 00

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Children's Department.

[The report of our Donation Festival occupied so much space, that it crowded out this story from the December number of our paper.—Ed.]

For the Hospital Review.

A Christmas Story.

BETTY BROWN, THE MATCH GIRL.

In the fifth story of a crazy looking building sat Betty Brown, trying to warm her thin, bony hands over a scanty fire that burned in the fire place. It was the night before Christmas, and Betty wondered what the next day would bring her.

She fell asleep and dreamed of Santa Claus with merry eyed children playing about him, and of Christmas trees loaded with pretty things, and as she opened her eyes and gazed about the room, they fell on a bundle of straw, on which slept her little brother Johnnie, and against the wall hung his stocking in hopes that Santa Claus would come and find it.

As she looked upon the empty stocking she thought how bad her little brother would feel when he awoke and found nothing in it. So she said to herself, "this is no way to spend my time," and getting up, she went to a closet and took from a shelf a box containing a few bundles of matches, and putting on a ragged shawl and hood, she went out into the cold, frosty night air. The street was thronged with ladies and gentlemen going in and out of stores, buying Christmas gifts for their little ones at home. No one seemed to hear Betty as she called: "Matches! Matches!! Who will buy my matches?"

She wandered about the street until, nearly exhausted with fatigue and cold, she fell down upon the door-steps of a house she was passing, that was brilliantly lighted, and as she listened, she heard the voices of children singing "The sweet story of old," and as she peeped through the window, she saw a sight that she never saw before; a wonderful Christmas tree that so filled her with delight that she forgot where she stood until the door opened and out stepped a gentleman. She tried to run away, but he caught her in his arms, "Not so fast, my little girl," he said. "Nellie!" he called, and out came a little girl about as large as Betty. "I found this little girl looking at your Christmas tree. Take her in, and see what mamma can do for her." So, taking her by the hand, she led her into the house. The music ceased, and the children ran to see who had come. "What is your name?" asked Mrs. Elmot. "Betty Brown," replied a sweet, but timid voice. "Have you a mother and father?" "My mother is dead, but my father—" and here she hesitated, for she disliked to disclose to a stranger the faults of her father, who was a drunkard, and sadly neglected his family. "Poor child! you have a hard lot. I will try and see what I can do for you." Mrs. Elmot led the way into the kitchen where a savory smell came from the pantry, and a bright fire was crackling on the hearth. "Sit down and warm yourself, and I will see what I can find for you." Presently Mrs. Elmot came back with a plate of eatables. "Take these, my child, and I will find something for you to wear."

While Mrs. Elmot was gone, Betty slipped some of the goodies into her pocket, for her brother Johnnie. While she was thanking good Mrs. Elmot over and over in her heart, Nellie was asking her many questions, and telling her many things about the wonderful Santa Claus. She knew he was a humbug, while Nellie knew

better, as she had seen him all loaded and ready to start. While they were talking, they were suddenly interrupted by a ring at the door, and Santa Claus appeared, so there was no longer a doubt. Nellie ran at once to examine and share the many things with this child of sorrow, for which privilege they were made doubly happy. Presently Mrs. Elmot returned with a hood, shawl, shoes and stockings, and after putting them on Betty, you would hardly have known her. Her face glowed with delight as she trudged home, and stealing up the crooked and rickety stairs that led to her cold and cheerless abode as noiselessly as possible for fear of waking her brother, she entered the room, filled Johnnie's stocking up to the very brim, and took off the clothes that Mrs. Elmot had given her and hid them, lest her father should find them and sell them for rum. Kneeling down by Johnnie's bed, she offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for the blessings that had been bestowed upon her. She fell asleep to dream of well filled stockings and Santa Claus; and as Christmas dawned, we find her and her brother examining his stocking; and while the snow falls thick and fast, and the Christmas bells are ringing forth their carols, we must say good-bye to Betty and Johnnie.

J. M. C.

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.

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Fr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column... \$10 00
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1838.

1878.

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1846.  1877.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

No. 7.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,

9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

After Snow.

BY REV. J. E. BANKIN, D. D.

After snow, after snow

Do the sweet-breathed violets blow;

Then grim winter is departing,

And the em'rald clover starting;

While the lark mounts high, you know,

After snow.

As God will, as God will!

Be it mine but to hold still;

Should the clouds above me thicken,

Rain will but the grasses quicken,

And God's treasure houses fill:

As God will.

Hush, my heart! hush, my heart!

Kase must interchange with smart;

Though thick troubles now enfold thee,

Let sweet trust in God uphold thee;

Look above: 'tis faith's high art:

Hush, my heart!—[From the German.

For the Hospital Review.

"Honor thy Father and thy Mother."

"You write for the papers?" said an English lady to us, sometime since; "I wish you would write something about the behaviour of children in this country; they are not trained to obedience, and they do not pay due respect to those who are older than themselves, as English children are taught to do. I visit my daughter in Rochester, and her children do not mind what I say to them, and as I am engaged in interesting conversation with her they rush in and interrupt us with their 'Ma! Ma!! Ma!!!' It's like the baa! baa! baa! of a flock of sheep. The most engrossing theme must be dropped, the demands of the children satisfied, and before we can resume our chat we have lost the thread of it."

We will not moralize on this subject but will recall an incident that came under our notice some years since, illustrating the *bitter fruits of disobedience* to the command: "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

One summer afternoon as we were seated in the front chamber of a quaint old house in S., our attention was arrested by the sudden stopping of a vehicle quite near us. As we saw it we exclaimed:

"Look out of the window, Katy! See that cart across the way! People are

stopping, and gazing at something in it. What can it be? There's a pillow! Some sick person must be in the cart. A hard carriage that for an invalid! 'Tis a little boy! They are taking him into the house; how tenderly they lift him; he must be wounded. There comes Dr. P.; he has gone in. Let's go over; perhaps we can help the poor boy."

Taking with us a fan, a bottle of ammonia and some brandy, we crossed the street and entered the dwelling. On a bed, just inside the door, lay the unconscious boy, who, a short time before had gone out in health and vigor. A finely formed head gave promise of future greatness; but there was a fearful pallor on the face and a ghastly wound on the leg.

Strange hands must minister to the wounded boy, for the mother and sister who would nurse him are down street shopping. The father, the only one of the family at home, is almost stunned by the shock. The kind physician examines the leg, but turns, from that, to the head, where he finds a more dangerous wound, not noticed by others till his keen eye detects a swelling caused by some severe blow; he takes out his lancet—tries to draw blood from the temple, but it will not flow; in a few moments, he announces, what others know not, "*Poor little fellow, it is all over with him!*"

The frantic father cries out in agony, "O, my son, my son! If ye'd only minded your mother! O, Jamie, if ye had only gone to school as she bade ye, ye wouldn't have come to this! O, Jamie! O, Jamie, why didn't ye mind your mother?" The wailing of that father will never be forgotten by those who witnessed that scene.

O, what shall we do? The mother is coming; how shall we break to her the sad truth? She is all unconscious of this; in a few moments she will cross the threshold and the first sight that greets her will be her dead Jamie, who she

thinks is safe at school. How shall we make death less terrible to her! On the clothes' bars in the kitchen hang the clothes her hands have washed and ironed for Jamie. A clean shirt softens a little the picture, and a sheet conceals the ghastly wound on the leg, and Jamie sleeps; the mother's heart will in a moment tell her, it is the sleep that knows no waking.

She is here, and her daughter, Jamie's sister, is with her. Poor girl! she has fainted, and seems almost as unconscious as her lifeless brother. But oh that mother! The agony of her heart no words can tell; her son—her only son—her dear Jamie lies dead before her, his last act an act of disobedience, and his death caused directly by that act.

"Honor thy father and mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Jamie's days were not long upon the land because he honored not his mother.

This, dear children, is no fancy sketch, but a true picture of what took place some years since, not many miles from Boston. The mother had sent her boy to school; but instead of obeying her, he played truant, and falling into the company of idle boys, was tempted to ride a team horse to water. The horse, annoyed by one of the boys, threw Jamie off, and with his hoof inflicted the fatal blow on the head, and tore from the leg a large piece of flesh.

Little did Jamie think, as he disobeyed his dear mother, how great a sin he was committing, and how soon would come the punishment!

Are any of you ever tempted, dear children, to disobey your father or mother? Does your heart ever say, "I don't see why father wants me to do this," or, "I don't see why I can't go skating this afternoon, or take a sleigh ride?" If you are ever tempted to disobey your dear parents, *remember Jamie.*

This is a very sad story and I am glad

that I can tell you another true story illustrating the *sweet fruit of prompt obedience.*

The little boy of whom I now write lived in Prussia where his father was a switch-tender, and one day, just as the father was going to turn the rail, so that a train of cars, that was coming towards him, might not run into a train that was approaching from an opposite direction, he saw his little son playing on the track. Not a moment was to be lost; he must turn the switch at once, or the cars would run against each other; he could have caught up his child and have saved *him*, but then it would have been too late to turn the switch—the on-coming train would, by that time, have passed the spot where it could be turned to the side track.

But his little son! Could he leave *him*? Could he see him crushed before his own eyes, and not stretch out a hand to save him? What do you think he did? He called out to the child, in a loud, quick voice, "Lie down! lie down!" and, at the same moment, seized the switch, turned the rail, and the train passed in safety to the side track. Hardly dared the father turn his eyes to the spot, where, but a moment before, his little boy was playing, lest the first glance should show him the mangled form of his child. But he must go to him at once; he must know the worst. O, joyful sight! The father presses to his heart, a *living* child: the prompt obedience of the little fellow had saved him; *instantly* obeying his father, he had lain down between the rails, and the train passed over him without harming a hair of his head. H. S. T.

Epictetus says, "Every thing has two handles." The art of taking things by the better side, which *Charity* always does, would save much of those janglings and heartburnings that so abound in the world.

We touch not a wire, but it vibrates in eternity, and there is not a voice that reports not at the throne of heaven.

Annual Report.

LADIES:—In the review year after year of Hospital life and work, no striking changes can be made to vary the reports, but the same record of sickness and suffering to which the human family are subject, must ever be the theme presented.

To-day we enter on the 16th year of the existence of the City Hospital, and a thanksgiving pæan should go up from every heart interested in this Christ-like labor, not that we have done all that we could wish, but that we have accomplished as much. God has greatly blessed the efforts that have been made for this object, and to Him be all the praise that we are not overwhelmed or depressed by debt, but have been enabled through the year to meet every obligation, the friends of the Institution having responded most liberally to the appeals in its behalf. Our Treasurer reports the receipts

to have been	\$16,739 56
The expenses	14,915 00
<hr/>	
Leaving a balance on hand,	
January 1st, 1879, of . . .	\$ 1,824 56

The "Memorial Fund" grows year by year, as "grows in Paradise our store," and amounts to \$215.00. This is a permanent fund, and thus brings to remembrance the loved ones "not lost, but gone before."

The "Mite Boxes" have brought into the treasury of the Hospital since April, 1878, to February 1st, 1879, \$419.57, and the total amount of \$1,748.46. To Mrs. George J. Whitney is due the credit for this as well as many other timely suggestions for the benefit of the Hospital.

The Medical Staff remains the same, though the changes in the house physicians are frequent. The services of the staff to many of the sick poor are gratuitous, for which we tender our heartfelt thanks. They will reap their reward.

Miss Hibbard still remains at the head and has the care and oversight of the In-

stitution. Fifteen years service does not find her "weary in well doing."

The Hospital is a pattern of neatness from attic to cellar, speaking volumes for her management, and at any time its thorough inspection would satisfy the most fastidious critic.

The Hospital records furnish the statistics for the year.

The number of patients received from February 1st, 1878, to February 1st, 1879, were 250
 Number of births 14

264

Number of deaths..... 30
 Number discharged 149—179

85

Remaining Feb. 1st, 1879,..... 85
 Total number received since the opening, February 1st, 1864, 5108
 Total of births 265
 Total of deaths..... 448

The Hospital Review makes its monthly rounds to about 540 city subscribers. This seems a small proportion in a city of 80,000 inhabitants. The Treasurer, by faithful and persistent effort, has been enabled to meet the expenses until the present month. We have had an increase of twenty-five subscribers.

The Children's Cot Fund on deposit is \$552.75. Several children have shared the comforts of this little bed, and we trust it may be further endowed, that many more may find it a blessing.

The year has ended, and we can but refer to the friends of the Hospital that God has called from their earthly labors. May we, upon whom these shadows have fallen, accept the lesson, and "while we have opportunity, do good to all men."

Our thanks we extend in a particular manner to editors and publishers of the *Democrat*, *Union* and *Express*; and to all who assist us by money, time, or word, to sustain this Hospital, and may they re-

ceive their reward both here and hereafter; "Blessed is the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."

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

The Last Redoubt.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

Kacelyevo's slope still felt
 The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
 For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
 By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
 His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
 Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
 Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
 Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
 And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets
 lowered,
 And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
 The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped
 The second—a third straight filled his place;
 The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
 Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
 Many a heart that sought the crest
 Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
 And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
 Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
 Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
 That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
 Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
 His head erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
 But he waved them on with his waving sword.
 "It cannot be held, 'tis no shame to go!"
 But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and
 He drew a pistol from out his belt, [kne
 And fired it blank at the first that set
 Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled; but on
 Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
 As hurriedly fled his men dismayed, [blade.
 Not a bayonet's length from the length of his

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

"Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's
smell.

Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely sapped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

—[*Cornhill Magazine.*]

A Hero's Tenderness.

An anecdote is told of Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, which shows his kindness of heart:

One evening in 1861, as the General was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountains in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was immediately organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off, full of zeal, to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds.

The next morning, Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the General was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly, and returned in half an hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay, the attendant waked him.

The General rubbed his eyes, and so did his attendant when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bade him convey it to the shepherd. The General had kept up the search until successful.

"My Boy!"

Courage and devotion are to be honored, no matter whether the cause in which they are displayed be one which we approve or not.

A touching story, which was told around many a Virginian camp-fire during the war, has never, we believe, been in print. During the last five months of Gen. Garnett's life, he was constantly attended by a little lad of about fourteen years old, whom the staff and soldiers knew only as "Charley." He never gave any other name, or answered any questions as to his parents or place of birth. He carried arms and marched with the division, but his chosen place was near Gen. Garnett, for whom he appeared to feel an absorbing affection. The rebel officer was a gallant, warm-hearted young man, of peculiarly noble carriage and presence, the very person of whom a boy could make an ideal hero.

It was whispered among the soldiers that the lad was the son of loyal parents in the mountains, and that he had seen Garnett and become infatuated with him. The fact that he concealed the name of his father gave color to this theory, as there was no chance of safety then for any Union men in that part of the State. After the battle of Rich Mountain, Garnett resolved to cross the Cheat River, and, with little Charley riding close behind him, stemmed the ford, his force of three thousand men following him. As the General's horse leaped first upon the opposite bank, the rifle-shot of a bushwacker whistled from the thicket, and the young officer reeled and fell dead upon the grass. The boy leaned over him.

"Come back," shouted the men. "They'll kill you, lad."

"What does it matter now?" said the boy.

Another shot came from the thicket, and faithful little Charley lay dead upon the breast of his protector.

The two were not buried in one grave, as poetic justice might indicate a fitness. Gen. Garnett's body was taken to his wife, who was then in the North. Charley was buried where he lay. The next morning, on the gray rock over his grave was scrawled with charcoal the words, "My Boy!" No one ever knew the writer. But it was, no doubt, the father, who dared not own his son.

Published by request.

A Appeal for Are to the Sextant of the Old Brick Meetinouse.

BY A. GASPER.

O sextant of the meetinouse, wich sweeps
 And dusts, or is supposed to! and make fiers,
 And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw
 loose,

In wich case it smells orful—worse than lampire;
 And wrings the Bel and toles it when men dyes
 To the grief of surviving pardners, and sweeps
 pathes;

And for the servasses gits \$10 per annum,
 Wich them that thinks deer, let em try it;
 Getin up befour star lite in all wether and
 Kindlin' fiers when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not grean wood for kindlers :
 i wouldn't be hired to do it for no some—
 But o Sextant! there are 1 kermoddity
 Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
 Worth more than anything exsep the Sole of
 Mann!

i mean pewer Are, sextant, i mean pewer Are!
 O it is plenty out o' dores, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
 Scatterin leaves and bloin of men's hatts;
 in short, its jest as "free as are" out dores.
 But o sextant, in our church its scarce as piety.
 scarce as bank bills when agints beg for mis-
 chuns,

Wich some say is purty often (taint nothin to me;
 Wat I give aint nothing to nobody) but o sextant
 u shet 500 men, wimmin and children,
 Speshuelly the latter, up in a tite place,
 Some has bad breths, none aint 2 swete,
 Some is fevery, some is scrofius, some has bad
 teath,

And some haint none, and some aint over clean;
 But every 1 of 'em breeths in & out, & out & in,
 Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half
 breths an our,

Now how long will a church ful of are last at
 that rate,

I ask you, say 15 minnits, and then wats to be
 did?

Why then they must brethe it all over again,
 And then again, and so on, till each has took it
 down

At least 10 times, and let it up again, and wats
 more,

The same individual dont have the privilege
 of brethen his own are, and no ones else;
 Each one must take whatever comes to him.
 O sextant dont you no our lungs is belluses,
 To blow the fier of life, and keep it from
 going out; and how can belluses blo without
 wind,

And aint wind are? I put it to your conchens.

Are is the same to us as milk to babies,

Or water is to fish, or pendlums is to clox

Or roots & airbs unto an injun Doctor,

Or little pills unto an omepath,

Or boys to girls. Are is for us to brethe.

What signifies who preaches if I cant breathe?

Wats Pol? Wats Pollus? to sinners who are
 ded?

Ded for want of breth? why sextant, when we dye,

Its only cos we cant brethe no more—that's all.

And now, o sextant, let me beg of you

2 let a little are into our church.

(Pewer are is sertin proper for the pews)

And dew it weak days and Sundays tew—

It aint much trouble—only make a hole

And the are will cum in of itself;

(It lvs to cum in whar it can git warm;)

And o how it will rouze the people up

And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,

And yawns and figgits as effectooal

As wind on the dry Boans the Proffit tells of.

"Pray on my Plate, too."

A little bright-eyed three-year-old was
 seated in his high-chair at the dinner table.
 Mamma had arranged the little uneasy,
 while for the moment his sprightliness and
 fun had made him the observer of all the
 family. She had placed him snugly up to
 the table, pinned on his bib, and succeeded
 in getting his little mischievous hands
 quiet, and making him "hush," when fa-
 ther proceeded to ask the blessing. While
 this was in progress our little chubby made
 a discovery. It was that all the plates on
 the table, except his own little plate, were
 in one pile at "papa's place," and, as it
 seemed to him, were put there to get the
 benefit of the solemn ceremony. So,
 scarcely waiting for the "Amen," he held
 out his own plate in both hands, saying,
 "Please, papa, pray on my plate, too."

Grasshoppers are animal barometers.
 It has been observed that rain invariably
 occurs within half an hour after a sudden
 descent of a swarm from the npper re-
 gions to the ground.

The blessing of a house is piety. The
 honor of a house is hospitality. The or-
 nament of a house is cleanliness. The
 happiness of a house is contentment.

A good book and a good woman are ex-
 cellent things for those who know how just-
 ly to appreciate their value. There are
 men, however, who judge of both from
 the beauty of the covering.

God is ever willing to help those that are
 down, and Christians are not worthy of the
 name unless they are also willing.—*E. P.*
Roe.

Frankness should extend *only* to those
 things that *concern ourselves.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

A Voice from the Mansard.

The rooms in the Mansard are so exclusively private, that till recently we have rarely ventured with profane foot to enter the tabooed territory. The past month circumstances have favored a closer inspection of them, and opportunities have presented themselves of looking upon Hospital work from a different stand point.

Most thankfully do we bear our testimony to the superior facilities here afforded the invalid for restoration to health and strength; and the marvellous neatness, regularity and order of the household, from Mansard to basement, from the morning gloaming till the late evening hours, and the ready response for needed help in the night watches, are unmistakable evidences that the internal arrangements of the Hospital are wisely and judiciously conducted.

The City Hospital is not perfect in all its appointments; we can see where increased means could be judiciously expended for its improvement, but we only echo the voice of one of our city physicians, not on the Hospital Medical Staff, when we say, there is no place in our city better adapted to the needs of a sick person without a home than this. Another physician said to us: "There are few private residences in our city that afford so good facilities for the comfort and recovery of the invalid, as may be found in our City Hospital, and I would rather take my chances for recovery there, than almost any where else."

The airy, well ventilated rooms, the freedom from noise and excitement, the facilities for meeting the varied demands of the patient, the well regulated, orderly system of the household, the cheerful, willing service of the employes and their mani-

festated interest in the patients, the well cooked, promptly-furnished, warm, neatly and temptingly presented food, are no small blessings to those who in their feebleness need all the helps that can be provided for invigoration and restoration to health.

We most heartily commend our Hospital to all who may need its ministrations.

Hospital Patients.

February finds most of the Wards of our Hospital filled with invalids; some of these have been its inmates for many years. In the Male Medical and Surgical Wards and in the lower Female Ward are some far advanced in life, whose infirmities render them somewhat helpless. We have also patients suffering from acute diseases, and some who, in the midst of health and strength, have been cut down by sudden accident—some are wasting away with consumption.

Six deaths occurred at the Hospital during the month of January; two of these resulted from accidents, two died of consumption, and two of other diseases. Funeral services for most of these were conducted in the chapel.

The Medical Ward has now twenty patients. The oldest inmate, Mr. G., is in his ninetieth year. He looked very comfortable in his cosy corner, his long, snowy locks hanging over his shoulders, and his face brightening as he spoke of a brother but eleven months his junior, who as he says, "is as spry as a cat." This aged man we were told is the oldest Mason in Western New York. For ten years he has been more or less at the Hospital. Across the Ward we found one suffering from heart disease and dropsy, and sitting beside the next cot was a consumptive man, who of late has most of the time been confined to his bed. He has several children, three of whom have been for some time inmates of the Industrial School. In

this same ward are invalids brought thither by consumption, paralysis, rheumatism, scrofula, &c. There were no fever patients. Two boys in this Ward, each fourteen years old, are most of the time confined to their beds. One has long been a sufferer from scrofula and hip disease, and the other, has rheumatism and has but recently become an inmate of the Ward.

In the Surgical Ward we found a good many visitors, and twenty-one patients, only three of whom are confined day and night to their beds. Here one man was suffering from broken shoulder, another from abscess on the face, one from a broken jaw; some were paralyzed, some rheumatic, others infirm.

In the Female Fever Ward there have been several cases of typhoid fever but most of the patients are better, and have left; there is still a little girl quite sick with a low nervous fever.

In the Lying-in Ward we found one baby and three waiting patients.

In the upper Female Ward few of the patients are confined to their cots. Many of them are interested in sewing; some we found making and repairing garments; some busied with reading or fancy work or patchwork; there are quite a number of young ladies in this Ward who are in a condition to be amused with games. One evening we saw them playing dominos. We think a few new games would enliven the monotony of their lives. Logomachy or Japanese backgammon would perhaps do them more good than quinine or iron. Pieces of silk or calico for patchwork would be acceptable to them. Please direct any supplies of this kind to the upper Female Ward, City Hospital.

When last we visited the lower Female Ward we found there many in their cots. The sickest patient was a young mulatto girl, in the last stages of consumption. She was longing for the hour of her release. Next east of her was an aged woman, "Grandma," as we call her, confin-

ed with a broken hip; in the next cot a victim of neuralgia and rheumatism, and in the corner an aged German woman, usually bright and cheerful but now feeble and with but little appetite. Chicken broth and a piece of the breast of a chicken had been relished by her. Across the Ward another German woman, a consumptive, was leaning forward in her bed, to get nearer her little ones, a boy of eight, and a girl of five years old, who had been brought by a German nurse, from the Industrial School. At her bedside, they sang in lisping accents, "Angels in Heaven" and "Oh! tis sweet to bring to Jesus;" and as the mother listened her pale face grew brighter, and as she parted with her little ones, it was a comfort to know, when deprived of a mother's care they had a Christian home. Mrs. P., of late so much better, was in bed and suffering acutely. The colored woman, once a slave, is still at the Hospital and would be glad to obtain a situation as cook, where she will not be expected to act also as laundress.

In this Ward we generally find a bright, pleasant circle of convalescents gathered round the register, and the sympathy and cheerful greeting of friends is always welcomed by them. It is also a blessed privilege to stand at the bedside of some of these patient sufferers, to direct them to the blessed Comforter, and ask help for them of the Great Physician who is touched in sympathy for the afflicted and can send help to soul and body.

Our Needs.

A Clock that is a *reliable time keeper* is greatly needed in the upper hall of our Hospital. The nurses are obliged to rely upon one in the second story, that is separated from the Mansard by a long and a short flight of stairs. Please respond to this appeal and aid those whose feet are often wearied by constant service for the invalids.

We ask for *one* clock but we could find places where *several* could do good service.

Touching Incidents.

To one who frequently visits the Hospital, scenes of peculiar interest are often presenting themselves. Sometimes we find the convalescent rejoicing in returning health, grateful for the ministries of nurse and physician, and again we see how powerless are the most skilful efforts to repel the advances of some fatal disease. Sometimes we gaze upon a patient sufferer upheld by an unwavering faith, waiting God's time for release from trials, and again we stand by the transgressor, fast nearing the dark river, with no consciousness of sin, and no desire for a Savior.

We hear a German invalid, Mrs. P., telling her joy because some kind friend has given her a sleigh ride, and for the first time in winter in twelve years she has spent the day in social visiting. Again, we find her by the side of a dying woman, also a German, whom sorrow and disease are bringing to an untimely grave. Look at this picture! On the couch behold the sufferer whom troubles and affliction have made prematurely old; she looks almost as aged as the venerable heart broken mother, who is bending over her, who has come from the west to see once more her daughter, whom she is now directing to the blessed Savior. Mrs. P. opens the German Bible, and selects from St. John's Gospel and David's Psalms appropriate passages; as she reads the mother prays, and the hands of the dying woman are folded in the attitude of prayer. As they linger the spirit takes its upward flight, and loving hands perform the last services. In due time within the chapel a band of Hospital inmates gather as the pastor of the German Lutheran church there conducts a funeral service.

A few days before this an Episcopal clergyman had there read the burial service, and again a group of mourners there assemble as Rev. B. Pick and members of the Rochester Lodge 660, F. & A. M.,

show their tokens of respect for Henry Ferguson, a brother Mason, cut down suddenly in his early manhood.

In the Female Ward of the Hospital a young mulatto girl is fast nearing the close of her earthly pilgrimage. Her Catholic priest has visited her. A colored friend, her companion for many years, faithfully administers to her, and the colored slave, of whom we spoke in our last *Review*, is constantly at her bedside rendering loving service.

Within the Male Medical Ward a father is dying. For a long time he has not seen his motherless children, who have found a mother in their grand-mother. She is a nurse in the Hospital, and learning that the father of her little ones has not many more hours on earth, she sends for his children who have for years found a home at the Industrial School. Under the charge of a German nurse they are brought to the Hospital and led by their grand-mother to the bedside of their dying father, they there sing some of the sweet hymns they have been taught at the Industrial School. It is a touching scene when those infant voices sing "Our Father in Heaven" and "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," by the bed side of the father who a few hours afterwards breathed his last.

Across the Ward a little boy fourteen years old, confined much of the time to his bed by scrofula and a diseased hip, has been amusing himself with the pictures in an indestructible picture book, presented to the Childreu's Cot by Gertie Chappell.

In the early evening as we pass the upper Female Ward we hear the tones of earnest pleading from a youthful preacher, and see a band of eager listeners gathered around him for a service of prayer.

We might multiply these scenes but we forbear, but we wish our readers would more frequently visit the Hospital and see what is done for the suffering ones in the midst of us.

In Memoriam.

Among the pleasant pictures painted on Memory's tablet at our Donation Festivals is one we would not willingly efface, and as we allude to it, we think it will be recalled by many who are wont to gather with us at our autumnal jubilee. The central and conspicuous figure in it is an aged and venerable man, with erect form, stately bearing, and silvery locks, accompanied by his daughters and grand-daughter, bending his steps towards St. Luke's table, and after a pleasant social interview, leaving his annual offering with the Treasurer.

At our last annual gathering we looked vainly for our patriarchal friend who the year before visited us, though ten years had then been added to the forescore of his earthly pilgrimage.

We shall never again be cheered at our Festivals by his welcome presence. The hands that for so long have brought up their annual offerings are now cross-folded on his breast, but we learn that a memorial gift from him has indelibly engraved the name of Joseph Field on the honored roll of those who have endowed the City Hospital.

Our Charity is not the only one remembered by Mr. Field. The city papers make the following announcement in regard to his bequests:

Rochester Orphan Asylum	\$5,000
The Church Home (Mt. Hope Av.).....	5,000
The Rochester City Hospital,	5,000
Home for the Friendless,	5,000
Rochester Charitable Society,	5,000
Rochester Industrial School,	5,000

Our Young Friends.

Our little friends and agents, in Perry, Mary Read and Dora Homan, are again doing good service in collecting subscriptions for the *Hospital Review*. They send us the collection from seven subscribers.

We wish we had as efficient agents in

all our neighboring towns, and we thank the little girls not only for obtaining subscribers, but for being not weary in our service, but still continuing their labors for us.

Annual Appeal.

We trust the following appeal from the *Female Charitable Society*, the mother of our Charities, will meet with a prompt and generous response. The Society relies largely on the money now donated for supplying the needs of the sick and infirm poor the coming year. It has no Donation Reception, no Summer Festival; it asks *directly* for donations, which are distributed in person by its officers, to those who are needy. With the exception of a small sum for printing circulars and postage, every penny contributed goes to the suffering ones. All its officers give their services gratuitously, and our city is indebted to this Society for the prevention of much imposition.

The city is districted into seventy-five districts; every district has a Visitor and consulting Directress; some districts have two Visitors. The Society annually publishes a list of its officers and districts, and means appropriated through this organization usually reach the object at which they aim—the relief of the sick poor.

The poor we have all around us, and while we may kindly help our neighbors and those known to be worthy objects of charity, it is not wise to give money at the door, to some stranger who may tell a sad story of want and sickness and who may live in a *remote* part of the city. To such an one we may give the name of the Visitor of the Charitable Society who has charge of the district, and feel sure that the case will be investigated, relief afforded or imposture prevented.

Those who have attended the monthly meetings of this Society the past year have listened to heart rending details of suffering and want. Many a strong man

who has hitherto supported his family has, from lack of employment and ability to procure suitable food, become sick and needy; many an aged widow has asked for strengthening nourishment; many a hard working woman, who could ordinarily support her family by washing, has desired help because she was laid upon a bed of weakness and another little immortal had been committed to her care. Petitions are brought for helpless children, and some of the saddest appeals come from cancer patients whose earthly future has little to brighten them.

The infirm, the sick, and the helpless appeal to you through this channel for aid. We say sympathetically, "*Help those Women,*" who now ask to be the almoners of your bounty:

THE ROCHESTER FEMALE CHARITABLE SOCIETY,

Which for fifty-seven years has cared for the sick and infirm poor of this city, earnestly appeals for your aid.

There has been so little work, that families who formerly provided for themselves have been obliged to seek assistance from this Society, and its 125 visitors and managers have been constantly working for the relief of the needy ones. We hope for a liberal response to our call. Donations in money, dry goods and groceries may be sent during the week commencing February 16th to any of the Committee.

- MRS. M. STRONG, No. 10 S. Washington St.
- MRS. EDGAR HOLMES, No. 40 Troup St.
- MRS. A. McVEAN, No. 105 S. Fitzhugh St.
- MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY, State St.
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- MRS. D. M. DEWEY, No. 36 East Avenue.
- MRS. W. F. COGSWELL, East Ave. cor. Prince St.
Committee.

Old Cotton.

Our Matron tells us she is in great need of Old Cotton; the supply is exhausted and there is constant demand for it.

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.

Our American Magazines.

The marvelous beauty of the illustrated magazines of this country is attracting attention throughout the world. The edition of Scribner in England has doubled within a few months. The London correspondent of the New York Times says: "The whole lot of magazine annuals (English) put together, are not equal in pictorial art to a single number of Scribner's Monthly." But the price at which our magazines are sold is even a greater marvel. For example, a single number of Scribner. "The Midwinter Number," just issued, has a full-page frontispiece Portrait of Emerson, of rare excellence, and contains one hundred and sixty pages of letter-press, with more than seventy illustrations: many of which are works of art such as before the advent of Scribner appeared only in gift-works and purely art magazines, *and yet it is sold for 35 cents.* It would be difficult to find an illustrated book to match it at \$5. The subscribers for the current year, get, in Scribner, not only four of these full-paged portraits of American Poets, and nearly two thousand pages of text (equal to 5,000 book pages) of the choicest current literature, with more than 1,000 illustrations, including a completed novel, "Haworth's," by Mrs. Burnett, but shorter stories, poems, reviews, descriptions of travel, biographical sketches, etc., and also the splendid series of papers and pictures of exploration in the great South American empire of Brazil, delivered free of postage, and all for four dollars.

In Children's Periodicals, too, America leads the world with St. Nicholas. Prof. Proctor, the astronomer, writes from London: "What a wonderful magazine it is for the young folks! Our children are quite as much delighted with it as American children can be. I will not say they are more delighted, as that may not be possible." St. Nicholas is sold for 25 cents a number, and fourteen numbers (November, 1878 to 1880) are given for \$3.

At first glance one would say, literature, art, and cheapness can no farther go—but in this country intelligence is so widespread, and artistic culture is so extended, that there is scarcely any end to the demand for such magazines as Scribner's for grown-ups and St. Nicholas for children, and, as the sale of these publications increases, their conductors will no doubt continue to add new features of excellence and attraction.

SCRIBNER & Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

Special Announcement.

On and after January 1st, 1879, the publishers or any book-seller or news-dealer will supply the numbers of St. Nicholas for Nov. and Dec. 1878, free, (i. e., fourteen numbers for the subscription price, \$3.00) to any new subscriber for 1879.

The November number, the first of the volume, contains the opening chapters of a Serial for Boys—"A Jolly Fellowship." By Frank R. Stockton, to run through the year; and a Serial for Girls, by Susan Coolidge, begins in February, while the entire volume will be crowded with good things by the best writers and artists. The Christmas Holiday Number contains contributions from John G. Whittier, Charles Dudley

Warner, Mary Mapes Dodge, Susan Coolidge, Julian Hawthorne, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Burnett (author of "That Lass o'Lowrie's"), and many others. This number is included in a subscription for 1879, or will be sent singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. PRICE, \$3.00 A YEAR.

SCRIBNER & CO.
 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 7th, 1879, of Rail Road accident shock, Henry Conover, aged 42 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 20th, of Septicaemia, Mrs. Ann Williams, aged 61 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 21, 1879, of general Peritonitis, H. J. Ferguson, aged 31 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 22, 1879, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Harriet Popkins, aged 34 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan'y 28, 1879, of Addison's Disease, Barbara Dillman, aged 40 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 31, 1879, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Michael Burns, aged 41 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Sam'l Wilder—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. F. A. Macomber—Magazines.
 Herman & Son—One Turkey.
 E. Scrantom—Reading Matter.
 Gertie Chapell—Indestructible Picture Book for Children's Cot Library
 Mrs. Babcock—Reading Matter.
 Mr. George J. Whitney—Lumber for root house, \$48.50.

Receipts for the Review,

To FEBRUARY 1st, 1879.

Miss M. Smith, South Avon—by Mrs Dr. Strong.....	\$ 63
Mr. Male, for Fred Hoyt — by Mrs. S. H. Terry	65
Mrs. H. B. Tracy—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins Sibley, Lindsay & Curr. adv. \$5.00. donation \$5.00—by Mrs. C. Johnston ..	10 00
D. Leary, adv.—by Mrs. C. E. Mathews ..	10 00
Mrs. J. Cousler, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Fenn, 65 cents—by Mrs. C. Waite.....	1 27
Mrs. C. A. Cleveland, 50 cents; Mrs R.T. Tuttle, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Page, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. D. Keeney, 50c.; Mrs. Chas. Nobles, 50 cents; Mrs. E. M. Read, 50 cents; Miss Carrie Walker, 50 cents; all of Perry—by Mary Read and Dora Homans, Perry,	3 50
Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. N. Buell, \$1.24; Mrs. R. Boyd, 62c.; Mrs. H.	

Brewster, 62c.; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62c.; Mrs. J. D. Husbands, 62 cents; J. E. Hulbert, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 63 cents; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. N. B. Northrop, 62 cents; Miss H. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, 63 cents; Mrs. C. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Sage, 62 cts.	
—by Collector	\$11 18

Mrs. N. Ayrault, 75 cents; Walter B. Brown, New York, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Bemish, Mt. Read, \$1.00; Mrs. John H. Brewster, 62 cents; Mr. W. H. Cheney, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cts.; Mrs. D. B. Bells, Cleveland, Ohio, 50c.; Miss S. T. Hewes, Newton, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hall, 62c.; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. M. L. Reid, 65 cents; Mrs. E. Peshine Smith, 65 cents—by Mrs. Robert Mathews,	8 77
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Monthly Report.

1879. Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 77	
Received during month, ..	24—101
Deaths, ..	6
Discharged, ..	10— 16
Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1879,	85

We make the following suggestive extract from the interesting annual report of "The Sheltering Arms:

Plans long ago formed, and laid aside for a propitious day, have been revived and re-touched. It is proposed in the Little May Cottage to depart in one respect from the customs of the older Cottages. In them children are received only until another home can be found, and the sooner that result is obtained the better for the numerous remaining applicants. In the Little May Cottage, on the contrary, it is proposed to receive only such as shall be given up to us for the full course of training which is to be established there. That course is intended to extend from about the age of ten to fifteen years, and make the girls of the Cottage useful in any position in which later in life they may be placed. The number of girls in the Cottage will be about 20, with a lady at the head; the intention is, as soon as the necessary training shall have been given a few of the older girls, to have the whole work of the Cottage, cooking, washing, sewing, etc., done by the girls themselves, as in families of laborers and mechanics. When

the Cottage is in full working order, three or four girls will be graduated each year, and as many quite young girls admitted. It is often objected to institutions for girls that, while the school education is of a high order and the discipline faultless, the home training for the probable future of a girl's life is deficient. Should our proposed experiment prove successful, as there seems little reason to doubt, it will modify our plans for future growth in the directions of the greatest usefulness.

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.

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Undertaker,
 121 WEST MAIN STREET.

A. S. Mann & Co.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Druggist and Apothecary,

PROPRIETOR OF

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

1878. 1838.

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BRITTIN & WILDER.

1838. 1878.

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TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS
 Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, Canes, &c.
 78 State Street, aug.'76 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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 STEAM BAKING,

137 and 139 North Water Street.
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 &c., 64 State Street, and 2 and 4 Market Street,
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E. S. ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers,
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 (At the Old Burr Stand.)
 Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
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 —AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS

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 Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

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 R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

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 Manufacturers and Dealers in
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Cabinet Size, \$5.00 per Doz.
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13 & 15 Exchange Street, Rochester, N.Y.

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

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SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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 [Established in 1826.] Jan '66

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

Prescriptions carefully compounded. [66

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 LARD, HAMS,

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Fresh Meats, Poultry

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITE ME."

Vol. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1879.

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.

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By Mail, 50 "

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 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, No. 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,
9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

Little Foxes.

BY MRS. MARY CRAM.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."
Sol. Song 2: 15.

Little foxes, spoiling
The beloved vine
Trusted to my tending
By the hand Divine;
Little foxes, wherefore
Have ye entrance found
To the vine so precious,
Growing in my ground?

Have ye leaped the fences?
Have ye climbed the walls?
Were there tiny openings?
Ye are very small,
And ye can creep slyly
Through a tiny place,
But I thought I closed up
Every open space.

And I watch by daytime,
And I watch by night,
For the vine you're spoiling
Is my heart's delight;
I have kept the earth-worm
From its precious root:
I have trimmed the branches,
But they bear no fruit:

For the little foxes
Have assailed the vine
Trusted to my tending
By the hand Divine;
And though I've been faithful
Since its birthday morn,
They were in the garden
When the babe was born.

For they were the failings
That I *would not* see
When they were *my failings*,
When they dwell in me.
Little faults unheeded,
That I now despise,
For my baby took them
With my hair and eyes.

And I chide her often,
For I know I must;
Yet I do it always
Bowed down to the dust,
With a face all crimson
With a burning blush,
And an inward whisper
That I cannot hush.

And sometimes it seemeth
Like the voice of God,
And it says, "Poor coward,
Using now the rod
On a child's frail body,
Till I hear a moan

And see it shrink and quiver,
From a sin thine own!"

Oh, my father, pity,
Pity and forgive!
Stay the little foxes
I allowed to live
Till they left the larger
For the smaller vine—
Till they touched the dear life,
Dearer far than mine.

Oh, my Father, hear me,
Make my darling Thine;
Though I am so human,
Make her all divine;
Stay the little foxes,
That both vines may be
Laden with fruit worthy
To be offered Thee.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

SARAGOSSA—MURILLO.

A Cathedral at Saragossa gave me my first impression of the richness and poetry of Spanish architecture. On entering, we seem to be in a magnificent Gothic hall. The nave is flanked on either side by two broad aisles, forming thus five spacious naves divided by piers, each pier formed of groups of shafts springing from a colored marble socle. The groining of the roof is intersected by arches springing from the piers, the intersection being adorned with huge gilt bosses. The effect produced is exceedingly rich and yet at the same time tasteful.

The Retablo Mayor, as it is styled here, a sort of chair occupying the whole centre of the nave is of alabaster most beautifully chiseled, in Gothic style. The pavement with variegated marbles is designed to produce the effect of a reflection of the gilded bosses, wheels, etc., of the ceiling.

I lingered there a long time. It was so different from the churches of Italy. There were none of their frescoed walls and grand, long, sweeping aisles, but in comparison with them a small, square hall supported by four rows of grand Gothic

arches, with the "Retablo" occupying the whole centre of the nave.

That dim, religious light that loves so much the Gothic tabernacles, broken by the myriad columns and interlacing arches, filled the place and made me turn again, some hours later, to breathe once more that air freighted, it seemed, with a supernatural presence.

At Saragossa, there is a leaning tower, quite lofty, built of brick, beside a second Cathedral containing a very sacred image of the Virgin. The legend runs, that after the crucifixion, Saint James came to Spain to preach the gospel. While asleep he had a vision, in which the Virgin appeared standing on a jasper pillar, declaring she desired a chapel built on that very spot, therefore a church was built which the Virgin often visited. Later, in the 17th century, the Cathedral was there erected. The "Santa Cappella," holy chapel, is a sort of Corinthian temple exceedingly rich, with large cupola supported by jasper pillars, and in the centre the statue of the Virgin. The altar is very celebrated and the steps leading to it are always filled with the pious, devout Catholics, who come from near and far to worship the miraculous image.

The city is a network of narrow, twisted streets, admirably adapted for the heroic defence of the city opposed to the invading forces of Napoleon I.

The country between Saragossa and Madrid is for the most part uninteresting, deserted wastes of hills and valleys that look as if fire had swept over them and burnt out all fertility; occasionally, however, are little oases of green meadow land and olive orchards.

Spent this morning in a picture gallery in Madrid. Those Madonnas of Murillo, sweet young faces, are too, too beautiful; borne upwards through that wondrous golden mist with the crescent moon under their feet and sweet cherubs bearing lilies, roses, &c. &c. Most charming, round,

baby faces, disposed in all sorts of roguish attitudes below—and the faces, one especially, it is a sweet young Spanish girl of some fifteen years, so full of perfect gentleness and innocence. It is no goddess, no queen, but the most surpassingly sweet of young girls, inspiring no awe, no sensation of the immense gulf that separates her nature from ours, but drawing out our whole being in perfect human love for that sweet, untried child; and how softly her silvery dress and mantle of heaven's blue fall about her form, all misty, breathing a wondrous soulful poesy.

For me there is no second Murillo, no one that appeals to my nature so much in his creations. Raphael I admire, I do not love. I do not know that I have ever felt that I should have longed to know him intimately, but Murillo, I feel he would have understood and helped me; he would have revealed to me a grander, sweeter, gentler harmony in nature than I had ever dreamed of. Him I could have loved. To me he is the sweetest, purest-souled, most lovable of all the poets of the brush, and then his genre paintings, some of the young Baptist or the Christ Child are such perfect pastorals. Oh! I can't find words to describe the canvases of my favorite painter. CARLOS.

For the Hospital Review.

Woman's Labors for Syrian Women.

The Rev. Dr. Jessup, so long associated with the Syrian Mission, in his recent address to the women of Rochester, given in the Sabbath school room of the Central Church, paid a worthy tribute to Mrs. Catherine DeForest, whom we proudly claim as our former townswoman.

In the days of our girlhood, when we attended the Rochester Female Academy, we well remember a young lady who made her home with an aunt who resided in Livingston Park, where a missionary atmosphere pervaded the house. Soon

after this we heard of her dedicating herself to the cause of missions, linking her fortunes with Dr. DeForest, and sailing with him for his Syrian home.

Years passed and we again visited Rochester. The beautiful home in Livingston Park, where so many missionaries had been welcomed, had been exchanged for an humbler one, but though Fortune's wheel had turned, the missionary zeal of Mrs. Hervey D. Ely had not abated, and from month to month she welcomed her Christian sisters, as they assembled to unite their prayers in imploring God's blessing on the labors of the missionaries.

Mrs. Ely corresponded regularly with her niece, Mrs. DeForest, and read letters from her at these meetings. The degradation of the Syrian women as depicted by Mrs. DeForest and her efforts to elevate them gave inspiration to these gatherings, and some who were wont in by-gone days to meet at Mrs. Ely's were present at Dr. Jessup's recent address, and listened with delight as he spoke of the fruits of Mrs. DeForest's labors in Beirut.

He said that she founded a Female Seminary in Syria that had been fruitful of great good, and that many who were taught in it were now mothers of Christian families.

He told the touching story of a Druse girl who had been for a long while an inmate of Mrs. DeF.'s family. She spoke the English language, was educated, and commenced teaching; she was married, became a mother and brought up her family well, as a Christian woman should do. Seven years ago she was paralysed, and for six years could not go to church, but she studied her Bible and taught her children its blessed precepts, and from her sick couch gave directions for the management of her family. Last year, at two o'clock in the morning, Dr. Jessup was called to her dying bed, and instead of finding it, as is often the case in that region when the spirit is departing, a

place of wailing, and shrieking and howling, he found it a chamber of peace. Her husband was beside her, and her little daughters like matured Christians stood near her, and as he read from God's word all was quiet, and as he offered prayer the spirit left its mortal tenement. Soon the neighbors and friends as is customary rushed in and commenced their wailing but they were silenced, and peace reigned in the Christian home.

These lines may be read by Mrs. DeForest for she is a subscriber to the *Hospital Review*. Perhaps she will favor us with a fuller record of the life of one whose history she has doubtless followed with much interest.

If we mistake not, Mrs. DeForest returned many years since to America, in consequence of her husband's feeble health, and since his death she has not resumed her missionary labors.

We never more fully appreciate what woman owes Christianity than when we hear missionaries recounting her degradation and condition in heathen lands. She falls below her high destiny and exercises a demoralizing influence on man, when she stands in any other relation to him than that given her by the God of the Bible, as his companion and helpmeet.

Dr. Jessup related many anecdotes illustrating the slight value in which female children are held in Syria by the unchristianized natives. He spoke of a father whose children were all girls, who said, "I'm under the displeasure of the Almighty, I have no children;" and of a mother who would not kiss her infant till it was six months old, because it was a girl.

He stated that on the birth of a daughter there was weeping, but the advent of a son was hailed with joy, and then little cups filled with something like pounded rice were sent round to particular friends, as cards of announcement, that they might rejoice also.

After the birth of a son the parents are never known by their old names but only as the father and mother of the son. As we do not understand the Arabic, we can not use the Dr's. illustration, but if we mistake not, this is the idea he intended to convey: If the father gives to his first born son the name of Henry, he is known ever after as the father of Henry and the mother as the mother of Henry, but no one is ever named after a female child.

If the father has only daughters he assumes the name of a son whom he would prefer to a daughter, and though he may have no William, he may be known as the father of a William whom he wishes had been sent him in place of a daughter.

The Mahometans will not mention the name of a woman without asking pardon for so doing, and Dr. Jessup read some letters that were addressed to him by Mahometans, who tenderly expressed their interest and affection for him and his sons, but who made no allusion to his wife or daughters.

If a girl marries she enters the harem of her husband, and her own father never makes any inquiries about her.

If a husband wishes to send a letter of instruction to his wife he does not put her name on the envelope, but directs it to his son even if he be only a few years old.

Dr. Jessup spoke of much good accomplished in Syria by females. He described a scene when one thousand Circassian women on their way to Damascus, sent there by the Turkish government, listened to the Bible which was read to them by a young girl, a native convert. An English lady sent for him in Beirut when she had assembled in her garden fifteen hundred Syrian girls, some of them Moslems, and he listened as three hundred of them sang the Arabic version of

"My faith looks up to Thee."

He alluded to a school in Sidon under the care of two young ladies where

there were forty boarders and ninety day scholars, and the entire responsibility rested on these young ladies. He contrasted the condition of some of the women whom he had lately met in Tripoli with that of some twenty or thirty whom he saw there twenty years since, some of whom were very beautiful, they were covered with diamonds and jewels, but their conversation was very coarse, and they were blaspheming and cursing, and could neither read nor write. In March last he called on a lady in that city who opened an Arabic version of Dr. Newton's "Best Things," and spoke of the delight she had had in its perusal.

Dr. Jessup considered the condition of women among the Armenians, the Copts and those sects embracing the lowest type of Christianity as far better than among the highest of the Mohammedans.

Dr. J. alluded to one woman who had gone from Rochester to carry the glad tidings of salvation to her benighted sisters in Syria; he might have added another to that list, for the second wife of the Rev. Eli Smith of Beirut was known to many of us as Maria Chapin, the daughter of the late Moses Chapin. Her missionary life was a short one, but there may be stars in her "crown of rejoicing" because of seed sown on Syrian soil.

H. S. T.

Bismarck's Chivalry.

Bismarck is noted for his love for his wife and children. Only four women, it is said, have ever had any influence with him; his mother, his sister, his wife, and his daughter. Towards his wife his behavior is that of chivalrous tenderness. One instance of this delicate consideration is told. It occurred a few minutes after Julius Blind tried to shoot him:

It was in 1866. Bismarck—then Count Bismarck—was returning from the palace, where he had been to see the King. While passing through the large street of Berlin called Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobiling

have since attempted the life of the Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him.

He turned sharply round and saw a young man who, with a smoking revolver, was aiming at him. He strode at once up to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with his other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer.

Blind, however, had had time to pass his weapon on to his left hand, and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held his furious assailant fast till some soldiers came up and took hold of him.

Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace, and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened. The Countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing-room.

He greeted all in a friendly manner, and begged to be excused for a few minutes, as he had some urgent business to attend to.

He then walked into the next room, where his desk stood, and wrote to inform the King of the accident.

Having attended to this duty he returned to the drawing-room and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own unpunctuality, and saying to his wife, "Well! are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting."

He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the Countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way, "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit!*" (may your meal be blessed!) and then added,—

"You see I am quite well."

She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see."

Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them.—*George Eliot.*

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference, the bright little fountain bubbles up just as musically in our hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is ever too serious for them “to make the best of it.” Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not wake an answering gleam! Why, then, joyous tempered people don’t know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed they feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditation on “afflicting dispensations,” and your stomach with medicines, pills and tonics; just one of those cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The longer drawn lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows where, and the first thing you know, you will be laughing. Oh, what a blessing are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life, with almost an invisible touch! How we look forward through the weary day to their fireside smiles! No one knows, no one will ever know until the day of judgment reveals, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining, happy women.

In Memoriam.

The Princess Alice Maud, of England, third child and second daughter of Queen Victoria, beloved by the English as well as by the people of her adopted country for many amiable virtues, has died of diphtheria, aged thirty-five years.

She was born in 1843, and from very early life was the darling of her parents, being characterized by a most affectionate disposition. The tender care which she lavished upon her father during his last illness, when it was said that “her name became synonymous with a father’s care and a mother’s consolation,” was an evidence of the lovely character of this Princess.

The marriage of the eldest daughter of the Queen to the Crown Prince of Prussia, left Alice, at the time of Prince Albert’s last illness, the eldest daughter at home. Upon her devolved the duty of soothing his pathway to the grave, since her mother was prostrated by the thought of the deep bereavement awaiting her. To his daughter the dying Prince spoke of his condition and of his hopes of the future, from her he heard the hymns he loved, and it was she who joined her prayers with his, as the solemn hour of death drew nigh.

At the age of nineteen she was married to Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt, and during the sixteen years of her married life she has given birth to seven children, two sons and five daughters. In 1873 one of her sons was killed by a fall from a window, and a daughter died a few days before her mother of diphtheria, the same disease which has now proved fatal to herself.

The departed Princess took an active and efficient part in the hospital arrangements during the Franco-German war, and was a constant visitor to the hospital which bore her name at Darmstadt. She was also President of the Alice Frauenverein, a charitable association, affiliated with the great central organization at Berlin. This institution had for its purpose the care and nursing of the sick, as well as other charitable work. The good work of this Princess, and her excellent example of a useful and virtuous life, both as daughter, wife and mother, will render her memory very precious, not only to her own, but to her adopted country, and will be an influence for good, long after her beautiful life on earth has closed.

The Alice Hospital School and Home for Nurses and the Orphans’ Home of Darmstadt were under the special charge of this noble woman, and these will keep her memory bright among the sick, the suffering and the poor. High station and wealth were used by her for the good of her fellow creatures, rather than for the purposes of vain display and of selfish gratification of sense.

That such a woman should pass away from life at the early age of thirty-five, a victim of a disease which is believed to be always ultimately traceable to contamination of the air that is breathed, or the water that is drunk, and which is deemed always preventable, is a reason of great

weight why ancient palaces and strongholds of the middle ages should no longer be the homes of families, even though these families be princes of long decent. Perfect drainage, sunshine and pure free air are far better than grand historic memories. The revelations of hygienic law are becoming day by day more definite, and as this law of health is duly enforced, both in palace and in cottage, we may expect to see some of the dreaded and most fatal forms of disease disappear from all civilized lands.

Anecdote of Prof. Morse.

When Prof. Morse was in Washington, trying to interest Congress in his great invention of the electric telegraph, he was a guest of Mr. Ellsworth, at that time Commissioner of Patents.

The Professor's money was all gone. His friends, pleasant home, and family were, doubtless, enjoying the more by this honest man, who must have felt that in such a cause as his, it was no disgrace to be poor.

The Professor was using all the influence he could bring to bear to secure an amendment to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill of forty thousand dollars, by which the telegraph could be put up between Washington and Baltimore.

Judge Leonard, afterwards a member of Congress from New York, and now a distinguished resident of Brooklyn, met the Professor at the house of Mr. Ellsworth, in company with Mr. Ferris, then the member from New York.

After many rebuffs and disappointments, the great inventor was still as calm and unruffled as ever, explaining the minutæ of the construction of the telegraph, and the philosophy of electricity, with the enthusiasm of a younger man. He was then over fifty years old.

The next morning, with the battery in one committee-room, and the wire in another, the Professor made a series of very successful experiments. The spectators were impressed and convinced of its utility, and the next day Mr. Ferris moved the proposed amendment. It was immediately carried, only one man voting against it. This man was Cave Johnson, "the war-horse of Tennessee."

Mr. Ellsworth had a little daughter four years old, who was devotedly attached to

Prof. Morse. She had heard the amendment, and the forty thousand dollars, talked of so much, that she seemed to understand its character as well as the grown folks.

When the messenger ran to Judge Ellsworth's with the joyful tidings that the amendment was carried, the little girl ran up stairs as fast as her feet could carry her, and opened the door of her friend's chamber.

The inventor was on his knees in prayer. Usually the child would have waited, but now she ran quickly to him, and putting her little hands on his shoulder, said,—

"Come down 'tairs, quick. The 'mentment is carried."

She was God's messenger, bringing to the devout man of genius an answer to his prayer. It was a touching incident, and one that impressed Prof. Morse very deeply.

E. K.

A Paper-Bag Story.

Here is a store! And here is a window in the store! But what do you think is in the window? Why, rabbits! all as alive as can be! and hopping about, in and out! Rabbits of all sizes and colors.

I wish a little girl that I know were here to see them.

Ha! I have an idea!

I'll ask the man to sell me one, and take it home to her, to surprise her!

In I go.

"Mr. Man, for how much will you sell me one of your rabbits?"

"A quarter apiece for the smallest ones."

"Put me up one of the pretty little white ones, with pink eyes," I say; and am going to add, "and that gray one, too," but forget to say it, because I am astonished to see Mr. Man pick up little Bunny by his long ears and drop him, plump, into a square paper bag!

"Can he breathe?" I inquire; for the top of the bag is twisted together, and tied with twine.

"I'll fix that!" Mr. Man says, and quickly he dabs two small holes near the top to let in the air.

"Well, well," I think, "this is indeed is the age of paper! Paper collars! paper cuffs! paper bags! and even paper handkerchiefs! And now they have got so bad they do *live* things up in paper for

you to carry home—just like any other parcel!

I wonder if, when a farmer buys a cow, now-a-days, he carries it home tied up in a paper bag; or, when Barnum buys an elephant, he takes it to his menagerie in a huge paper contrivance—like this, only bigger.

I walk along, and forget Bunny, I am so busy with these great thoughts, until he begins to bump and thump around, and makes me think that I have bought a small earthquake instead of a rabbit!

Maybe he is tired, or does not like his narrow quarters. I am glad to get home.

“Come, little girl! guess what I have for you here in this paper bag.”

How she hops! first on one foot, and then on the other! But cannot guess, after all.

I do not tell her, because I want to surprise her; but I untie the string, and untwist the top, and turn the bag up, and gently shake—shake—shake.

But I am more surprised than she, for nothing comes!

I peep in, and she peeps in. There he is, clinging tightly and determined not to let go! Staying in that paper bag so long has made him feel quite at home in it.

At last, out he comes! And, while he draws himself up into a frightened, funny ball, his new mistress, with many squeals and skips of delight, hunts for a basket and pops him into it, and shutting down the cover, scampers off to show her new treasure to every one in the house.

[*Youth's Companion.* FLETA F.]

Why He was Proud.

It was a cold, dark night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirling furiously about seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Annelsly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:—

“Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?”

“Perhaps I could,” his mother replied, as she put her arm through his and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown up so tall that she could lean on his.

“I am very proud to-night, mother.”

“Proud that you can take care of me?” she said to him with a heart gushing with tenderness.

“This is the first time you have leaned upon me,” said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his young manhood, lovingly provide for her who, in his helpless infancy, watched over him.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1879.

Glimpses at the Invalids.

The March sun was melting the February snow when last we visited the Hospital. A bright fire in an open grate gave a cheerful aspect to the Reception room; a convalescent patient afflicted with dropsy was enjoying its grateful warmth, and we lingered to congratulate him, on his improvement.

A messenger placed in our hand an exquisite basket of flowers, designed as a friendly offering to a private patient, but before it reached its destination, it visited with us the Female Wards, and we wished its donor could have witnessed the pleasure it afforded the invalids. It was indeed beautiful; the soft tints of the ripened grain blended harmoniously with the gay colors and white petals of the flowers, and the sweet odors of rose, carnation, and heliotrope, were gratefully welcomed. Many a pillowed head was raised to inhale the fragrance, and many a sad face was brightened by its cheering ministry. We all love flowers; our æsthetic nature owns

their power, and to none do they yield more pleasure than to the sick, who through the long, dreary winter are confined to our Hospital Wards.

In the lower Female Ward we found no patients very low, though several were confined to their cots. One was suffering from rheumatism and neuralgia, another from a diseased stomach that rendered it difficult for her to retain food ; Louise, though afflicted with dropsy and bronchitis and on her cot, was amusing herself with fancy work. One woman was confined to her bed with weakness, and near by a young lady with lung disease was making pretty pincushions in the shape of boots. She showed a good deal of taste as well as industry in her work, and we were pleased with the efforts of another patient to interest us in her friend. In the western half of the Ward Mrs. B., the patient of whom we have so often spoken as confined to her rolling chair, was writing a letter for an inmate of the Ward incapacitated by rheumatism. In a cot near by was a German consumptive woman, quite feeble. On the opposite side of the Ward the aged woman whom we call "Grandma," was in her cot. Her broken hip still makes her quite helpless. By the register sat two aged women holding cheerful converse, the one having trouble with her feet and the other recovering from a broken arm, the result of a fall five weeks before, when with a pail of water in her hand she fell on the ice. Another woman was laid up with her hand ; months before she fell, broke a china bowl, and with the sharp edges cut the cords of her hand. Eight patients in this Ward took their meals from trays, being too feeble to go to the Ward dining room.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found two babies and one waiting patient.

In the upper Female Ward were seventeen inmates. Several of these had epilepsy, some rheumatism, disease of the kidneys, erysipelas, asthmatic cough, and

there were some with lung diseases. We were particularly interested in two patients, comparatively helpless, who sat side by side in their rocking chairs and spoke to us so submissively of their afflictions. The one had been partially paralysed and the other had rheumatism ; the one was a member of the Baptist and the other of the Methodist church. They were grateful that they were as comfortable as they were, and said their trials made the promise of their glorious home above sweeter to them. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee : because he trusteth in thee," is a precious promise that seemed fulfilled in the experience of one of them. "I have been," said she, "within the last year bereft of a home, my house was burnt, and my only child a boy of fifteen has died of malarial fever. I have been through a fiery furnace, but God is my all, and it is my joy to meet with His people and talk with them. He has brought me through dark places and raised me up and I feel like praising His holy name."

In the Male Medical Ward were twenty one patients. The sickest person was a consumptive man very low. Two were afflicted with lung diseases, some with rheumatism, sciatica, heart disease, dropsy, gout, scrofula, asthma, pleurisy or epilepsy. Several were aged and feeble. There were no fever patients.

Twenty-three inmates occupy the Surgical Ward. Six of these are aged and more or less infirm. Among the younger patients one had abscess on the face ; another had a sore hand, the result of a rail road accident that had made it necessary to amputate a finger, he was doing well ; a patient long confined to his bed with an injured knee was sitting up more comfortable than he had been for months before ; a man who broke his hip was up and with the aid of a cane moved about quite freely ; palsy and rheumatism made some helpless ; a blind and deaf man who look-

ed comfortable in his rocking chair, as the supper bell sounded, called out "Chair!" indicating he wished a chair placed before him to be ready to receive his tray that held his supper. Ten inmates of this Ward were unable to go to the Ward Dining Room.

In the Men's Dining Room in the basement we found sixteen patients round the supper table.

A large number of the inmates have special diet ordered by the physician, and many take their meals in the Wards. We saw two slides filled with waiters for the Male Wards. We think if the patients could all see the neatness and good order that prevails in the cooking department it would add a new relish to their food.

There are seven private patients.

The Children's Cot.

The little Cot the past month has been empty; but the Hospital has not been without young folks. In the Cross Ward a little boy who through the wintry storms has been employed to carry bundles has been laid up with sciatica; he is now able to be up and dressed. In the Medical Ward a boy of fourteen is most of the time confined to his bed with scrofula and a diseased hip. Another boy of fourteen has quite recently been placed in the Surgical Ward, to be treated for frozen hand and foot. His sad story has called forth much sympathy. About four years since his mother died, since then he has lost his father. For some time he was an inmate of the Orphan Asylum in Hubbell Park. Last March he was placed by the Managers in the family of a farmer in Henrietta. If reports be true, he has not been well cared for, has been scantily fed and clothed. On the last Thursday of February he was sent out to saw wood; he speaks of himself as a weak boy, not being able to work more than an ordinary child of ten years. He spent two hours in sawing wood, and

though the day was a very cold one, he afterwards walked two miles to Chili to get his school books. He was not properly protected from the bitter cold, and went into a store to warm himself. His forlorn condition attracted the attention of persons in the store who contributed a small sum each and bought him mittens and tippet. The store keeper telegraphed to Mr. Griffin, the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and through his efforts the boy was taken to the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum. Three days later he was sent to the Hospital where he will be kindly cared for, and the Bergh Society will investigate his case.

In the Female Fever Ward a little girl has been very sick with typhoid fever. For a long time her disease would not yield to treatment, and the skill of the physician and the most faithful nursing have been taxed to their utmost to promote her recovery, but we hope now the danger is past, and that time, and nourishing food, and good care, will restore her to health and vigor.

Two little friends, Charlie and Gussie Merriman, who are now feasting under the orange trees and breathing the balmy air of the tropics, before they said good-bye to our snow banks and sleigh rides, left a remembrance for the Children's Cot, and we hope another month to report offerings from Sabbath schools and Sabbath school classes that have been promised us.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Charlie and Gussie Merriman	\$ 5 00
Mite Box,.....	55
Total for the month	5 55
Previously acknowledged,	552 76
Total receipts,.....	\$558 30

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Our New Clock.

Our Matron and the Nurses of the Mansard were overjoyed by the arrival of a new clock, which now ticks cheerfully in the Mansard hall, and not only indicates the hour of the day and night, but also has a second hand proclaiming the day of the month. It is an eight day clock, in a dark frame, with a large dial plate, and is *just the thing we needed*. The name of the kind donor is withheld, but our thanks go out to him, and we hope he will learn how acceptable his gift is to us.

As we were expatiating on its utility, the nurse of the Female Fever Ward looked at it rather *covetously* and said: "There is no clock in my Ward nor on the upper hall of the Main Building. I must go down stairs, or up stairs, day and night, to know at what time to give my patients their medicine and nourishment." We do not mean to be too grasping, but really, kind friends, a clock for the upper hall of the Main Building would be most useful.

Absence.

The City Hospital is for a time to lose the professional services of one of its Medical Staff, as Dr. E. V. Stoddard is to spend some months in Europe. We trust in due time he will return to us and resume his faithful and acceptable labors of love.

We sometimes wish the Physicians and Surgeons, who have for so many years, with untiring zeal, ministered to the sick and the afflicted in our Hospital, could hear the expressions of gratitude that come from those who have felt their healing power, and who can offer only the tribute of thankful hearts for restoration to health or relief in suffering.

Apples.

Our supply is exhausted and we have been requested to remind our friends that they will be most acceptable. Perhaps some of our friends in the country can send us a donation.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, February 4, 1879, of consumption, Jennie Smith, aged 17 years.

Donations.

Mrs. C. P. Bissell—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. E. H. Hollister—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Griffith—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. R. H. Furman—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. W. S. Little—Reading Matter.
 Mr. E. Scrantom—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. George C. Buell—Reading Matter.
 Alexander Thompson—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. E. Ray—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. George D. Lord—Reading Matter.
 May Green, Batavia—Books and papers for Children's Cot Library.
 Mrs. R. Mathews—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Gardner—Wrapper.
 Mrs. Theron E. Parsons—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Staunton—Trusses and other comforts for the sick.

Receipts for the Review,

To MARCH 1st, 1879.

Mrs. C. E. Adams, Quincy, Mass.—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, \$ 1 00
 Mrs. Clara E. Stearns, Somerville, Mass., for 2 subscriptions—by Mrs. Dr. Strong 1 00
 Geo. C. Buell & Co., for advertisement, \$5.00; A. S. Mann & Co., for advertisement, \$10.00—by Mrs. Clark Johnston, 15 00
 Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. Pauline Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Porter, 62 cents—by collector, 4 34
 Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, 63 cts.; Mr. E. Brewster, 75 cents; Col. C. R. Babbitt, 62c; Mrs. E. G. Billings, \$1.25; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, 63 cents; Hamilton & Mathews, advertisement, \$5.00; Mrs. G. E. Mumford, 63 cents; Miss A. T. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Strong, 62 cents—by Mrs. R. Mathews 11 37

Hospital Noticé.

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.

Monthly Report.

1879. Feb. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital,	85
Received during month, ..	20
Births.....	1—106
Deaths.....	1
Discharged,	14— 15
Remaining, March 1st, 1879,	91

Children's Department.

Calling the Flowers.

The wind is shaking the old dried leaves
 That will not quit their hold,
 The sun slips under the stiffened grass
 And drives away the cold.

[blows!

And Franca says: "How the March wind
 Is it scolding? How mad it must be!
 When I blow my horn, I'll be tender and sweet,
 To show that I love them," says she.

"For the flowers and birds are dear little things,
 And must not be frightened at all,
 So pray you be quiet, you noisy old wind!
 Perhaps they will come if I call.

"The men on the hill want water, I know,
 And soon I will carry them some;
 But first I will blow just as kind as I can,
 To tell the sweet flowers they can come.

[trees,

"Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the
 And low for the daisies and clover;
 But as soft as I can for the violets shy,
 Yes softly—and over and over."

[Mary Mapes Dodge; St. Nicholas for March.

The Cattle Train.

This incident was related some years ago by Miss L. M. Alcott, the well known author.

Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself looking out of a window at a waterfall which came over the rocks and spread into a wide pool that flowed up the railway. Close by stood a cattle train, and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathet-

ic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their parched mouths!

The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up, and while I hesitated, two little girls appeared and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

I could not hear what they said, but, as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me in spite of their old hats, their bare feet and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and having no pail, filled her picking-dish with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

"The Treasury of Remedies for the Soul," was inscribed over the entrance of the Library of Osymansgas at Thebes. Three thousand years have wrought no change in the truth of the legend which was placed over the entrance of the first Library mentioned in History.

Words!—the callous shell of Thought.

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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1879.

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For the Hospital Review.

Beautiful Motherhood.

O beautiful is motherhood! Methinks I often see
The pure and gentle Mary with our Savior on her
knee.

And sweet, indeed, it is to think this holy one of
earth,

Not only to the Savior, but to human sons gave
birth—

That little children, such as ours, were cradled
on her breast,

And patiently, when night came on, were hush-
ed to quiet rest—

That through the long, long summer hours, she
watched them at their play,

Least into danger's thorny path, the tender feet
should stray—

That with unwearied faithfulness she wandered
on the sands,

Where Jesus and His brothers, with their rest-
less, dimpled hands,

Had tossed the pebbles to and fro, and in their
boyish glee,

Had shaped the tiny, mimic ship and launched it
on the sea.

She listened to their childish griefs, in all their
joys took part,

But treasured up our Savior's words to ponder in
her heart!

* * * * *

And Mary wept as *we* have wept! O! mothers,
who have bent

With streaming eyes, o'er darling child, to learn
'twas only lent—

With beating hearts have wildly watched the
fearful fever rave

And surely—swiftly burning up the life we'd die
to save—

Have felt the clinging arms unclasp their sweet,
their last embrace—

Have seen the dusky shadows creep across the
saintly face—

Have seen the blue eyes close, the lips we fondly
loved to kiss

Grow silent—still. O! can there be such agony
as this?

Though other griefs may pass away, the heart
grow numb and cold,

It is the one, long, lingering pain, that never *can*
grow old!

* * * * *

But Mary—gentle Mary—saw the Son she loved
the best

Reviled and beaten—crucified, by deepest woe
oppressed.

She saw his bleeding hands and feet; she heard
his pleading prayer,

"Forgive them, Father," float upon the quiver-
ing, darkened air.

O! though our griefs have heavy been, we have
not suffered thus.

We have not wept as Mary wept for One who
died for us!

E. L. LATTMORE.

Correspondence.

[The following letter, addressed to a lady who has recently endowed a room in a Hospital in a neighboring city, contains allusions to our City Hospital that will interest our readers:]

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I have for weeks been intending to write you my "experience" in the *Rochester City Hospital*; not as a victim of the surgeon's knife, neither in the saintly garb of a Sister of Charity, nor yet of the order of Deaconesses. No vows were upon me; I went simply to be with a sick friend.

My alarm at the summons, prevented all misgivings at the thought of imprisonment, where sounds of distress resounded through dismal, infected halls.

But I entered the Hospital through pleasant grounds. No signs of sickness were visible. The well ventilated building with its high ceilings, ample halls and broad stair cases, gave me immediate welcome. I invoked a blessing on the Central Presbyterian Church for my pleasant and even luxurious sleeping room. The "Silent Comforter" was open at the very texts I needed most. My invalid's room was furnished by a lady whose generosity, like your own, knows no limits. Every appliance for the sick was at hand. The ventilation perfect. The private nurse, who had been a patient in the Ward, anticipated the needs of the sufferer, and those who served in the private rooms day and night with no rest, were ever waiting to assist. The pharmacy was filled with the needed medicines. The beef tea was always ready. Promptness, kindness, sympathy from resident doctors, and all the attendants removed my repugnance; and I was truly grateful to the doctor who, without hesitation, took his patient to this quiet place of healing.

With these comforts fresh around me, I received the news of your endowment of

a room in the Buffalo Hospital; and I cannot refrain from congratulating, not only the Institution, but you also. As the donor of so sweet a charity, your happiness must be very great. May you live many years, to see for yourself the perennial fruits of your own planting.

During my friend's recovery, we visited the private rooms of other grateful occupants. None of us will ever forget the kindness of those who minister by day and night in "The Mansard."

I frequently met the managers, those disinterested women, who leave their pleasant homes to visit this place; and who are constantly planning ways of raising money to support the Hospital.

I hope the Buffalo Hospital is blessed with as faithful a matron, as the one to whose quiet oversight is largely due the order and neatness which reign in the Rochester Institution. She is ubiquitous; always attentive; thoughtful; kind.

I was invited by the housekeeper to visit her kitchen. Perfect cleanliness and order reign there. A friend has said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of house-keeping." I know Mrs. R. never rests. But she has the help of excellent cooks, whose delicately prepared food is most necessary to the restoration of the patients. The savory odor of juicy steaks, marvellous coffee, and those "box stews," lingers with me still.

In the Wards, as in every part of the house, I was struck with the cleanliness and sweetness which prevailed. The contented faces of the sufferers, were sufficient evidence that the poorest shared equally with the richest patients.

The Physicians and Surgeons, as at Buffalo, are daily there in their disinterested labors of love. All the Wards have the best medical aid, and several skillful surgical operations were performed while I was there.

Do you wonder that my friend lives to bless God and the Hospital, through which

the healing came, or that my prayer ascends for every such Institution, its managers, attendants and donors?

Yours, very truly, E.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

[The following extract from a letter, of our student friend, written at Madrid, indicates his ideas of the comforts and discomforts of European winters:]

The weather here is miserable, one moment sunshine, the next cloud and rain. I think with all our bleak, cold, northern winters, we are ever so much better off at home. The warm, cheerful fireplace, with the social charms, makes one forget the depth of the snow and the fierceness of the blasts. Here the houses unheated, loosely constructed, at one moment filled with the glad sunshine, at the next chilly, dreary, reflecting the gloom of the outer world, make you feel stupid and weary.

At Rome it was different; there I never felt the need of a fire. The southern sun, even hid behind cold rain clouds, diffused sufficient heat to deceive one into thinking that the winter had fled, and the spring time was about yielding her sceptre to her more tropic sister.

In Paris 't was dreary enough, clouds, mist, snow quickly disappearing, or, ere it reached the lower world, transforming itself into chilly, icy rain; which, driven hither and thither by the wind, mocked at umbrellas and penetrated water proofs, but then we could seek a little refuge, scanty though it was, beside the open fire place.

In Germany the sun remained eternally veiled, but we became accustomed to that sort of half day, and the huge pyramids or blockhouses of tile gave forth a genial tempered heat.

Last night it rained; this morning early, the heavens all glowing with clouds; at noon, bright, clear sunshine; now a blue sea covered by white and dark sails driven about capriciously by the wind and threatening a storm.

CARLO.

Education for Women.

It has for a long time been a subject of complaint among those who are interested in the movement for giving women the same educational advantages as are enjoyed by men, that the doors of the universities are closed against them.

The complaint is that females are first denied an opportunity to qualify themselves to engage in callings requiring knowledge and trained intellects, and then are sneered at as inferiors on account of the lack of acquirements from which they are shut out.

To remedy this deficiency in the educational advantages of women, two important steps have been taken heretofore. Some of the colleges have opened their doors to young ladies, who are admitted on the same terms as young men, pursue the same studies, and receive degrees in the same way and at the same time as their male classmates.

In addition, colleges have been established exclusively for women, modelled as nearly as possible after the colleges for men. These last have many of them been highly successful, and one or two—Vassar, perhaps, more than any other—have already a national reputation.

Quite lately still another step has been taken, which will be watched with curious interest by all friends of women and of their higher education.

The professors and instructors of Harvard College are to become also the instructors of such young women as choose to pursue the Harvard course of study. The ladies are to reside in Cambridge during terms corresponding with the terms in the college. They are to be admitted to classes after passing examinations identical with those required for entering Harvard. The studies will be the same, the standard the same, and the teachers the same.

The result is, of course, a sort of parallel Harvard College for women, under different government and management, but equal in every respect, except in the matter of residing in the college buildings, to the real Harvard. The certificates which will be given to the lady pupils who pass through the course will be quite as valuable as a college diploma.

It is remarkable that this plan has, at the out-set met with no opposition. The

professors, almost without exception, agree to give the instructions, and the government of the college is willing that they shall do so. And it is openly said, even now, that the movement which begins with separate classes of young men and young women, is certain to end in a union of them.

Harvard is the oldest of American colleges, and in some respects it is decidedly the most conservative. Its position and example are such that the step it has taken will be noticed everywhere, and its influence felt throughout the land.

There is no reason to anticipate anything less than success for the experiment. In every case where women have had an opportunity to compete with men in the acquisition of knowledge, some of them have proved themselves equal to the most brilliant of the male students. It has never been asserted, so far as we are aware, that the average standing and rank of the ladies was below that of gentlemen.

At all events, woman has proved her right to try, and her capacity, in numerous cases, to succeed. We may be sure that the stout friends of her sex among men of the land will in some way or other secure the result they have long been trying to achieve, and will ensure to the women of America, a fair start in the race for knowledge with those of the other sex.

A Physician's Sympathy.

It is told of the venerable Dr. G——, probably the most eminent surgeon in this country, that while performing operations before his class in the Blockley Hospital, a little girl was placed upon the table. The child was a pauper, bearing in every feature the signs of want and misery.

The operation required was amputation at the hip joint, one of the most difficult in surgery. She was brought under the influence of an anæsthetic. The surgeon rapidly explained to the students the necessity of the operation, and the probabilities, under the circumstances, that the poor baby would die under the knife.

He took the instruments, glanced down at the thin white face of the little creature whom the world had used so hardly, and then suddenly stooped and kissed her on the lips.

"Gentlemen, you will pardon me," he

said, with an unsteady voice; "I am a father."

The operation was successful, and the child, we are glad to say, did not die.

There is evidence that the most successful physicians have been those who, besides learning and skill, possessed great tenderness and quick sympathies. No profession probably requires the exercise of a higher sense of honor, or finer tact. Men are apt to show to their physician the skeletons in their homes, and the diseases of their mind, as well as the ailments of their bodies. There is, perhaps, no profession in which liberality is as constantly and secretly practised.

Dr. H——, an eccentric surgeon, well known in the West a few years ago, was notorious for his enormous charges to the rich, and his lavish generosity to the poor. A penniless man who employed him was almost sure of a comfortable support for himself and his family as long as he was a patient.

A Methodist clergyman who had required a costly operation and long attendance raised five hundred dollars with difficulty, and then asked the surgeon for his bill, trembling lest the amount would not cover it. He expected no mercy, as the doctor was a notoriously profane man, and professed no love for the clergy; but the bill was handed to him receipted.

"Did—did my parish"—stammered the minister.

"No, no; paid it yourself. Want the items?" seizing a slip of paper and jotting down, "Dr. H. to Rev. M. C.—, Dr. To one sermon, Feb. 18th, \$500. To one do., May 10th, \$200. To one do., June 1st, not one red cent."

The poor minister was wont to tell the story with great zest for years afterwards.

Capturing a Devil-Fish.

One day, while the United States man-of-war *Pensacola* was cruising off La Paz, Lower California, a number of devil-fish were seen. In a few moments a boat was manned and lowered, and started to capture one:

The boat was rowed directly over one of great size, which was only a foot or two under water, and a harpoon driven firmly into its flesh.

In an instant the passive mass was transformed into an infuriated monster, which

first threw itself bodily out of the water, and then sent the harpoon line whizzing out at a tremendous rate.

The boat dashed through the water at the speed of an express train. At first the efforts of the monster were confined to an attempt to escape, but as its load grew heavy it several times turned upon the boat, opening to its full capacity a mouth two feet in diameter, and lashing the boat with its sides.

A vigorous application of boat-hooks and oars, however, induced a resumption of flight.

A whaleboat was sent from the ship to assist the first boat, and for an hour both boats, lashed together were towed by the fish, the thrusts of boarding pikes seemed to accelerate its speed.

Finally its exertions told upon it, and it came to the surface directly between the two boats, where it was placed *hors du combat* by blows from an axe. Dyeing the water crimson with its blood, it was towed ashore and dragged upon the beach. It required the united exertions of nearly forty men to accomplish this undertaking.

A formidable-looking monster was this devil-fish. It was shaped somewhat like an immense bat, measuring fifteen and a half feet in width by eleven feet in length; it was twenty-nine inches thick, and weighed probably two thousand pounds.

It had but one fin, unless the wing-shaped extremities by which it propelled itself can be considered such, or that at the base of a long, thin tail, similar in appearance to a riding whip.

Its eyes are placed in flexible projections which seem to have been used to grasp and convey food to its mouth.

The mouth, large enough to engulf a man whole, was destitute of teeth, but furnished with solid bones that in the dying agonies of the fish ground large pieces of coral as a stone-crusher would stone.

The great Doctor Guthrie long followed the custom of most Scotch ministers in his day, taking a glass of wine. But there was in Scotland a poor, ignorant driver, who was wise enough to prefer total abstinence. And one day the Doctor rode in his cab or wagon over a wild part of the country in a pouring rain. When an inn was reached, the Doctor took some whiskey in a glass to keep off the cold, and

offered some to the cabman. "No, I thank you, sir; I'm a teetotaler." A very simple answer, not a word of argument, only example. I don't suppose he ever knew that his refusal did any good. But the learned, eloquent Doctor remembered it. Soon after, when he was called to Edinburgh, and went round among his poor parishioners, he found rum was the cause of much poverty. He could not say anything to them while he took his glass, and he thought of the course of the poor cabman. He became a teetotaler, and did what a man in his position could do. The good done by his sermons, addresses, books, schools, and labors, will never be known until the judgment.

A few months ago I went through the Ragged Schools he founded in Edinburgh for poor children—temperance homes. In four kingdoms I saw no such joyful sight as that of these ruddy-faced, happy urchins. The cabman was not aware that by his modest refusal to drink, he that day helped to wear away a habit in another that leads only to evil, and to start a great man in a course that was salvation to multitudes for whom he labored.

To Get Rid of Moths.

A sort of trade-secret among the upholsterers, the Springfield Republican understands, is this method for ridding furniture of moths: A set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvæ, and from which hundreds of these pests had been picked and brushed, was sent into a room by itself. Three gallons of benzine were purchased, at thirty cents a gallon, retail. Using a small watering-pot, with a fine rose sprinkler, the whole upholstery was saturated through and through with benzine. Result: every moth, larvæ, and egg was killed. The benzine dried out in a few hours, and its odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slightest harm happened to the varnish, or wood, or fabric, or hair-stuffing. That was months ago, and not a sign of a moth has since appeared. The carpets were also well sprinkled all round the sides of the room, with equally good effect.

As the countenance is made beautiful by the soul shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God.—*Jacobi*.

Prince Alfred and the Fisherman's Boy.

When the present Duke of Edinburg was twelve years of age, and then called Prince Alfred, the Queen and Prince Albert were spending the Autumn months at Balmoral. The young prince slipped his attendants and wandered some distance away. Finding himself tired he wished to return home, but had quite forgotten which way he came, and looked hither and thither for some outline of Balmoral. At length he saw a boy about his own age coming along with a basket of cockles on his head.

"Hallo, boy?" cried the prince; but the lad went on without any response. "Come here, I want you!" said Prince Alfred; but still the boy walked. The young prince then ran with all speed, and overtook the lad with the cockles, and said, "Now I want you to tell me the way to the castle."

"I dinna ken," said the boy.

"If you don't tell me," shouted the prince, "I will knock the basket off your head."

"Na, ye winna," was the defiant reply.

"Won't I," said the prince, and the next instant the basket was rolling on the sand, the cockles tumbling about in all directions.

The boy's temper was roused, and he rushed up to the prince with his clenched hand; there was a tussle for a few seconds, but the boy soon conquered, and the prince ran away followed by his assailant. One of the royal servants who had gone in search of the young prince witnessed the assault, and coming quickly to the rescue, took the poor boy into custody, marching him to the castle, and telling him on the way the enormity of his offence, he having dared to strike a prince of the royal family.

"I dinna ken wha the gentleman was, bet he spilt a'my cockles," said the boy, sobbing.

The young prince thought over the affair, and told the attendant that he was more to blame than the lad, and he had better let him go; but the attendant thought otherwise, and marched his prisoner on, and the rumor ran around the castle that Prince Alfred had been seriously assaulted; but that royal youth, with wise resolve, went to the Queen and told her

what had happened and that the boy was not in fault.

The poor little prisoner was taken to an ante-room in the castle, where, trembling all over, he awaited his sentence. Presently a reverend gentleman made his appearance; he was one of the Queen's chaplains; and in a gentle, encouraging tone, he asked the boy his name, where he lived, his occupation, and all the circumstances which led to the encounter; and to the surprise of the attendant he ordered the boy, by the wish of Her Majesty, to be taken into a comfortable room and given something to eat.

In about half an hour afterward the same reverend gentleman returned and told the little boy that the Queen was satisfied that he had done no wrong; that Her Majesty deemed it the duty of her subjects to protect themselves whenever they were oppressed: she had taken into consideration the value of the cockles and the time lost, and had sent him five shillings as a compensation.

The prisoner was then released to pick up his basket and his cockles, and ran home a rich and happy boy; but his good fortune did not end here, for the Queen sent to inquire about his family, and found that his mother was a poor fisherman's widow living in great poverty, and the fortunate boy was sent to school, and afterward apprenticed to a trade by Her Majesty's bounty.

Two Brave Boys.

That courage is a natural inheritance, and not an acquirement, was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of Admiral Farragut. When nine or ten years old he was an assistant cabin boy on board the ship-of-war *Essex*, commanded by Capt. Porter.

Notwithstanding the vigorous discipline which prevailed on such vessels, and the immeasurable social distance between the officers and crew, young Farragut, by his courage, vigilance and unusual ability, soon crossed the boundary-line and became popular with the officers.

A midshipman by the name of Cary, a fine young fellow, who had passed an excellent examination, fell into disgrace one day by his inability to go aloft.

Capt. Porter had no patience with this weakness, and after a while hit upon a plan

which he believed would shame the midshipman into the necessary courage.

He ordered the young man to remove his uniform, and in its stead to put on a mongrel suit of blue and black.

Then he sent for the boy Farragut, and ordered him to take the discarded clothes to the maintop and secure them.

"Cary," said the Captain, "I want to show you what a plucky boy can do.— Now when you want your uniform, all you have got to do is to go up there and get it."

Little Farragut made a bundle of the clothes, secured them to his neck, and then sprang like a monkey to the desired height.

Here he fastened them, and then returned to the deck, amid the enthusiastic exclamations of officers and the cheers of the crew, poor Cary included.

Several times a day after this the midshipman started for his uniform. Once he got as far as the mainmast, but returned to the deck so pale and exhausted that it was some moments before he could recover himself.

A week after this a sharp naval engagement—this was the war of 1812—proved that Cary's courage was equal to the emergency. Not once during the hot fight did he blanch or tremble, but on the contrary was dangerously cool, courageous and reliable.

The next morning Cary found himself the hero of the day.

"For goodness' sake, Cary," said the captain, "do go aloft and get your rig! It's an outrageous shame for a brave fellow like you to go about in this way!"

"It is impossible, captain," said Cary, with a respectful salute. "I have done my best."

Young Farragut stood near when this conversation was going on, and as the midshipman finished, he said, with his inimitable, dauntless air,—

"Let me get it, captain. Cary's heart is as big as an ox's, and everybody knows it, and his arm is as strong as a sledge-hammer, and he could lick a thousand men of his size, and everybody knows that; but his head swims, captain, and he can't help it. May I go up, sir?"

"Go on, Farragut!" said the captain; and on the boy went.—[Companion.

Fears are traitors to duty.

Tell the Good.

Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. Even if they *are* ugly, stingy or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults; it makes you uncharitable; your soul grows smaller; your heart loses its generous blood, when you tattle about your friends. Tell *all the good* you know about them, and carry their sins in your own heart; or else tell them to God, and ask Him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If anybody says to you, "Oh! that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sake, learn to make this a habit.

The Kiss of Death.

In Lord Beaconsfield's speech in the House of Lords on the decease of the Princess Alice, he thus described her as a martyr to motherly love:

There is something wondrous piteous in the cause of her death. The physicians who permitted her to watch over her suffering family enjoined her, under no circumstances whatever, to be tempted to an embrace. Her admirable self-restraint guarded her through the crisis of this terrible complaint in safety.

She remembered and observed the injunctions of her physician, but it became her lot to break to her son, quite a youth, the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery that the agitated mother clasped him in her arms, and thus she received the kiss of death.

St. Luke's Hospital in New York has a large department for children, and it is always full. When some of the rich people lose their little ones by death, instead of putting up a fine monument, they give \$3,000 as a memorial fund, which provides a bed that can always be occupied by some poor sick child. This is putting money where it draws good interest.

Our happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in having control of them.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1879.

A Morning at the Hospital.

We have spent the morning in the public wards of the City Hospital, and at noontide have found a quiet haven in one of the private rooms in the Mansard. While awaiting the arrival of a friend, we will commence an editorial, for our own sanctum is in possession of carpenters and painters, and the sounds and odors are not very inspiring to intellectual efforts.

We have just gazed for the last time on the confined form of one who has for many, many months been wont to greet us here, and whose kindly services as nurse to one in whom we were specially interested has won for him our regard. For several years Moses R. Smith has been an inmate of the Hospital; on Saturday last he was stricken with paralysis and died on Wednesday. He leaves two motherless children. His remains are now reposing in the chapel where shortly the funeral services will take place.

There are no patients at present very low under this roof. Our former nurse, Mr. Male, has returned to the Male Medical Ward, and its improved condition is very noticeable. There are seventeen inmates in the two Wards of which he has charge. Three of these are paralytics, one is suffering from liver complaint, one from heart disease, three are aged and feeble men, one patient has exema, another consumption, and one has typhoid fever. There are two little boys in this Ward, the one with sciatic rheumatism is greatly improved, the other with scrofula and hip complaint is not so well as he has been. There are some epileptic patients here.

There are now twenty-three patients in the Surgical Ward; three of these have lately had surgical operations performed on

them and are improving; two who have received wounds are better; one man has an abscess on the face, one has rheumatism, another is blind, four have paralysis. Mr. P., long a sufferer from rheumatism is more feeble. The little boy with frozen toes who last month was reported as having been badly treated in the country is better, he is losing his nail and the foot is somewhat sore. The report of his being unkindly treated was not true. The Managers of the Orphan Asylum have investigated the case, and the boy himself says that he was kindly treated and would not object to return to his old employer. He is at present making himself useful in the Hospital.

In the lower Female Ward quite a number of patients were in their cots; one was suffering from weakness, one from nausea, one from throat trouble, one from broken hip, and one from bronchitis and neuralgia. Several of the consumptive patients were busy with their needles; two others were playing checkers, and several were reading. One woman with lung disease was making very pretty patchwork, and one who had long been an inmate of the Hospital expressed much interest in Dr. Little who was sick with throat disease. "I hope," said she, "God will spare him, he is so kind to me, and so ready to help me."

The upper Female Ward has fourteen patients; one who had recovered from an acute attack of a painful disease spoke with much gratitude of the untiring and faithful services of her nurse. She said: "I and another patient have been very sick, and it is astonishing how much she has done night and day for us. We required great and constant attention. I was never before inside such an Institution, but I have derived great benefit from it." Some of the inmates of this Ward had chills and fever, some lung diseases, and some had epilepsy and one erysipelas.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found two babes and two waiting patients.

In Memoriam.

By the death of Dr. W. W. Ely, the City Hospital has lost one of its earliest, most constant and valuable friends; one who for many years held a prominent place on the Medical Staff, and who has always been ready to give to the sick and suffering within its Wards the benefit of his wise counsels and skillful professional services.

It would not be in accord with his wishes that we should eulogize him, or even recount his manifold labors of love for this charity, but if these Hospital walls could speak they would resound with the grateful thanks of many who have been healed and comforted by his ministrations.

We would express our sympathy for his afflicted ones, and especially for him who, walking in the footsteps of his father, has so kindly, gratuitously and successfully given his professional services to the City Hospital.

May He who holds "the waters in the hollow of His hand" convoy him safely over the sea, and in due time restore him to his wonted duties among our suffering inmates.

The following notice we copy from the Democrat and Chronicle of March 28th:

WILLIAM WATSON ELY.

William W. Ely, M. D., died at his residence in this city, March 27th, 1879, of *angina pectoris*, from which he had long been suffering, although the more acute symptoms were developed only within the last two months.

Dr. Ely, with the blood of the best New England ancestry, was born in Fairfield, Conn., April 30, 1812, was graduated at the medical department of Yale College in 1834, was married October 13, 1834, commenced the practice of medicine at Manlius, Onondaga County, and, in 1839, forty years ago, removed to this city, where he has since been engaged in his profession.

Of this life now ended it is easy to sketch the outline. Its prominent events

are few and simple. Its flow was as placid as it was pure. It was restrained in its expression by a modesty as delicate as it was rare. They even who know it best may in vain essay to reveal its beauty or to analyse its flavor. Robust in its virtues, it recoiled from their mention, and we, mindful of this retiring disposition, may not emphasize his worth even among those in whose presence it was illustrated. We could not do sufficient reverence to one so true, so self-sustained and so harmonious in his development and the sense of whose loss to-day shadows so many households. And yet we must say something, although we know how inadequate it must be.

Dr. Ely came to Rochester a young man and remained until he was the oldest physician in continuous practice, with possibly one exception. His knowledge was exact and comprehensive, fully abreast with the latest authorities, and yet his skill seemed to be as intuitive as the grace of his ministrations, which singularly constrained the gratitude of those whom he served, was exquisite. He sought not the honors of his profession, content to obey its behests of duty. His brethren, who knew his scientific attainments, profound even in this age of science, respected his wishes in this regard, and yet he, who shrank from the reception of a degree conferred upon him by the University of Rochester, had settled several vexed issues in anatomy and materia medica, and was held in the highest repute by those who were acquainted with his investigations. He died, not only the oldest, but, in many respects, the most accomplished physician in the city, and his associates will now tender cheerfully those acknowledgments which have been hitherto restrained only by his reluctance to receive them.

But his requirements were not limited by professional bounds. He had an acquaintance with all that was best in letters, and followed the track of science in all its departments—investigating always, yet accepting conclusions only in accordance with his own deductions. He thought out all problems for himself—open to light, yet guided by faith, as well as by reason. Welcoming even the most daring hypotheses and inclined to the most advanced theories, he subordinated, if he could not reconcile, them to a serene faith in Christianity, which held steadfastly to the divine revelation—a faith which he

exemplified daily in his walk and conversation. It was a faith which effloresced in the fragrance of his life.

It is not ours to intrude upon the sanctities of his home. There he did his noblest service and there he received the most sincere homage. He lived long enough to see each member honored and useful, confessing, with thankfulness, the inspiration each had received: In that home, a tender memory remained, towards which his constant thought aspired; and when the years had brought to him their blessings, he was ready for the great change which awaits all the living. At the last, there was physical suffering, keen and cruel, but the brave heart never quailed and the firm faith never faltered, as through the gates, which himself said were hard to pass, he entered the fair beyond. The good physician, the tender friend, the reverend father, the consistent Christian, has gone to his reward.

Help from the Little Folks.

Early on the evening of the 17th of March we found ourselves in the back parlor of Mrs. W. D. McGuire, No. 6 Greenwood Avenue, surrounded by a bevy of joyous little folks, all eager to participate in the enjoyment of an entertainment gotten up for the benefit of the Children's Cot. Some of the parents and friends of the children had assembled in the front parlor and many more applied at the door for admission, but as the rooms were filled they could not be received.

The following note indicates the origin and design of the entertainment:

NO. 6 GREENWOOD AVENUE.

Dear Mrs. Mathews:

Mamma and cousin Gracie thought it would be nice if we could have a children's exhibition that would be nice enough to ask people to pay to see it, and then send the money to you for the "Children's Cot."

Everybody seemed pleased with the idea; and almost everyone we asked bought tickets. Papa made the tickets out of his business cards so they wouldn't cost anything; and we charged twenty-five cents for grown folks, and ten cents for children. Mr. Hollister lent us some boards, and uncle Alf and papa made a little stage

across the back parlor. Miss Bliss lent us the screens that she uses at her school, and we had tableaux and recitations and music. We children that took part had a splendid time. Mr. Mudge lent us camp chairs, and Mr. Chamberlin, his big flag; and everything we used was either lent or donated, so we didn't have to spend a cent of the ticket money. There were over a hundred people here; and we made twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. Please accept it for the "Children's Cot."

LIZZIE MAY MCGUIRE.

The children who took part in the exhibition were, most of them, from the neighborhood of Greenwood Ave., and they certainly are entitled to much praise not only for the spirit that prompted their labor of love, but for the creditable manner in which they carried out the following

PROGRAMME.

Music,..... Miss Georgie Underhill.
 Tableau—"The Children's Cot," } Gracie McGuire
 and /
 Genie Cook.
 Recitation—"The Dead Doll," by... Mamie Pyott.
 Recitation—"Little Lucy Ap Jones," Hoddie McGuire.
 Music,..... Miss Nellie Brownell.
 Ladies' Maids,.... Pet McGuire and Mamie Pyott
 Tableau—"Queen Elizabeth,"... Cornie Holmes.
 Pages, Eddie Townsend and Alden Covill.
 Recitation—"Somebody's Darling," Bertie Humphrey.
 Recitation—"The Birds' Pic-Nic.... Emma Case.
 Music,..... Miss Carrie Levett.
 Statuary, { "Samuel,"
 "George Washington,"..... Hoddie McGuire.
 Recitation—"Baby's Christmas," Alden Covill.
 Recitation—"Little Gretchen," Lizzie McGuire.
 Music,..... Miss Georgie Underhill.
 Tableau—"Night and Morning," } Fanny Case,
 and
 Ella Mabbett.
 Recitation—"Young Philosopher," Lily Humphrey.
 Music,..... The Misses Hotchkinn.
 Recitation—"Little Estelle," Gracie Hathaway.
 Music,..... Miss Nellie Brownell.
 Statuary—"Rock of Ages,"..... May Mudge.
 Recitation—"A large word in a little place," Julia Robinson.
 Recitation—"The Sack of Flour," Charlie Case.
 Music,..... Miss Fanny Case.
 Tableau—"Flour of the Family,"... Genie Cook.
 Recitation—"The Children's Hour," Alice Peck.
 French Recitation,..... Gracie Hathaway.
 Music—"Mocking Bird," Miss Anna Hotchkinn.
 Statuary—"Rebecca at the Well," Carrie Levett.
 Recitation—"Ranger,"..... Cornie Holmes.
 Recitation—"The Kiss in School," Fanny Case.

Music,.....Miss Georgie Underhill.
 Tableau—"Goddess of Liberty," { Bertha Wash-
 ington, Tenie
 Dunshee, Liz-
 zie McGuire.
 Dismissal, Gracie McGuire.

The arrangements for the entertainment were well planned and executed and our thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. McGuire for their efforts in our behalf. The exhibition commenced and closed early, so that the little folks might not lose too much sleep, and there was great promptness in the exercises. While listening to music, the changes were made in the tableaux, and the recitations by the children were short and childlike. A golden haired little lassie of about six summers announced the exercises. Our only regret was that there was not room for a larger audience to enjoy what was so worthy of being seen and heard.

The first tableau, "The Children's Cot," was very appropriate. A little sick child reposed in her cot while over her a ministering angel with outstretched wings kept guard.

A curly headed little Samuel was very pretty as a statue in a kneeling attitude; and in the next scene, hatchet in hand, he personated George Washington.

Night in her sable robes and Stars, and Morning in her light, fleecy drapery, made a very pretty tableau, as did also the Goddess of Liberty, clothed in the stars and stripes, and holding the balance over a white and a black child, indicating equal rights to all under the old flag.

The recitations of the children were some of them very sweet; and Miss Anna Hotckin, whose musical talents are exciting a good deal of remark outside our city, whistled a beautiful accompaniment to the piano, imitating the song of a mocking bird. She also at the same time played on three musical instruments—a mouth organ, a triangle and a metalophone.

She evidently has a good deal of musi-

cal genius and we are told is one of the youngest musical composers now living.

The proceeds of the entertainment, twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, will be very acceptable to us.

We hope before long to report another exhibition for the same object given by children on the east side of the river. We have had a promise that something to this effect would soon take place—and we thank all who in any way add to the Children's Cot endowment fund.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva,.....	\$ 50
Proceeds of "Children's Exhibition" given by Lizzie May McGuire,.....	22 50
Miss Catharine York,.....	5 00
Mrs. H. G. Baker, Geneseo,.....	1 00
Total for the month,.....	\$ 29 00
Previously acknowledged,.....	558 30
Total receipts,.....	\$587 30

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Died.

In this city, March 27th, 1879, of Angina Pectoris, William W. Ely, M. D., aged 65 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Mch. 17, 1879, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Walter J. Scott, aged 28 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Mch. 18, 1879, of Phthisis, Pulmonalis, Miss A. Ward, aged 35 years.

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.

Donations.

Mrs. C. Beaman—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Charles Rowe—Old Cotton.
 Miss Caroline Smalley—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. C. B. Hatch—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Wm Corning—Two baskets of Apples.
 Mrs. E. D. Smith—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Second Hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Shears—One Bed Quilt.

Receipts for the Review,
 To APRIL 1st, 1879.

Mrs. A. M. Corey, 62c.; Miss S. O'Leary,
 50 cents—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, \$ 1 12
 Alling & Cory, E. F. Hyde & Co., C. F.
 Paine & Co., each for advertisements,
 \$5.00—by Mrs. S. W. Updike, 15 00
 Smith, Perkins & Co., Joseph Schlier,
 Woodbury, Morse & Co., each for adver-
 tisements—by Mrs. C. Johnston, 15 00
 Miss Buchan, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush,
 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bly, 63 cents; Mrs.
 Curtis Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Can-
 field, 62 cents; Miss M. Dunlap, 62 cts.;
 Mrs. H. L. Fish, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H.
 Gorsline, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould,
 62 cents; Miss W. Hill, 62 cents; Miss
 E. A. C. Hayes, \$1.24; Mrs. P. W. Jen-
 nings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Jeffres, 62
 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs.
 H. C. Munn, 62 cts.; Mrs. D. McArthur,
 50 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, 62 cents;
 Mrs. J. McDonald, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F.
 Quinby, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond,
 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. RossLewin, 62c.;
 Dr. C. E. Rider, 62 cents; Mrs. T. D.
 Snyder, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver,
 62 cents—by William Elphick, collector, 15 42
 Mrs. L. H. Alling, 50 cents; Mrs. C. H.
 Babcock, 2 subscriptions, \$1.12; Mrs.
 A. M. Badger, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Bier,
 62 cents; Mrs. H. G. Baker, Genesee,
 \$1.50; Mrs. D. D. S. Brown, Scottsville,
 \$1.00; Mrs. M. H. Cotter, 75 cts.; Mrs.
 W. Dann, East Avon, \$1.00; Miss F.
 Gregory, \$1.00; Mrs. Martin Galusha,
 \$1.86; Miss E. Hanford, 63 cents; Mrs.
 A. J. Johnson; 62 cents; Mrs. Thos.
 Leighton, 70 cents; Mechanics' Savings
 Bank, (advertisement,) \$15.00; Mrs.
 Geo. McAllaster, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H.
 Morse, 63c.; Mrs. A. H. Porter, Niagara
 Falls, 75 cents; Mrs. Edward Ray, Ba-
 tavia, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62
 cts.; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50c.;
 Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, 62 cents; Mrs. E.
 P. Willis, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Wakelee,
 62 cts.; Mrs. C. G. Wetmore, 62c.—by
 Mrs. Robert Mathews, 33 02

Monthly Report.

1879. Mch. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 91
 Received during month, .. 22
 Births, 2—115
 Deaths, 2
 Discharged, 19— 21

 Remaining, Apl. 1st, 1879, 94

Children's Department.

Anemone.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

A wind-flower by the mountain-stream,
 Where April's wayward breezes blow,
 And still in sheltered hollows gleam
 The lingering drifts of snow,—

Whence art thou, frailest flower of Spring?
 Did winds of heaven give thee birth?
 Too free, too airy-light a thing
 For any child of earth!

O palest of pale blossoms borne
 On timid April's virgin breast,
 Hast thou no flush of passion worn,
 No mortal bond confessed?

Thou mystic spirit of the wood,
 Why that ethereal grace that seems
 A vision of our actual good
 Linked with the land of dreams?

Thou didst not start from common ground,
 So tremulous on thy slender stem;
 Thy sisters may not clasp thee round,
 Who art not one with them.

Thy subtle charm is strangely given,
 My fancy will not let thee be,—
 Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven,
 O white anemone!—[*Scribner for April.*]

Anecdote of a Canary-Bird.

A very pretty and curious incident, illus-
 trative of the reasoning powers possessed
 by inferior animals, recently occurred in
 the case of a canary-bird. The door of
 the bird's cage was occasionally left open
 that he might enjoy the freedom of the
 room. One day he happened to light up-
 on the mantel-shelf, whereon was a mirror.

Here was a new discovery of the most
 profound interest. He gazed long and
 curiously at himself, and came to the con-
 clusion that he had found a mate. Going
 back to his cage he selected a seed from
 its box, and brought it in his bill as an
 offering to the stranger. In vain the canary
 exerted himself to make his new-found
 friend partake, and becoming weary of
 that, tried another tack. Stepping back
 a few inches from the glass, he poured
 forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and
 then for a reply. None came, and moody
 and disgusted, he flew back to his perch,
 hanging his head in shame and silence for
 the rest of the day; and although the
 door was repeatedly left open, he refused
 to come out again.—[*Scientific American.*]

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

1879.

1838.

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WILDER, CASE & CO.

WILDER, GORTON & CO.

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1838.

1879.

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 125 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

ERASTUS DARRÓW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846. **D** 1879.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1879.

No. 10.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,
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The Healer.

To a young Physician, with Doré's picture of Christ Healing the Sick.

So stood of old the holy Christ
Amidst the suffering throng;
With whom his lightest touch sufficed
To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift he lends to them
Who use it in his name;
The power that filled his garment's hem
Is ever more the same.

For lo! in human hearts unseen
The Healer dwelleth still,
And they who make his temples clean
The best subserve his will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our common need
To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With patience, trust, and hope;
The sufferings of a sin sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hill sides doing good,
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

WHITTIER.

Foreign Correspondence.

MADRID, March 14th, 1879.

I am still lingering here, dreading to leave the beautiful summer skies which we are now enjoying. It is real June weather here now, some trees in blossom, cloudless skies and everybody out of doors.

Nothing new save the change of the ministry, the signification of which no one here understands. The government is very reactionary, journals are condemned to suspension for thirty days for the slightest thing.

The other day went to the royal church to see the wardrobe of the virgin. The virgin is a wooden image, larger, I think, than life, and black with age; its sculptor, St. Luke, of course. Every queen has

left to the virgin her wedding robes, robes worn at baptism of children, &c. &c. The kings on special occasions have given her elegant garments, beautiful gold and silver worked robes, silk and satin brodered with pearls and precious stones, immense candelabras, weighing each, I believe, 61a 70 pounds of solid silver overlaid with gold, each one of which required three years labor of one skilled workman, crowns of precious stones, &c. &c.

The guardian said that in jewels not visible since deposited for safety in the bank, there was a value of twenty millions of francs—four millions dollars.

The robes of the priests, her servitors for the grand occasion, are in gold and silver thread and elegant embroidery.

The most beautiful dress to my eyes was the wedding robe of the poor, little queen Mercedes, of soft, sky blue satin, adorned with pearls. Poor little queen, dying a few months later.

Then leave the church and at every two steps meet the halt, lame and blind beggars, and know that the arrangements for the poor and sick here are very paltry, and you feel that one day or other a nice little revolution is going to turn that treasure into some practical profit.

CARLOS.

[The following discriminating description of Holman Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World," was copied for us from an original letter some years since, by a friend who knew how much we admired the picture. It was evidently written for publication, but we do not know whether it has ever appeared in print. We hope it will afford our readers as much pleasure as it has done us. We give also a poetical description of the picture.—Ed.]

SIR:—I trust that with your usual kindness and liberality, you will give me room in your columns for a few words respecting the principal Pre-Raphaelite picture

in the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year, (1854 or 5.) Its painter is traveling in the Holy Land, and can neither suffer nor benefit by criticism. But I am solicitous that justice should be done to his work, not for his sake but for that of the vast number of persons who, during the year, will have an opportunity of seeing it, and on whom, if rightly understood, it will make an impression for which they will ever afterwards be grateful. I speak of the picture called, "The Light of the World," by Mr. Holman Hunt. Standing by it yesterday for more than an hour, I watched the effect it produced upon the passers-by. Few stopped to look at it, and those who did, almost invariably with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the Saviour with a lantern in His hand. Now it ought to be remembered that, whatever the faults of a Pre-Raphaelite picture, it must at least have taken much time, and therefore it may not unwarrantably be presumed that conceptions which are to be so laboriously realized are not adopted in the first instance without some reflection; so, that the spectator may surely question with himself, whether, therefore, there may not be some reason for his persistence in such an idea, not discoverable at the first glance. Mr. Hunt has never explained his work to me. I give what appears to me its palpable interpretation.

The legend beneath it, is the beautiful verse, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and sup with him, and he with me."—*Rev.* 3:20. On the left hand side of the picture is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn,—the

wild grass,—“Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand ; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.” Christ approaches in the night time—Christ in his everlasting offices of Prophet, Priest and King. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him ; the jewelled robe and breast plate representing the sacerdotal investiture ; the rayed crown of gold enwoven with the crown of thorns, not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves “for the healing of the nations.” Now, when Christ enters any human heart, He bears with him a two-fold light. First the light of conscience, which displays past sin and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ’s left hand, is the light of conscience ; its fire is red and fierce ; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it and on the apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not only to be committed, but to hereditary guilt. This light is suspended by a chain wrapt about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also, to chain the hand of Christ. The light which proceeds from the head of the figure on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation ; it springs from the crown of thorns, and though itself sad, subdued and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it, the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light where its sphere extends. I believe there are few persons on whom this picture, thus justly understood, will not produce a deep impression. For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age. I may, perhaps, be answered, that works of art ought not to stand in need of criticism of this kind. Indeed, we have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted

without any purpose or intention whatever, that the unexpected existence of meaning in a work of art may very naturally appear to us an unkind demand on the spectator’s understanding. But in a few years more I hope the English public may be convinced of the simple truth, that neither a great fact, nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any other great thing, can be fathomed to the very bottom in a moment of time ; and that no high enjoyment either in picture seeing or any other occupation is consistent with a total lethargy of the powers of the understanding.

As far as regards the technical qualities of Mr. Hunt’s painting, I would only ask the spectator to observe the difference between true Pre-Raphaelite work and its imitation. The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature in the position and at the distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them in all their details—as if seen through the microscope. Examine closely the ivy on the door in Mr. Hunt’s picture, and there will not be found in it a single clear outline ; all is the most exquisite mystery of color, becoming reality at its due distance. In like manner examine the small gems on the robe of the figure ; not one will be made out in form, and yet there is not one, of all those minute points of green color, but it has two or three distinctly varied shades of green in it, giving it mysterious value and lustre. The spurious imitations of Pre-Raphaelite work represent the most minute leaves and other objects with sharp outlines, but with no variety of color, and with none of the concealment, none of the infinity of nature. With this spurious work the walls of the Academy are half covered ; of the true school one very small example may be pointed out, being hung so low, that it might otherwise escape attention. It is not by any means perfect, still very lovely.

The study of a calm pool in a mountain brook, by Mr. J. Dearle.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF MODERN PAINTERS.

Denmark Hill, May 4, 1854.

The Light of the World.

PAINTED BY HOLMAN HUNT.

In the moonlight, where no murmur from the haunts of men is heard,
 And the river in its sleep flows onward, onward to the sea,
 And thou sleepest, who art drawing nearer to Eternity,
 In the silence and the stillness comes the Word.
 And He knocketh at thy portal, but thou dreamest in the night
 That the fitting bat is only striking softly gainst the door;
 Shall He knock so oft who cometh from the Heaven's eternal shore?
 Sleeper in the darkness, rise, behold thy Light!
 'Tis thy Priest and Prophet, and in jewelled, robe white attire;
 'Tis thy King, and on His brow He wears the thorny coronal,
 Budding now with amaranthine leaves and flowers ambrosial,
 In His face is speaking pity, silent ire.
 For His glowing lamp disclouseth, choking up thy dwelling door,
 Deadly hemlock, barren darnel, prickly bramble, withered grasses,
 And the ivy knits it closely to its stanchions and passes
 Through the crevices, and hinges and the floor.
 Let Him in! for He will sojourn with the lowest and the least,
 And forget that thou didst keep Him waiting in the dews and damp,
 And for guerdon in the valley He will light thee with His lamp
 To the happy Shore Eternal and the Marriage Feast.

B. A., Brasenose College, Oxford.

Benjamin Franklin was not a prophet, but no prophet ever uttered a truer word, when rightly balanced, than this: "God helps them that help themselves."—*Congregationalist*.

After Many Days.

David Bruce was a young artist in Philadelphia, nearly forty years ago. He painted portraits until he made money enough to take him to Rome for two or three years. When he came back, he had gained high and just ideas of art, and much technical skill. But very few people bought pictures forty years ago, and the times were as hard as they are now.

David, with his mother and sister to support, soon found himself without a dollar.

"I'll have to come to you for work," he said, bitterly enough, to his uncle Ben, who was a carpenter. "I can drive a nail and handle a saw if I cannot paint pictures worth buying."

"Na, na, my lad. When ye've got a trade, stick till't," said the hard-faced old Scotchman. "Though I could wish ye hed a decenter one! my own, for example."

So young Bruce contented himself with a diet of black-bread and milk, to give his mother and little Jeanie a full share of provisions.

Matters were fast coming to an extremity. There was little but bread and water in the larder for anybody, when David received an offer of work from a manufacturer of wall paper, who was in need of new designs.

His Uncle Ben brought the man to see him.

"Here's a rare chance for ye, lad. Mr. Jenkins will pay ye weel nae doot. My nephew has been for years learnin' his trade in the capitals of Europe," turning to the manufacturer, a red, pudgy little man. "Ye'll find he's fitted himself to design your paper to your satisfaction."

"Why, uncle," cried David, red with rage, "I'm not a dauber of signs and wall-paper! I paint landscapes,—great historical pictures."

"Ye're a fule!" whispered his uncle. "Have you a mind ye mither shall starve! Luck at her thin cheeks yonner."

David glanced into the other room. He was very civil to his visitor after that, though secretly he gnashed his teeth with mortification.

"You must put your best touches on, Bruce," said the manufacturer. "I'm not easily pleased. I never pay for the first design, but if I approve it, I'll be a liberal patron."

"I imagine you'll be satisfied," said David, loftily.

The next day the carpenter came to see how the work progressed. "There are half-a-dozen designs. I dashed them off this morning," said David, indifferently.

Ben looked over them through his spectacles.

"I am no judge of such matters. Are these good, David?"

"Good enough."

"Is it the best ye can do?"

"Certainly not. Do you think I'd put my best work on wall-paper? Did I go to Rome for that?"

"Dinna ye mind the gude Book says, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might! Naw, there's my journeyman, Jock Sawtree,' laying the papers carefully in a pile on the table, 'Jock says to me this mornin', 'Ben,' says he, 'why d'ye plane off the top planks of the porch as smooth as the bottom? It's a wasting of time,' says he. 'Nabody'd knaw if ye slighted them.' Jock, says I, 'I'd knaw.'"

David looked at the old man a minute, and then he gathered up the designs and threw them in the fire. "You're a better artist than I," he said.

"I know naething about art, but I know what's honest," said Ben.

David spent the rest of the day on a design. It was the best he could do. In the evening he showed it to his mother and Jeanie.

"My idea is the paper of a chamber, in which the occupant, waking from sleep, shall have a glimpse of the field outside."

The ground of the design was the pale blue of the air, against which waved long, fine grasses and white wild daisies, with here and there a joyous song sparrow, in flight, or poised to sing.

"It is the field where you used to play when you were a boy, David!" cried his mother.

"I know, mother."

David had put so much feeling and his tenderest recollection into the sketch that he felt it must succeed. But next day he received a curt note from the manufacturer, stating that he "could not feel justified in employing him. This design, being the first, was, of course, his property."

"So my best work is wasted," said David.

Several weeks later, he saw in the win-

dows of the manufacturer in High Street, paper printed in his design. It sold rapidly. But the truth was, the manufacturer chose to employ cheaper and inferior workmen.

The times began to revive soon after that. Young Bruce had a commission to paint the portrait of the mayor, and so became well known. Presently, his landscapes were sold. Slowly and surely, he went on his way to fortune, carrying his dear old mother and Jeanie with him; and after a little, a wife and baby were added to the happy household.

There were one or two little incidents in his after life which I wish to recall.

Many years after he had gained fame and prosperity, he visited a brother artist of yet higher standing than his own, who lived in a bleak district of New England. His host had but one child, a boy of about eleven, who was carried into the parlor by two men, seated in an easy chair. He was worn to a shadow, but his face was full of sensitive feeling.

"My boy has been an invalid from his cradle," his father said. "For months in the year, he is not able to leave his bed."

Bruce, during his stay, became much attached to the little fellow. One day his father said to him,—

"This month of August is Charley's one glimpse of freedom. During the fall and winter, he never leaves his room, and is not able to read, to amuse himself with toys, or even to listen to music. By the way, I found a rare pleasure for him last winter, most unexpectedly, in an old-fashioned wall-paper, of a singular design of leaves, wild flowers, and birds flying here and there in the summer light. He used to lie and look at it with real delight. It just takes me right out of doors, papa," he said; and he would fancy stories about the birds and tell them to his mother by the hour. There is really remarkable artistic merit in the paper. I should like you to look at it."

"I should be glad to see it," said Mr. Bruce, who was troubled just then by some far-off memories.

When he carried little Charley into the chamber after awhile, and heard him explain his "winter garden," his pale face reddening with pleasure, the tears came to Bruce's eyes.

Five years later, in looking over a Western newspaper, Bruce found this paragraph:

"By the confession of Jim Budd, last week, just before meeting his fate on the gallows, it was proved, as our readers will remember, that Oscar Arnold was innocent of the crime of forgery, for which he was sentenced five years ago. Arnold was an old man, a farmer, whose life had always been inoffensive before his trial. His pardon was sent at once to the prison, but arrived just too late. The old man had died the day before. He had been confined to his cell for months, and some kindly soul had covered the walls with a cool, summery paper, with birds flying here and there through the grass. The prisoner, as his mind failed, took as great delight in these pictured walls as a child, fancying himself, poor fellow, free and in his own fields again."

Not long afterwards, Bruce passed through the city where Arnold had been confined, and visited the prison. The wife of the jailer told him the whole pathetic story, and showed him the white daisies and song sparrows on the wall.

"He fancied himself out of doors among them, poor soul," she said, "and so died calm and happy. The Lord put it into the heart of somebody to paint that paper, I think. I wish the designer could know the good it has done."

Bruce stood in the cell, himself a gray-haired man, looking at the work of his youth; and he thanked God for every stroke which had made wild flowers or birds more real or true. He remembered old Ben's motto, "Good work always pays the worker, soon or late." But he thought no work had ever pleased him as this had done.—[*Youth's Companion*.

August Wilhelmj.

Writing in Scribner of May of Wilhelmj and Remenyi (of whom effective pen sketches are given with the text), Mr. Hassard, the musical critic of the *Tribune*, thus sketches the youth of the former:

He was born September 21st, 1845, at Usingen, an old town in the duchy of Nassau, about twenty miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main. His father, a barrister and doctor-at-law, now living at Wiesbaden, has an extended reputation as one of the most important wine-growers of the Rhine country. His mother was a distinguished

singer and pianist, and a pupil of Chopin. His first master was Conrad Fischer, of Wiesbaden, under whom he made extraordinary progress. He could play almost before he could talk. He began to use the violin at the age of four. At seven he exhibited his accomplishments for the entertainment of Henrietta Sontag, who was on a visit to his family, and she was so charmed with the exactness of his execution and the purity and beauty of his tone that she embraced and kissed him, and predicted for him a splendid future. At the age of eight he played in quartets of Haydn, showing already a natural talent for chamber music, which he has since cultivated with rich results. In his ninth year he appeared for the first time in public. In March, 1856, he played at a charity concert in the theatre of Wiesbaden, and is said to have made a great popular sensation. Notwithstanding the evident bent of his genius, his father insisted upon training him for the law. August remonstrated for a long time in vain. At length Dr. Wilhelmj agreed that the boy should devote himself to the violin, provided some high authority found in him the promise not merely of a clever musician but of a great artist. And so in the spring of 1861, young August set out for Weimar to submit himself to the judgment of Franz Liszt.

We can imagine the picture of the handsome bright earnest lad of sixteen, standing beside the piano at which the white-haired master, hero of a thousand triumphs, opened Spohr's Eighth Concerto and began the test. The concerto was followed by Ernst's variations on Hungarian airs, Liszt playing the accompaniment. Then Wilhelmj played some shorter pieces at sight. When he paused, Liszt rose from the piano and exclaimed: "What! they thought of making you a lawyer? You were born for music." A few days later Liszt went with the boy to Leipsic, and placed him under the care of Ferdinand David. Three years at the Leipsic Conservatory laid the solid foundation of his greatness. Hauptmann and Richter gave him a sound training in the theory of music. (Joachim Raff afterward instructed him further in the same branch at Wiesbaden.) David taught him the technique of the violin, and exerted a fortunate influence in the development and fixing of his style. This eminent master was the best

pupil of Spohr, who is commonly regarded as the founder of the modern German violin school. The breadth and smoothness of Wilhelmj's cantabile playing might thus seem to have been transmitted to him in a direct line from the famous virtuoso and composer in whom these qualities were so much admired. But in Spohr's case there was a tendency toward the weakness of overrefinement from which Wilhelmj is entirely free.

Laughter as a Medicine.

One of the most effective missionaries in India is a jolly woman. She does jungle work, traveling from village to village, trains and directs a corps of native preachers, argues successfully with the native priests, distributes books and tracts, and is practically the bishop of a large diocese.

Yet she keeps in good health and in a hopeful frame of mind, and everybody takes to her.

One reason of her health and success is her jolly disposition. Her laugh is contagious, and her preachers are known for their cheerful dispositions. All of which may introduce the following :

There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good hearty laughter.

The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein.

The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times.

For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make up their prescriptions more with reference to the mind and less to drugs for them, and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1879.

Hospital Notes.

May's first morning gave us a sight of snow on our neighbors' roofs, and its chilling blasts assured us that few of the patients would be tempted to leave their snug quarters in the City Hospital.

Early in the morning we turned our face westward, and before we caught sight of the Hospital, we heard the sound of the carpenters' hammers coming from the roof of the new mansard that crowns its eastern wing. Bricks and mortar, slate and lumber and old tin roofing, disturbed the usual order of the grounds south of the eastern wing, and, west of the west wing, busy hands were sodding the root house.

Growth and development in the right direction are favorable omens, and we trust the present enlargement of the City Hospital will increase its usefulness. A demand for more room has induced its officers to add a third story to the eastern wing, and when completed this will give uniformity to the edifice, the addition making the east wing like the west, and, we trust, as the means of receiving more inmates are increased, a generous public will be ready to meet the additional expenses of the Institution.

As the new story is directly over the Male Medical and Fever Wards, it has been necessary to remove their occupants, some of whom have been placed in the Male Surgical Ward, and others in the eastern division of the Ward in the second story, usually devoted to female patients. In the latter we found nine patients all in their cots. One of these was very sick with heart disease and consumption, and though he looked very feeble he spoke of feeling better than he had done; on the next cot was a patient convalescing from

typhoid fever, and on the third lay Mr. K. an aged rheumatic patient, whose bright face and cheerful faith testify to the power of Christianity to support us as we pass through dark and dreary vales. "There is not a happier man living," said he, "than I. 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and I cannot want. His grace is sufficient for me." His face was radiant as he said this. We knew he was feeding on the hidden manna. The following lines which he repeated with great earnestness, seemed very precious to him:

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end.

"'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide me safe home.
We'll praise Him for all that is past
And trust Him for all that's to come."

On the opposite side of the Ward a young man was suffering from a strain caused by lifting barrels of flour, and next him was an aged man afflicted with dropsy. In the same Ward was a rheumatic patient and the little boy with scrofula and hip disease.

The upper Female Ward was very full; four cots had been placed in the centre of the Ward, between the other rows, but none of the sixteen occupants was very sick; some had erysipelas, some dropsy in the limbs, some epilepsy and some dyspepsia.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found but one baby, a bright, pretty, male infant five weeks old. Its father died before its birth, and as its mother has several other children she would be glad to give it away, if some good home, in a Christian family, could be found for it.

Eighteen patients occupied the lower Female Ward; the sickest of whom were a consumptive woman and one troubled with inability to retain food. Two new patients, somewhat aged, had come into the ward; one was quite deaf and the

other, a colored woman from Brockport, was feeling the effects of a stroke of paralysis she had a year ago.

The Male Surgical Ward with its twenty-three patients was quite full. Eight of these were from the Medical Ward. Old Mr. Green, nearly ninety years old, was the feeblest among them, he is unconscious of pain, sleeps most of the time, and is liable to drop away suddenly. He now is confined to his bed. Three patients have died in this Ward the past month, "A larger number," said the Ward master, "than have ever died in it in one month during the four years I have been in it." Two of these died from the effects of rail road accidents; one had a limb amputated, but this did not save him, and the other was injured by attempting to jump on to cars. The third death was that of old Mr. Pitkin, the colored, rheumatic, dyspeptic patient who has been in the Hospital since 1870. Of late he has been subject to severe attacks of sickness caused by a cancer in the stomach. He died on Sunday, the 14th of April.

In the Surgical Ward there are now six paralytic patients.

We must not omit to notice the improvement made, under the direction of Mrs. George Whitney, in the bathing room used by the Male Medical and Fever Wards. It is finely fitted up in ash and cherry, and is now the best bathing room in the Hospital.

Our attention was called by the Matron, to a beautiful little picture, a bunch of trailing arbutus with buds and flowers, and winter-green leaves and berries, on a black ground, painted by Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, and given by her as an Easter offering to St. Paul's room in the City Hospital. Flowers are always welcomed by the sick; and representations of them are most appropriate to decorate the walls of those who cannot venture forth to gather them. We doubt not this little picture will awaken pleasant memories and

perhaps recall to some patient sufferer a spring ramble in search of floral treasures, when health and strength were unimpaired.

Dr. Little had resumed his visits, after some weeks' illness.

The Children's Cot.

We are sorry we have not this month more offerings to report as contributed to our Children's Cot Fund. Our Treasurer writes us she has received "five dollars for an Easter offering from Bessie Watson; her fourth donation to the Fund."

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Bessie Watson, (an Easter offering), . . . \$ 5 00
 Previously acknowledged, 587 30
 Total receipts, \$592 30

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Our Physicians.

Some of our medical friends have had increased duties the past month, as two of the members of the Medical Staff were in Europe and Dr. Little has been sick.

Dr. L. had just, on the first of May, resumed his duties, and in going round that day among the patients, many of them spoke to us of much pleasure in again seeing him, and expressed sorrow for the severe illness that had for a time deprived them of his services.

Wanted.

Our Matron says there is great need of old cotton.

DONATION OMITTED.—Mrs. W. B. Tracy, two pairs infant's socks for General Fancy Table.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 2, 1879, of acute softening of the brain, Moses R. Smith, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 13, 1879, of ulceration with perforation of stomach, Stephen Pitkin, aged 84 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 16, 1879, of rail road injury, George King, aged 34 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 18, 1879, of carbuncle, O. H. Etheridge, aged 63 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 23, 1879, of rail road injury, Arthur Curlett, aged 12 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Peter V. Stoothoff—Old Linen.
 Mrs. R. P. Trenaman—Old Linen and Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Wm. Burke—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Babcock—Reading Matter.
 A. McLean—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Hardy—Apples and Old Cotton.
 Mrs. A. S. Newman—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. D. A. Watson—A quantity of Pickles.
 Mrs. L. H. Lee—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Dickerson—Jelly and Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Day—Second-hand Clothing.

Receipts for the Review,

To MAY 1st, 1879.

Mrs. C. A. G. Fisk, LeRoy, 50 cts.; Miss S. R. Mather, for Arthur G. Sill, 50 cts.—by Mrs. N. T. Rochester, \$ 1 00
 Dr. W. D. Greene, Mendon, 50 cts.; Mrs. R. T. Starr, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Whittlesey, 62 cents,—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, . . . 1 74
 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. Augustus Porter, 50 cents; Miss L. Townsend, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Ware, 50c.; Mrs. M. Wells, 50 cents, (all Niagara Falls); Miss E. Spencer, New York, 50 cents,—by Miss E. S. Athearn, Niagara Falls, 5 00
 Mrs. A. P. Barber, 62 cents; Mrs. Benjamin Brown, (2 subscriptions), \$1.24; Miss Nellie Bunce, Hartford, Conn., 51 cts.; George A. Goes, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. S. F. Hess, 62 cts.; Mr. A. Hamilton, Ivonia Station, \$1.00; Mrs. C. R. Piersor, Ramapo, 50 cts.; Mrs. F. Ritter, 61 cents; Mrs. J. A. Smith, 63 cts.; Mr. J. W. Sprague, Jeffersonville, Ind., \$2.00; Mrs. T. H. Turpin, 62 cents; Miss Mary H. White, Geneva, Switzerland, \$1.00,—by Mrs. Robert Mathews, 10 35

Monthly Report.

1879. Apl. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	94
Received during month,...	24
Births.....	1—119
Deaths,.....	5
Discharged,.....	34— 39
Remaining, May 1st 1879,	80

Children's Department.

The Arithmetic of Ginger-bread.

"R-u-d-i-m-e-n-t-s, rudiments," spelled Katy. "B'lieve I'll find out what that means this very minute; it's better'n these horrid fractions," and she started to look for the word in the worn old Webster's "Unabridged" that papa had banished from his handsome shelves to the children's room upstairs.

Poor Katy!—she had been droning wearily through the rules for multiplication and division of fractions all the long afternoon study-hour. It was just the dreariest part of the whole book. "Case 1st: To multiply a fraction by a whole number. Case 2d,—To Multiply a whole number by a fraction." These were the very worst, scarcely exceeded by the corresponding rules of division, and Katy had just about worn out her brown eyes crying over the cases in which you multiplied by the numerator and divided by the denominator, or multiplied by the denominator and divided by the numerator.

"It is just the hatefulest old study in school, mamma," said Katy to her mother, who passed through the room and looked askance at Katy's red eyes,— "the very hardest one to see any use in. I don't suppose I'll ever in all my life have to multiply or divide a whole number by a fraction; hope not, any way. I despise halves and quarters of things so awfully."

Mamma didn't reply, but wearily threw herself down on the little bed that was kept in the nursery, with very dark circles about her eyes, and a pale, tired face.

"Do you believe, Katy, you could go down and stir up some ginger-cakes for tea? Christine is hurrying with her ironing, and Mary must take baby while I go and sleep off, if possible, this miserable headache," said Mrs. Richards, only half opening her weary eyelids.

"O yes, mamma, anything is better than these hateful rudiments. I looked that up just now in Webster. 'First beginnings,' it says; only I think it's hard enough to be the last endings;" but seeing no brightening in her mother's eye, she hastened to help her down into her room. Then with gentle hand she settled the pillows comfortably, satuated a handkerchief with camphor, closed the shutters, and ran softly down still another flight of steps into the basement kitchen.

"Christine, I'm to make ginger-cakes for tea, all my own self. Mamma said so, and she's gone to lie down and sleep off her headache, and mustn't be disturbed," said Katy, half afraid that Christine might hunt up confirmation of the ginger-bread business. It was something new, certainly, to turn this harum-scarum little creature loose in the pantry to rummage the spice-boxes, and break up the cream in the cellar in her search for sour milk. But, with large families, there are times when the work crowds fearfully, and the only way is to press more hands into the service, not minding always if there are unskilled ones.

"Vell, Mess Katy, please keep te muss ober dare in te sink so mooch as you can," said Christine, evidently not jubilant at the prospect of cleaning up after a little girl's baking; "an' don't leaf te wet spoon in te soda, nor drip te sour milk roun' te clean cellar. It's dare in te big jar unter te vindow."

Katy got down the gem-irons for the first thing, greased them with Mary's patent griddle-greaser (a pine stick plentifully supplied with cotton rags at one end); then climbed up to the shelf where the book of recipes was kept.

"'Messes Vite's soft ginger-cake' is vat you wants, Mees Katy, an' we takes 'double of the receipt,'" said Christine, quoting an expression familiar to Yankee cooks.

"That's just two of everything. I know," and Katy tossed her curls with an air of conscious greatness.

"Two times one cup of molasses,—here goes that. Two times two spoonfuls of soda,—that's four spoons. My! does n't it foam up beautifully! Two spoons ginger in two-thirds of a cup of hot water—no—oh, dear! It is the soda that ought to go in the hot water, and—oh, horrors! it's two times two-thirds of a cup of hot

water. Well, now! If those hateful fractions are n't right here in this gingerbread! Christian, O, Christian!" cried Katy in despair. "Come and tell me how much is two times two-thirds of a cup!" But Christian, alas! had already gone upstairs, with her basket of white, freshly ironed clothes poised on her head.

"Two times two-thirds of a cup. Why, it must be more 'n one cup, and yet it says 'of a cup.' If 't was n't for that, I'd go and get two cups and fill them each two-thirds full; but it can't be only two times two-thirds of a cup—that 's one cup." And the poor little girl found herself in worse "deeps," even, than ever she had fathomed in the "Rudiments."

Ned came into the kitchen at that moment, his books flung over his shoulder, and Katy's face lighted up. She could appeal to him. But when she asked him how much two times two-thirds of a cup could be, Ned, with all a boy's wisdom, gave answer like this:

"Two times two-thirds? Case of multiplying a fraction by a whole number. Rule: 'Multiply the numerator of the fraction by the whole number and place the result over the denominator.'

"Two times two-thirds are four thirds. Improper fraction. Reduce to a whole or mixed number. Rule: 'Divide the numerator by the denominator.' Three is in four once and one-third over. One cup and one-third of a cup."

"But it says 'of a cup,' Ned. Who'd ever think that 'of a cup' meant part of two cups?" argued Katy in despairing tone.

"Well, I did n't write the receipt-book, Kit, and besides, that 's grammar, not arithmetic, and I'm not up in grammar." And Ned, wisely refraining from venturing beyond his attainments, went upstairs to put away his books.

"Who 'd ever 'a' thought of such a thing," whispered Katy to herself, "that Rudiments would come handy in making ginger-cakes?"

The family ate them hot for supper that night, despite Doctor Dio Lewis and all the laws of health, and pronounced them very fine cakes indeed. What they lacked in ginger (you see Katy, in her perplexity over the hot water, forgot to double the ginger) papa made up in praise, and, as mamma's headache was gone, they all were happy.

Katy was early at school the next morning, and, shying up to the teacher's desk, she said:

"Miss Johnson, you looked as if you thought I was either crazy or stupid the other day, when I said I did n't believe Rudiments were 'in anything in the world.' You see, I meant 'in' anything we *do* or *make*. But I've come to tell you that I've changed my mind. Last night I had to make gingerbread for tea, and the first thing I knew, I got right into fractions—two-thirds of things—and all the rules."

—[*Mary B. Willard; St. Nicholas for May.*]

The Loaf that was Hung.

What do you think this loaf of bread had done that it should be hung instead of eaten?

Well, the loaf hadn't done anything wrong, but the baker had, for he made a batch of bread, and every one of the loaves was short in weight.

So to cure him of cheating his customers, and as a warning to other bakers, the magistrate had one of the loaves fastened by a string to the great statue of Charles I., on horseback, that I have often seen at Charing Cross, in London, when I was a little girl.

I didn't see the loaf of bread hanging there, for that happened two years before I was born, but I expect many other little girls did, and wondered what it meant, for the loaf hung and swung in the wind and rain until it was all washed away!

The baker who made it must have felt pretty badly, for there was a card fastened to the loaf, giving in large letters the name of the man who made it, and telling the number of loaves he had made of short weight.

That happened in 1810, when the laws in England were pretty strict, but wouldn't it seem queer in these days and in this country to see the statue of Washington, or Lincoln, or Webster, with a loaf of bread that was short in weight hanging to it!

I remember hearing about this "Charing Cross" loaf several years after, and only wished I could have seen it hanging (as I always fancied it did) round the horse's neck, for they never would have put it round the king's neck.—[*Youth's Companion.*]

A Lesson in Politeness.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out, rudely, "Master sent you a turbot!" "Young man," said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair—we will change places, and I will teach you how to behave in the future." The boy sat down, and the Dean going out, came up to the door, and, making a low bow, said: "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Does he?" replied the boy. "Return him my best thanks, and here's half a crown for yourself!" The Dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit. The teacher as well as the scholar received a lesson that time. The boy certainly knew enough to make his was through the world.

A pretty story is told in the local columns of the *Springfield Republican* of two children who went to church together. They took a seat near the front, and after the minister had got well into his sermon the smaller child whispered to his sister that he would like to go home. Those who sat behind them heard the little girl tell him that he must not go without asking the minister's permission, so hand in hand they left their seats, and standing before the clergyman, the little chap lisped out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse nodded assent. That did not satisfy the children, and again the boy asked permission to go and was answered by another nod. Then the little girl, fearing the minister had not understood her brother, said, "Please, sir, may brother and I go home?" The minister stopped and verbally granted the request, and with a sweet "thank you, sir," and a courtesy the children went down the aisle together. The minister happened to be from out of town, and after the service he was quite anxious to know if that pretty custom was a common one in Westfield.

A Plant Without Stalk or Leaf.

There is a very big flower with a queer name, *Rafflesia arnoldi*; but the oddest thing about it is that it has neither stalk nor leaf.

I don't mean a dead flower with the stalk and leaves plucked away, but a living and growing flower. The one I heard of measured three feet across, weighed ten pounds, and could hold about two gallons of water. It was found in the East India island of Sumatra, but I'm told that others of the same family have been seen in South America.

These curious flowers grow upon the roots of other plants, seeming to sit on the roots, and spreading up like heads of cabbages. — ["*Jack-in-the-Pulpit*," *St. Nicholas* for May.

What men need in this world, first, is an ideal or standard higher than the level on which they are accustomed to tread. Then, after that they need courage, and a certainty that they can attain to that ideal.

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To worship rightly is to love each other; each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

There is no species of detraction more cutting than an icy negative.

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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1879.

No. 11.

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For the Hospital Review.

In Memory of M. B.

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And our darling May is dwelling

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How we loved her. Oh! how pleasant

Were the hours we spent on earth.

Yet while she was with us, never

Did we realize her worth.

May has crossed the narrow river

And has reached the other side,

Where she may with Christ, forever,

In eternal bliss abide.

Him, to whom the blow comes saddest

Grant, O Lord, to feel thy love,

That in this his sore affliction

He thy faithful child may prove.

And when time with us is over,

And we reach our heavenly home,

Grant us joy unmixed with sorrow

Where these charges never come.

MRS. LIBBIE A. HATCH.

Johann Strauss and his Death Waltz.

A young man about twenty-six years of age, walked to and fro, deeply agitated, in a chamber, not large but comfortably and tastefully furnished. His figure was of medium height, lithe and elegant, while the pleasing and expressive features of his rather thin face were illuminated by a pair of fiery eyes, full of soul and enthusiasm. His dress consisted of a black frock coat, breeches of the same color, silk stockings, and neatly polished shoes with silver buckles. A white lace neckcloth and embroidered wristbands and frill, completed the elegant costume that showed the graceful figure of the young man to the best advantage.

One saw at a glance that the room was the abode of an artist, who worshipped at the shrine of the goddess of music, for on one side stood a spinnet, near which a bass viol leaned against the wall, while on a chair that stood before a desk lay a violin, which the young man seemed to have just been using, for he still held the bow in his hand. On a table near a window, there was a pile of sheet music, together with sundry pieces of paper on which were written legions of those little black-headed characters that to the initiated speak a language of sweet sounds.

The delicate features of the young man were, at this moment, suffused with crimson; he ran his fingers repeatedly through his curly carefully dressed locks, regardless of the havoc he played with his artistic *toupet*, and then he would flourish the bow in his hand, as though it were a sword with which he would drive away

some phantom that refused to give him a moment's peace.

Finally he stopped in the middle of the room. "I must, I must," he cried, "and that to-day, too! I can endure this suspense no longer; I must know my fate; for this uncertainty, this continual wavering between hope and fear, is a thousand times more terrible than the certainty that she does not love me. Love me? why should she not? I am young, and more than one have told me that I am not ill-favored. My name is already and favorably known in Vienna, and I feel that the stuff is in me to make for myself a reputation that shall extend to other lands. I am an artist, and the barriers do not exist for me that surround the privileged classes. She has read in my eyes that I love her, in the crimson of my cheek when she approaches me, so beautiful and lovely that my heart beats only for her, and yet she has done nothing—nothing to repulse me. She seemed embarrassed—she too, blushed when my trembling hand assisted her in finding the right string, and at the same time ventured a gentle pressure upon her delicate fingers. What can this mean, if it be not that her heart is agitated by a feeling akin to the one that thrills mine at such moments? Courage Johann, courage! It shall not be said that the greatest happiness on earth was within your grasp, and you let it pass because you had not the courage to reach after it. This very day I will confess to her my love, and then—"

A small clock on the mantle interrupted the young man's soliloquy by striking three.

"Three o'clock," he cried, drawing his watch from his fob; "it is time I must be on my way. In an hour I shall know what the future has till now concealed with an impenetrable veil. Sophie, my beloved Sophie!"

The last words died in a sigh. The young man laid down the bow, stepped before the mirror and arranged his hair and frills, and then setting his hat on his handsome head, left the room.

But it is time that the young man whom we have described should be introduced to the reader. His name was Johann Strauss.

The genius of music animated his entire being. Fortunately his musical talent was recognized by Lanner, who, at that

time, was a leader of considerable repute, and he took the youth into his orchestra, where, as early as 1820 he played the second violin.

Under the direction of Lanner, the musical talent of young Strauss was more and more developed, and it was not long until he felt himself capable of wielding the baton himself. And the enthusiastic admirers of his compositions rarely called him by other cognomen than the waltz king.

Among other instruments, Strauss played the harp with the skill of a master, and the reputation of the youthful artist secured him an invitation to the house of the Countess C——, where he was solicited to instruct the eldest daughter, Countess Sophie. Strauss acceded to the proposition, and the lessons began, but a liking sprang up in his heart for his fair pupil, which daily increased, until he decided to tell her the secret of his heart, and to ask her love in return.

We have overheard the young man's soliloquy, in which he decided to risk everything in order to escape the tortures of suspense; we will now follow him to a large palatial house, over the door of which, cut in stone, but half obliterated by time, there is the coat-of-arms of a noble family, while before it walks proudly to and fro a tall, bearded Swiss, in a rich livery.

At sight of Strauss, the Cerberus, raised his hat, and bowed with a friendly smile. Strauss returned the salutation in a not less friendly manner, and hurried up to the second story, where a servant led him into a small but elegant saloon, and hastened to announce his arrival.

A richly ornamented harp and music desk stood near one of the windows. Strauss approached the latter, and, with an apparently indifferent air, turned over the sheets of music, but his hand trembled, and he threw more than one hasty glance at the door where his pupil was expected to enter.

Presently, the door opened, and, followed by her companion, the Countess Sophie entered the room, bowing to her professor with a friendly but somewhat condescending air.

The youthful countess was beautiful—very beautiful. A tall, Juno-like figure, features of great regularity, a complexion faultlessly clear, a wealth of dark hair

that fell in luxuriant tresses over her shoulders, and large expressive eyes, formed a magnificent whole.

She was only seventeen years old, an age when most girls retain something of the ways and manners of childhood. Not so, however, with this girl. There was nothing about her that reminded one of the child. She was a full grown woman, and her whole bearing showed that she was not only conscious that she was beautiful, but also that she was a countess.

Poor Strauss! He saw only her beauty—to him she seemed an angel descending from a brighter world. He read love in her graceful smile, which was intended for the master not the man, who, as a burgher, she never dreamed could raise his eyes to her.

Strauss bowed respectfully, and perhaps somewhat awkwardly, in response to the young girl's salutation; the lady companion seated herself in an arm chair, and soon became absorbed in a book, and the lesson began.

The artist struggled hard to conceal his agitation; but, in spite of his best endeavours, his hand trembled, and his voice was husky and constrained.

The unwonted mood of the teacher seemed to have attracted the attention of the pupil; for, from time to time, she glanced at the burning face of the young man, whose eyes seemed to meet hers with a peculiar expression.

At this moment a servant entered, and whispered a few words to the companion, whereupon she rose, and, with the words "By you leave, Sophie," left the room.

Strauss was now alone with his countess.

"Heaven is propitious," said he to himself, overjoyed. "Now or never!" He grasped her hand, pressed it to his burning lips, and fell on one knee before her.

"Countess Sophie," he whispered, fixing his eyes on the face of the astonished girl, "do not be angry with me for falling thus at your feet. Do not drive me from you, for I love you—love you with my entire being. Oh, speak one word, give me some sign that you do not disdain the love I could conceal from you no longer?"

The countess, surprised by this sudden outburst, did not seem at the moment to grasp its import; but, when she did, she rose proudly, withdrew her hand, and

said, in a haughty, disdainful tone, her eyes flashing with indignation:

"Sir, you forget where you are. Rise—you are not in your place."

"Oh, let me remain here at your feet, Sophie!" stammered Strauss, who misconstrued the agitation of the countess. "Let me hear the word from your lips that shall make my earthly happiness complete!"

"What impudence!" exclaimed the countess. "Rise, sir! Your place is before the door. How dare you raise your eyes to me? Where is your coat-of-arms? where your patent of nobility? I—love—you—I! You cannot be in your right mind, sir, or you would not forget that I am Countess Sophie C—, and that you are—musician!"

With these scornful words, the proud girl left the room.

Half bewildered, the unfortunate Strauss rose to his feet. His face was deathly pale, and his colorless lips whispered only:

"A musician," she said, "a musician!"

Then, like one intoxicated, he seized his hat and hurried out of the house, without noticing the countess's companion, who met him, and asked why the lesson had ended so soon, or replying to the salutation of the giant Swiss who guarded the door.

How he got home, Strauss never knew; he saw nothing and heeded nothing but the scornful words of the countess. He was a prey to deep, burning grief and shame; he had been wounded in what is man's most vulnerable point; and, after throwing off his hat, coat, neckcloth, and everything that confined his chest, he strode up and down his apartment in a state that fell little short of frenzy.

"Oh, they have no heart," he cried, "these high born women! Where others have a heart, they carry an old, worm eaten parchment, a patent of nobility, that they think makes them better than other people. What care they for love, fidelity, nobility of soul? To them the name, a coat-of-arms, and a long line of ancestors, is everything. A musician am I—a musician! And so I am; but, my beauteous countess, the musician will live in the memory and affections of his fellow-men when your name and your coat-of-arms will have long been forgotten."

Little by little, he became more calm,

until his violent agitation gave place to a deep but quiet sorrow.

"And yet, how ardently I have loved her!" he continued to soliloquize. "I gave her my whole heart—would have laid down my life for her. Had she but told me, quietly and calmly that she did not, could not, love me, her image would have remained pure and unspotted in my memory. Why this disdain, this scorn, this contempt! But I will forget her," he murmured, after a pause, wiping away an unwilling tear; and then, he sat down at the table near the window, and seemed lost in a deep reverie.

And now the genius of music hovered over the head of the grief-laden young man, and voiced his woes in mournful tones, that floated to and fro on the ear of his fantasy until they were woven into a melody; and he seized a pen and begun hurriedly to write. Note ranged itself after note; and when one sheet was filled, he reached after another, and another, until the composition was finished.

It was a waltz; but, inspiring as it was, still there ran through its now lively, now measured strains, a tone of nameless melancholy, a cry of bitter, tearful agony. In listening to its note, one might be at once joyous and sad, might laugh and—die.

After playing it two or three times through, Strauss laid aside his violin, gathered up the sheets, and concealed them carefully in a drawer of his writing table.

"Rest there," said he, mournfully; "I will call you the *Sophie Waltz*." In you I bury my hopes, my sorrows and—my love. You are not for profane ears. Why should the world know that I have loved, that I have suffered?"

Months had passed, during which Strauss sought, by close application, to forget his grief. He seemed, in a great measure, to have succeeded; for Sophie's heartlessness, and the contempt she had shown for him, were sufficient proofs to the artist that she was unworthy of his love.

The image of the loved one had become fainter and even fainter in his memory, when, one morning, a young, elegantly dressed man called at his lodgings, and presented himself as Count M—.

Strauss received the visitor with his accustomed urbanity, and begged to know in what way he could serve him.

"I am about to be married," began the count, in a nasal tone, glancing around the room with a pair of shy, expressionless eyes, "and as I am desirous that my wedding shall be in keeping with my rank, and as brilliant as possible, I come to request that you, with your orchestra, supply the music, if you will.

"Certainly, count," replied Strauss, "I am at your service."

"Thank you, thank you," replied the count. "As for your terms, my steward has instructions to accept them, whatever they may be. I will send him to you to-morrow."

The object of his visit being accomplished, he rose and stepped toward the door.

Strauss, who could not help observing the strange, almost timid manner of his visitor—for he seemed studiously to avoid his gaze—replied with only a slight bow.

As he was opening the door, the count turned round, and stammered,

"*Apropos*, you may be curious to learn the name of my bride—it is Countess Sophie C. Good morning.

For a moment, Strauss was stupefied; but, quickly recovering command of himself, his first thought was to hasten after the count, and take back his promise; on second thought, however, he resolved to pursue a wise course.

"Shameful!" he cried, in a bitter tone. "But the dart intended for my bosom, my beauteous countess, shall pierce your own. You could have given me no better proof of your utter unworthiness than in preferring to me this titled idiot. I will play at your wedding—will play the waltz I composed in my agony. You shall see that I no longer suffer, that my hand does not tremble in wielding the baton or drawing the bow."

The marriage ceremony had been performed. Countess Sophie was now the wife of Count M—. The palatial residence of the bride's mother was lighted by hundreds of wax candles, and its spacious apartments were filled with the *élite* of Vienna.

It was time for the dancing to begin. The rank and file of the orchestra were in their places, and Strauss, faultlessly attired, stepped to the front, violin and bow in hand.

He was pale but calm; he had every muscle under control. His bearing was proud

and graceful, as he gave the signal to begin a stirring introduction, followed by the usual *polonaise*.

The *polonaise* was to be followed by a waltz—a new composition by the “king of dancing music,” dedicated to the beautiful bride. All were on the tiptoe of curiosity to hear the new air, which, every one predicted, would be something extraordinary—something worthy of the occasion.

The vanity of Sophie, now Countess M., was deeply wounded at seeing the despised lover discharge his duties as conductor with such apparent unconcern. She was irritated, and the flush of anger mantled her cheeks in spite of herself. When she, (leaning on the arm of her husband, who in his insignificance was completely overshadowed by the brilliant beauty at his side,) came near the orchestra, and glanced at Strauss, she thought she observed on his lip an ironical smile as he fixed his eyes on the count.

She felt ill at ease, oppressed in the hot perfumed air of the crowded saloons, and was about to retire, when Strauss took his bow and violin. He gave the signal, and the introduction to the waltz began with soft, melancholy tones, whose serious, mournful rhythm seemed to prelude a waltz tempo without distinctly making it. The last dominant chord of the introduction sounded. Strauss raised his violin to his shoulder, and as soon as his bow touched the string, an electric stream seemed to thrill his listeners; and now the dancers, couple after couple, began to whirl around the hall, urged on by the inspiring melody.

More and more joined in the dance—among them the bride and the groom. The now joyous, then mournful strains of the waltz, appeared to exercise a magic influence on the dancers. A bacchanal humor seemed to have possessed the entire assembly. Strauss alone stood tranquil and serene, his eyes fixed on space, pouring his whole soul into the tomb of his hopes and love.

Suddenly, a piercing cry resounded through the hall—the music ceased; violin and bow sank from the hands of the conductor, who, with one bound, descended the few steps that led to the hall.

There all was confusion and consternation; everybody crowded around one point. Strauss thrust the crowd aside, and pressed forward to the spot from which had come the cry of a familiar

voice. When he reached it, he found the proud and beautiful countess deathly pale, her eyes half closed, in the arms of her kneeling husband. With a wail of anguish the mother of the bride hurried to the scene. They loosened her clothes, and hastened to procure restoratives. In the meantime, a physician who was present felt the countess' pulse, listened to the pulsations of her heart, and examined her eyes; then, rising slowly, he said, in a sad tone:

“The countess is dead. She has burst a blood vessel. The cause is due, doubtless, to the tightness of her clothing, the heat of the room, and the excitement of the dance.”

In dismay the guests quickly left the mansion that had been so suddenly turned from a house of joy to a house of mourning. Strauss took one last farewell look at the beautiful but now pallid form of her he had once so passionately loved.

As he entered his modest apartment, he murmured: “My waltz was her requiem. Poor Sophie—she is forgiven.”

Moved by Song.

The simple melody of sacred song has obtained victories that the finest eloquence could not have won, for it is often the *only* key to hardened hearts.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had a contempt of death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities, and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak, one would have thought he had no piously nurtured childhood to remember, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid him no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any religious conversation.

“You will let me pray with you, will you not?” said the man, at length.

"No; I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence, he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland,—

"O, mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sung them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again. But its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked, when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.—[*Youth's Companion*].

The Future.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please
him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we
know.

A jest's propriety lies in the ear of him
who hears it.—[*Fuller*].

The Formation of Character.

If somebody should give me a diamond to carry to Europe, I can know exactly how much would be lost to the world were I to drop it into the sea; but if a seed should be given me, I can only regard it with awe as containing concealed within it the food of untold generations. That is the difference between looking at truth as a diamond or as a seed—as final or germinal.

In all training of character, continuity and economy must be supreme. The notion that character is spontaneous is held by most people in the earlier portion of their lives, and is wrong. When they discover this, nine tenths change to the other extreme. This is wrong too. Hosts of young men think that their character will form of itself and that they will necessarily become better as they grow older. Hosts of old men believe that their character is fixed and that it is impossible for them to become better. Such beliefs are foolish. People are also wrong in thinking that they can put off their bad traits and put on good traits. The old failures cannot be thus transformed, but out of the old habits new can be formed. This is what many a poor creature needs to know. We must make what we are to be out of what we are already."

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Training for Wives.

The following paragraph exhibits the way in which Iowa is educating young women to become useful as well as attractive:

It has a college in which every girl is trained in the practical duties and accomplishments of the skilled housewife. It is said of each girl of the junior class of this institution that she has learned to make good bread, weighing and measuring her ingredients, mixing, kneading and baking, and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast and make biscuit, puddings, pies and cake of various kinds; how to cook a roast, broil a steak, and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff and roast a turkey, make oyster soup, prepare stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth; and in short, to prepare a first-class meal.

Calls Upon the Sick.

The following hints should be remembered by those calling upon the sick :

Only call at the door, unless you are sure your friend is able to see you without harm. Enter and leave the house, and move about the room, quietly. Carry a cheerful face, and speak cheerful words. In order to cheer you need tell no lies.

If your friend is very sick, do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful. Don't ask questions, and thus oblige your friend to talk. Talk about something outside, and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient. Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and the dying.

If possible, carry something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick room ; a flower, or even a picture, which you can loan for a few days. If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed.

The perfume of some flowers is poisonous, and they should never be carried into the sick room. Especially is this true of the tuberose, oleander, heliotrope, hyacinth, orange, lilac, syringa and lilies.

Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of some help.

The Campenero, or Bell-Bird.

I think there should be a revised edition of the Cock Robin tragedy. I never could see any propriety in the bull being at the bird-funeral. The Campenero or bell-bird could have tolled the bell, even though there had been no bell in the world. It has a fleshy "horn" on its forehead, you see, which is connected with its palate, and at a moment's notice, it can fill this with air,—and then you should hear it! It utters a solemn, clear bell-note, like the toll of a distant convent bell, pauses for a minute or two, then gives another toll,—another silence and another toll,—and the sounds can be heard three miles off.

It is a sad pity the Campenero was not at Robin's funeral, for it is a gentle creature and its dress is most appropriate for such an occasion—being snow white, while the "horn" is jet black with a few white feathers. True, they would have had to send to the country of the Amazon

for it, but the birds could have managed that.—[*"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for April.*]

Why?

Why does the bud that is near to its breaking
Wake sweeter smiles than the fully-blown rose?
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking
Stir deeper truths than a deeper repose?
Why does the love that is broken with parting
Lift itself higher by the fullness of pain?
Why is the incomplete rapture of starting
Close on completion we never attain?
Why? For a boundless, unsatisfied longing
Lies deepest down in the warm human heart;
Ever with this are the sympathies thronging,
Ever by this do the heaven-flowers start.
Grow with our Spring: we can follow you wholly
Only as far as its instincts are sent;
Summer's a fact that is hidden and holy.
We have not seen it,—we are not content.

ELAINE GOODALE.

Mrs. Nathan's Will.

The will of Emily Grace Nathan, the widow of Benjamin Nathan, the banker, who was murdered in June, 1869, was filed in the surrogate's office to-day. Mrs. Nathan has directed that only head and foot stones be placed at her grave, and no monument be erected. She directs the cash which arises from the sale of her houses in Bedford street to be divided equally, one-half to be used in purchasing a bed in the Mount Sinai hospital in her husband's name, and to give money to persons leaving the hospital who are in need of pecuniary assistance; the other half is given to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

The will is dated January 2, 1875.

—[*N. Y. Express.*]

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Put one quart of milk into a tin pail and set it into a kettle of boiling water; then beat together one cup of sugar and three eggs; add to this a heaping tablespoonful of Baker's chocolate, shaved fine, and a spoonful of corn starch; add this to the boiling milk and let it cool until it thickens like soft custard; flavor with vanilla; use more chocolate, eggs, and sugar, if you want the custard richer.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1879.

A Noble Monument.

As perennial springs in the desert rejoice the heart of the thirsty traveler, so do endowment funds to our permanent beneficent Institutions delight all whose souls are moved in sympathy for the needy. The current expenses of most of our charitable societies are largely defrayed by annual gifts from our citizens, and we have from year to year been wont to welcome, at our Hospital Donation Festival, our venerable friend, the late Joseph Field, who with his own hand bestowed his generous gift to the treasurer of the City Hospital. Now that his cheering presence can never again bless us, our thanks go out in gratitude to him for the noble bequests his liberal heart devised for our own and sister charities. His memorial gifts will ever keep his memory green in the hearts of our citizens, and build for him a monument more enduring than sculptured marble.

"If for *Iu* my life has been
Sculptor's toil were vainly spent.
If for *Good*, the hearts of men
Build the noblest monument."

The following extract in reference to the bequest of Mr. Joseph Field we copy from the *Democrat and Chronicle* :

THE CITY HOSPITAL.

FORMAL PRESENTATION OF THE LEGACY OF THE LATE HON. JOSEPH FIELD.

Following is a copy of a letter of the President of the Board of Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital, as presented at a special meeting, May 22d :

ROCHESTER, May 22, 1879.

To the Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital:

GENTLEMEN: I have convened this special meeting of the Board to deliver in

to your hands certificate A, 20,957, of fifty shares of capital stock of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, bequeathed to the Hospital by our late fellow citizen, the Hon. Joseph Field, as a permanent endowment. The par value of this legacy is \$5,000. Its market value to-day is \$6,000.

This legacy is one of six, all of like amount and character, left to the various charitable institutions of our city by the benevolent testator, to remain living monuments, not only of his generosity, but also of his intelligent and just appreciation of practical charity.

Mr. Field has provided in his will in the most positive language, that this legacy shall remain unchanged in the form it is given as an endowment fund, the income from the same only to be used for the current expenses of the Hospital. Mr. Field goes further and makes even the attempt to sell or divert this legacy a forfeiture of the same, to revert to his heirs.

I recommend to the Board to accept this valuable legacy on the terms of the testator, and audit it on our books as "the legacy of Joseph Field."

As a further tribute to the memory of our late fellow-citizen, it is our duty to enter upon our records the fact that in the many struggles through which our now great and useful institution has passed, Mr. Field was always a willing contributor, and on one occasion of pressing necessity he, with four others, gave each \$1,000 for the current wants.

It will be the duty of the Board to make the legal acceptance of the legacy, and their pleasure to make the grateful acknowledgement of the same to the family of our deceased friend.

Respectfully submitted.

[Signed.] AARON ERICKSON,
President.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the communication of the President submitted to the Board, relating to the legacy of the late Joseph Field, be approved and entered upon the minutes of our proceedings as expressing the sense of the Board.

Resolved, That this Board accept with gratitude the legacy of our late fellow-citizen, the Honorable Joseph Field, being certificate A. 20,957 of fifty shares of the New York Central and Hudson River

Railroad stock, and on the terms and conditions of the testator.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Board be requested to communicate to the family of our deceased friend and benefactor a copy of these proceedings, as an assurance, of our individual and collective appreciation, of the public spirit and benevolence, of the late Joseph Field and also as expressive of our appreciation of the liberality in paying over to the Hospital this legacy without waiting the expiration of the year to which they were legally entitled.

HENRY S. HANFORD,
Secretary.

Improvements.

Our last visit at the Hospital was on the morning of June the fourth, and before entering the grounds it was evident that the enlargement of the East Wing was not completed. Piles of brick, barrels and boxes, sand and lime, indicated that more work was to be done, and inside the vigilant housemaid was seeking to remove from the stairs all traces of lime and plaster.

Ascending to the room usually occupied as a Medical Ward we found it in possession of workmen; their scaffolding and lime abounded, and it was manifest that the broom and the scrubbing brush must do good service before it could be restored to its old uses.

Ascending another flight of stairs we came to the new story and passed through it, appropriating to ourselves a portion of the mortar. The rooms were in the hands of masons, and creeping over rubbish and scaffolding we made our way to the east end of the building, counting as we did so nine new rooms and two closets. Entrance to the rooms over the Medical Ward is from a hall that extends on the north side of the wing from east to west, occupying the front of the building, while the rooms, unlike those in the west wing, have windows facing the south, thus en-

sureing a goodly share of the health-giving sunshine.

The rooms of the Cross Ward, over the Fever Ward, are entered from a hall running from north to south, and we doubt if more delightful quarters for an invalid could be found in our city. We were charmed with the prospect from the windows. Looking out over the tops of the locusts and horse-chestnuts, with their wealth of blossoms, Rochester in its summer beauty was spread out before us, and skirting the horizon, Mt. Hope and Mt. Hope formed a pleasing background to the picture.

Our citizens are so averse to climbing stairs that sleeping apartments are rarely found in the third stories of our buildings, but our Yankee predilections incline us to choose high quarters, pure air and good outlooks.

The work of enlargement is going on well, but we fancy more than one month will pass before we can report the completion of the work, but when it is done it will greatly facilitate the comfort of those who occupy the Hospital.

A Morning Visit to the Hospital.

A cold June morning and a shower that unfitted the Hospital lawn for a lounging place for the invalids made it tenantless, and though the delicate tints of maple and linden, horse-chestnut and locust, mingled with each other, and the velvet lawn looked very attractive, the prudent patients did not venture to take their places on the settees that were temptingly scattered through the grounds. The summer tent was in process of erection and will ere long be brought into service.

The Surgical Ward with its twenty-four inmates was quite full, as some of those patients who would ordinarily have occupied the Medical Ward, were placed in the Surgical. Mr. Green, the oldest patient in the Hospital, who was nearly ninety years

old, the oldest Mason in Western New York, has recently died. He was a fine, venerable looking old man, and when last we saw him he was very feeble, sleeping most of the time. He suffered very little pain. A new patient in this Ward had his head bandaged and had received a scalp wound in jumping from the cars; he had also dislocated his knee but was improving; an aged blind and deaf man sat in his rocking chair but looked quite feeble. Mr. W. and several patients in the south east corner of the Ward were amusing themselves with dominos.

The eastern half of the upper Female Ward is still occupied as the Male Medical Ward, and will continue to be so till the eastern wing is ready for use. There were nine patients here but three of whom were in their cots. The sickest inmate of this Ward was a patient whose heart and lungs are diseased, another had dropsy. One patient has chronic rheumatism, has been afflicted for fifteen years. Two young boys were in this room, the one with scrofula and diseased hip was up, dressed, and amusing himself with fancy work, another had disease of the skin.

The upper Female Ward has still its three rows of cots though some of them are empty. A young girl, May Barhydt, who never seemed very sick, but was subject to turns of unconsciousness, has died during the month. The last time we saw her she was interested in making a patchwork quilt, though one of her hands was almost useless.

In the lower Female Ward were twenty patients. One of these, Mrs. W., was very sick of consumption; she was so feeble she scarcely responded to our greeting, and her pallid face and sunken cheeks indicated that the conflict was nearly over. In the next couch, in a drowsy state, lay a colored woman who had had a second stroke of paralysis that rendered her nearly helpless. A deaf old lady held out to us her trumpet and told us a sad

story of the death of all her friends; she recalled the day when she was sewing teacher in the Industrial School. She seemed very anxious to obtain a place in the Home for the Friendless.

Mrs. B. the rheumatic patient had sent to Hartford and obtained a rolling chair with iron bound wheels, and in this she had been out of the Institution, and the idea of larger liberty made her very happy. The aged woman with broken hip is still much of the time confined to her bed. A new consumptive patient interested us. In the Lying-in-Ward was one baby; there were two waiting patients.

The Children's Cot.

We have at present quite a number of little folks in the Hospital. The boy who froze his feet and fingers last winter has recovered and is employed in the Hospital to answer the door-bell, and announce visitors. The scrofula patient with hip disease is improving and we found him in the Medical Ward employing himself in fancy work. In the same Ward a little boy of eleven has a chronic affection of the skin. In the lower Female Ward is a young girl of fourteen, afflicted with diseased nerves, the result of overwork; she appeared very contented, reported herself improving and was busy with her patchwork.

The present occupant of the Cot is Annie Stone, a bright little girl of nine, who came to us on the thirteenth of last month, greatly suffering from a skin disease. Her nurse told us she had improved very fast and that a brother, two years older than herself, was in the Medical Ward for treatment of the same disease. Little Annie seems a great pet with the inmates of the Ward.

Last month Mrs. Mathews received the following note from a little friend but owing to sickness the note was not acknowledged as it would otherwise have been:

Rochester, April 20.

MRS. MATHEWS :

I enclose 10 cents from my sister Clara and the same amount from myself for the Children's Cot fund.

MAC HASELTINE,
18 Pleasant st.

Arthur G. Sill from Sodus Point, lately made his first visit to Rochester and brought an offering of \$1.00 for the Children's Cot that he had earned by hunting for hen's eggs.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mac Haseltine,	\$ 10
Clara Haseltine,	10
Arthur G. Sill,	1 00
Family Mite Box,	52

Receipts for the month,.....	\$ 1 72
Previously acknowledged,.....	592 30

Total receipts,.....\$594 02

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Our Subscribers.

Our treasurer requests us to state that, owing to long continued sickness in her family, she has been unable to make collections for some time for the "Hospital Review," and she would be greatly obliged if those who are indebted for the paper would without delay send their subscriptions to MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, No. 28 Spring street.

Thanks.

We are indebted to the River Side Archery Club for ten dollars; such substantial tokens of regard are very acceptable.

 Fruits, Berries and Vegetables are very acceptable. Perhaps some of our friends from the country who come to the city can remember us occasionally.

Our Young Friend.

Few who have visited the Hospital within the past two years will forget the youthful paralytic, May Barhydt, whose gentle and affectionate spirit endeared her to most of the inmates of the Ward. Loving and dependent in her nature, deprived of a mother's care, separated from her only remaining parent, her heart went out to her nurses and associates and made her a general favorite among the invalids. Subject to turns of unconsciousness, by paralysis partially deprived of the use of one hand she keenly felt her own helplessness, and often expressed the wish that she might not survive her father. Early in life she consecrated herself to her Savior and beautifully illustrated His precepts. It was her nightly custom before retiring to go to her closet with two young friends, and together with them ask God's blessing and guidance.

On Sabbath afternoon, May 18th, she attended, in her usual health, the chapel service and greatly enjoyed it. At night with her young friends she united as was her wont in prayer, then, robed in her night-dress, sought out her nurse, lovingly kissed her, laid her head in her lap, told her she wished she could go to sleep and wake up in heaven.

At ten o'clock she was sleeping soundly, at twelve breathing very hard. She did not awake as usual in the morning and her condition attracted the attention of her nurse who tried vainly to arouse her; physicians were called, electricity and other remedies resorted to but she never awoke, and on Tuesday morning, twenty minutes after the arrival of her father she gently and unconsciously breathed her last.

In another column of our paper will be found a tribute to her memory, by a fellow patient at the City Hospital.

A Distant Friend.

A kind friend has sent us from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by express, a large package of clothing, cotton, &c., which is very acceptable. It is pleasant to know that distant friends are in sympathy with us.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 14, 1879, of old age, Thomas Green, aged 89 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 18, 1879, of anaemia, Mrs. Thos. Rogers, aged 40 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 20, 1879, of cerebral hyperæmia with transudation, May Barhydt, aged 19 years.

Donations.

- Mrs. Corning—Pieplant, Apples and Milk.
- Mrs. Mathews—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Mayville—Apples.
- Mrs. James Sargent—Reading Matter and Old Clothing.
- Mrs. Davis—Finger Bandages.
- Mrs. E. D. Smith—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Geo. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. D. Haseltine—Black Currant Wine, Wine Vinegar.
- Mrs. Curtis—Canned Fruit.
- A Friend—Reading Matter and Flowers.
- Mrs. Wm. Corning—Dried Apples and Pieplant.
- Miss Frost—Reading Matter.
- Miss Hooker—Beautiful Flowers.
- Mrs. Miller—Cotton and Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Geo. Peck and Mr. C. Morse—Cotton and Second-hand Clothing.
- Moses Lyons—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. J. P. Wetmore—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Reading Matter.
- Mrs. Montgomery—Old Cotton.

Monthly Report.

1879. May 1st No. Patients in Hospital,	80
Received during month, . . .	22
Births	0—102
Deaths,	3
Discharged,	27— 30
Remaining, June 1st 1879,	72

Notice.

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

Children's Department.

A Dinner and a Kiss.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
 The blacksmith's daughter said,
 As she took from her arm the kettle
 And lifted its shining lid.
 "There is not any pie or pudding,
 So I'll give you this,"
 And upon his toil-worn forehead
 She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
 And dined in happy mood,
 Wondering much at the savor
 Hid in his humble food;
 While all about him were visions
 Full of prophetic bliss;
 But he never thought of magic
 In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
 Merrily trudged away,
 Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
 Catching some wild bird's lay.
 And I thought how many a shadow
 Of life and faith we would miss,
 If always our frugal dinners
 Were seasoned with a kiss.

The soul's best happiness is independent of time and place.

The resolution that grows cold to-day will freeze to-morrow.—[*Messinger.*]

If you would be strong, conquer yourself.

He dines sumptuously who dines out of debt.

No man can be free unless he governs himself.

Children are the strongest pillars of the temple of wedded love.

The worst and most unendurable of all our ills are the imaginary ones.

The Thames Embankment, London, is now lighted by electric lamps.

An eight hour man, on going home for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes on the door-step reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed; "where is my supper?" "I don't know," replied the wife. "I began to get your breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at 2 P. M."

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.

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.

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INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1879.

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For the Hospital Review.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke xxiv: 29th.

Oh! long has been the day of toil,
Its baffled plans have vexed us sore;
Its morning hopes have faded all,
The evening shadows flit before.

Abide with us,
Nor leave us till the morning break.

The night of grief within my heart
Has shrouded o'er the joy of day;
Shadowy forms beside me start,
And fill me oft, with sad dismay.

Abide with me.
Oh! hold me through the livelong night.

The night of age comes stealing on,
Its deep'ning shades bedim mine eye,
And failing strength, in under tone
Murmurs, "the day is spent well nigh."

Abide with me
To give me rest within Thine arms.

Oh! sit with us at evening board
And break for us the "bread of life;"
That feeding on the living word
Our doubts may flee; be hushed our strife.
Abide with us,
"At evening time it shall be light."

Perchance our "holden eyes" may see
Thou hast been with us all the way;
Our burning hearts were touched by Thee,
While doubt and grief upon them lay.
Abide with us,
Oh! blessed Lord! forever stay.

Rochester, N. Y.

S. J. N.

Foreign Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM LONDON.

LONDON, March 29th, 1879.

We have seen so much, already, that it seems nearer a month than a week, since we first set our feet on British soil. The passengers left the steamship at Greenock, (where Burns's "Highland Mary" is buried;) the tide was out, and we went up twenty miles by rail to Glasgow; catching on the way occasional glimpses of the Clyde and its famous shipbuilding. At Glasgow we took a cab and drove to the Cockburn (pronounced Coburn) Hotel; a house largely patronized by Americans; took an early tea and went out for a little walk.

Thursday morning Col. Cooper, the American Consul, kindly accompanied us to the magnificent, old Cathedral; after

which, although it was foggy, we climbed to the top of the Necropolis, and then wandered home, through some of the very old, as well as some of the very fine streets, passing many spots and objects of great historical interest. Friday was a bright, beautiful day and we took an early train and went to Ayr, Burns's old home; where we saw the house in which he was born, his fine monument, and the two bridges, "Kirkalloway" and the "Bonny Doon." We called on two aged nieces of Burns. We saw, also, the famous, old, Wallace tower;—the spot where the last witch was burned in Scotland;—the remains of a fort built by Oliver Cromwell;—besides many spots famous in the lives of William Wallace, Robert Bruce and Mary Queen of Scots, and full of romantic interest.

On our way back we stopped two or three hours at Paisley, a great, manufacturing centre; went to one of the largest factories, where the famous Paisley shawls are made; and to Clark's great O. N. T. thread factory. We also saw, at Paisley, the ruins of a fine old Abbey, in which Robert Burns's daughter is buried; and near which an unexpected subterranean passage has lately been discovered, causing quite an excitement. Saturday morning we visited Queen's Square, the Central Park of Glasgow, and the site of the famous battle of Langside, in which the Queen of Scots figured so extensively; near by is an old Pictish fort. Glasgow and its suburbs have seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and it is a very handsome city. The new part is finely built up with gray stone; the old part is quaint and antiquated and abounds with those old *closets*, of which we read so much in history.

At noon we took the train for Edinburgh; but after riding an hour left it to spend two or three hours at Stirling. Here we visited the famous castle of Stirling, Abbey Craig, the monument to Wil-

liam Wallace, the statue of Robert Bruce, the noted, old burying-grounds, the battlefield of Bannockburn, and other spots of historical interest.

I believe I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. In the evening we reached Edinburgh and went to Darling's hotel; after tea we went out for a walk and found the city a blaze of light, the stores all open and the bands playing. Sunday morning we went to St. Giles's, John Knox's old church. In the afternoon we walked past Grey Friar's Church and the old burying-ground, but in the evening were glad to remain at home. On Monday we were out again and greatly charmed with the beauty and many attractions of the city; the Castle, Holyrood Palace, the University, the fine streets and parks, the Scott and other splendid monuments, Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, John Knox's old house, the old parliament houses, the magnificent, royal, Scottish Gallery, and so on, indefinitely.

On Tuesday we went to Melrose; then we visited Melrose Abbey, one of the finest ruins in Europe; after which we drove three miles to Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's old home. In the exterior we were disappointed, but the interior was full of beauty and interest. The present owner lives in a new wing, and the old part is kept up, just as its famous master left it. All of this region is celebrated because of Scott's wonderful descriptions. We went thence to Leeds, a great, manufacturing city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, where we spent the night. On Wednesday we arrived at York, one of the few walled cities still existing. Having walked on the walls for some distance, we went next to the famous York Minster, the beauty of which no words can describe. To my mind, St. Paul's, in all but its size, pales before it. We were in time for the morning Lenten service; it was entirely choral and one of the most enchanting things I ever listened to. We stayed

three or four hours and were almost overcome by the beauty and magnificence of the wonderful structure ; (it is eight hundred years old ;) I cannot find adjectives enough to express my admiration.

From York we came directly to London, and drove to Shirley's hotel, Queen's Square. This afternoon, at two o'clock, we went to Westminster Abbey, where we heard a fine sermon from Canon Farrar, (author of *Life of Christ* ;) there was a fine, choral service, and to-morrow we go again to the Abbey. We have hardly made a beginning of London, though we have driven about in all directions, and seen Cheapside, Fleet Street, The Strand, Whitehall, Holborn, Newgate, Charing Cross, &c. Thursday evening we went to see Madame Tussaud's notorious wax works. On Friday we attended the Lenten choral service at St. Paul's. Some very enjoyable hours were spent in going through the Cathedral. We also visited the Tower, so full of interest, from its old associations and varied, modern treasures; then through Billingsgate, over London Bridge and home.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheerful words while their ears can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin, without a flower, and a funeral without eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

The Cry from Osaka.

Suggested by "Life and Light."

Maiden, o'er the canvas bending,
Weaving colors rich and rare,
Roses bloom beneath thy fingers,
Lilies ope their petals fair.
Now the pale white porcelain gloweth
Warm with life, in order still
Bird, and butterfly, and blossom,
Marshalled by thy magic skill.
Happy task, with forms of beauty,
Thus to fill the busy hours.
Humbly following His footsteps
Who has decked the earth with flowers.

Now, through mazy web of German
Patiently thy search has passed,
Nothing baffled, still pursuing,
Thou hast seized the thought at last :
Led by Schiller's guiding genius,
Thou hast crossed the lake with Tell,
Kept the moonlit tryst at Rutli,
Marked the fateful arrow well :
Brave thy strife, to conquer language,
Progress greets the earnest will :
Hast thou thought to seek the Master,
"Lacks there higher service still ?"

Lowly in the closet bending,
Hearest thou the far-off cry
From the women of Osaka,
"Haste to teach us ere we die."
Fathers, brothers, are arising,
They have caught the dawning light,
But no sister comes to lift us
From the misery of night :
Haste ! oh haste thee ! learn our language,
Thou thyself mayst write the lays,
"Send us wings to soar to heaven
On their own glad psalms of praise :
Fairer than the choicest colors
Blended faith and truth shall shine ;
Warmer than the glowing porcelain,
Hearts new-born by love divine.

"Fathers, brothers, shall they leave us
In the darkness of despair,
While thou lingerest o'er the canvas,
Weaving forms of beauty rare ?"

C. L. S.

The real wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and by which he is loved and blessed.

CARLYLE.

Lewis Cass' Only Son.

ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER IN MICHIGAN.

Emily V. Mason was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in the Northwest. Her family were patrician, and her associations were elevated. In 1833, when her father was Secretary of the Treasury of Michigan, she enjoyed a political as well as a social distinction, and later, when Michigan was erected into a State, her brother, Stephen T. Mason, became its first Governor, and she presided over the household and dispensed a liberal hospitality. The gubernatorial mansion was the center of culture and fashion of the Northwest, and Miss Mason was at the head of the society of the Wolverine metropolis.

When Miss Mason was discharging the duties of the first lady in the State, Major Lewis Cass was at West Point. During his vacation he visited his home and was thrown much into the society of the brilliant Emily. He was younger than she, and if he was smitten with her beauty and accomplishments he never summoned courage to propose.

The sudden death of Governor Mason, and the breaking up of the Mason homestead and the reverses that followed obliged Miss Mason to look about for means of support. She was a girl of proud, independent spirit, and with the remains of her property she purchased a market farm in Fairfax County, Va., and began business life a practical woman. She developed energy and commercial foresight, and soon enjoyed abundant prosperity. She supported herself and her orphaned nieces in elegant style worked hard and acquired a competence.

At the outbreak of the civil war her home was one of the most delightful in all Virginia, and she was enabled to devote a considerable portion of her time to literature. The war, however, scattered her fortune to the winds and left her all but destitute. She was now a fully matured woman, over forty years of age, strong, resolute and energetic. Driven from her home, she went to Richmond and became a nurse in the hospitals. The Federal prisoners who came under her ministrations were objects of her special care.

On the close of the war she devoted herself to the education of Southern or-

phans, and published several works of an educational character. She dwelt in Washington for a while, and her home in Pennsylvania Avenue was the resort of some of the most brilliant men and women in the capitol. She occupied a position in one of the government offices for a time, and everywhere commanded respect and admiration. She finally took up her residence in Paris.

Many years before this Major Cass had established himself in the French capital, and had become a Frenchman in his tastes and methods of life. The two met, and the concealed passion of early years, rekindled in the breast of the old gentleman, led him to offer Miss Mason his hand and fortune, but she said that she had resolved never to marry, and the Major asked her to do him the honor of granting him her friendship. Then until his death, which occurred rather suddenly, Miss Mason was his companion in that friendship in which the French in the decline of life know so well how to associate, and she closed his eyes and took charge of his remains. Under the terms of his will his body was embalmed and brought to Michigan. A plain tomb, to cost not more than \$200, will mark the resting place of Lewis Cass, the self-expatriated descendant of Michigan's greatest adopted son. The will of Major Cass bequeaths to Miss Mason \$8,000, three diamond rings, which the testator dearly prized, and makes her the joint executrix of the instrument.

Where Blind-Man's Buff Came From.

The origin of some childish games is very curious indeed, and not a few can be traced to events of history many generations ago which meant to the actors anything but sport. *St. Nicholas* undertakes to tell its readers who invented "blind-man's buff:"

All of our young readers like to play blind-man's buff when they can; and so do many of the older readers, for that matter. But every one may not know that the game is more than eight hundred years old, and that it was a favorite amusement of gay courts and merry-making princes and princesses before it became the favorite holiday pastime of boys and girls. Blind-man's buff is one of the sports that

came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

It had its origin in Liege—one of the fair provinces of France—in the prosperous days of Robert the Devout, who succeeded the famous old French monarch, Hughes Capet, in the year 996.

In the year 999, Liege received, among her valiant chiefs, one Jean Colin. He was almost a giant in strength, a Samson among the Liegeois, and nearly shared the experience of Samson of old, as you shall presently hear. This grim warrior used to crush his opponents with a mallet. It was considered desirable to honor him with a title which should follow his name. What should it be? Not “head-bitter,” of course, but the poetical designation, *Mail-lard*, or Jean Colin of the *Mallet*.

Feuds were of perpetual occurrence in those dark old times, and Jean Colin's mallet was kept constantly busy in quelling them. Terrible became the name of Jean Colin Maillard.

But Liege had another valiant chief, Count de Louvain, who, when Maillard had proved himself superior to all of his other opponents, continued to bear arms against him.

We cannot say whether or not Count de Louvain learned his war lessons from the conduct of the enemies of Samson, but, as he was ambitious to avoid the tap of Jean Colin's mallet upon his own head, he formed the plan of putting out Jean Colin's eyes.

A great battle was fought between the two chiefs and their forces. At the very first onset Count de Louvain succeeded in his purpose of piercing both the eyes of Maillard, and he looked upon the field as already won. But the latter, with a spirit like that of blind Samson, determined that his opponents should perish with him, and ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight.

There he brandished his mallet on either hand, and did such fearful execution that his enemies fell around him in such numbers that victory soon declared itself on his side.

“But, Samson-like, though blind, he dealt
Such blows as never foeman felt;
To shun them were in vain.
This way they fled, and that they run,
But, of a hundred men, not one
E'er saw the light again.”

Robert the Devout, of France, whose

troubles with his wives you may have read in history, was very fond of deeds of valor, and that of Jean Colin Maillard kindled his admiration. He lavished honors on the victorious blind man, and ordered the stage-players to bring out a pantomime of his contest with Count de Louvain, for the pleasure of the court. The court were delighted with the play, for the terrible mallet of Maillard, and the warriors dropping down here and there, almost without knowing what had hit them, was all very exciting; and people in that rude age liked what was sensational even more than they do now. The children began to act a similar play in the streets, one of the players, more strong and active than the rest, being blind-folded and given a stick; and thus “blind-man's buff” soon became the popular diversion of the young in France and Normandy, where it was known under the name of “Colin Maillard.” This name it still bears in France and on the continent of Europe.

Roach Poison.

For the benefit of several subscribers, who have written for information as to the best means of ridding their houses of cockroaches, we may state that equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder, and powdered colocynth, well mixed together, and thrown about such spots as are infested with these troublesome insects, will prove an effectual means of getting rid of the scourge. This powder, in all cases where its use has been persistent, has by long experience been found an infallible remedy.

Shortest Sermon.

The shortest sermon on record was once preached by the Irish Dean Kirwan. He was pressed, while suffering from a severe cold, to preach a charity sermon in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, for the benefit of the orphan children of the parish school. The church was crowded to suffocation, and the good Dean, on mounting the pulpit and announcing his text, pointed with his hand to the children in the aisle, and simply said: “There they are!” The collection exceeded all belief.

S is a constant and early visitor—always drops in just before T.

The Natural Voice.

Dr. Whately, in his "Elements of Rhetoric," tells clerical students that if they would avoid "clergyman's sore throat," and bring the truths they are appointed to teach home to their hearers, they must speak in their natural voices. The advice should be heeded by all who would cultivate the art of reading, or acquire a pleasant and forcible style of address.

It is a sad fact that, notwithstanding the increase of teachers of elocution, our public schools turn out few good readers. Any one can satisfy himself of the truth of this assertion.

Let him select from among the pupils, or recent graduates, of a public school, a dozen boys and girls; and at different times set them to reading prose or poetry. He will find his ear and his taste pained by the thin, unnatural voice, and by the want of difference in tones to express the lights and shades of the thoughts; while the forced emphasis, recurring like the regular strokes of a hammer upon an anvil, emphasize nothing, because it emphasizes so much.

"It is not reading," he will say. I don't know but it may be elocution, but it is not the reading I should care to hear if I were sick or weary, and wanted my mind diverted. For it fatigues me.

That is just the fault,—it wearies, and the cause is in the unnatural voice. Good reading may be made to afford more pleasure to the household than any other accomplishment. "I would rather," said Edward Everett, "that a daughter of mine should be a good reader than a skillful pianist." Yet good reading derives its greatest charm from perfect naturalness of tone and manner.

A clerical friend once asked Whately for an opinion as to his reading of the Episcopal church service. "Well, then," said the doctor, "if you really wish to know, I should say there are two parts of the service you read well, and those you read faultlessly."

"Which are they?"

"They are 'Here endeth the first lesson,' and 'Here endeth the second lesson,' for those are the only parts which you read in your natural voice and manner, which are very good; the rest is all artificial."

There is much good sense in that reply, which young readers should heed.

Dying Words.

The late Rev. Dr. Putnam wrote, on his last birthday, to a friend the following touchingly beautiful description of the state of feeling in which he saw his end approaching: "There are two kinds of happiness for man. The first and best is *work*—useful, unimpeded work. This is highest. It gives a sense of life and growth. With reasonable success it is God's best boon. The second is *rest*. When the powers flag, and the work cannot be done, to sit still and think and remember and hope. This last kind I am trying and I succeed in it. I enjoy life about as well as ever I did. I get reconciled to doing nothing. I miss the boundless delight of exertion, but I escape the partial sense of failure, the haunting feeling that I do not quite come up to the mark, and the anxious uncertainty about further efforts. I sit waiting. Friends are kind, children good, and the world goes fairly well with me. I think on the whole, I never liked living better. The summer is beautiful. I wait for winter, and for summer again, if it comes, with placid expectation, but shall not be disappointed if it does not come. Then I shall have the great beyond instead. * * * My cup is full. Providence is kind. If I am dying, it is euthanasia."

American Social Life.

SOME OF ITS SINS AGAINST HEALTH AND MORALS.

The foe of American social life is in the tendency to luxury and effeminacy among the well-to-do young women of our American cities and large towns. They do not realize this dreadful mania for expensive pleasures, and a life of alternate idleness and amusement is destroying their health; abolishing true marriage; feeding the flame of gross sensuality and intemperance among young men, and saddening the hopes of the best parents of the land. Some of them will know it in this world. But most of them have no real purpose to waste their lives in this wretched way. And it is a high crime in mothers, teachers, ministers of religion and the public press to pander to this insanity. Thousands of good-hearted young girls are sac-

rificed every year when a wise and loving guidance could save them. But we feel that they should be told that unless they change this life they will pass away like the flowers of June, and a more hardy and resolute class occupy their places. American society will shed every class of triflers, male or female, that do not do its work, as the forests shed their withered leaves. Let them awake from their dream of social indulgence; learn to live out of doors; to build up their health; to cultivate more simple tastes in dress, and more moderation in pleasure; study domestic economy; study social skill and tact; fit themselves for the noblest positions ever yet offered to their sex, and learn that woman is the soul of American life, not the tinsel on its garment.—[*Universalist Quarterly*.

A Significant Story.

No stronger example can be found of the sudden and gigantic growth of evil from petty beginning, than in a recent tragedy which occurred in Richmond, Va. A young girl went into a store to buy a pair of shoes, when the clerk who waited upon her, as she stated on the trial, complimented her, in an offensive manner, upon her pretty foot.

Now, no modest, properly-trained girl would willingly place herself the second time in the way of personal insult. According to her own statement, this young woman returned again and again to the same store and the same man, to be repeatedly addressed with flattery and attempted caresses.

Other witnesses declared that these insults were wholly the product of her own giddy imagination; that the clerk, Curtis, was respectful and courteous in his manner towards her.

By her own story, however, she encouraged his familiarity by returning to the store, and then complained of it to a young man to whom she was betrothed, in such a way as to enrage him to madness. He sought out Curtis, and beat him severely. Curtis followed him to take revenge, and was shot dead by the girl's lover, who is now sentenced to State-prison for manslaughter.

If this girl had not gone back to the shop to have her ears tickled with praises of her pretty foot, Curtis would be alive

to-day, and her lover would not fill a murderer's cell.

There is no trait of character which American girls need more than the modest reserve which they so often laugh at as old-fashioned. It is a quality which, oddly enough, the most licentious man requires in his wife. A girl, however innocent, who flirts and flaunts in public as in private, her eye and manner challenging admiration from every stranger, will find plenty of men ready to flirt with and flatter her, possibly insult her; but not one of them will marry her.

Anecdote of Landseer.

It is now some twenty years ago that a large party were assembled at one of the ducal ancestral homes of England, and among the guests expected was Sir Edwin. During the day the conversation turned upon which was the handsomest of two dogs, one a King Charles spaniel called "Dash," belonging to the lady of the mansion, and a terrier, the property of a gallant officer in the navy now an admiral. After describing the merits of the two dogs, an Englishman's argument, a wager, was resorted to; the duchess, if winner, to receive a certain number of Houbigant's best gloves from Paris, the captain to receive a beautiful hunting waistcoat of buff silk, ornamented with gold frogs, should his terrier "Tyke" carry off the prize. An understanding was then come to that Landseer should be judge, but that not a hint or remark was to be given or made to him. For an hour before dinner, and during the entire evening, Dash was moving about the room, or stretching himself upon the rug before a blazing fire. Next morning a visit to the stable was made by all the guests, headed by the host and hostess. While admiring one of the duke's hunters, "Tyke" made his appearance. "What a beauty!" said Sir Edwin. The captain gave a look at the hostess, who immediately replied, "Fairly won;" within a week he appeared at table in the hunting waistcoat. During the visit a sketch was made of Tyke, who afterwards appeared as "Impudence," in that splendid work of art, "Dignity and Impudence," the reproductions of which are so familiar. Fifteen years elapsed, when one day the captain found himself in a railroad

carriage, bound for Chatham to join his ship, when who should enter the copartment but Landseer. For some time he looked at the gallant sailor, and appeared much perplexed; at last as if in despair in not remembering the name of his companion, he blurted out "Tyke." A recognition followed, and a talk about old times whiled away the time until they reached Chatham, where they parted. Poor Tyke met with a sad end; he was bitten by a mad dog and destroyed.

—[*Land and Water.*]

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1879.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the second of July we left our summer home and lake breezes to pay our monthly visit to the invalids at the City Hospital. We wished that instead of going to them we could bring them to us that they might share with us the health-bringing, invigorating air that was wafted to us over Ontario's broad bosom.

The Hospital lawn was green and shady and the settees and new hammocks were made available by the patients while they took their siestas.

The sound of music fell gratefully upon our ears and attracted us to the chapel, where a Christian woman was conducting a weekly service of prayer and song. Ten invalids were uniting with her and as we entered were engaged in singing the hymn we all love, "Every hour I need Thee." As it ended an aged Scotchman, with warm and zealous heart, spoke of his need of Jesus and the comfort he derived from finding Him his abiding friend. Another patient arose and spoke of the help he had obtained from the Great Physician, then followed the hymn,—

"The Great Physician now is near."

Others testified to their love of Jesus, re-

quested prayers for themselves and friends, and thus in sweet communion the hour passed, and as it closed we felt it had been refreshing to our own soul.

Leaving the chapel we ascended to the new rooms in the Mansard and found them empty. The plasterers had departed and the first coat of paint had been put on the woodwork.

In the story below, the repairs were completed, and the long and cross Wards were again tenanted, and looked very neat and attractive. In the long Ward, (the Medical,) new colored bedspreads had taken the place of the old ones. There were here nineteen patients; four of these were receiving treatment from Dr. Rider for diseased eyes, two were paralytically, others were afflicted with heart disease, dropsy, rheumatism, or disease of the skin, some were old and feeble, and others had epilepsy.

Twelve occupants in the Surgical Ward were under treatment. One of these had recently undergone a surgical operation, one was blind, one had diseased kidneys, another hip disease, some had paralysis, and others were aged and infirm.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found one baby and one waiting patient.

The upper Female Ward had dispensed with the central tier of beds, that crowded the western half of it while the eastern was occupied by the Medical Ward, when the new Mansard was being built. It had twelve patients but none of them were very sick and many of them were well enough to go out on the lawn and thus vary the monotony of Hospital life. Some in this Ward were suffering from dyspepsia, consumption, weakness or erysipelas, and one had undergone a surgical operation.

Fourteen invalids occupied the lower Female Ward. Patients here were under treatment for asthma, dyspepsia, paralysis, rupture, broken hip, rheumatism, and nervous affections.

Under the vigilant eye of our Matron the halls were in process of cleaning, but the Hospital throughout was marked with its usual neatness and good order.

Gone Home.

The visitors of the City Hospital will, many of them, recall the German consumptive woman who occupied a cot in the north side of the lower Female Ward, at whose bedside little children from the Industrial School have sometimes sung their sweet hymns to comfort their sick mother. For many weeks she has been failing, and this month we chronicle her death in our columns. In her last hours, she delighted to have those about her who could speak to her in her mother tongue. A few days before her death we read to her from the German Bible and the hymn book, passages that were designed to turn her thoughts heavenward, and when too feeble, apparently, to notice much around her, a rapturous expression came from her lips and a joyous smile irradiated her pallid face as we read to her of the heavenly welcome. She dreaded not the dark valley as faith pictured to her the bright shores beyond. Calmly she left her little ones who now find a home as they have long done at the Industrial School.

Furniture for the Mansard.

Nine empty rooms in our new Mansard are now ready to be furnished, and donations of any kind of chamber furniture will be most acceptable. Complete sets or single articles of furniture will be thankfully received. Private individuals and churches selected rooms in the Mansard in the west wing, furnished and kept them in repair. There is now an opportunity for churches or benevolent persons to display their taste and benevolence in the new rooms in the Mansard of the east wing. We all know that invalids are

pleased by pleasant surroundings, and we hope these rooms will all be made comfortable, attractive and home-like.

The Children's Cot.

We have at present five little folks in the Hospital; three of these are boys and two girls. Annie Stone is still occupying the Children's Cot. The treatment she has received has greatly benefited her head, but she is now suffering from inflamed eyes, that are very sensitive to the light. She is a bright, cheerful little creature, very patient, and a great pet in the Ward. On our last visit, her brother's Sabbath school teacher was talking with her and told us it was a great comfort to Annie's mother to know her children were so happy and kindly cared for at the Hospital.

The following communication indicates to us what some of our young friends have been doing for the benefit of the little Cot. We hope others will follow their example; and we would suggest, that during the summer months some of the leisure hours of our young folks be spent in preparing for the Children's Cot table that we shall have on Donation Day.

ROCHESTER, June 16, 1879.

Dear Mrs. Mathews:

Having been in Mrs. McGuire's exhibition for the benefit of the Children's Cot, we thought it would be nice to get up something similar, so for the last few weeks we have been preparing things and getting the children together who were to take part in our entertainment. We announced it to take place on Friday evening, June 13th, 1879, at the residence of Mr. J. F. Holmes. The programme was as below. Mrs. Emogene Joslyn kindly volunteered to preside at the piano. We hand you with this \$11.30 the amount received for the sale of the tickets.

Respectfully,

BESSIE BEACH,
LILLIE HUMPHREY,
TENIE DUNSHEE,
CORNIE J. HOLMES.

PROGRAMME.

1. Opening Address, Cornie J. Holmes.
2. Tableau—"Mother's Dream" . . Birdie Humphrey, Genie Cook, Maudie Pearce.
3. Portrait—"Grandmother Abroad," . . . Maudie Pearce.
4. Recitation—"Wreck of the Hesperus" . . Alice Peck.
5. Portrait—"The Cupid," Gracie Holmes.
6. Recitation—"Charlie's Opinion," Birdie Humphrey.
7. Portrait—"Grandmother at Home," . . Maudie Pearce.
8. Tableaux—"Cinderella," "Four Scenes,"
Maie Townsend, Katie Bostwick, Flora Alt, Lillie Humphrey, Willie Holmes, Lizzie McGuire, Willie Bostwick, Gracie Holmes, Hoddie McGuire, Alice Peck, Birdie Humphrey, Bessie Holmes, Georgie Teal, Eddie Teal, Irvie Adams, Eddie Townsend, Belle Smith, Bessie Smith and Lillie Sauer.
9. Recitation—"Little Jack Horner," (improved) Joe Humphrey.
10. Tableau—"May Queen," . . . Gracie Holmes, Hoddie McGuire, Belle Smith, Bessie Smith, Lizzie McGuire, Lillie Sauer, Alice Peck, Birdie Humphrey and Maudie Pearce.
11. Recitation—"Entertaining a Big Sister's Beau," Flora Alt.
12. Chorus—"The Little Workera," Little ones.
13. Tableau—"The Bride," Jessie Joslyn.
14. Recitation—"Among the Animals," . . Lizzie McGuire.
15. Portrait—"Peasant Girl," . . Lillie Humphrey.
16. Tableau—"Old and New Fashions," . . Maie Woodward, Susie Jennings, Bessie Beach and Edna Hurd.
17. Tableau—"Night and Morning," Maie Woodward and Lulu Woodward.
18. Recitation—"The New Church Organ," Edna Hurd.
19. Tableau—"Mother's Dream," . . Actors same as No. 2.
20. Tableau—"Indian Scene," Bessie Beach and Willie Holmes.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Proceeds of Entertainment from Bessie Beach, Tenie Dunshee, Lillie Humphrey and Cornelia Holmes, \$11 30
Interest on deposit in Savings Bank, 1 60

Receipts for the month, \$ 12 90
Previously acknowledged, 594 02

Total receipts, \$606 92

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

 We would call special attention to our "Letter from London," written by a daughter of Rochester, now sojourning in the old world.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 13, 1879, of phthisis pulmonalis, Mary Waezach, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 25, 1879, of surgical fever, Cordelia Glidden, aged 67 yrs.

Donations.

- Miss Cassett—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Gorton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Bundle of Clothes and Papers.
Miss H. H. Backus—Reading Matter.
Mrs. Berkus—Flowers.
Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger—Reading Matter and Old Clothing.
Mrs. Eliza Witherall—Quantity of Flowers.
Misses Hooker—Quantity of Flowers.
Mr. Gordon—Reading Matter.
Mrs. Little—Beautiful Flowers and Reading Matter.
Mrs. Clarence DeRuy—Shirts.
Mrs. W. W. Rebasz—Flowers.
Mr. Bacon—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Woodworth—Old Cotton.

Receipts for the Review,

To JULY 1st, 1879.

- Mrs. D. Gardner, Morristown, N. J.—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, \$ 50
Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chace, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cents; Miss C. Howard, 62c.; Mrs. D. Leary, 62c.; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, 62c.—by Collector, 4 34
Mrs. R. B. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Evans, Niagara Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. A. G. Murray, Canandaigua, \$1.90; Mrs. A. Moseley, 62 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 63c.; Mrs. O. H. Robinson, 62c.—by Mrs. Robert Mathews, 5 39

Monthly Report.

1879. June 1st No. Patients in Hospital, 72
Received during month, 26
Births 3—101
Deaths, 2
Discharged, 29— 31
Remaining, July 1st 1879, 70

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.

Robby's Sermon on Shoes.

Here is a story of Robby Robb. One morning he climbed into his grand-mother's arm-chair, and preached this little sermon to the children :

"Beloved hearers and children, I'm a-goin' to preach to you about shoes. It is what my aunt told me once, and it is true. Every mornin', beloved hearers and children, there's two pairs of shoes a-standin' by every boy's and girl's bed—not by the cradles, coz babies don't know enough.

"Well, one pair of these shoes is nice, and makes you good-natured and pleasant; and the other pair is all wrong, and makes you just as cross as tigers. If you put on the good pair, you'll walk through the day just as good and cheerful as a birdy-bird, and everybody 'll like to hear you comin'; and your sleep 'll be just like the music of a hand-organ, with little men and women all dancin' round and round; and everywhere you go things 'll be all right and nice; and you wont mind having your face washed, nor your hair curled, if they don't pull too awful. But if you put on the other pair, you won't have any comfort, and nobody won't want you, and every thing 'll kind o' *creak*. Now, my hearers and children—O, Mary Ann! mamma said you musnt' jump your witch-box while any of us was a-preachin'—now, my hearers, remember these two kinds o' shoes are by everybody's bed every mornin'. You can't see 'em; but they're there, and all you've have got to do is to say, 'I'll put my feet in the good-natured shoes and wear 'em all day', and not forget it, and you'll do nicely. But just as sure as you don't, your feet 'll slip into the bad shoes before you know it—and then look out!"

—[*Zion's Herald*.]

How Birds Fly.

You will find, if you carefully examine a bird's wing, that all the bones and muscles are placed along the front edge, which is thus made very stiff and strong. The quill feathers are fastened in such a way that they point backward, so that the hind edge of the wing is not stiff like the front edge, but is flexible and bends at the least

touch. As the air is not a solid, but a gas, it has a tendency to slide out from under the wing when this is driven downward, and of course it will do this at the point where it can escape most easily. Since the front edge of the wing is stiff and strong it retains its hollow shape, and prevents the air from sliding out in this direction, but the pressure of the air is enough to bend up the thin, flexible ends of the feathers at the hinder border of the wing, so the air makes its escape there, and slides out backward and upward. The weight of the bird is all the time pulling it down toward the earth; so, at the same time that the air slides out upward and backward past the bent edge of the wing, the wing itself, and with it the bird, slides forward and downward off from the confined air. It is really its weight which causes it to do this, so that the statement that a bird flies by its own weight is strictly true.

This is true, also, of insects and bats. They all have wings with stiff front edges, and flexible hind edges which bend and allow the air to pass out, so that flying is nothing but sliding down a hill made of air. A bird rises by flapping its wings, and it flies by falling back toward the earth and sliding forward at the same time. At the end of each stroke of its wings it has raised itself enough to make up for the distance it has fallen since the last stroke, and accordingly it stays at the same height and moves forward in a seemingly straight line. But if you watch the flight of those birds which flap their wings slowly, such as the woodpecker, you can see them rise and fall, and will have no trouble in seeing that their path is not really a straight line, but is made up of curves; although most birds flap their wings so rapidly that they have no time to fall through a space great enough to be seen. Birds also make use of the wind to aid them in flight, and by holding their wings inclined like a kite, so that the wind, shall slide out under them, they can sail great distances without flapping their wings at all. They are supported, as a paper kite is, by the wind, which is continually pushing against their wings, and sliding out backward and downward, thus lifting or holding up the bird, and at the same time driving it forward.

The birds are not compelled to face the wind while they are sailing, but by chang-

ing the position of the wings a little they can go in whatever direction they wish, much as a boy changes his direction in skating by leaning a little to one side or the other. Some birds are very skillful at this kind of sailing, and can even remain stationary in the air for some minutes when there is a strong wind; and they do this without flapping their wings at all. It is a difficult thing to do, and no birds except the most skillful flyers can manage it. Some hawks can do it, and gulls and terns may often be seen practicing it when a gale of wind is blowing, and they seem to take great delight in their power of flight.

—[*St. Nicholas.*]

The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell the tale of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth;—
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight
Where I was King, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of Kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men
down;

I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any King am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, "Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all."
"Ho! Ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a King dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that once were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down
the mountain,

Curled in the billow and gushed from the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain.
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine captive free;
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and his paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim.

Benjamin Franklin was not a prophet, but no prophet ever uttered a truer word, when rightly balanced, than this: "God helps them that help themselves."—[*Congregationalist.*]

How to overcome sorrow—Strike one of your own sighs.—[*Judy.*]

Prayer should be the key of the day,
and the lock of the night.

Prayer is the key to heaven, and faith is the hand that turns it.

Notice.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrears 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. 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.

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