

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1881.

No. 1.

## If I Could Keep Her So.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms.

Would that I could keep you with your baby  
charms;

Helpless, clinging fingers; downy golden hair,  
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from other  
where;

Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,  
Boly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;  
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,  
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roughish little damsel, scarcely six years old—  
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;  
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,  
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;  
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,  
Have come to tell you them—what an eager  
shout!

Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know,  
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl with your strap of books,  
And such grave importance in your puzzled  
looks,

Solving weary problems, poring over sums,  
Yet with tooth for plum-cake, and for sugar-  
plums;

Reading books of romance in your bed at night,  
Waking up to study in the morning-light;  
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,  
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,  
All the world's before you, and the world is wide  
Hearts there are for winning, hearts there are to  
break;

Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?  
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek,

Telling us in blushes what you will not speak!  
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego  
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,  
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air:  
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,  
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from  
sight.

All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—  
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now,  
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I  
know—

Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.  
—[*The Interior.*]

For the Hospital Review.

## St. Luke's Flower Mission.

Last month we copied from the *Youth's Companion* an interesting history of the Boston Flower Mission, hoping it would stimulate some of our young people to imitate the good deeds therein recorded. We did not know that some young ladies in St. Luke's Church had already anticipated us, and entered upon their labors of love, and were brightening the Wards of our City Hospital by floral offerings and loving words, that come as messengers of joy to those who cannot cull for themselves the fragrant and delicately tinted flowers that our Heavenly Father so lavishly spreads around us.

On our last visit to the Hospital we saw more than fifty bouquets, brought by some young ladies connected with St.

Luke's Flower Mission, and it was pleasant to go with them from Ward to Ward, and see how they were welcomed by the invalids; and the gentle, loving tones of those who brought the floral offerings greatly cheered the sufferers.

A young consumptive had just been taken out of a Ward and seated out of doors in a comfortable rocking chair, that she might enjoy the morning air, but as soon as she caught sight of the flower bearers she hurried back to her seat in the Ward, that she might not lose her flowers, and a choice bouquet had been sent to her by a member of the Mission, who bore the same name with the invalid, though not related to her. There were roses, geraniums and heliotropes, and she welcomed them all. A tube rose and white verbenas in the hands of a rheumatic patient and a gayer bouquet in those of one suffering from a cancer, elicited from each the exclamation, "How heavenly they look!" Some chose their own flowers, others preferred that the gift bringers should make their own selection, some liked the fragrant and others the bright colored offerings, but all seemed welcome, and one after another came for a bunch for some invalid who was out for a morning's recreation.

St. Luke's Flower Mission was started on the 11th of June, and about four-hundred and fifty bouquets have been distributed among the patients of the City Hospital. The flowers for this purpose have come mostly from four gardens, and the young ladies greatly desire to extend to other places their floral offerings, but the scarcity of flowers limits their labors of love.

They meet every Saturday at ten o'clock at Miss Minnie Reynolds', 46 Spring St., and will be very grateful for contributions of wild or cultivated flowers which may be sent to Miss Reynolds.

The Arranging Committee are: Miss Minnie Reynolds, Minnie and Florence

Montgomery, Anna Anderson, Anna Wilde, Mary Hart, Laura Hawks, Cornie Hoyt, and Mrs. Wm. Rebasz.

The Distributing Committee are: Misses Alice, Kate and Daisy Montgomery, Florence Osgood and Florence Hart.

We are sure that in our Flower City there is no lack of flowers, and we doubt not in the future our young friends will be liberally supplied. They told us that pond lilies, daisies and golden rods were as acceptable as the cultivated flowers.

Please send flowers every Saturday by ten o'clock, to Miss Reynolds, 46 Spring Street. H. S. T.

### How Coral Beads are Made.—A Slow Process.

As soon as the coral is delivered at the factory the first process is that of selection. Following our polite conductor, we were shown heaps of the rough coral, which has very much the appearance of the roots of some shrub torn up from the earth and dried. Nothing of the beautiful pink and scarlet coloring is apparent. It is knotted and gnarled, and the bits of seaweed clinging about it have the appearance of fibres. To the practiced eye of the coral merchant, however, each piece has a distinct value. He knows from the moment he touches it which is worm-eaten and worthless and which will produce beads and ornaments of the richest value. The largest pieces of fine quality are kept for carving, but the small branches are immediately passed on to the factory to be transformed into beads of various sizes. One thing that strikes the American visitor to a coral factory peculiarly is the absence of machinery. The coral is worked entirely by hand. The rough branches are taken and broken into the small pieces which finally become beads in the most awkward and laborious manner. This part of the work is usually performed by women and children. Each takes a huge file in the right hand, and having cut the branch to a certain depth, the piece is detached by a pair of nippers. This could be done in less than a quarter of the time by the simplest kind of a saw worked by steam or even by the foot. The next process is

the drilling. This again is done by a small drill worked by a bow. The bit of coral is placed in a rough wooden vise; the drill is held in the left hand, while the motion is produced by the backward and forward movement of the bow, the string being passed around the drill. When the hole has been made through the rough bit of coral the process of grinding begins. The lateral edges are in the first instance taken off by the grindstone, the bead being held upon the end of a stick which is armed with a point of metal small enough to pass through the hole. They are then strung upon a wire and rubbed by hand with pumice-stone until they are quite cylindrical. After this operation the beads are passed on to men who proceed to file them into shape. This requires no little skill. The bead must be made round, and it is only a workman with a good eye and considerable practice who can do the work as it ought to be done. If the bit of coral is of an especially fine quality, or the color that rare and delicate pink which is most highly valued, then much mischief can be done by an unskilled workman, who may handle it in a file awkwardly and either turn out an imperfect bead or one of a smaller size than the piece of coral he is handling ought to produce. The coral is polished in a peculiar manner. Several thousand beads are put in a canvas bag with a considerable quantity of pumice-stone. The bag is then kneaded by hand in a wooden trough half filled with water, as if it were a huge loaf of bread. The process is a slow and laborious one, and the bag is usually kneaded for six hours before the exquisite polish is secured. The coral is then placed in another bag without pumice-stone and rubbed in water for an hour, which imparts the final polish. When, however, this operation is finished, nothing remains but the sorting and stringing of the beads, which is again performed by women and children. The larger and coarser strings of coral are intended for the African and East Indian trade. In these the beads, which are hard more than cubes of inferior coral, are polished after they are strung by simply laying them on a board and rubbing them with pumice-stone. The ragged coral or coral tips are polished by a process of shaking.

The apparatus for this was the only bit

of machinery that we saw applied to the whole process of fabricating coral. The chips are put with the pumice-stone in a perforated tin cylinder, mounted within a trough of water, and turned with a crank.

There are from 10,000 to 12,000 persons actually employed in the town of Torre del Greco in the manufacture of coral.

July 2d, 1881.

Flashed swift along the lightning's breath  
In a awesome horror as dark as death.

From lip to lip the terror ran,  
Strong sobbing shook the bearded man.

Sweet woman-faces paled with ire,  
Flags drooped in grief from ship and spire;

And many a voice cried, "Would that I  
To save a life so dear, might die!"

The fell assassin's daring hand  
Has touched the noblest in the land,

The wounds which smote our leader low  
Filled streets and farms and homes with woe.

And up from sorrow and despair  
There rose to heaven a storm of prayer,—

The nation's cry of agony,  
Bowed in its dark Gethsemane—

"O Father save him for his own,  
The hearts that else will break alone;

And save him for his people's need,  
The people's son, in word and deed.

"And save him for Thy mercy's sake,  
And for the mighty truths at stake."

Oh, shall he live or must he die?  
We gaze upon the silent sky,—

The fair blue summer sky that shines  
Alike, o'er hope that slow declines,—

And o'er the vivid hopes that flame  
To glad thanksgiving—shines the same.

Ah well! a changeless God on high  
Is reigning far above the sky.

And not without a Father's care  
He hears our million-chorded prayer.

"His will be done," our hero said,  
So grandly was he comforted.

Nay, God shall bring the right to pass,  
Though man must fade like fading grass.

And we, who are but feeble dust,  
Will in His wide compassion trust.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## The Family of Nations.

Nothing, except the regular reports of the condition of the President after he was shot, was so interesting in the news of the week after the dastardly attempt upon his life, as the expressions of anxiety and sympathy that came from abroad. Despatches came from every country, all freighted with interest and grief.

The sovereigns of the great governments of Europe sent urgent requests for early tidings of Gen. Garfield's condition. The newspapers, without exception, expressed their sorrow and their horror. The people in many ways testified their deep interest, and as far as they were able to do so, made their feelings known to their brothers on this side of the Atlantic.

While these expressions proved the strong bond of friendship and international respect that unites this country with every other on the face of the globe, they were nowhere more universal, more hearty or more sincere than in England. It is true beyond a doubt, as was remarked by Englishmen at the time, that no event occurring outside of the British Isles had for many years excited such a deep feeling.

We sometimes have to compare our own time with one somewhat remote to estimate duly the change that has occurred. But if we go back only twenty years, it will be sufficient to appreciate this change.

At the beginning of our Civil War, before a shot had been fired, many as were the Englishmen who believed in the future of America, the prevailing judgment was that our government was unstable, and must fall. The British people were largely indifferent about the result of the war except as it affected their cotton supply.

The government, while dealing with us on equal terms, showed very little respect for us. If we had sought for sympathy, we should have looked in vain for it. We were aliens and strangers—a queer people, a little more than half civilized, in the complimentary opinion of Englishmen, and very ridiculous with an ill-mannered, self-sufficiency and coarse boasts.

In truth, we, on our part, did not care for British sympathy. It was politically popular to assume an attitude of hostility

towards England. The public man who was suspected of friendliness to Great Britain was not in good odor. The brag about the American Eagle which seemed to be so ridiculous, and which really was so, was loudly applauded.

All this is now changed. Both the Government and the people of Great Britain entertain towards us a sincere feeling of respect and affection; and the sentiment is cordially reciprocated. The negotiations between the two countries are now always conducted with a settled purpose on both sides to compose all difficulties.

With this tone of the diplomacy of the two Governments, the people heartily sympathize. No war could be undertaken that would be more unpopular in this country than one with Great Britain. There are some reasons for thinking that in Great Britain a declaration of war with the United States would reveal a great amount of disloyal opposition.

We are brothers. We have a fraternal pride in each other. Each nation is constantly learning something from the other, and the two are becoming more alike. As we understand each other better, we are knit more closely together by ties of true brotherly love.

If we still have faith in our glorious future, we find none more ready to admit our claim than John Bull. If our English friends boast of their superior development and the higher cultivation of the arts, their boast is freely admitted. Our imitation of much that is English is an admission of it.

But after all, it required such an event as the attempt upon President Garfield's life, to show the depth and intensity of the regard which our British brothers have for us. For that regard we owe a great debt of gratitude which neither we nor our children can forget to pay.

Many persons iron towels, fold them and put them away before they are dry. This is an error, and sometimes leads to results not expected. In their damp condition there is a mold which forms on them called *oidium*, one variety of which causes numerous skin diseases.

No star ever rose and sat without influence somewhere.

## The Treatment of Sea Sickness.

The *Tribune* has been making inquiries among prominent physicians touching the cause and cure of sea sickness:

"What advice in regard to sea sickness would you give a patient going to sea?" was asked of Dr. Alonzo Clark.

"I should tell him to take a wash basin into his stateroom," responded Dr. Clark, cheerfully.

"Then there is no remedy?"

"One remedy, yes—to stay ashore." Dr. Clark continued: "I think people will be sea sick until the millennium comes. The disorder is in a way a puzzle to doctors. It is caused by a disordered action in the brain and nervous system, and the stomach feels it as a part supplied with nerves. There is no perceptible change in the nerve tissue, but a nerve disturbance, and probably all the brain is affected. It is unaccountable that the practice of going to sea cures the disorder, although this may be owing to a circulatory accommodation. I have never made use of the various remedies suggested. Sea sickness is modified by a low diet, and if health is much depressed the patient should keep his bed. Food should be taken as constantly as possible, and the best form is soup with toasted crackers. Any alcoholic drink will soothe some stomachs. The supposed benefit to be derived from sea sickness amounts to very little, except, perhaps in the case of large feeders. Of course, land sickness, caused by riding backward and in railway cars, is practically the same as sea sickness. An instance has been lately related of a woman cured by wearing a sheet of paper over her chest, which illustrates the power of faith."

Dr. George M. Beard said: "A year ago there was no disease of which so little was known and which was so incurable as sea sickness; now there is no disease of which so much is known and which is so perfectly curable. It is a functional disease of the central nervous system, mainly of the brain, but sometimes also of the spinal cord, and comes from purely mechanical and physical causes, being the result of a series of mild concussions. No more benefit can be derived from it than from an attack of typhoid fever. Infancy and old age are least affected by it, and it is most frequent and severe with the nerv-

ous and sensitive. In some cases there is simply congestion of the brain. The chief symptoms are headache, backache, nausea, vomiting, pain in the eyes, mental depression, neuralgic pains, sleeplessness and nervous exhaustion. Dr. F. D. Lente, of Florida, first suggested the use of bromide of potassium as a preventive of sea-sickness in voyages between the North and South, and it was used with good results. This had also been recommended by Dr. Barker, who carefully studied the subject. My experience had led to my developing this treatment for long voyages and suggesting bromide of sodium in large doses instead of bromide of potassium. The former is less irritating to the stomach and contains more bromide than the latter, but when not procurable bromide of potassium may be used. The patient should take thirty, sixty or ninety grain doses of bromide of sodium three times a day a few days before embarking and keep it up at sea until the danger seems to be past. The result aimed at is a mild bromization of the central nervous system, rendering it less susceptible to the disturbances caused by the movements of the ship. There is a great difference in people about the effect; and the great point is to know when to stop taking it, avoiding an excess, and not to take too little. A few people have an idiosyncrasy against bromide, but there is little or no danger from its use if patients will carefully watch for the sleepiness and indisposition for exercise which are the symptoms of mild bromization. I have known of but one failure from the proper use of bromides, and I have here several letters from persons who have crossed safely by their use, although always sick before. Of course the drug should be taken intelligently and under competent directions, as there is a great difference in different people, and every case ought to be studied separately so far as possible."

"What is sea-sickness?" was asked of Dr. William A. Hammond.

"Well, I should call it a disorder of the nervous system."

"Is there any remedy?"

"I can't lay down rules for other people, but I can tell what I have found beneficial in my own case, and that is ten or fifteen drops of chloroform on lump sugar and the use of bromide of potassium."

## A Plea for Women Who are Not Handsome.

Beauty gets plenty of praise. Poets sing of it, romancers furnish it in abundance to their heroines, dramatists use it as the motive of their most stirring plays, painters and sculptors delight to portray it—all the world worships it; and yet there is much to be said about the noble qualities of ugly little women. There is often more charm in the vitality, energy, unselfishness and gaiety of an ugly little woman than in half a dozen tall, queenly beauties, who have to be on the watch all the time to *pose* well and make their points effective. There have been men in the world who thought it a fine thing to say that "an ugly woman has no place in the economy of nature." But if the records of the world were intelligibly written it would be found that ugly little women have been the heroines, the help-meets of the heroes. It is the function of beauty to get men into trouble. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, and hundreds of others, wherever they came they brought calamity. Beauty and anguish have walked hand in hand the downward slope to death, and whenever the poet dreams of fair women he is sure to dream something doleful. If he were to dream of ugly little women it would be full of brightness, loyalty, devotion, sincerity, fortitude and all those other lovable female qualities that make some one happy. Tall Beauty is epic; Little Ugly is lyric, homelike. Just think what a deep-seated compliment is involved in calling irregularity of feature homeliness. It means that she is not for the ball-room, but for the home, for the friendships that cluster around the hearth, for the merry little sociable, the pic-nic or off-hand game, or for the darkened sick-room, where she brings rest and comfort. "Pretty is as pretty does," is an old maxim whose truth is only half appreciated. For in the plainness of feature and insignificance of person of homely women there are often found an earnestness, a whole-souled sweetness and sympathetic expression that win love far quicker than mere beauty. The world could far more easily afford to lose its supplies of beauty than to give up its precious stores of ugly little women. The beauties wait to be loved; the others delight in loving.

## Sounds from a Rainbow.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two, is the fact that a beam of light produces sound.

A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disc having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow.

On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. The beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disc is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it.

Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.

For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all.

Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it.

Method is essential, and enables a large amount of work to be got through with satisfaction.

"Method," said Cecil, (afterward Lord Burleigh,) is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's dispatch of business was extraordinary; his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once."

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves a beast in his room.

## The New Version.

We have at last the new version ; what shall we do with it ? We answer unhesitatingly. Take it, use it in the pulpit, the Sunday-school, the family worship, private devotion. Let the old and the new lie lovingly together ; let each cast light on the other ; let time and experiment determine which shall be the Bible of the future. Associations make affections. The new home may be a great deal better than the old one ; but it is not as sacred—while it is new. It will take time for sacred memories to twine about the new version ; give them time and chance to grow. Meanwhile use the new ; use it because :

1. It gives us God's Word more accurately ; it removes passages which were interpolated by early copyists, or which crept in from glosses of commentators originally placed on the margin of the MSS.

2. It will relieve our New Testament of some obscurities, archaisms and ambiguities.

3. The new version will give more clear interpretation and more graphic and picturesque reading to many passages.

4. There are changes, and they are not a few, which open up profounder spiritual aspects of divine truth. The student may find in the new version, new windows through which he may look out into a clearer sky and upon new horizons of truth, unseen before. It is a new and clearer glass the shepherds put into the pilgrim's hand.

Last, but not least, the new version will compel new thought respecting a new study of the Scriptures. To have half a million copies of the New Testament put into circulation, and half a million people comparing version with version, and inquiring the reasons for the differences between the two, will afford an intellectual and spiritual stimulus, the fruitfulness of which seems to us to be simply incalculable.—[*Christian Union*.

We can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

## The True Woman.

A characteristic of every true woman is self-sacrifice. Her whole life is one of self-offering. She begins as a bride in tears on the wedding morning ; for when she enters into her new life of joy she cuts asunder all the ties that bound her to the old home and the old loves ; her very name she surrenders on that day when her life begins its mingling with her husband's life. Motherhood brings her new joys ; but they are the joys of a new self-sacrifice. She hazards her own life in giving birth to a new life ; she gives up society, friends, literature, art, music, everything that stands between herself and the highest, best, most perfect devotion to the dawning life that is entrusted to her. She bears his sorrows and carries his sins. When he comes to an age in which he could begin to repay her service with service of his own, she sends him off, with a baptism of tears and an ordination of prayers and kisses, to school or college, or business ; and whether ever a loving letter, or a grateful word, or an unselfish service, or even a warm kiss, or a tender glance of the eye, shall serve to repay her for a service so simply and unostentatiously rendered that the boy neither comprehends either its value to himself or its cost to her, she knows not—nay, hardly stops to ask. From the very first day when, with tearful, trembling joy, she rests her arm on the arm of him to whom she gives herself, down to the hour when children and grandchildren gather about her bed of death, to bear her through the portal on their winged prayers, she lays down her life for her sheep. Thanks be to God for a pure and noble womanhood ; for all its purity, its sympathy, its tenderness, its long-suffering, its joyful self-sacrifice ; but most of all for its prophetic interpretation of the incomparable and forever incomprehensible life.

—[*Christian Union*.

The root of wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself.

Base natures joy to see sorrows come to those who seem happy.

Genuine politeness is the first-born offspring of generosity and modesty.

In what better way can churches provide for their sick poor than by an annual subscription of two or three hundred dollars?

## **The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1881.

### **Training School for Nurses—Rochester City Hospital.**

This school has been in successful operation since December 1st, 1880. All of the patients of the Hospital are under the care of pupils of the school.

We publish the conditions governing admission to the school, and recommend it to the notice of women desiring to become professional Nurses.

Applicants must be single; between twenty and thirty-five years of age; possessed of a good education; of perfect health, and unexceptionable moral character. They shall reside in the Hospital, and devote their time to the care of the patients, under the direction of the supervising nurse and the attending physicians and surgeons.

The course of instruction extends over two years, and consists of lectures, and bedside instruction by the attending medical officers, and practical instruction by the supervising nurse.

Board, washing and the nominal sum of ten dollars per month shall be deemed remuneration in full for services rendered by nurses. No applicant will be received for a less period than two years. At the end of that time, if the services have been satisfactory, a certificate or diploma shall be furnished as evidence of qualifications. Any nurse whose services are not satisfactory may be discharged at any time. Applications should be made at once, in writing, to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street, and should state qualifications, in accordance with the conditions above mentioned.

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.

### **Midsummer With the Invalids.**

Our last visit to the Hospital was on a midsummer morning, and before entering the Institution we lingered some time on the lawn, listening to the tales of hope and sorrow, of suffering and relief as they were poured into our ears by the invalids.

Beneath the grateful shelter of an elm tree, a group of five was gathered; two were reclining in a hammock, and three resting on a settee. One of these was a private patient, a new comer at the Hospital; one was an inmate of the Lower Female Ward, and three were from the Upper Female Ward. One of these was the mother of little Willie who died some time since of poison, at the Hospital. Two were under treatment for debility; two had diseased lungs, and one, three weeks before had been bitten by a playful dog. He was doing some mischief to her slippers, she reproved him, and he at once bit her through the thumb. She had suffered greatly from this, for five nights was unable to sleep, had been two weeks at the Hospital and was better. The dog was not ordinarily vicious.

Under a locust tree we found five male patients. One of these three weeks before had fallen from a telegraph pole and broken his arms, just above the wrist. Both arms were in splints, but he said they were doing well and he seemed to have good courage and to be enjoying his cigar. Near him were two aged men, the one a confirmed invalid, the other suffering from a sore foot resulting from an old wound. An epileptic patient was reclining on a settee and feeling weak and feeble; near by was a soldier, a German who had lost his leg in the late war and who had thrown aside his crutches and was chatting with a visitor, a former inmate of the Hospital, who was not well and was thinking of coming back for treatment. The latter spoke very gratefully of the care he had formerly received, and

said from the matron to the lowest servant they were all kind to the sick.

In the Male Medical Ward we found a good deal of suffering. There were here twenty-two under treatment under the assistant nurse, who for three days had been suffering from malarial fever. Three patients were confined to their beds all the time, and the fourth, afflicted with dropsy, was made as comfortable as possible, on the new invalid's chair recently donated by Mr. Bausch. A mattress was placed in the chair and the man was taking a hot-air bath. His countenance indicated that he was a great sufferer. One patient had jaundice. Two consumptives seemed very feeble. In the Cross Ward were several eye patients, one had been operated upon for cataract, and two had inflammation of the eyes.

No death has occurred the past month in the Male Surgical Ward. Eleven are under treatment. One man was confined to his bed with a broken leg and one with a lame hip, two patients had ulcers on their limbs. One man, a paralytic, was confined to his chair, but was comparatively comfortable. The patients who were able were out of doors enjoying themselves on the lawn.

In the Upper Female Wards there were twenty-one patients four of whom were confined to their beds. Among these invalids were persons suffering from paralysis, epilepsy, rheumatism, general prostration, erysipelas and other diseases.

In the Lying-In Ward were four babies and one waiting patient. A deserted wife said she would like to give away her baby as she was not able to care for it.

Sixteen patients are under treatment in the Lower Female Ward. One of these an aged woman has cancer. Some are paralytics, some are afflicted with lung diseases, some with rheumatism. In the west corner of the eastern half of the Ward, we found four old ladies who seemed to make quite a cozy group. The oldest

of these, Mrs. G., eighty-one years old, was a new comer from a neighboring village. She said she had improved greatly during her short stay at the Hospital, and she could get about a good deal better than she could before she received Hospital treatment. A young consumptive greatly interested us, her brother had died in the Hospital, and she felt her days would soon be numbered, but she was rejoicing in the consciousness that Christ had accepted her and was to her the chief comfort. Ten thousand on whom she calmly rested feeling sure all would be well with her. Mr. Porter W. Taylor has been very kind to her, taking her out several times for a ride. We wish others would thus remember our invalids. We heard many kind words spoken of our nurses, some of whom are quite busy. Three private patients each receive the exclusive care of a nurse, and some of these have spoken of us very gratefully of the faithful service of their attendants.

### The Children's Cot.

Little Mary Kearn, the German girl who so long occupied the Cot, went home just before the Fourth of July, and is still with her mother, but we are not without little folks in the Hospital. In our Nursery are four young babies, all born last month. Then we have a little boy not three years old yet, who came from the Hubbell Pauper Orphan Asylum, with a curvature in the spine. To cure this he has a little jacket of plaster of Paris put over his merino shirt. This keeps him straight and we hope he will be cured by this treatment. Another young boy seven years old came to us from the Industrial School, has Saint Vitus's dance, a disease that makes it very hard for the little fellow to keep still; his arms and lower limbs twitch and move about a good deal more than they should do. A boy eleven years old has inflammation of the eyes,

goes about like a blind child. He cannot open them, and they are discharging a good deal. He went into water to swim when something from chemical works had rendered the water impure, and the Dr. thinks he poisoned himself in this way and that has caused the trouble in the eyes. You would pity the poor little fellow, if you could see him feeling his way around the Ward.

Now, dear children, you who in happy homes, or at the seashore, the lakeside, the mountains, or in the green fields are enjoying your summer vacation, how will you remember these little ones in the Hospital who are deprived of many of the joys that make you happy? Can't you do something to help forward our Cot Fund, and thus provide a comfortable home for the helpless sick children? We shall be glad of every penny you can send us, and we hope you will not forget the suffering children in the City Hospital.

It is some time now since we have had reports of entertainments for the Cot Fund, but we have faith in our friends. We know they will not desert us.

#### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

|                                |           |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| August subscription, .....     | 25        |
| Previously acknowledged, ..... | \$1352 80 |
| Total Receipts, .....          | \$1353 05 |

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

#### Situation Wanted.

A widow in the Hospital would like a situation as nurse or to do second work in a private family. She can give good references.

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

#### Death of Levi A. Ward

Tidings have just reached us of the death of one of the Trustees of the City Hospital, Hon. Levi A. Ward, who died at his residence in Grove Place, on the 6th inst.

Due notice of this will be made in our next issue.

#### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 2d, 1881, of disease of the kidneys, Aaron Stevens, aged 75 years.

#### Cash Donations.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| C. J. Wood's Entertainment, .....              | \$25 00 |
| A Friend, .....                                | 25 00   |
| DONATED ON ACCOUNT.                            |         |
| T. C. Palmer, .....                            | 6 90    |
| By Common Council for street sprinkling, ..... | 22 43   |
| Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.                        |         |

#### Donations.

Mrs. H. Huntington—Baby's Flannels.  
 " Freeman Clarke—Two new Pillows, 2 dozen new Napkins.  
 Drew, Allis & Co.—City Directory, 1881.  
 J. Siddons & Co.—Two dozen Spittoon Covers.  
 Mrs. Reid—Rubber Jacket.  
 Mrs. M. Strong—Reading Matter.  
 Miss Osgood—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. S. D. Perkins—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."  
 Tract Society—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. D. H. Griffith—Bound volume "Hearth and Home," Lint.

#### Receipts for the Review,

JULY, 1881.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Mrs. W. T. Scott, Geneva,—By Mrs. Gilman, .....  | 50     |
| E. S. Ettenheimer, advertisement—By Mrs. C. Johnston, .....                                      | \$5 00 |
| Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cents; Miss M. Smith, South Avon, 51 cts.—By Treasurer, ..... | 1 01   |

#### Monthly Reports.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| 1881. July 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 75 |        |
| Received during month, ..                  | 49     |
| Births, .....                              | 3—127  |
| Deaths, .....                              | 1      |
| Discharged, .....                          | 37— 38 |
| Remaining, Aug. 1st, 1881, ..              | 89     |

### His Paymaster.

There are many stories which are so good that the reader says, "If it is not true, it ought to be." One of these is published in the *Morning Star*: King Frederick of Prussia when he was out driving one day, saw an old farmer who was ploughing a field and singing cheerfully over his work:

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

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

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

"Eight groschen," returned the man. (That would be about twenty cents of our money.)

"That is very little," said the king. "Can you get along on that?"

"Get along? Yes, indeed, and have something left."

"How do you manage?"

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

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

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

"Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us and pay back what I lend.

"Then with my last two groschen I support my two sisters, who cannot work for themselves. Of course, I am not compelled to give them the money; but I do it for the Lord's sake."

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

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes, you shall

see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"That is a riddle which I cannot guess said the farmer.

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

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

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

This anecdote is as beautiful as son that we related of St. Louis, the benevolent French king. The writer, however fails to tell us which Frederick of Prussia this king was. It does not seem quite keeping with the habits of Frederick the Great.

### Value of Revaccination.

In England, as well as in this country many persons are opposed to vaccination and many more think revaccination useless. The following facts should convince such that revaccination is a preventive which may not be safely neglected:

It is officially stated, that in an average number of 10,504 persons permanently employed in the postal service of London all of whom have been required to undergo revaccination on admission to the service, there was not a single fatal case of small-pox during the ten years—1870-79—and there were only ten cases of no fatal attack, all of which were of a very slight character.

### Punning Epitaphs.

Punning upon names in epitaphs has been common enough. Here are two specimens; one on the Earl of Kildare:

Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill  
Death killed Kildare, who dares kill whom he will

On John Penny:

Reader! of cash, if thou'rt in want of any,  
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find a penny

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
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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,

Buys' Block, south entrance, over 6 State Street.

## Advertisements.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00 | Quarter Column, ..... \$10 00 |
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| One Year, ..... 5 00        | One Column, 1 Year, 26 00     |

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The stock is the largest out of New York City. No one visiting Rochester should fail to call and see all the new styles.

The Glove and Hosiery Department contains all the novelties of FRENCH, GERMAN, and ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

Unusual bargains offered in all the above as well as all kinds of SUMMER UNDERWEAR for ladies and gentlemen.

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## CLOAKS and SACQUES,

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Deposits made not later than the third day of any of the months of March, June, September and December shall be entitled to have interest declared upon them the same as if deposited on the first day of said months.

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Interest not exceeding five per cent. per annum on all accounts up to \$1,000, and not exceeding four per cent. on all sums over \$1,000 and including \$5,000, will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be credited on the first days of June and December in each year. Interest will be credited on all amounts deposited on or before the third day of any quarter as deposited on the first day of such quarter.

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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. XVIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

No. 2.

## Our Daily Bread.

Only to-day! dark looms the coming morrow;  
Behind sad yesterdays are lying dead;  
Each moment keeps slow step with care and  
sorrow,

Give us, we ask, to-day our daily bread—  
Only to-day!

We have no strength to walk unless Thou lead us;  
Sin hides each side the straight and narrow  
way;

Our hungry souls must faint unless Thou feed us—  
Help us, we plead, to live aright to-day—  
Only to-day!

We would not pierce the misty clouds around us,  
Nor fathom what the future has in store;  
But day by day Thy loving care hath found us;  
Lead us to-day, O Lord, we ask no more—  
Only to-day!

We could not bear the weight a life time carries;  
Our strength grows weakness if we do but try;  
To-morrow comes with face that never tarries;  
Help us to-day, O Lord, is all our cry—  
Only to-day!

## Correspondence.

### MANILLA.

DEAR MRS. T.:—I send you extracts from a friend's letter, dated Manilla, July 7th, 1881, thinking it may interest your readers to hear a little about life in that remote region.

We sailed from Marseilles on February 6th, in the Djemnah, of the French Mail. At every port we went on shore exploring.

We touched at Paris, Naples, Port Said, Aden, Galle in Ceylon and Singapore.

At Hong Kong we left the Djemnah as the French Mail does not come here but goes to Shanghai. The name of the island Huen Kong, signifies "Good Harbor," and this is said to be one of the finest harbors in the world, having an area of ten square miles and is always crowded with shipping. The town is situated at the mouth of the Canton River. The harbor consists of the sheet of water between the island and the mainland, and is enclosed on all sides by lofty hills—unfortunately bare of foliage, except where trees have been planted near the city, but pleasingly green during the South West Monsoon.

The city of Victoria is magnificently situated. The houses are large and handsome, many of them rising tier upon tier from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet on the face of the peak, while bungalows are visible on the very summit of the hills. Seen from the water at night, when lamps twinkle among the trees and houses, the city, spreading along the shore for upwards of four miles, affords a sight not to be forgotten. We were met by some friends of my husband, who took us about during our visit. We waited four days for the steamer to come across. The China Sea was so rough we were all sea sick. It

took two days to come over, and on the 20th of March we arrived at Manilla.

The bay of Manilla, in which we anchored, is one of the finest and largest in the world. We felt the heat very much. Manilla, the capital of the Philippines, is situated at the mouth of the river Pasig, which empties itself into the bay of Manilla. The city was founded in 1571. In 1645 it was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake, in which upwards of 300 lives were lost. In 1863 a great part of the city was again destroyed by the same cause, and last summer there were very severe shocks. So we are always expecting them, but have only felt one slight shock since we came.

The dwelling houses are built with express reference to safety, under such circumstances, and though large and airy, possess few pretensions to architectural beauty. The streets also are narrow and but small attention has been devoted to the growth of shade trees. I am told it is hardly worth while to plant trees and shrubs, as the typhoons tear them all up by the roots. We have experienced two typhoons since our arrival, and they are really *terrible*. An American gentleman told me he was more afraid of them than of earthquakes. During a typhoon which took place last week the roof was blown from his house and eight or ten vessels were wrecked. One house shook so severely that the clock was knocked down. The wind seems to spring from every quarter at once, while the rain descends in torrents. I am afraid neither of typhoons nor earthquakes but rather enjoy the novel and majestic sight of furious winds and pouring rains.

As you probably know, this is a Spanish colony, consequently there is no religion but the Romish. Several of the churches are worthy of notice, and the Cathedral is a grand old structure, originally founded in 1578, but several times

has it been destroyed by earthquakes rebuilt.

The city and its suburbs contain ne 300,000 people, and are the seat of considerable and yearly increasing commerce. They export hemp, sugar to co and cigars, coffee and indigo. On small portion of the present city is closed within the walls, viz: "Old Manila." This is surrounded by a moat entered by gates. A very low average crime is said to exist, but the natives fearful gamblers. In our drives we both men and women sitting around table in the native huts, smoking playing cards. All the native women smoke cigars.

Our servants are all native boys, are excellent. Each of the five members of our family has a separate personal attendant to take care of their rooms, upon them at table and do errands. We have first a Major Domo, who receives orders and superintends all the servants. One boy has charge of the *salle* or dining room, and attends to the lights. We have no gas but chandeliers with lanterns. Another boy takes care of the bath room.

Then we have a coachman, a stable boy, a Chinese cook and assistant and a porter—thirteen servants in all—and clothes are sent away to be laundered. One cook attends to all the market. Our meals are entirely different from those at home. We usually rise at six a.m. and after a cold bath, at seven o'clock "desayuno" (early breakfast) is served consisting of tea, coffee or chocolate with toast and poached or boiled eggs. The gentlemen go down to their offices at 8 o'clock, and we ladies amuse ourselves as we like. We brought with us a Broadwood piano from London, and my companion is an accomplished musician, and with practice and studying Spanish our mornings pass very quickly till twelve o'clock breakfast.

rices. This consists of fish and meat, vegetables and dessert, and with Americans would be called dinner. From two to three we enjoy our "siesta." At three we have a cup of tea, fruit, bread and biscuits. At five we go out for a drive on the beach and enjoy the cool breezes from the bay. At seven is our dinner hour, and the evenings are spent with visitors or driving.

And so our days go on and we enjoy a great deal in this far off land. Indeed my life is a most luxurious one, with every comfort surrounding me.

H. M.

### "A Regular Old Witch."

BY JENNIE MARSH PARKER.

We could just see a corner of her hut from the school house play-ground. It was half way up the mountain, and peeped out from the woods like a white-nosed rabbit. There was no road leading up to it as we could see, and we never went to find out, for the boys told big stories about the big snakes they had killed in that locality.

Her name was Becky Flanders, and we children seldom spoke of her without mentioning what we believed to be true, "She's a regular old witch." What that was we could not have told.

We never failed to whisper it to each other when she went hobbling by the school house, as she did at long intervals, with berries to sell in the village, or herbs or roots. If she sat down to rest on the big stone in the playground, we scampered away like mice. She was not a handsome old woman by any means. She did not look unlike that picture of the old woman tossed up in a blanket. She had flat, black eyes, sunken in dark caverns; brown wrinkled skin, snowy white hair, and a chin that moved up and down continually, unlike any chin I ever saw before. She walked with a cane, and was not almost double. Dolly Cobb started the story about her being a regular old witch, and Dolly knew more about witchcraft than the rest of us. Dolly was forever telling ghost stories and fortunes, and knew the signs for good and bad luck, at least she thought she did. Why, she

made us half afraid to go by the old graveyard at high noon. When she said that old Becky Flanders had a black cat and an evil eye, nobody thought of disputing the statement.

I lost many a spelling lesson after that for watching the witch's house from my seat in school, in the long, sleepy afternoons, when that side of the mountain was in the full sunlight. To see the smoke curling up from the little chimney was a great event. To see the old woman herself was something to be remembered, for Dolly said she could strike with her evil eye miles and miles, and it was something less than a mile from the school house to her shanty.

One hot summer day old Becky went by the school house with a basket full of strawberries. Then we knew the strawberries were ripe, and it had seemed as if they never would be. In those days wild strawberries were the only ones we had. Nobody raised them in their gardens. They grew sweet and wild, but very small, in the meadows and wood lots, and Becky Flanders supplied those of the villagers who did not turn out for a day and pick them for themselves.

Dolly Cobb passed her slate down to me that very afternoon, when the teacher was not looking. On it was written:

"Let's go strawberryin' to-morrow. You and Susie and Mable. Don't tell anybody else. I know where they are as thick as spatter."

\* \* \* \*

Four little girls in big sunbonnets, each carrying a six quart pail. You don't need a picture to help you see that, or our happy faces as we started off early that Saturday morning. At the bottom of each pail, wrapped up in a white napkin, were great slices of bread and butter. When we reached the place where the berries were "thick as spatter" we would pick enough to cover these slices, mash the berries down, sprinkle on the sugar, sit down on the grass, and oh, what a good time! Do you wonder we almost ran for a mile or two in our haste to begin the feast? It was very hot, but that would make the berries taste all the better, Dolly said, and if we picked our pails full, and still these were lots to be picked, why we could eat up that first six quarts apiece, and begin over again.

Now if Dolly Cobb meant to take us

near old Becky's hut she did not tell us so when we started off. We were going somewhere up the mountain. We wore thick shoes, and Dolly carried a big stick for the snakes. It was not very pleasant listening to her snake stories when we were crossing the swamps, but then she had always killed all the snakes she had ever seen, and their length and size had been remarkable.

We were climbing the mountain's side, a good piece from the old witch's hut, when we became conscious that the wind was blowing very hard. Not a berry had we seen. The sun was under the clouds; indeed, we began to observe that the sky was black with clouds. How the wind whistled and moaned in the pine woods, blowing us almost off our feet. We wanted to go somewhere where the wind did not blow so hard, but Dolly said it always blew up on the mountain, and strawberries were not to be found elsewhere. The higher we climbed the harder it blew. We could hardly get our breath, but we were not frightened until we saw the cows and horses, in a pasture which we crossed, running wildly about, behaving unlike any cows or horses we ever saw before. The trees were bending in the strong wind, lashing their branches about, and the sudden snapping off of a great limb not far from us, made us realize the danger we were in. Away went Susie's sunbonnet on the gale, and Mabel's pail, and Dolly's pail, and I dropped mine from terror. We saw our bread and butter scudding before the gale, and breathless and frightened were beginning to cry, as well we might. Four little girls up on the mountain in a terrific wind storm, was no laughing matter.

"We must keep close together," said Dolly, "and get to the woods before the rain comes."

We gained the shelter of the woods and had huddled together behind a great tree, when a sharp flash of lightning blinded our eyes.

"This will never do," gasped Dolly, "father says we must keep clear of trees in thunder storms;" and we followed her without knowing where.

Shall I ever forget how old Becky Flanders' hut looked to me when we came suddenly upon it in our fright? Never a king's palace can be so beautiful. The old woman stood in the open door, shouting a welcome. Over her onions and

potatoes we were blown, for the wind w behind us, and the rain falling in flood I remember thinking of my mother a little brother as my feet crossed the witch's threshold, and choking back t entreaty that she would not throw m down a well, or roast me in an oven, look at me with her evil eye.

"Come in, honeys, sakes alive!" at she reached out to secure us. "I'se bee a worritin' about yees ever since I s yees climbin' the mountain. Deärie duckies—there, don't cry—youse all sa now, bless the good Lord, but I d think—" and she couldn't tell us wh for crying with the rest of us. "I ji went and made a fire for yer," and s led us to the great fireplace where t logs were crackling, and before which v stood dripping, great, black rivers runnin from our clothing across her white floo "And I should have come out arter yer yer hadn't come in sight, for all I does like to leave Josiar when the wind blows

As soon as we were calm and comfor able, Dolly asked about Josiah; who I was and where he was, and if she migt see him? Dolly was a very queer child. Old Becky didn't seem annoyed by h questions at all. Josiah was her idiot so and she lived up there on the mounta with him so she could take care of him and keep him from troubling any bod and frightening children like us. Ne Dolly could not see him. She had coa ed him to go upstairs and stay until v were gone, and "Josiar" was such a goc boy, he would do just what his ol mother asked.

"Ye sees, up here," said the old woma "I has him all to myself, and nobody i hinder."

"But ain't you very lonely?" aske Dolly.

"I suppose I might be," said Beck with a sigh, "but I'se his mother, ar it's best for Josiar to stay right here."

How white her floor must have bee before we came in. Dolly asked for mop, which pleased the old woman wo derfully. So we had been after stra berries? Well they were mighty scar that summer. She had been since fo o'clock in the morning picking two quar for Squire Clark's wife. That was Dolly aunt; so Dolly said if Becky would us have them, she knew her aunt wou pay for them just the same. The c

oman brought them out, and we hulled them while she got the milk and bread. Then we sat there before the fire drying our clothes and eating berries and milk; he old black cat asleep on the rug, and he rain beating against the window. We were planning to stay a week and pick berries for Becky to sell, when there came a loud rap on the door. It was our hired man, Jerry, and I confess I was half sorry to see him.

"Why, everybody in the village is beside themselves, all for these chillen," and he tossed me over his head, and then squeezed me hard. "Haven't had such a blow in twenty years. Meetin' house truck by lightnin' and the paper mill himney blown down. Lor! couldn't keep me hum when I know'd these chillen was up the mountain." Spected to find em curled up like drownded kittens somewhere."

Jerry went back to the village in the ain, but we were to wait until he came fer us in a big wagon. We hoped it would rain all day, for we were having the happiest time. Late in the afternoon it cleared up, and then we saw Jerry coming, and such a basketful of good things as he had for Becky Flanders, tea and sugar and "store things," as the old woman called them, and a great bundle of old clothing for Josiah.

The old lady kissed us all when she bid us good-bye, and we promised to visit her very often, which we did for years afterward. We seldom if ever saw her poor riot son, for she could always make him stay upstairs when we were around, and he tried to come down Dolly had only to sing for him and he would go to sleep.

"You are a regular witch for charming Josiah," said the old lady to Dolly one day. And Dolly looked me in the eyes at that wondering way of hers, but said nothing.—[*New Jerusalem Messenger*.]

### Say Well and Do Well.

Say well is good, but to do well is better;  
to well seems the spirit, say well is the letter;  
y well is goodly and helps to please;  
it do well is godly, and gives the world ease;  
y well to silence sometimes is bound,  
it do well is free on every ground,  
y well has friends—some here, some there,  
it do well is welcome everywhere,

By say well many to God's Word cleave;

But lack of do well it often leaves.

If say well and do well were bound in one frame,  
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten  
were gain."

### I'm Going Home To-Night.

BY MAUD MANNING.

I had made my purchase. Tap, tap, tap, from the counter-girl's pencil and her sharp call "Cash, here!" was answered by "Cash 21," a small boy who took the goods, memorandum and money. As I sat waiting for the parcel and change, I looked down the row of young women who served as clerks, and thought of them standing behind the counter from morn till night and day after day; and as never before my sympathy arose for them. How tired some of them seemed! Indeed their uninterested, automatic manner told a tale of weariness for all. Many of them had prematurely old faces, and wore, as I thought, a discontented expression. The one who waited upon me, however, tried to be cheerful and accommodating.

What a dull routine their work appeared to be! One of them had a few field daisies in her belt, suggestive of green fields, blue sky, and fresh air. I wondered if she picked them herself.

As usual I waited some time for my purchase to be returned; meanwhile thoughts crowded in, busily conjecturing the home life of these girls, and whether something might not be done for their benefit, and for the little tired cash boys too, who trot back and forth the livelong day.

The return of the lad with the parcel recalled me, from my reverie. He leaned on his elbow in a weary way, as he handed up the basket with the package and change, supporting his head with his hand for a moment; turning to leave he said to the young woman in a cheerful eager tone, "I'm going home to-night!" "So am I," she answered quickly; "and what a funny thing for him to say," she added, addressing the one next her. I turned to look at the boy's face, not having noticed it, but he was in the crowd, and "Cash 21" disappeared from my sight; but the words "*I'm going home to-night*" were not so easily lost. Was the poor boy so tired he

longed for home, that he might rest? or did "visions of happiness dance o'er his mind" as he thought of father, mother, brothers, sisters? Maybe his mother is a widow, and he is helping to keep the little family together with his weekly earnings, and he longs for his cordial welcome.

As I left the store and turned my steps towards home I mused on the incident. I said to myself "I too am going home, and what a happy thought it is!" Men, women, children, many of whom were carrying baskets, bundles, packages of one kind and another, were passing on and seemed by their eager hurried manner to be impelled by the same homeward longing. The ferry was crossed, the cars furnished restful seats, and the train sped on with its burden of home seekers. And my thoughts sped on too. Home should be the one great point of attraction in our lives, holding us on our course, urging us to right doing, giving us courage and strength for duties. Our love for it should make evil acts and evil thoughts repulsive.

And what may the various homes be to which we are severally going? Are they loving and happy ones? How much "home light" does each of us carry to-night, or how much do we daily bear about with us? Some one has said "The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, so home-light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, and loving words.

Well then, thought I, if all in this train carry such an influence home with them, how many happy homes there are; and how many happy hours in store for all these home-travelers, as well as for the expectant ones waiting and eager to welcome their return. Then if a true, loving happy home here is but a type of the one above, if we believe that a place is prepared for us in our "Father's House," where we shall enjoy the infinite perfection of home happiness, ought it to sadden us to sing

"I'm nearer my home to-day than ever I've been before?"

Thus, upon alighting from the train I mentally thanked the little cash boy for his pleasant words: "I'm going home to-night!"

Did it ever occur to you that barbers and editors do a great deal of head work.

## Preventing Sea-Sickness.

Mr. John Hyneman of Rutland, Vt considers the following prescription very valuable as a preventive of sea-sickness. He obtained it from a naval physician who said he had used it for thirty years with great success. The preparation consists of collodium and castor-oil mixed together in equal quantities. Immediately upon embarking, the traveler should use it by moistening the chest and abdomen with it at least three times in succession using a small paint-brush for the purpose. This should be repeated night and morning for three or four days. As soon as applied it will cause a heightened temperature, and by thus keeping the stomach warm prevents indigestion. It will dry at once, and neither soil the garments nor have any other undesirable effect. Mr Hyneman adds, and had the pleasure of making an ocean trip without the slightest indisposition from sea-sickness, was the only one of thirty-four passengers who enjoyed his meals during the twelve days' sail, to the great astonishment of the ship's doctor, who put no faith in my preventive. Among my fellow passengers were many who had made the voyage several times without any suffering, yet this time, owing perhaps to a very rough sea, all of them were more or less sick. It prevailed on some of them to use my remedy, and was pleased to see a speedy restoration.

## Long Swims by Men and Animals

Referring to the wonderful feats of swimming performed by Webb, the opinion is expressed in *Nature* that men and animals would sustain themselves for long distances in water much oftener were they not incapacitated by terror or completely ignorant of their real powers.

Some years since the second mate of a ship fell overboard while fisting a sail. I was blowing fresh, the time was night and the place some miles out in the stormy German Ocean. The hardy fellow nevertheless managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots was plying for fares by Yarmouth, and as the mainsheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently a perished except Brock himself, who floated

n the afternoon of an October evening  
 1 the next morning swam thirteen  
 les before he was able to hail a vessel at  
 chor in the offing. Animals themselves  
 : capable of swimming immense dis-  
 ces, although unable to rest by the  
 y." A dog recently swam thirty miles  
 America in order to rejoin his master.  
 mule and a dog washed overboard dur-  
 ; a gale in the Bay of Biscay have been  
 own to make their way to shore. A  
 g swam ashore with a letter in his  
 outh at the Cape of Good Hope. The  
 ew of the ship to which the dog belong-  
 all perished, which they need not have  
 ne had they only ventured to tread  
 iser as the dog did. As a certain ship  
 is laboring heavily in the trough of the  
 it was found needful, in order to light-  
 the vessel, to throw some troop horses  
 erboard which had been taken in at Cor-  
 na. The poor things, a staff surgeon  
 id, when they found themselves aban-  
 ned, faced round and swam for miles  
 er the vessel. A man on the east coast  
 Lincolnshire saved quite a number of  
 es by swimming out on horseback to  
 ssels in distress. He commonly rode an  
 l gray mare, but when that mare was  
 t to hand he took the first horse that  
 ired.

### The "Tobacco Heart."

A physician of a local insurance com-  
 ny lately reported against issuing a pol-  
 to an applicant because of his bad  
 alth characteristically describing his phys-  
 ailment as "tobacco heart." Incessant  
 e of tobacco had spoiled his digestion  
 d circulation, and disease of the heart  
 s threatened. This is an individual  
 e, but it represents a class, and adds to  
 e opinion the faculty have frequently  
 pressed, that the immoderate use of to-  
 cco in any shape is extremely hurtful,  
 d its ordinary indulgence far from being  
 : innocuous practice that those addicted  
 it believe. All physicians will agree  
 it while tobacco will not affect strong  
 l mature men, it is hurtful to persons  
 delicate and nervous frames, and posi-  
 ely injurious to youths. And the press  
 ould strongly advise people to be ex-  
 mely temperate in their use of tobacco.

—[*Messenger*.]

A broken bank—the snow bank.

### Girls as Wood Engravers.

A contemporary asked a wood engraver  
 why he did not employ girls. His reply  
 was:

"I have employed women very often,  
 and I wish I could feel more encouraged.  
 But the truth is that, when a young man  
 comes to me and begins his work, he feels  
 that it is his life's business. He is to cut  
 his fortune out of the little blocks before  
 him. Wife, family, home, happiness and  
 all are to be carved out by his own hand,  
 and he settles steadily and earnestly to  
 his labor, determined to master it, and  
 with every incitement spurring him on.  
 He cannot marry until he knows his  
 trade. It is exactly the other way with  
 the girl. She may be as poor as the boy,  
 and as wholly dependant upon herself for  
 a living, but she feels that she will prob-  
 ably marry by and by, and then she must  
 give up wood engraving. So she goes on  
 listlessly; she has no ambition to excel;  
 she does not feel that all her happiness  
 depends on it. She will marry and then  
 her husband's wages will support her.  
 She may not say so; but she thinks so,  
 and it spoils her work."

### Beginning and End.

The progress of dishonesty is not hard  
 to trace. The only safety of character is  
 in resisting the *beginning* of evil. There  
 are three hundred and sixty degrees in the  
 circle of a cent as well as in the circle of  
 the equator—and so is there as much dis-  
 honesty in a boy's theft of a cent as in a  
 man's theft of a thousand dollars. Two  
 pictures below will illustrate this. Here  
 is the beginning:

A schoolboy, ten years old, one lovely  
 June day, with the roses in full bloom  
 over the porch, and the laborers in the  
 wheat fields—had been sent by his uncle  
 John to pay a bill at the country store,  
 and there were seventy-five cents left, and  
 uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under the  
 beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation  
 came. He said to himself, "Shall I give  
 it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it?  
 If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he  
 does, why, I can get it again." He never  
 gave back the money.

The ending. Ten years went by; he

was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell, but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.

—[School Journal.]

ON THE BACKS OF CRANES.—According to a writer in *Nature*, the small migratory birds that are unable to perform the flight of three hundred and fifty miles across the Mediterranean Sea are carried over on the backs of cranes. In the Autumn many flocks of cranes may be seen coming from the North with the first cold blast from that quarter, flying low, and uttering a peculiar cry, as if of alarm, as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may then be seen flying up to them, while the twittering songs of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. But for this kind provision of nature, numerous varieties of small birds would become extinct in northern countries, as the cold winters would kill them.

At the alumni dinner of the Syrian Protestant College, one of the toasts was "The Prussian Deaconesses, nurses in the St. Johns Hospital: one of them is worth more than a hundred men." One enthusiastic medical graduate, who had for years been under the influence and witnessed the example of these noble Christian women, said he would move to amend it by substituting the word "thousand" for "hundred" in the sentiment. Surely, the medical students in Beirut have rare advantages, with such a corps of Professors and the daily opportunity of "walking" the wards of St. Johns Hospital, under the care of these German ladies, as eminent for their patient, persevering care of the most degraded and loathsome victims of disease, as for their high personal religious character and attainments.

## A Dog's Ruse.

The other day I was witness to an amusing instance of canine sagacity worthy of commemoration in print. I was staying with friends who have a varied collection of dogs, a Blenheim spaniel and her five puppies, a fox terrier and two fine deerhounds. This happy family are allowed to spend part of the day in the drawing-room provided they conform to certain rules as to boundary lines, and an amicable agreement among themselves. The hearth rug is the favorite "coign of vantage" with them all. Zuna, the deerhound, sauntered in one morning and found every approach to the fire blocked by the slumbering forms of her companions. She tried gently to scratch a passage for herself, but was repelled with growls. So, apparently suffering from extreme lowness of spirits she retired to a distant corner of the room, but not to sleep. For ten minutes she crouched there, pondering silently then suddenly bounding up, flew to the window and barked as if an invading army were in sight. Of course every one human and canine, followed in mad haste. The hearth rug was left unoccupied, and Zuna quietly trotted around, stretched her huge form before the fire, and in an instant was snoring heavily, leaving us all staring ont into vacancy, emphatically "sold."

## A Portrait of Dr. Holland.

The Century Co., publishers of *Scrivener's Monthly* (to be known as "*The Century Magazine*" after October), will soon issue a portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland which is said to be a remarkably fine likeness; it is the photograph of a life-size crayon-drawing of the head and shoulder recently made by Wyatt-Eaton, and will be about the size of the original picture. It is to be offered in connection with subscriptions to "*The Century Magazine*."

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.

—[George MacDonald.]

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

## What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be

known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,  
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,  
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,  
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,  
MRS. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Com. of Lady Managers.

The following amounts have been affixed by the Trustees and Lady Managers of the City Hospital, to be given by those interested in the Institution, as memorials or gifts, to perpetuate the family name, or endow a bed or room for all time or for a year:

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Naming of the large Wards,.....         | \$10,000 each. |
| "    end Wards,.....                    | 5,000 "        |
| "    small Wards,.....                  | 3,000 "        |
| "    Private Rooms,.....                | 2,000 "        |
| "    a Bed in a Ward,.....              | 500 "          |
| For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room,    | 7,000          |
| "    Perpetual Bed in a Ward,....       | 5,000          |
| "    Bed during the lives of 2 donors   | 4,000          |
| For a bed in a Private Ward for a year, | 300            |
| "    Bed in a General Ward for a year,  | 200            |

What more enduring monument when marble has crumbled into dust? What more pleasing testimonial can be given to the memory of the departed than such provision, for all time, for the sick and suffering?

What more praise-worthy charity, what more acceptable thank-offering for blessings bestowed, or evils averted could be made, than to erect a building on our ample Hospital grounds for the care of sick and disabled children for whom we have not room?

In what better way can churches provide for their sick poor than by an annual subscription of two or three hundred dollars?

## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

### September Hours at the City Hospital.

Rarely have our sympathies been so strongly taxed for the suffering, as on our last visit to the City Hospital. Before we crossed its threshold we heard the moaning of one who could not be comforted. She was the mother of four young children, and had just learned that her husband could not live twenty-four hours. He was a painter by trade, and while walking on the railroad track had had his foot injured by the cars, and when brought to the Hospital, he was suffering from blood poison and it was too late to save his life by amputating the foot. All had been done since his arrival to relieve him that was possible. He had been placed in a tent in the yard, a female nurse and two male patients were ministering to his comfort, but mortification had taken place and he was evidently near his end.

From the tent of the dying man we went to the Male Surgical Ward, where, beside the couch of one prostrated in early manhood by a broken leg, sat a sad wife, clad in mourning, with a sick, infant six months old in her arms, and two children, the one three and the other five years old, nestling near her. A few days had wrought many changes in this family. The father, a vigorous, healthy looking man, a blacksmith, had started from his home in East Rush for the city with his two boys, the one five and the other ten years of age. He had brought fifty dollars with him to the city and expended it in shoes, clothing, and articles for the comfort of his family, and was on his homeward way, when, on Mt. Hope Ave., he gave the reins into the hands of his son ten years old, and himself turned

around to light his pipe, and the next he knew he was picked up near the sidewalk. A passer by saw the horse throw his tail over the reins, and as the little boy trying to disentangle them drew them tightly, the horse reared and plunged and upset the vehicle in which they were riding, threw all out, breaking the leg of the father, knocking out two of the younger boy's teeth and fracturing the skull of the older one, who only survived the accident a few hours. He was brought to the Hospital with the father, portions of the fractured skull were removed, but the little fellow died without recovering his consciousness. At the time of our visit he had been buried and the mother was about leaving her husband in the Hospital, returning with her three children to her home. The shock had dried up the fountain that had supplied her infant with nourishment, and the little thing was suffering in consequence. The mother had been obliged to call in a physician to it the night before, and he told her she must take it at once from the city, and try to compose herself, or it would die before the father could leave the Hospital. Poor woman! how our heart ached for her.

There were twenty under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward; one of these had a cancer on his lip and a swelling on his knee; one was lying on his couch with a sprained ankle, but he was improving, and could walk with crutches. Mr. L., a paralytic, was in his chair.

There were twelve patients in the Male Medical Ward, only two of whom were confined to their cots. There had been five deaths during the month; two of these were consumptives, one had had dropsy and another an internal cancer.

In the Upper Female Medical Ward were fifteen inmates, none of whom were very low. Among these some had diseased hearts, some gave indications of consumption, some had erysipelas, some

were epileptics, and others had paralysis. One woman had been threatened with gastric fever, but was better. A cancer patient had died during the month. Only one was confined to her bed.

In the Lower, Female Ward were fourteen patients. The consumptive girl who last month was so eager for her flowers, had gone where sickness and sorrow never enter. One inmate had passed successfully through six surgical operations, and was anticipating the seventh which she hoped would be the last. One aged woman from Auburn was greatly delighted with her improvement at the Hospital. For months she has been suffering from distressing sores on one of her lower limbs, but had gained so much during her few weeks' stay that she was soon to return home. She said she could speak a good word for the Institution, as she had been greatly helped by her treatment. She came to the City Hospital because a friend of hers who was blind had been so much benefitted in it and spoke so well of the care she received.

In the Lying-In-Ward were two waiting patients and two young infants, the one not quite a day old was in the arms of the nurse who was just finishing dressing it.

There were nine deaths in the Institution during the month of August.

We met for the first time Dr. Snow and Dr. Owen, who were just entering upon their duties as assistant physicians in place of Dr. Potter and Dr. Guy Montgomery.

### **The Children's Cot.**

We have two wee babies in the Hospital and three older children who are under treatment for diseases. One of these is the little boy who came to us with a curvature of the spine from the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum. He was not able to sit up when he arrived, but

good nursing and a plaster of Paris jacket have strengthened him, and now he walks quite well. He was taking his morning nap when we looked in upon him. The little boy who came to us from the Industrial School, with St. Vitus's dance, has greatly improved, and while in the Hospital Dr. Rider has supplied him with glasses, as he is very near-sighted, and he looks like a little old man, in spectacles. The third child is a little girl twelve years old who is quite sick with malarial fever of typhoid type. She was so troubled with the noises in the Ward that she had been placed above by herself in the He-brew Ward. The nurse was cutting off her hair but she was still quite sick. She and her mother came to the Hospital, both sick with fevers.

A kind friend from New Jersey has sent us a donation for our Cot Fund, and we hear of a little girl there who is getting up a fair for our benefit. We hope friends, old and young, nearer home will come to our help. Our donations do not come in as fast as we should like to have them, but we have faith in the little folks.

### **Songs for the Sunday School.**

The Century Co., New York, last year issued an edition of Spiritual Songs for the Sunday Schools, selected and arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson D. D. This work has met with unqualified praise and been adopted by many Sunday Schools in our land. To meet the public demand, an edition of the songs without the music has just been brought out which we commend to those interested in Sabbath School work.

It will be a most desirable supplement to the large book, greatly increasing its usefulness, and placing it within the reach of the largest mission schools. The new edition is prettily bound in flexible red cloth, and costs but 20 cents. The complete tune edition, bound in stiff boards,

and covered with red cloth, with red edges, costs 40 cents to schools in quantities. It is said that the sales of the latter work have mounted up into the scores of thousands since its issue a year ago.

### Hon. Levi A. Ward.

Death has again taken from our Hospital friends another of its officers.

After many months of inability to engage in the active pursuits which always marked the business life of Mr. Ward, he has finally yielded to the summons, and has left us.

He came to Rochester when a young man, with his father's family, from Hadam, Conn., and soon entered into active and successful business, and became one of our most earnest and prominent citizens. He held several offices, never seeking any, but always ready to discharge his duties, either as a private man or a public one.

The press of Rochester has noted his more prominent business course; we, devoted to one of our best public charities, speak of him especially as one whose benevolent character made him conspicuous among us as of large and liberal views, and particularly charitable. He identified himself with nearly all of our benevolent institutions, and his financial ability made his services of peculiar value to these. Our Hospital has had on several occasions resort to his judgment, and among the many able and generous gentlemen who constitute our official board, his counsels will be greatly missed.

It is not often that one passes away from us whose private and public record is so generally accepted as being without a blemish.

To his surviving family we tender our sympathy in their loss.

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 9th, 1881, of consumption, Frederick Weisbrot, aged 25 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 15th, 1881, of pneumonia, Mrs. Julia M. Bissell, aged 58 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 16th, 1881, of cancer in the stomach, Mrs. Pauline E. Hastings, aged 36 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 20th, 1881, of consumption, David G. Breaky, aged 36 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 21, 1881, of cancer of pancreas, Oscar Chappell, aged 45 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 23, 1881, of Bright's disease of kidneys, Jeremiah Pier, aged 58 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 27, 1881, of aneurism of abdominal aorta, William Liebert, aged 43 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 29, 1881, of fractured skull, Frank Cassius Rittner, aged 10 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August, 29, 1881, of consumption, Malinda Wild, aged 20 years.

## Donations.

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Mr. E. Brewster—One basket Peaches.

## Receipts for the Review,

AUGUST, 1881.

Mrs. D. B. Beach, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Galusha, \$1.25; Mrs. Patience Moore, 65 cents; Mrs. M. B. Seward, 62 cts.—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, ..... \$3 52

## Monthly Reports.

1881. Aug. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 89  
Received during month, 40  
Births, ..... 2—131  
Deaths, ..... 9  
Discharged, ..... 48— 57

Remaining, Sept. 1st, 1881, 74

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY  
 THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1881.

No. 3

## The Oriole.

Golden-feathered songster sits  
Among the maple's verdant leaves,  
He down a shining feather flits,  
Then another falling, hits  
The field-mouse sporting 'mid the sheaves.

What cares he for all this loss  
Of brilliant plumage from his wings?  
To him they seem but feathered dross,  
As upon the air they toss,  
He flashes through the boughs and sings.

Why not I, as drop the years  
From out my mortal life below,  
By all doubts and chilling fears,  
To up a song above the tears,  
And like the Oriole, let them go?

—[D. Bethune Duffield.

Oct., August, 1881.

As we are too ready with complaint  
Of this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,  
And beyond the zenith and the slope  
A gray back of sky, we might be faint  
To see upon eternity's constraint  
Our aspirant souls. But since the scope  
Widen early, is it well to droop  
Few days consumed in loss and taint?  
Glad heart, be comforted,  
Like a cheerful traveler, take the road,  
By the hedge. What if the bread  
Is thin in thine inn, and thou unshod  
To set the flints? At least it may be said,  
So the way is short, I thank thee, God.

—[Mrs. Browning.

Humble love;  
Not proud science, keeps the door of Heaven;  
And admission where proud science falls.

For the Hospital Review.

## Climbing the Niesen.

### AN INCIDENT OF SWISS TRAVEL.

Life in Switzerland, at a good *pension*, where you stay for a time and are not merely a passing guest, may be one of quiet but unsurpassed enjoyment. There is a sense of family life not attainable at any hotel; your wants are more deferentially cared for; and though the Babel of languages about you may include French, German, Spanish and the different dialects of English, American, Scotch and Irish, the ear becomes accustomed to the varied sounds, as the eye to the varied individualities. The excellence of the table has, no doubt, its weight in enticing the luxurious traveler into prolonging his stay; and the neat, well-appointed rooms, whose small, white beds and comfortable couches invite the weary to repose.

Our *pension* lifts itself above steep terraces high enough to look down on the chimneys and quaint roofs of the pretty village below. We are perched on the side of broad, vine-clad hills that give a matchless view of the lovely lake of Thun. From my window, with its cheerful balcony, I look across the water to where the grim Niesen rises in solitary majesty. Along the horizon tower the snow-capped peaks of the Eiger, the Mönch and the Jungfrau, with their numerous retinue,

and far to the right gleam the Doldenhorn and the Blumlisalp. This first impression of Alpine scenery is very soothing and restful. As a sequel to a fatiguing journey it is like coming home. One feels a sense of deprivation that these sights should not sooner have dawned upon his vision and made part of his life. In the morning you wake up wondering if the snowy summits are still there; you watch them at intervals through the day, in their ever-varying aspect, you see the sunset crown them with fresh glory and the shadows of night envelop them in mysterious darkness. If you join your friends, at candle-lighting, in the drawing-room below, you will find the young people singing or playing at the piano, or perhaps flitting around the room in couples to the sound of some familiar waltz. Their elders will be employed at whist or chess, or gathered in groups to discuss the past excursions of the day and plan new rambles for the morrow. Frequently the village band, seated in the little summer-house, will furnish music for the dancers, interspersed with plaintive or familiar melodies that remind one of another home beyond the seas.

The ascent of Mount Niesen had long been talked of, and a party of a dozen or more decided on making it. We took the early boat to Spiez, on the opposite shore, and from thence went by carriage to Wimmis, a picturesque hamlet at the foot of the Niesen. We ordered an early dinner at the Löwe Hotel and found time to visit the old Castle which is now occupied as a village school. A long, winding stone stair leads upward, of which we availed ourselves for the fine views from the upper windows; climbing 120 of its rough stone steps. Another long flight of stairs ascends to the tower. The venerable, old church adjoining dates from 933.

Among our party there were a young Englishman and his wife, who for some

days had appeared to be passing through some slight misunderstanding or quarrel. Mrs. Barrett was a finely developed specimen of a youthful, English beauty, in superb health, and with an overflowing vitality that prompted her to be foremost in every adventurous undertaking. Her husband on the contrary was quiet and self-contained, and appeared to look with disfavor on the brilliant social qualities of his wife. Retiring as he naturally was, yet on this occasion he was unremitting in his attentions to the other ladies of the party; and, being a man of agreeable presence and decided refinement and culture he easily made himself a general favorite. All the more he studiously ignored his wife, until it became evident that she was painfully conscious of his increasing incivility and obtrusive neglect.

After dinner, we mounted our horses and soon after leaving Wimmis began the ascent of the mountain. Each of the ladies had a Swiss guide or attendant at her bridle or following after, to assist in directing the horse and to guard against accident. Mrs. Barrett took the lead on a nag that displayed more mettle than those usually detailed for the service. In her dark blue walking-dress, and straw hat, with its flowing white scarf and wreath of crimson berries, she was fairly radiant with beauty as she turned her face smilingly back on her train of followers. The steepness of the path naturally requires the horse's pace to be a cautious, steady walk; but the rider may generally place implicit trust in the sure-footed and well-trained beast that so laboriously clammers up its devious way. Sometimes we passed through dense clumps of wood, emerging upon long stretches of grassy hillside, with here and there a rude chalet, mostly occupied by herdsmen. Herds of cattle browsed fearlessly on the brink of precipices or were driven by their keepers to newer pastures. As we mounted higher and higher the chalets became more in-

quent, and presented a grimmer and more repulsive aspect. At one of these horses were rested and watered; and were glad to remount and get away from its unattractive surroundings.

Preserving the order of our march we advanced to the more perilous passages of our journey. We had left a summer sky in the valleys, but now it began to be bleak, shadowy and cold. We no longer encountered the occasional travel-hastening to descend. At last, after three hours riding, we had reached the summit, and the path dwindled into the narrowest possible compass. On either side were diverging precipices, which to look at took away one's breath. Suddenly a cry of horror from the foremost descended rent the air; there was a rattle of falling stones and a sudden crash. For an instant a horse was seen vainly struggling for footing as he rolled helplessly down the outer declivity of the mountain, and a moment disappeared forever. "My wife! my wife!" cried an agonized voice, which was plainly Mr. Barrett's. He had recognized the horse his wife had been riding; and that she, too, had been killed, seemed inevitable. But with her characteristic quickness and energy, Mrs. Barrett had escaped from the jaws of death by leaping from her horse into the arms of her guide, at the instant the poor animal lost his footing. Her escape was almost a miracle.

As we emerged from this memorable scene and came out on the broad, rocky plateau fronting the small Hotel de Niesen, the horseless rider was the centre of interest and sympathy and the heroine of the story. The guides were loud in their apologies and protestations and assured us that no such accident had ever before occurred. Mrs. Barrett was still very pale but quite composed; while her husband was unable to conceal the conflict of his feelings. And when they thought themselves unobserved there was a cordial pres-

sure of hands and an earnest kiss of reconciliation. It had flashed home to them that in spite of their temporary alienation there was still a fund of warm attachment left.

As for the rest of us, hungry travelers as we were, we gave but a glance at the sunset, which was mostly obscured by clouds and vapors, and gladly hastened indoors to the neat, little supper that had been provided for us. A rousing fire in the old, porcelain stove made the dining-room quite comfortable and cozy. When darkness had closed in about us, a bonfire was ordered to be built on the highest ledge of rocks, as a signal of safe arrival to our friends across the lake. From thence it would have the appearance of a ruddy and brilliant star on the apex of the shadowy mountain.

After a good night's rest we were called up at daylight to see a magnificent sunrise, with its wonderful panorama of valley, lake and mountain. At an early hour, some riding, some walking, we descended the steep pathways we had so recently clambered up; and without further incident returned to our friendly home on the banks of Lake Thun. C. HILLS.

### The Shut-in Society.

DEAR EVANGELIST:—"The Shut-in Society" was formed nearly three years ago, and has for its object the cheering and comforting of afflicted ones; "to relieve and cheer the monotony and weariness of the sick-room." As *The Evangelist* visits many a sufferer and enters many a sick-room, it occurs to me that it might be well to let them know there is a Band that now comprises nearly three hundred names, and by joining which "these afflicted ones may be brought together, and their lives cheered by the interchange of thought and feeling and varied gifts."

How many have been shut-in for years with the feeling that their lives were profitless because they could do nothing for themselves or for others? I remember when a boy my father taking me to see an invalid, a Christian lady. I found

her lying on a bed perfectly helpless; she could not so much as move, and yet she seemed very happy. I asked: "How long have you been sick?" and was told, "Many, many years. She could do nothing but just lie there—and glorify God. and when we come to consider, the question recurs, Can those in perfect health and strength do more in the place in which God has set them? A dear sister, whom the Lord had "shut-in" for three years, said, "I am going to pray that I may find some one else who is shut-in, some one to write to, to do good to, and to receive good from." She first gave the name of "Shut-ins" to those who thus began to make the acquaintance of each other by written communications.

There are no laws or rules governing the Society, and once introduced, as already intimated, "united prayer holds all together." Concerts of prayer have been agreed upon—one on Tuesday mornings at ten o'clock, and another at twilight hour. Thus two prayer-meetings are held, a daily and a weekly, "at which, 'though sundered far,' these afflicted ones, bound in the fellowship of suffering, by faith meet to implore blessings on one another, and gather strength, hope, and cheer for themselves." It should be added that "the Society is no way designed to be a charitable association," and that persons may become members by sending their names to Mrs. H. E. Brown, 29 East 29th street, New York.

It should also be stated that it is not necessary to be an invalid to become a member of the Society. Many prominent men and women are contributing with pen or pencil to make happy the hearts of the members. Few persons realize how much good a few lines written on a postal card (it may be but a verse of a familiar hymn) or a flower sent in an envelope, will do to some poor sufferer in a hospital ward, or a remote sombre chamber. And so oftentimes when we are weak and weary, if we would only think "of some one else as weak and weary as ourselves, and bring to them a draught from the wells of salvation," we should ourselves be refreshed, and perchance hear the Master saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."—[GEORGE QUINAN, in *N. Y. Evangelist*.

Nordhoff, Cal., Aug. 6, 1881.

## Archæological Discoveries in Egypt.

The Cairo correspondent of the London Times, writing on July 24, says: Besides being memorable for the appearance of the comets, the year 1881 must ever hold a high place in the annals of Egyptological discovery. Monsieur Maspero, the recently appointed director of the Boulak Museum, is at the present moment in Paris actively engaged in preparing for publication the texts of the pyramids of the Fifth and Sixth dynasties, which were opened last spring at Sakkara. The forthcoming number of the "*Receuil*" will contain the entire text of the pyramid of King Ounas, the last king of the Fifth dynasty. But the saying that "it never rains but it pours" may be now fairly applied to archæological discovery. Long before the *savants* have had time to peruse, ponder over, or profit by the wonders unearthed at Sakkara, they are now suddenly overwhelmed with a fresh supply of material in the form of the largest papyri yet known, and by the apparition of the mummies, with all their mortuary appendages and inscriptions of no less than 30 royal personages. This discovery which has just been made calls for special interest in England, for among the 30 royal mummies are to be found those of King Thutmes III, and of King Ramses II. It was the former who ordered the construction of the obelisk which now stands upon the Thames Embankment, and it was the latter who, 270 years afterwards, caused his own official titles and honors to be inscribed upon its faces beside those of Thutmes III. These two monarchs now lie side by side in the Boulak Museum, and even the flowers and garlands which were placed in their coffins may to-day be seen encircling the masks which cover the faces of the deceased, just as they were left by the mourners over 3000 years ago. Last June, Daoud Pasha, Governor of the province of Keneh, which includes the ancient Theban district, noticed that the Bedaween offered for sale an unusual quantity of antiquities at absurdly low prices. The Pasha soon discovered that the source of their hidden treasure was situated in a gorge of the mountain range which separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Malook. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile to the east of Thebes. Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the Khedive, who

forthwith despatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch, a younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pasha, who, during Mons. Maspero's absence in Paris, is in charge of all archaeological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch discovered in the cliffs of the Lybian mountains, near the temple of Deir-el-Bahari, or the "Northern Convent," a pit about thirty-five feet deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly two hundred feet long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in the various tombs and temples, and concealed in this secret subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests, to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader. In all probability they were thus concealed at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Cambyses. Herr Brugsch at once telegraphed for a steamer, which on Friday last safely deposited her precious cargo at the Bou-lak Museum.

#### Manufacturing Postage Stamps.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with the colored inks and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling and presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for the purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, or instance gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. The paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried (this time on little racks which are fanned by steam power for about an hour), they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed by hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of 70 thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in half; each sheet, of

course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to other squads, who in as many operations perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail-bags for dispatching to fulfil orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. About five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the progress of manufacturing the sheets are counted eleven times.

#### History of Cochineal.

Cochineal (Spanish *cochinilla*, originally the name of the coccus insect, used in dyeing.) is a substance used in dyeing crimson and scarlet, and is employed in the preparation of the colors carmine and lake. It consists of the bodies of the females of the *Coccus cacti*, which feed on plants of the cactus family, particularly on the cochineal plants, (*Opuntia Cochinillifera*, *Hernandezii*, and *Tuna*.) nearly allied to the prickly pear.

The cochineal plant is a native of the warm parts of America, and is cultivated for the sake of the valuable insect which feeds on it. This cultivation was practiced by the Mexicans long before the country was known to Europeans. It is now carried on also in parts of the West Indies and Peru, and in the Canary Islands, where it forms a very important article of commerce with Europe and the United States. The cochineal insect is very small, a pound of cochineal being estimated to contain not less than 70,000 in a dried state. The male is of a deep red color, and has white wings. The female is wingless, and of a deep brown color, covered with a white powder, flat underneath, convex above. The cultivator procures branches laden with the insects, and keeping the branches till the mother-insects have laid their eggs, he places their bodies, with the eggs, in little nests formed of some cottony substance upon the cochineal plants, and the young

insects, when hatched, spread themselves over them.

The gathering of the cochineal is very tedious, and is accomplished by brushing the branches with some soft brush, such as the tail of a squirrel. The insects are sometimes killed by heating them in ovens. They must be quickly killed to prevent them from laying their eggs which diminishes their value.

When killed and dried, they may be kept for almost any length of time without injury. The coloring principle of cochineal is carminic acid ( $C_{14}H_{14}O_8$ ), known in an impure state as *carmine*, and combined with alumina as *carmine lake*.

Cochineal is used for dyeing wool and silk scarlet and crimson. The colors are very brilliant, but not durable. They are easily spotted by water and alkalis. The mordants used are alum, cream of tartar, and tin salt.

### Seats for Saleswomen.

The enforced standing of saleswomen has frequently awakened the pity of ladies, who could not fail to see the weariness of the girls who waited on them in the large stores of the city. Various tentative efforts have been made to arouse public opinion on the subject, and influential ladies have sometimes proposed that there should be some organized opposition to merchants who refused seats to their female employees, at least during the intervals of waiting upon customers. Nothing however has come of any such movement, but we are persuaded that ladies will be glad to learn that an act (for the relief of working women) was passed May 18, 1881, by the Legislature of New York and signed by the Governor, which provides that "it shall be the duty of all employers of females in any mercantile or manufacturing business or occupation to provide suitable seats for the use of such female employees, and to permit the use of such seats to such an extent as may be reasonable for the preservation of health."

Apparently, the enactment of this beneficial law is not yet very widely known. We trust it will be backed by the outspoken commendation of people whose wealth and position give them the opportunity to speak with authority. The shop-girl's work is tedious and exhausting. She is often less polite and attentive than she

should be; a little disposed to snub her customers, perhaps, and a trifle absorbed in her own affairs. She is generally wonderfully courteous and patient, however; and whatever her faults or her virtues, she has a right to decent treatment, and to the rest from continuous standing on her feet, which more than any other thing wears out her health and strength. —[*Christian Intelligencer*.]

### Your Boy.

You do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him; clothe him; love him. He is a boy; and most boys are bad. You think him so light-hearted and fear he is light-headed as well. Remember he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now he has grown larger and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport, and makes him impatient of serious things—rattling, playful, thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish, and make him feel you are disappointed in him. He is your boy and you are to live in him. He bears your name and is to send it on down the stream of time. He inherits your fortune and fame, and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It cannot be otherwise. A daughter divides your fortune, transmits less of your fame and loses your name. A boy is more nearly yourself than anything else can be. It is through your boy you go down in history; through your boy you are to live in the future; by him you are to act upon the generation that is to come.

It may be difficult to govern him; but be patient. He may seem averse to every thing useful and good; but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in that way is money spent in vain. There is nothing in him; he has no pride, no ambition. You don't know. No one can tell what there is in a boy. Besides there may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame, a smouldering fire, latent energy, which the teacher's rod may stir, the association with books may

rouse, develop and direct, and thus start our boy a-going with such energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost round of the ladder of fame.

If you cannot educate him, let him educate himself. That is the best way. That will make him strong, a giant with whom none dare interfere. Such are the best men in the world. The greatest benefactors of the race have stooped their shoulders to bear burdens, have carried and hardened with rough labor, have endured the fatigue of toil. Many such are in our minds now. Labor conquers all things. The old Roman was right. We see it in a thousand instances. Labor makes the man. No boy ever came to be a man, the noblest work of God, without labor. This is God's great law; there is divine philosophy in it. Let your boy work; if he will not work, make him work. There is no progress, no development, no outcome, no true manhood without it. We must work.

Father, be kind to your boy. We now want a mother will do. Thank God! A mother's love, a mother's prayers follow us still; and the memory of her anxious tears shall never fade out during the succession of years. Finally, at not least, pray for your boy. God hears prayer. Do the best you can; commit all you cannot do to God, and hope. Never despair, for no one knows what is in a boy.

—[*Baptist Reflector*.]

### Daniel Webster's Appearance.

Few men have lived who had the striking, eye-arresting appearance of Daniel Webster. A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* illustrates this fact by narrating a conversation held with an old President of a Boston Insurance Company. Mr. Webster was for several years retained as standing counsel for the company. Says this venerable gentleman:

"Mr. Webster was, it seems to me, out the only eminent man that the people would always endeavor to get a look at, his presence was so grand and so like that of other men.

"I can very vividly recall the sensation Webster's presence used to make, and how he appeared. He seemed to live among a crowd as if apart from it,

not of it, and as one belonging to some other and more superior order of existence.

"He passed along with slow and majestic step, his hat drawn low over his broad forehead, and his deep-set, cavernous eyes looking out from under his dark, shaggy eyebrows in a dreamy sort of a way, as if their owner found little that was congenial in the moving panorama about him.

"His commanding form and impressive manner would cause the most indifferent stranger to turn at once to look at him and ask of the nearest person, 'Who is he?'

"I can well understand why it was, as his best biographer has told us, that the coal-heavers of London stopped their work and turned to look at Daniel Webster when he walked the streets of that great city.

"As a speaker, his efforts at the bar in some of the famous cases in which he was retained made the most lasting impression on my mind. His style before a jury was clear, transparent, direct, simple. He had what a great writer of antiquity termed the greatest accomplishment of the greatest things, the faculty of saying the wisest things in the language of the common people."

Procure a good size cork or bung; upon this place a small lighted taper, then set it afloat in a pail of water. Now with a steady hand invert a large drinking-glass over the light, and push it carefully down into the water. The glass being full of air prevents the water entering it. You may thus see the candle burn under water, and bring it up again to the surface still alight. This experiment, simple as it is, serves to elucidate that useful contrivance called the diving-bell, being performed on the same principle.

The Iowa State Agricultural Society has offered a premium of \$20 to any young couple in that State who consent to be married in public under a large floral bell at its coming fair. There is to be no entrance fee charged for this premium, and President Porter offers to provide the license and pay the preacher out of his own pocket, and to furnish a clergyman of any desired denomination, or a judge or justice of the peace to tie the knot.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

## What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be

known forever, in consideration of gift varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way more exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,  
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,  
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,  
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,  
MRS. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Com. of Lady Managers

The following amounts have been affixed by the Trustees and Lady Managers of the City Hospital, to be given by those interested in the Institution, as memorial gifts, to perpetuate the family name, and endow a bed or room for all time or for year:

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Naming of the large Wards,.....               | \$10,000 each |
| " end Wards, .....                            | 5,000 "       |
| " small Wards, .....                          | 3,000 "       |
| " Private Rooms, .....                        | 2,000 "       |
| " a Bed in a Ward, .....                      | 500 "         |
| For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room, .....    | 7,000         |
| " Perpetual Bed in a Ward, .....              | 5,000         |
| " Bed during the lives of 2 donors, .....     | 4,000         |
| For a bed in a Private Ward for a year, ..... | 300           |
| " Bed in a General Ward for a year, .....     | 200           |

What more enduring monument when marble has crumbled into dust? What more pleasing testimonial can be given to the memory of the departed than such provision, for all time, for the sick and suffering?

What more praise-worthy charity, what more acceptable thank-offering for blessings bestowed, or evils averted could be made, than to erect a building on our ample Hospital grounds for the care of the sick and disabled children for whom we have not room?

In what better way can churches provide for their sick poor than by an annual subscription of two or three hundred dollars?

**The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1881.

**The Hospital Patients.**

On the morning of October first we visited the Hospital. We found the lawn deserted, as a drizzling rain prevented most of the invalids from leaving the Lower Wards.

In the Lower Male Ward four surgical patients were receiving treatment. The man who broke his leg, month before last, had had a plaster of Paris case made for it and had taken French leave. The man so sick last month in the tent had died. There were no very sick patients in the Ward; a man afflicted with dyspepsia and debility was on his couch. One man had cut his finger badly while mending a harness but hoped to avoid amputation. He was enjoying a game of checkers with a fellow patient. Several aged, infirm and chronic patients were in their usual condition. The nurse was giving her attention chiefly to two little children in the tent who were very sick with diphtheria.

In the Male Medical Ward there were eleven patients, none of whom were very sick. There had been three fever patients; but one of these had gone into a private Ward; another had recovered, and left the Hospital; and the third remained but was convalescent. The little boy with St. Vitus's dance, had improved greatly and returned to the Industrial School. No death had occurred during the month and only one patient in the Ward was confined to his bed.

There were fourteen patients in the Upper Female Ward. Mrs. H., who has so long been an inmate of the Hospital, was very sick with peritonitis, requiring constant attention, and it was feared she would not recover. We found her too feeble to recognize us. Cora had had an

ill turn, had fallen and injured her arm. A woman with diseased heart had a gathering on her finger that had caused her much pain. Mrs. M. had trouble in both her lower limbs. She had suffered from erysipelas and a milk leg and was a chronic invalid. Mary D. was wearing a supporter instead of a plaster of Paris jacket, and was in the lower hall, opening the door to visitors.

In the Lying-In-Ward were two babies and two waiting patients.

In the Lower Female Ward there were fourteen inmates, five of whom were confined to their beds. One of these was suffering acutely from cancer and longing for the hour of her release; another, Mrs. Y., had had the seventh operation performed upon her but had to look forward to one more, when the doctor hoped she would soon be well enough to go home. She spoke most gratefully of the care she had received during her ten months stay in the Hospital. A young woman injured her foot last winter freezing it while skating, the bone had become so diseased that she had had her toe amputated and was doing well, suffering but little pain. A colored woman was recovering from erysipelas. The four aged women who occupy the four cots in the eastern half of the Lower Female Ward were about as usual, excepting Mrs. H., who complained of great debility, whose appetite was poor, and who appeared to be failing. Her husband, an inmate of the Male Ward, sat beside her. An aged woman of about seventy-eight had fallen, broken her limb, and seemed to be in a good deal of pain. There had been no deaths during the month in the Ward.

We are indebted to George Weldon & Co., for an acceptable donation of white cotton cloth, used by them for funeral decorations, and afterwards sent to the Hospital; this will be very useful for Hospital needs.

### A Red-Letter Day.

A social gathering of more than ordinary interest came off on the afternoon of Friday, September 23d, at the residence of Mortimer F. Reynolds, on Spring St. Aside from the ordinary attractions of a fashionable reception, historic and anniversary associations lent their charms to the occasion, and offered strong inducements to those who were summoned to the festive scene.

The spacious mansion, appropriately and tastefully adorned with floral tributes, opened wide its portals, and welcomed among its guests many who do not often grace our public gatherings.

Towering above them all was mine host, who was the first male child born on the west side of the Genesee in the hamlet of Rochester. Never was his commanding form and manly presence more conspicuous than when he bowed to present to her who years before had given him birth, the many friends that had come to offer their congratulations to the revered and honored matron, seated beside him, whose life was identified with the early history of Rochester, and who that day celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday, lacking but three years of being a centenarian.

It was a picture traced ineffaceably on Memory's tablet. Mother and son received their guests on the west side of the drawing room, and behind them, as a background, was a trellis covered with smilax and roses, from which were suspended two shields and a floral star, all made of fragrant red and white carnations. The shields were of red carnations crossed with a band of white, on which in red carnations were inscribed the years 1784 and 1881, the dates of the birth and ninety-seventh anniversary of the mother. On the red star, in white carnations, were the letters "L. R.," the in-

itials of Lydia Reynolds, the queen of the day.

Many octogenarians gathered around the venerable matron, and as we took our leave of her, one was seated by her who had known her before she left the hills of Berkshire, and had followed her to her western home "in the far off Genesee country."

Our *vis-a-vis* at the refreshment table was the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Reynolds, only three days her junior, who had come from a neighboring village to bring the mother's greeting to her early friend.

The name of REYNOLDS is closely identified with the history of Rochester, and a memorial tablet will enshrine it in our City Hospital. May those now bearing it, mother and son, who were the central group in the anniversary festival, be spared to welcome us again on September 23d, 1884, to the centennial birthday of Mrs. Abelard Reynolds.

### The Children's Cot.

The last month the Cot has for a short time had one inmate, a little colored boy named Willie Jones. He was about three years old, had inflammation of the eyes but did not stay very long in the Hospital, leaving it before his eyes were well. The boy from the Orphan Asylum with curvaturæ of the spine, has had his plaster of Paris jacket removed but he cannot walk about much. The little boy Peter, with St. Vitus's dance, has recovered and gone back to the Industrial School. The girl twelve years old, sick with malarial fever, has been, and still is, very ill. She is unconscious a good deal of the time and her nurse spoke of her as still in a very dangerous condition. A good deal of sympathy was expressed for two children who had been brought to the Hospital with diphtheria. They could not be received into the house because that

disease is considered infectious, and other patients might be exposed to it. As we had no better place they were taken into the tent and a stove was placed within it to make them as comfortable as possible, and they were improving under Hospital treatment. The father of these little ones is the sexton of St. Luke's church and much interest was felt for his children, as about a week before he had lost one at home of the same disease, and some time since, two children had died in one day from scarlet fever. Since the above was in type the youngest has died.

You see, dear children, the Hospital is never without its sick little ones, and it is a great thing to have a place where the children can be tenderly nursed in time of need. We hope the time is not far distant when we can have a Children's Ward, but meanwhile we must complete our endowment fund. A kind lady from New Jersey last month sent us a donation for the Cot, but we want to hear oftener from our children here.

We shall soon announce our annual Donation Festival and you must all be preparing something for our Cot Table.

#### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Mrs. F. L. S. Knight, Morristown, N. J. | \$10 50 |
| September subscription, .....           | 25      |
| A Friend.....                           | 50      |

|                                |           |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| Receipts for the month, '..... | 11 25     |
| Previously acknowledged,.....  | \$1353 15 |

Total Receipts.....\$1364 40

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

#### 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.

#### The Loan Exhibition.

Great efforts are being made to ensure the success of the approaching Loan Exhibition, under the auspices of the Art Exchange. It will be held in the new hall in Powers' Building, opening on the thirteenth of October, and continuing for a fortnight.

It will be a very interesting collection of works of art, antiquities, curiosities and bric-à-brac.

The etchings and engravings to be exhibited are valued at \$12,000. They will include the Osborne collection from Auburn, and the James collection from Lancaster.

We trust our citizens will avail themselves of the opportunity offered to visit the exhibition and aid the Art Exchange.

#### An Acceptable Gift.

We are indebted to Mrs. Ezra M. Parsons for a most acceptable donation of furniture, which will be most useful to the Hospital. The rep furniture has most of it found a place in the parlor and all of it has been appropriated for Hospital use.

#### Wanted.

A bureau and washstand. Who will supply us?

DONATED ON ACCOUNT.

Thomas C. Palmer, ..... \$4 00  
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

#### 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. E. V. Stoddard, 62 South Washington Street.

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 2, 1881, from railroad accident, Charles Kimball, aged 36 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 15, 1881, of hepatic abscess, Lieut. James P. Sprague, aged 47 years.

## Donations.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Pickles and Jelly.

" Wm. Corning—Half bushel Pears.

C. M. Traver—One Bed Spread.

" Mathews—Old Cotton and Linen.

" F. Gorton—"Graphics."

" L. Cauffman—Illustrated Papers.

W. S. Little—Reading Matter and second hand Shirts.

George Weldon & Co.—New Cloth, used for decorations.

Miss Katie Osgood—Picture Album for "Children's Cot."

## Receipts for the Review,

OCTOBER, 1881.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Mrs. F. L. S. Knight, Morristown, N. J.—  |         |
| By Mrs. S. H. Terry.....                  | 50      |
| Mrs. Danold, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. Fitz-   |         |
| hugh, Mt. Morris 60 cents; Mrs. S. B.     |         |
| Perkins, 62 cents; Miss Clara Wales, 65   |         |
| cents—By Mrs. Gilman.....                 | 2 49    |
| Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. |         |
| Edwin Bates, New York, 50 cents;          |         |
| W. H. Glenn & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Mrs.     |         |
| J. Goddard, York, 50 cents; Mrs. C. E.    |         |
| Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Par-        |         |
| sons, 65 cents; Miss M. E. Porter, 62c.   |         |
| —By Mrs. Robert Mathews.....              | \$ 8 39 |

## Monthly Reports.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| 1881. Sept. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 74 |  |
| Received during month... 39                 |  |
| Births, ..... 2—115                         |  |
| Deaths, ... 2                               |  |
| Discharged, ..... 33— 35                    |  |
| Remaining, Oct. 1st, 1881, 80               |  |

## 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.

## The Dying Child.

I remember when I was nursing in the hospital once, there was a poor little boy about six years old, dying of rheumatic fever. I was night nurse in that ward; and regularly, when the attack of pain came on he used to scream out for me:

"Nurse, sing. It hurts me. Sing to hurt away."

So then I'd prop him up on my arm, and sing one song after another, from "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," to "Blackeye Susan," till the paroxysm of pain was over, and he'd quiet down again. I always knew when that was by his joining his voice in, too—such a weak pipe of voice, poor lamb! but I was more glad to hear it than any music, for it told me the pain was gone for a while, and I could lay him down to sleep again.

Poor wee mite! I was singing "Little Bo-Peep" the night he died. I had him in my arms. He'd been sinking all day I knew he couldn't last another; and though he tried to join in as usual his voice went into a gasp and broke. I'd been sometimes used to call the children in the ward my little sheep; and when I came to the end of the verse—

"Little Bo-Peep she lost her sheep,  
An' doesn't know where to find 'em  
Let 'em alone, an' they'll come home,  
An' bring their tails behind 'em."

he looked up in my face with a bit of a smile on his poor little drawn, white mouth, and said:

"Nurse, you'll know where to find her little sheep when he goes home. Will I be long going home now, Nurse?"

Long! Ah, poor lamb! ten minutes later and he'd gone home.

—[Cassell's Magazine.]

Mr. Henry G. Marquand of N. Y. on Saturday filed at the Bureau of Building a plan for the erection, in the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, on the northeast corner of First avenue and Twenty-sixth street, of a pavilion for sick children, as an addition to the hospital. The pavilion will be of Philadelphia stone, two stories in height, and is to cost \$30,000. It will be known as the Marquand Pavilion.

"Shall I help you to some of the tomatoes?" inquired a young exquisite of a venerable physician, as he sat opposite him at the hotel table. "No sir, I thank you," replied the learned savant, "I'll trouble you for some potatases, if on please."

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW, IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson 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,  
 Butts' Block, south entrance, over 6 State Street.

## Advertisements.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

|                          |                            |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Sq. 1 insertion \$1 00 | Quarter Column.....\$10 00 |
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| 1 month..... 8 00        | Half Column, 1 Year; 15 00 |
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Deposits made not later than the third day of any of the months of March, June, September and December shall be entitled to have interest declared upon them the same as if deposited on the first day of said months.

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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. XVIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1881.

No. 4

For the Hospital Review.

## Pomponne de Bellievre.

Our interest in one department of the Rochester Art Exchange Loan Exhibition, that of etchings and engravings, was greatly increased by the perusal of a pamphlet by the late Charles Sumner, "*The Best Portraits in Engraving*," that brought out the strong points of many of the pictures exhibited, and gave suggestive hints to the uninitiated, calling special attention to some of the works of the old masters, that might otherwise have passed unnoticed. Sumner tells us that "according to Longhi, an engraving is not a copy or imitation, but a translation. The engraver translates into another language, where light and shade supply the place of colors."

In the Art Exchange Catalogue, No. 123 is described as "Pomponne de Bellievre; by Nanteuil; very fine." This portrait hung on the upper row of pictures that covered the screen in the room first entered on visiting the Osborne and James collections, and was directly over Vischer's portrait of the Zutphen Ecclesiastic, the man with the famous beard.

Sumner says that this portrait by Nanteuil is by some connoisseurs considered "the most beautifully engraved portrait that exists," and that among the masterpieces of Nanteuil, whose portraits illus-

trated the reign of Louis XIV., this is "a chief masterpiece of art."

Dr. Thies, considered by Sumner a high authority, wrote thus of it, under date of March, 1850:

"When I call Nanteuil's Pomponne the handsomest engraved portrait, I express a conviction to which I came when I studied all the remarkable engraved portraits at the royal cabinet of engravings at Dresden, and at the large and exquisite collection there of the late King of Saxony, and to which I was confirmed or, perhaps, to which I was led, by the director of the two establishments, the late Professor Fenzel."

After describing the head of Pomponne by Nanteuil, he adds:

"There is an air of refinement round the mouth and nose as in no other engraving. Color and life shine through the skin, and the lips appear red."

Mr. Sumner has not only interested us in the work of Nanteuil, but in the man, the philanthropist, Pomponne de Bellievre, who, living more than two hundred years ago, *endowed the General Hospital of Paris and bestowed upon it riches and the very bed on which he died.*

As we are now very anxious to secure Hospital endowments, we are especially interested in one who, high in public office, delighted to remember and relieve those who were afflicted with disease and suffering, and whose example in many things is worthy of imitation, and we quote from the pamphlet by Charles Sum-

ner, to which we have referred, the following extract :

"It is bold, perhaps, thus to exalt a single portrait, giving to it the palm of Venus; nor do I know that it is entirely proper to classify portraits according to beauty. In disputing about beauty, we are often lost in the variety of individual tastes, and yet each person knows when he is touched. In proportion as multitudes are touched there must be merit. As in music a simple heart-melody is often more effective than any triumph over difficulties, or bravura of manner, so in engraving the sense of the beautiful may prevail over all else, and this is the case with the Pomponne, although there are portraits by others showing higher art.

"No doubt there have been as handsome men whose portraits were engraved, but not so well. I know not if Pomponne was what would be called a handsome man, although his air is noble and his countenance bright. But among portraits more boldly, delicately, or elaborately engraved, there are very few to contest the palm of beauty.

"And who is this handsome man to whom the engraver has given a lease of fame? Son, nephew and grandson of eminent magistrates, high in the nobility of the robe, with two grandfathers chancellors of France, himself at the head of the magistracy of France, first President of Parliament according to inscription on the engraving, *Senatus Francie Princeps*, ambassador to Italy, Holland and England, charged in the latter country by Cardinal Mazzarin with the impossible duty of making peace between the Long Parliament and Charles the First, and at his death great benefactor of the General Hospital of Paris, bestowing upon it riches and the very bed on which he died.

"A Funeral Panegyric, pronounced at his death at Paris, April 17th, 1657, testifies to more than family or office. In himself he was much, and not of those who, according to the saying of St. Bernard, give out smoke rather than light. Pure glory and innocent riches were his, which were more precious in the sight of good men, and he showed himself incorruptable, and not to be bought at any price. It were easy for him to have turned a deluge of wealth into his home; but he knew that gifts insensibly corrupt—that the specious pretext of gratitude is the snare in which the greatest souls allow themselves to be caught,—that a man covered with favors has difficulty in setting himself against injustice in all forms, and that a magistrate, divided between a sense of obligations received and the care of

the public interest, which he ought always to promote, is a paralytic magistrate, a magistrate deprived of a moiety of himself. So spoke the preacher, while he portrayed a charity tender and prompt for the wretched, a vehemence just and inflexible to the dishonest and wicked, with a sweetness noble and beneficent for all. His benefactions were constant. Not content with giving only his own, he gave with a beautiful manner still more rare. He could not abide beauty of intelligence without goodness of soul and he preferred always the poor, having for them not only compassion but a sort of reverence. He knew that the way to take the poison from riches was to make them tasted by those who had them not. The sentiment of Christian charity for the poor, who were to him in the place of children, was his last thought, as witness, especially, the General Hospital endowed by him, and presented by the preacher as the greatest and most illustrious work ever undertaken by charity the most heroic."

It is pleasant to have a good man thus remembered, and to be able to recall the face of one whose deeds of charity made him worthy of imitation. We trust that though our City Hospital walls may not be adorned by engravings as beautiful and artistic as those by Nanteuil, they may be ornamented with mural tablets that two hundred years hence will recall the names of those who endowed the City Hospital and were among its early friends and patrons.

H. S. T.

What the little boys are doing in Elizabeth, New Jersey :

### Little Boys' Fair.

The little girls have done so much in the way of fairs for the Hospital that the little boys have a notion to see what they can do, and accordingly they will hold a fair to-morrow afternoon at No. 1007 East Jersey street, corner of Spring, and donate the proceeds to the Daisy Bed. The fact, however, that the fair is under the management of the little boys, will not exclude the little girls either from attendance or helping, and the combined efforts of the two will doubtless make it a great success :

**Daisy Bed Fund**

IN THE ELIZABETH HOSPITAL.

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| it previously acknowledged.....                                       | \$438 48       |
| L. Baremore, Jr., proceeds of "Lil-<br>boys' Fair," given by him..... | 42 99          |
|   | <hr/> \$481 47 |

**ninth Annual Report of the Roch-  
ter Female Charitable Society for  
Relief of the SICK POOR.**

ES:

We would fain come to you to-day a new story in place of the oft read one of the year's record of feeble endeavors to mitigate the sorrows and ings that sickness brings to the poor. cannot stop to reason why these utions are sent upon them, whether are subjects of their own ignorance nability to observe the laws of health, e innocent victims of willful trans- ons on the part of others: the fact ns, that we who are receiving the old blessings that flow from the uni- diffusion of the religion of Christ, commanded to minister to the least of brethren in sickness, to comfort the minded, and to visit the fatherless widows in their affliction. In the spect of the last year, our thoughts rest directed to the places made vaby death in our board and member-

Mr. Levi A. Ward, for a long time man of the Board of Trustees, de- much of his time and labor to the sts of the Society from the date of corporation, until compelled by fail- ealth to retire from these and kind- sponsibilities. Called to receive im- st gifts, he has left to earth his gift, gacy of a pure and noble life. The of Mrs. Selah Mathews, an honor- directress, and in its infancy and history an efficient helper in the ly, has severed another link between at and present; and after an old age e and bright, she has been led gent-

visitor, faithful and untiring in her efforts for others, has during the year been call ed to her reward. Within the last week Mrs. Wilkin, who in past years as visitor and directress, rendered true and devoted service, has been suddenly called "to the heritage on high." And yesterday was laid to her final rest Mrs. N. B. Northrup, our former Assistant Treasurer, whose home for so many years was one of our places of meeting. She was ever ready with sympathy and judicious counsel to make life's rough places plain for the weary and unfortunate. And now on the eve of our gathering, there come to us again the sad tidings that Mrs. Cogswell, who until recently, was so efficient and untiring in her duties as direct-ress, has been summoned to her heavenly home. Truly may we say touching all these departed ones: "We give hearty thanks for the good examples of all these servants, who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors."

That the interest in this work continues unabated has been evinced by the good attendance of the Board of Managers at the monthly meetings, to consider the cases brought before them. This Society is wide in its scope of benevolence, and its ministrations extend to all without regard to creed or race. Its sympathy goes out to encourage, and its aid relieves the widow in her poverty and friendlessness or with sick children, the old and feeble of either sex, young women struggling for a livelihood, and all who through various turns of fortune have been obliged to accept charity in sickness. The self-denying devotion of visitors, in their cheerful giving of time and labor to these stricken and afflicted ones, has brought its own reward in the doing of their work, as well as in the expressions of grati- tude from the sick and dying, for care and attention bestowed upon them. In some sections of the city visitors have had

tricts constant visitation has been required, several cases being under each visitor's care at one time. During the past year, so far as appears from the reports, between 300 and 400 persons have been assisted, of whom several have died. In the early part of the year the "Reynolds' Memorial Fund" was increased by the timely gift of \$2000 from Mr. M. F. Reynolds, in memoriam of his wife and father. Some of the stocks in which our permanent fund was invested when bequeathed to us, have depreciated, and the interest has been reduced on other investments, so that our income being lessened, we shall be obliged to make a special appeal to the public for larger donations than usual. In this year of firey trial and calamities which have elicited generous bestowals of money and the necessities of life from our citizens, we hope our home charities will not be put aside. With the prospect before us of a winter of more than ordinary privation to the poor, we trust that those who have been blessed in their "basket and their store," will, in the midst of their abundance, remember especially the sick poor. Among the many kind remembrances for which we would return thanks, we would make particular mention of the work done for us by the Second Ward Aid Society, and by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church of Scottsville, also of the 100 loads of kindling wood from Mr. B. H. Clark, which carried with it so much comfort. We are always indebted to the Press of the city for many favors and receipted bills, as well as to Mr. Andrews for donations in printing.

We would also acknowledge our obligations to the Rochester Club for the continued use of their pleasant parlors for our meetings, and to all who have in any way given us aid.

Respectfully submitted,

H. M. CRAIG,

*Secretary.*

### Treasurer's Report.

|  | Dr.            |
|--|----------------|
| Cash on hand, November 1st, 1880,...                 | \$1,243        |
| Individual donations,.....                           | 1,256          |
| Interest on investments,.....                        | 400            |
| Interest on investments in hands of trustees,.....   | 346            |
| Interest from Pancost estate,.....                   | 207            |
| Interest on funds deposited in Mechanics' Bank,..... | 17             |
| Returned by visitors,.....                           | 1              |
| Membership fees paid to trustees, ....               | 6              |
| Ward membership fees, to collectors..                | 366            |
| Church collections,.....                             | 385            |
|  | <b>\$4,231</b> |

The Reynolds' Memorial Fund of \$2,000 is the hands of trustees waiting investment.

Collections other than money: Moore Cole, D. Davenport, delicacies for the sick; Herzberger, beef for tea; S. Rosenblatt, thirty four pairs of stockings; Mrs. W. H. Patterson four pounds of tea; The ladies of the Presbyterian Church, Scottsville, sixty-eight pieces clothing.

|  | Cr.            |
|--|----------------|
| By orders given,.....                          | \$3,184        |
| Paid for printing stationery and postage ..... | 62             |
| Paid for dry goods, .....                      | 64             |
|  | <b>\$3,300</b> |
| Cash on hand November 1st, 1881,...            | 931            |
|  | <b>\$4,231</b> |

SARAH E. HOLLISTER,

*Treasurer.*

November 1st, 1881.

### Eighteenth Annual Report of the Managers of the Rochester City Hospital

#### LADIES :

The eighteenth year of the Rochester City Hospital is numbered with the past. It has been a year fraught with blessings, a year of enlarged usefulness, greater needs and anxieties, with an occasional gleam of sunshine to brighten and cheer the hearts of the committee, whom your Society, in 1863, entrusted its care and oversight. We do not get the blessings, but they are oftentimes overshadowed by our wants, our absolute needs, and our necessarily increased

penses, as almost to blot them from our memory and cause our faith to waver, but the consciousness that it is work for Christ's sake and the good of our fellow creatures stimulates us to go forward trusting: comforted by the grateful and cheering words and generous deeds of God's children upon whom he has showered earthly treasures and given them hearts to "consider the poor." Our memorial endowment fund has been increased by a gift of \$2,000 from Mr. Mortimer F. Reynolds in memory of his father, Abelard Reynolds, and of his wife, Mrs. Mary H. Reynolds, whose interest in the Hospital continued until her last sickness. Also \$5,000 given by Mrs. W. S. Nichols, of New York, and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins of this city, for a perpetual bed, an enduring memorial of their father, Hon. Aaron Erickson. A beautiful marble tablet designates the bed where many poor sufferers may share the benefits and comforts the Hospital affords. St. Luke's church has also contributed by a few of its members \$200 for a bed for one year, in a general ward for the care of the sick in its parish. Will not other churches in the city thus provide for their own sick poor, and aid the Hospital? The Children's Cot Fund has reached the sum of \$1,386.80, not yet one-half of the required \$3,000.

The contents of the mite boxes, though less each year as the novelty dies away, are still acceptable, and furnish many necessities and comforts. The training school for nurses, started a little more than a year ago, we think will prove to be not only a help to the Hospital, but that the sick outside may avail themselves of their care. We have many applications already for nurses, but as yet have only been able to supply one or two, there having been so many requiring their care at the Hospital. We have received fourteen. Nine are now remaining beside the supervising nurse. One

felt her education to be insufficient for the required duties, and was permitted to leave. Another went on her vacation but did not return, breaking her engagement to remain two years. Such nurses as the last we do not want; those only are desirable whose strict sense of honor will enable them to keep their engagements. Two have leave of absence, their health requiring change and rest. Another left to care for a sick sister. To protect the Hospital the ladies were compelled to retain one-half of the payment, until the expiration of the time specified. This school is not without expense. One gentleman, greatly interested in its success, has given \$120 towards its support. We trust others may imitate this example and aid us in sustaining this portion of our work, which in time will support itself.

Number of patients remaining in the

|                                     |           |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Hospital November 1st, 1880, .....  | 66        |
| Received during the year, .....     | 441       |
| Births during the year, .....       | 18        |
|                                     | <hr/> 459 |
| Total, .....                        | 525       |
| Deaths ....                         | 43        |
| Discharged .....                    | 382       |
| Remaining November 1st, 1881, ..... | 95        |
|                                     | <hr/> 525 |

Of these 329 were born in the United States, 50 in Canada; Germany 47; Ireland, 43; England, 30; Scotland 8; Norway, 4; Switzerland, 3; Nova Scotia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Holland, France, Italy and Poland 1 each; unknown 3.

The following gentlemen compose the Hospital Staff:

Dr. Montgomery, Dr. Langworthy, Dr. Little, surgeons. Dr. W. S. Ely, Dr. Stoddard, Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, physicians. Dr. Rider, oculist. Drs. Snow and Owen, assistants.

In December, 1880, Dr. J. F. Whitbeck was called by death to his reward. He served for many years faithfully, skillfully and acceptably as surgeon. His kind and gentle manners endeared him to his patients, who mourned his loss. Three of

the first board of trustees have died during the year, Samuel D. Porter, Levi A. Ward and Isaac Hills. In the first years of the Hospital, Mr. Hills took great interest in it, but resigned several years since. Mr. Ward continued in the board until his death, and gave liberally to the support of the Institution, but was by feeble health the last few years of his life, unable to meet with them. Mr. Porter was for some years secretary and treasurer—a man of noble, generous impulses and liberal views, full of good works, “he rests from his labors.”

Miss Hibbard as matron, has the general oversight of the Hospital, and fills her position satisfactorily; as also Mrs. Gilman, who has charge of the books and financial matters pertaining to the patients.

We desire to call attention to the fact, about which there seems to be some doubt, that patients occupying private rooms, may employ any physician whom they prefer, and it is intended that every facility shall be furnished to any school of medicine for the care of their patients.

Our needs: We need more room. It may surprise many that in our large Hospital we have been obliged to decline two applicants the past month for want of room, but it is even so. We have no suitable place for children. We receive them, but are compelled to place them in the general wards, where they often disturb the sick and nervous of an older class. We have no place for patients with scarlet fever and diphtheria, and are unable to do the good we might for want of more room. We need more money, and we look to our benevolent citizens, to whom we have never looked in vain, to sustain this Institution, that it may not be crippled in its work from the want of money or room.

We thank God for all who have aided us in time past, and trust, as our borders are enlarged, that a greater number of generous friends may be incited to cast

into our treasury as God shall have given them ability. We tender our grateful acknowledgments to the *Union, Democrat and Chronicle* and *Express* for the free use of their columns; also to the *Tribune* and *Herald* for kindly notices of the Hospital. The Annual Donation Festival will be held in Powers' Block Thursday, December 8th, 1881. Will not the ladies of the Charitable Society aid us with their handiwork and presence? The *Hospital Review* will give more extended notice of our wants, our fancy and refreshment tables and our Children's Cot table, all of which we shall hope to see bountifully supplied with fancy and useful articles for Christmas, and with choice viands and delicacies for our Festival dinner.

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS,

*Corresponding Secretary.*

Officers for the year commencing Nov. 2d, 1881:

President—Mrs. Maltby Strong.

First Vice-President—Mrs. Freeman Clarke.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. Adolphus Morse.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. W. C. Rowley.

Secretary—Mrs. Oscar Craig.

Treasurer—Mrs. D. M. Hough.

M. F. Reynolds was added to the Board of Trustees, and Mrs. J. Breck Perkins and Mrs. E. B. Chase to the Board of Directresses.

We subjoin a copy of the contract which the Trustees of the Hospital are prepared to execute with those parties who name a ward, or name and endow a perpetual free bed in a ward or private room, according to accompanying figures:

|                                     |                |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| Naming of the Large Wards .....     | \$10,000 each. |
| “ end Wards .....                   | 5,000 “        |
| “ small Wards .....                 | 3,000 “        |
| “ Private Rooms .....               | 2,000 “        |
| “ a Bed in a Ward .....             | 500 “          |
| For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room | 7,000          |
| “ Perpetual Bed in a Ward .....     | 5,000          |
| “ Bed during the lives of 2 donors  | 4,000          |
| “ bed in a Private Ward for a year  | 300            |
| “ Bed in a General Ward for a year  | 200            |

This Indenture made this day of A. D., 1881, between “The Rochester City Hospital,” a body corporate under Chapter 233 of the Laws of

1847, and the acts amendatory thereof, and its "Board of Directors," of the first part and

of the second part witnesseth :—

That in consideration of the sum of

dollars paid into the permanent fund of said Hospital by party of the second part, the party of the first part hereby agrees and covenants that such name or inscription as party of the second part may designate, duly inscribed on a metal or stone tablet, shall be attached to a designated portion of the Hospital, which portion of said Hospital shall bear such name or inscription, publicly affixed to it for all time to come. Said bed or portion shall be known by such name, in the clinical and other records of said Hospital, whenever reference is made to said bed or portion thereof. And the said party of the first part by this instrument doth further covenant and agree with party of second part that in case of destruction of said Hospital by fire or other causes, an equivalent portion of such Hospital structure as shall subsequently be erected, shall bear and continue to bear forever, said name or inscription, by which it shall be known forever.

The above fund being created by party of the second part with the design of maintaining a perpetual free bed in said Hospital, said party of the first part binds itself and its successors for all time, not only to maintain such name or inscription, but also for the maintenance, the nursing, the medical and surgical care of the occupant of said free bed. Permission is hereby also given to party of second part, to determine who shall be the occupant of said free bed, and said party of second part may will, devise or bequeath such control of said free bed. And on failure of the party of the first part to perform and fulfill said conditions or any part thereof, they, their successors or assigns, will pay to party of second part, his heirs next of kin, personal representatives or assigns, the whole principal sum contributed on said conditions, to wit :

At any time on demand. This agreement is made pursuant to a resolution of said Board of Directors, at a meeting duly convened, a copy whereof duly certified is hereby annexed and marked Schedule A.

In witness whereof, parties of first part, have caused these presents to be signed by

their President, and their corporate seal to be hereto affixed, the day and year first above written.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }  
 COUNTY OF MONROE, } ss.  
 CITY OF ROCHESTER. }

On this  
 day of 1881, to me personally known, came before me who being by me sworn, did say that he resides in the City of Rochester, and is President of the Rochester City Hospital and of its Board of Directors; that the seal affixed to the following instrument is the corporate seal of said Hospital and Board, and was thereto affixed by order of said Board of Directors, at a meeting thereof, duly convened; and that he signed the same as President of said Hospital and said Board of Directors, by virtue of a like order of said Board of Directors.

### Training School for Nurses—Rochester City Hospital.

This school has been in successful operation since December 1st, 1880. All of the patients of the Hospital are under the care of pupils of the school.

We publish the conditions governing admission to the school, and recommend it to the notice of women desiring to become professional Nurses.

Applicants must be single; between twenty and thirty-five years of age; possessed of a good education; of perfect health, and unexceptionable moral character. They shall reside in the Hospital, and devote their time to the care of the patients, under the direction of the supervising nurse and the attending physicians and surgeons.

The course of instruction extends over two years, and consists of lectures, and bedside instruction by the attending medical officers, and practical instruction by the supervising nurse.

Board, washing and the nominal sum of ten dollars per month shall be deemed remuneration in full for services rendered by nurses. No applicant will be received

for a less period than two years. At the end of that time, if the services have been satisfactory, a certificate or diploma shall be furnished as evidence of qualifications. Any nurse whose services are not satisfactory, may be discharged at any time. Applications should be made at once, in writing, to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street, and should state qualifications, in accordance with the conditions above mentioned.

### 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, 32 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard 26 South Washington Street.

## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 16, 1881.

### An Appeal for the Rochester City Hospital.

In view of the approaching Donation of the City Hospital, appointed for Thursday, December 8th, the Managers take this method of presenting to their friends the more pressing needs of the Institution. At the present time its Treasury shows a deficit of \$5,000. This arises partly from the expiration of the annual subscription list and the reduction of income from certain invested funds, but mainly from the increased and imperative expense connected with the efforts to improve the Hospital, and to fit it the better to fulfil the great ends for which it was established.

To name but one of many problems which cry continually for solution, the Training School for Nurses may be referred to. This department, in these early days of its existence, requires a large outlay.

It is not yet, for want of money, sufficiently developed to be self-supporting. But in all other respects, it has been a marked success. It has already proved of incalculable benefit, not only in furnishing to the ordinary patients such constant and scientific care, as cannot elsewhere be obtained, but in attracting private patients from the City and the neighborhood, who need these unusual advantages. It is hoped that funds will soon be provided, so that the number of nurses can be enlarged and those more experienced can be sent to private houses when wanted, thus diffusing the benefits of the school. There are frequent requests for such outside nursing, but thus far they can be met to only a limited extent.

It is felt that the returns from the various tables, (Refreshment, Fancy Articles, Flower, &c.,) cannot be sufficiently increased at the coming Festival, and that the money needed must come mainly from additional and enlarged donations. The Managers, therefore, while gratefully acknowledging the kind assistance of their friends in previous years, venture to beg, and to anticipate, their special generosity at this juncture, that their work may be carried forward with more freedom and efficiency, and with increased ability to meet promptly the exigencies which are continually arising.

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Mrs. Maltby Strong, | Mrs. W. H. Perkins, |
| " M. M. Mathews,    | Geo. J. Whitney,    |
| " A. D. Smith,      | " D. B. Beach,      |
| " N. T. Rochester,  | G. F. Danforth,     |
| " W. B. Williams,   | " J. H. Brewster,   |
| " Henry Morse,      | " Clarke Johnston,  |
| " G. E. Mumford,    | " Freeman Clarke,   |
| " James Brackett,   | " S. W. Updike,     |
| " Myron Adams,      | Dr. Landsberg.      |

In connection with the above, the Lady Managers would call attention to the following annual report sent to the State Board of Charities at Albany, showing the moneys received and the moneys expended for one year, ending October 1st, 1881 :

## RECEIPTS.

|                                  |          |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| To balance, Oct. 1st, 1880,..... | \$ 31 89 |
| FROM COUNTY PATIENTS .....       | 849 88   |
| FROM CITY PATIENTS.....          | 3,602 35 |

## DONATIONS AND VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

|   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| From Donation Festival Dec. 1880.....             | \$4,556 53        |
| From Mr. Howe's legacy..                          | 1,000 00          |
| " Amateur Play.....                               | 167 75            |
| " Dr. W. S. Ely, for School for Nurses.....       | 120 00            |
| From St. Luke's Church for Ward bed one year..... | 200 00            |
| From C. J. Wood's Entertainment.....              | 25 00             |
| From Donations.....                               | 148 36—\$6,207 64 |
| FROM INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS ON INVESTMENTS,       | 839 00            |
| FROM LOANS.....                                   | 4,700 00          |

## FROM ALL OTHER SOURCES.

|                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Private Patients..... | \$7,003 97      |
| Sundries.....         | 106 30—7,110 27 |
|                       | \$23,341 03     |

## EXPENDITURES.

|                         |            |
|-------------------------|------------|
| SALARIES, WAGES, LABOR. | \$4,879 31 |
|-------------------------|------------|

## PROVISIONS AND SUPPLIES.

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Groceries..... | 4,250 83        |
| Milk.....      | 1,117 75        |
| Flour.....     | 726 13          |
| Crackers.....  | 172 49          |
| Meat.....      | 3,014 26        |
| Fish.....      | 153 28          |
| Ice.....       | 139 50—9,574 24 |

## FUEL AND LIGHTS.

|               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| Coal.....     | 2,199 25       |
| Wood.....     | 14 45          |
| Gas.....      | 149 99         |
| Kerosene..... | 72 06—2,435 75 |

## MEDICINES AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES

|               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Medicine..... | 897 39          |
| Liquors.....  | 229 91—1,127 30 |

## FURNITURE, BED, BEDDING.

|                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Furnishing.....    | 963 58          |
| Matron's Item..... | 189 55          |
| Straw.....         | 65 42           |
| Crockery.....      | 170 57          |
| Ranges.....        | 318 80—1,707 92 |

## ORDINARY REPAIRS.

|                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Plumbing.....        | 640 86         |
| Painting.....        | 112 82         |
| Carpenter.....       | 172 92         |
| Iron Works.....      | 63 37          |
| Mason and Sewer..... | 58 57—1,048 54 |

## ALL OTHER PURPOSES.

|                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Paper.....              | 61 66             |
| Union Oil Co.....       | 128 86            |
| Sundries.....           | 199 71            |
| Donation Expenses.....  | 163 65            |
| Paid cash borrowed..... | 1,900 00—2,453 88 |

\$23,226 94

Balance Oct. 1st 1881.....114 09

\$23,341 03

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

## Annual Donation.

The Donation Festival for the Rochester City Hospital, will be held in Powers' Building, December 8th, 1881, during the day and evening.

The Lady Managers extend to all our citizens a cordial invitation to aid them in this labor of love.

Dinner will be served at 12 M.; and during the day and evening the fare presented will afford the most palatable substantial, as also the dainties and luxuries of the season.

To the gentlemen who are so happy in the prospect of this Festival, so pleasant to the inner and outer man, need we say more than, Come, and by your presence and gifts manifest your appreciation of this work of benevolence.

To the ladies who ply so industriously and skilfully their needles for this object, we would say, the articles made will be most thankfully received—for the Flower and Fancy Tables—by Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, Lake Ave., and Mrs. Myron Adams, 4 Livingston Place; for the "Children's Cot" Table, by Mrs. C. H. Angel, 53 East Avenue.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, the Treasurer, will gratefully accept the Cash Donations, feeling most sensibly the emptiness of the treasury.

Miss S. Hall will receive and distribute the Mite Boxes.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer of the *Hospital Review*, will receive with thanks the subscriptions for the paper; also any sums, small or great, for the "Children's Cot Fund," for the care of children who need Hospital treatment.

Refreshments may be sent to the Hall Thursday, A. M., as early as convenient, where the ladies will be in waiting to receive them.

Donations may be sent to any of the Managers:

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Mrs. M. Strong,       | Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,  |
| Mrs. M. M. Mathews,   | Mrs. M. T. Rochester, |
| Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, | Mrs. G. F. Danforth,  |
| Mrs. W. B. Williams,  | Mrs. A. D. Smith,     |
| Mrs. J. H. Brewster,  | Mrs. D. B. Beach,     |
| Mrs. F. Clarke,       | Mrs. H. H. Morse,     |
| Mrs. G. E. Mumford,   | Mrs. Clarke Johnston, |
| Mrs. M. Landsberg,    | Mrs. James Brckett,   |
| Mrs. S. W. Updike,    | Mrs. Myron Adams.     |

### Our Institution.

The advantages offered by the City Hospital, for the care and treatment of the sick, are becoming more and more appreciated. The location of the building is one of the finest in the city, and the grounds are so spacious as to suggest rural quiet and enjoyment. Since the introduction of steam heating and ventilation, the sanitary condition of the building has been rendered perfect. The Training School for Nurses has resulted in giving the patients better care than can be obtained elsewhere in the city. It is designed that the Hospital shall meet the wants of all classes.

In the public Wards the poor are treated, and receive the advantages of trained nursing, and the best professional skill.

Patients who are unable to employ a physician, but are able to pay for their board, are admitted here for four dollars a week. The entire upper story is given to private rooms, handsomely furnished, and combining all the advantages of a first-class hotel, with the quiet, trained nursing and attention of a Hospital. Patients in these rooms select their own physicians who may belong to any school. They pay ten dollars a week for room, board and nursing. When they desire the exclusive services of a trained nurse, an extra charge is made. The "Lying-In" Department affords special advantages for the poor. There are also private rooms for Lying-In patients who are able to pay the moderate sum charged for them. In private Wards, accommodating two to four patients, the charge is six dollars per week.

### Encouraging Words.

It is pleasant to receive from the friends of our patients such encouraging testimony as is given in the following extract:

"ROCHESTER, Oct. 8th, 1881.

*Rochester City Hospital.*

The family desires to return thanks for the care and kindness uniformly given by the late Mrs. E. Hatch, and for the encouragement of our benevolent and humane institution, 'The City Hospital' would add our own testimony as to its real worth and blessing to our city, and especially to any one without a home. The means to provide one, left a widow, penniless, and in poor health, the Hospital is a 'haven of rest.' As such, the late Mrs. Hatch often referred to it in reference to herself.

Yours with respect,

J. W. HATCH & SON."

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

|  |      |
|--|------|
| Norman Mumford,.....                         | \$ 2 |
| October subscription,.....                   |      |
| Fred C. McKittrick, Brooklyn,.....           |      |
| Mrs. F. Z. S. Knight, Morristown, N. J. .... | 5    |
| Interest on investment,.....                 | 15   |

Receipts for the month,....\$ 23.  
Previously acknowledged,..... 1364

Total Receipts.....\$1386

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street, or to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

### Notice.

Donations of fuel, flour, apples, potatoes, bulky articles designed for the use of the Hospital, or delicacies for the sick may be sent with the names of their donors to the City Hospital.

### Wanted.

A small cooking stove with reserve attached; also, old cotton.

## Died.

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. L. Sheran, on the 4th of November, 1881, Mrs. Harriet J. Halloway, aged 61. Mrs. H. was for a long time an inmate of the Hospital.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 2d, 1881, pleural effusion and complications, George Columbus, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 3d, 1881, general peritonitis, Mrs. Elizabeth Hatch, aged 49 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 4, 1881, diphtheria, Henry E. Rawlings, aged 3 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 21, 1881, carcinoma Uteri, Mrs. Jane Thompson, aged 2 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 29, 1881, typhoid fever, Katie Seaman, aged 12 years and 2 months.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 31, 1881, pneumonia, Levi Carl.

## Receipts for the Review,

FOR OCTOBER, 1881.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| Mr. G. D. Bennett, Honeoye Falls—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, .....   | 50     |
| Mrs. L. C. Baker—By Mrs. M. A. Gilman, .....  | \$1 00 |
| P. Ross, advertisement, \$5.00; S. B. Roby, & Co., advertisement, \$5.00—By Mrs. H. H. Morse, .....   | 10 00  |
| Marke, FitzSimons Hone & Co., advertisement—By Mrs. A. D. Smith, .....  | 26 00  |
| Anthony Bros., E. B. Booth & Son, G. C. Snell & Co, S. Dunn, E. H. Davis, J. Fahy & Co., Osgood & Brigham, D. Palmer, Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., Trotter & Geddes—each \$5.00 for advertisement; Rochester Savings Bank, \$15.00, By Mrs. S. W. Updike, .....   | 65 00  |
| Mrs. Wm. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Archer, 65 cents; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, (2 subscriptions,) \$1.12; Mrs. G. Brady, 62 cents; Mrs. A. M. Badger, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Bier, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Bellows, 62 cents; W. H. Benjamin, 62 cents; W. H. Cheney, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 63 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, \$1.86; W. W. Carr, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. Dagg, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Darling, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. S. M. Davy, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. A. Furniss, 62 cents; Dr. F. French, 62 cts.; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Fish, 62c.; Miss M. E. Gilman, 62 cents; Mrs. N. |        |

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| H. Galusha, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Gregory, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62c.; Miss E. Hanford, 62 cents; Miss E. A. C. Hayes, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hale, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Hulbert, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Miss F. Hooker, \$1.25; Mrs. George D. Hall, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Hoyt, \$1.25; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 62 cents; Miss W. Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. W. R. Hallowell, 62c.; Miss Husbands, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Johnston, 62 cents; Mrs. L. W. Kaufman, 62 cts.; Mrs. D. Leary, 62 cents; Mrs. D. H. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 62 cents; Mr. P. McConnell, 63 cents; Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, 62 cents; Miss Florie Montgomery, \$1.86; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 62 cents; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 62 cents; Mrs. E. R. Ottoway, 50 cents; Mrs. W. S. Osgood, 62 cents; Miss H. Potter, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. Gen'l Quinby, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Roby, 62 cents; Mrs. S. R. Robins, 62 cts.; Dr. J. Requa, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. Raymond, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. E. Ripson, 62 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 65 cents; Mrs. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sidons, 62 cents; Mrs. R. S. Starr, 62c.; cents; Mrs. J. Sargent, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Smith, 62 cents; R. D. Van DeCarr, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Wilder, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 62 cents; Mrs. Frank Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Whitney, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 62 cts.—By Collector, ..... | \$66 20 |
| Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, 62 cents; Miss M. E. Hayward, \$1.87; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, (3 copies,) \$1.86—By Treasurer, .....  | 4 35    |

## Monthly Reports.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| 1881. Oct. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 80 |        |
| Received during month, ..                  | 51     |
| Births, .....                              | 2—133  |
| Deaths, .....                              | 6      |
| Discharged, .....                          | 32— 38 |
| Remaining, Nov. 1st, 1881, ..              | 95     |

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.

## Donations.

Woodbury, Morse & Co.—New Cloth from mourning decorations.  
Miss Whitney—Nine and a half yards New Shirting.  
Female Charitable Society—Sixteen pairs New Stockings, Second-hand Shirt.  
A Friend—Invalid Chair, 3 Bed Blankets, 3 Bed Sheets.  
A Friend—Second-hand Shirts.  
Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Men's Second-hand Clothing.  
Hamilton & Mathews—Small Refrigerator.  
Miss Hopkins—Gent's Dressing Gown.  
Mr. Brewster—Basket Peaches.  
Mrs. Gorton—"Graphics."  
Mrs. Geo. Sill—Old Cotton.  
Mrs. C. J. Howland—Old Cotton.  
Mrs. H. Hoyt—One bushel Pears.  
Mrs. F. Clarke—One Pair Pillows.

## The Rothschild Gallery.

One of the Paris Rothschilds announces his intention to bequeath to the Louvre an art collection upon which he has spent twenty-five million francs and a large part of his life. The collection is famous among connoisseurs. He also promises to leave one million francs with it, to meet the expense of keeping it in preservation, and the salaries of custodians. The reason assigned for this act is the desire to keep the collection intact, and the wish to repay France in part for its just and liberal treatment of the Jews. The Secretary of State for Fine Arts promises to keep the collection in a separate gallery bearing the name of Rothschild.

## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,

(SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY),

### FOR THE COMING YEAR.

With the November number began the new series under the title of *The Century Magazine*, which will be, in fact, a new, enlarged and improved *Scribner*. The page is somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and increasing the reading matter about fourteen additional pages.

The following is a summary of the leading features of the new series for the year:

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. BURNETT (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc.) entitled, "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life.

STUDIES OF THE LOUISIANA CREOLES. By Geo. W. Cable, author of the "Grandisimes," etc. A series of illustrated papers, on the traditions and romance of Creole life in Louisiana.

A NOVEL BY W. D. HOWELLS, (author

of "A Chance Acquaintance," etc.) dealing with characteristic features of American life.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE. A "History of Ancient Sculpture," by A. Lucy M. Mitchell, to contain the finest series engravings yet published of the masterpieces sculpture. There will also be papers on "Living English Sculptors," and on the "Younger Sculptors of America," fully illustrated.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK, by Rich Grant White. A popular and valuable series, be illustrated with wonderful completeness and beauty.

ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION AMERICA will be treated in a way to interest both householder and housewife; with material as well as beautiful illustrations from recent designs.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE 19th CENTURY. Biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits of George Eliot, Robert Browning, Rev. Frederick Robertson (by the late Dean Stanley), Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman and of the younger American authors, Wm. Howells, Henry James, Jr., and George Cable.

SCENES OF THACKERAY'S, HAWTHORNE'S, AND GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS. Succeeding the illustrated series on the scenes Dickens' novels.

THE REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE. Arrangements have been made for a series of able papers on this pressing political question.

POETRY AND POETS IN AMERICA. There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Stedman.

STORIES, SKETCHES, AND ESSAYS may be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Muir, Miss Gordie Cumming, "H. H.," George W. Cable, Jo Chandler Harris, A. C. Redwood, F. D. Miller, Noah Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Constance Woolson, H. H. Boyesen, Albert Stickney, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Paul Godwin, Tomaso Salvini, Henry King, Ernst Ingersoll, E. L. Godkin, E. B. Washburne, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Life Club," and an original Life of Bewick the engraver, by Austin Dobson, are among other features to be later announced.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS throughout will be unusually complete, and "The World Work" will be considerably enlarged.

The price of *The Century Magazine* will remain at \$4.00 per year (35 cents a number). The portrait (size 21 x 27) of the late Dr. H. H. Land, issued just before his death, photograph from a life-size drawing by Wyatt Eaton, will possess a new interest to the readers of the magazine. It is offered at \$5.00 retail, or together with *The Century Magazine*, for \$6.50. Subscriptions are taken by the publishers, and by book-sellers and news-dealers everywhere.

THE CENTURY CO.

Union Square, New York.

Flies may be effectually disposed of without the use of poison. Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream. Mix them well together, and place them in a room on a plate where flies are troublesome, and they will very soon disappear.

A rather neat contrivance in bathing suits has been introduced in England. It consists in a belt of cork around the neck, but cleverly concealed among the ruffs, so that it is ornamental and pretty while being buoyant enough to keep the swimmer's head above water if she should happen to get knocked off her feet.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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

[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y. as second-class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson 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,

Butts' Block, south entrance, over 6 State Street.

## Advertisements.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

|                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00 | Quarter Column,.....\$10 00 |
| Three Months,.... 2 00      | One Third Column,.... 12 00 |
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| One Year,..... 5 00         | One Column, 1 Year, 26 00   |

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A large assortment of FINE FABRICS for MIDSUMMER, comprising many novelties never before offered in this market.

**Camel's Hair Grenadines, India Cashmeres,**

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The stock is the largest out of New York City. No one visiting Rochester should fail to call and see all the new styles.

The Glove and Hosiery Department contains all the novelties of FRENCH, GERMAN, and ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

Unusual bargains offered in all the above as well as all kinds of SUMMER UNDERWEAR for ladies and gentlemen.

TREFOUSSE CELEBRATED KID GLOVES, in all the new shades.

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new and beautiful styles. A complete stock of

**House Furnishing Goods**

as usual.

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BURKE, FITZSIMONS, HONE & CO., open their fifth shipment of fine goods from Paris, Lyons, London, Vienna and India. Real lace articles, the richest and best ever opened in this market. Elegant evening and street shades of brocade satins, plush, mori antique and velvets. India camel's hair shawls, from fifty to one thousand dollars. New shapes in satin, brocade, fur trimmed and lined cloaks, dolmans and coats. New light colored jackets, cloaks, dolmans, ulsters and ulsterettes. New black cloaks, with full lines of new dress goods for winter, in new cloths, latest shades, the very latest Paris styles. Corner Main and St. Paul street.

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Feathers, Ribbons,

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N. B.—Our Bargain Counter has proved to be a very attractive feature.

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Interest dividends shall be made quarterly, at the rate of Five Per Cent. per annum on all sums of Five Dollars upwards to and including One Thousand Dollars, and at the rate of Four Per Cent. per annum on all sums in excess of One Thousand Dollars to and including Five Thousand Dollars, provided such sums shall have remained on deposit to the credit of any depositor for the space of three months next preceding the first days of March, June, September or December; but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. Such dividends shall be payable on the twentieth days of June and December, and if not drawn on or before those days, the same shall be added to the principal as of the first days of those months.

Deposits made not later than the third day of any of the months of March, June, September and December shall be entitled to have interest declared upon them the same as if deposited on the first day of said months.

### OFFICERS:

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JAMES BRACKETT, .....2d Vice-President,  
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STEAM

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NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS

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**CRACKED BREAD AND CRACKERS** of all  
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ket Street, **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**  
my '73

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

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**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**  
—AND—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
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Fine Printing done in the best manner. Fashion-  
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Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Corne-  
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R. E. SHERLOCK. [my '73.] SAMUEL SLOAN.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in  
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S. OSGOOD. [Mar. '73.] A. W. BRIGHAM.

**A. W. MUDGE,**  
**UNDERTAKER,**  
121 WEST MAIN STREET.

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DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED  
**FURNACES & RANGES,**  
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**Dyeing and Scouring Establishment,**  
Office 111 W. Main St., Rochester.  
Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.  
**REFITTED** and remodeled. We guarantee the same  
satisfaction to customers which we have ever given.  
Lace Curtains is one of our specialties. Orders left  
at either place will be promptly attended to.  
SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

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

ESTABLISHED, 1840.  
**HENRY C. WISNER, IMPORTER,** No. 33  
State St., Rochester, N. Y. **CHINA, CROCK-**  
**ERY, GLASS & EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER**  
**PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FUR-**  
**NISHING AND FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY,**  
**TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c.** mar '73

ESTABLISHED, 1838.  
**E. B. BOOTH & SON,**  
**JEWELERS.**  
Sole Agents for the Celebrated **BOREL & COUR-**  
**VOISIER WATCH, & LAZARUS & MORRIS'**  
**PERFECTED SPECTACLES.** my '73.

**S. B. ROBY & CO.**  
Wholesale Dealers in  
**SADDLERY & COACH HARDWARE**  
**Iron, Steel, &c.**  
80 STATE and 41, 43 and 47 MILL STREETS,  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**  
S. B. ROBY. [mar. '73.] H. W. CARY.

## Mechanics' Saving Bank

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

### OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, ..... President,  
SAMUEL WILDER, ..... } Vice Presidents.  
H. D. SCRANTOM, ..... }  
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, ..... Sec'y & Treas.  
F. A. WHITTLESEY, ..... Attorney,  
ARTHUR LUTCHFORD, ..... Teller,  
GEO. B. MONTGOMERY, ..... Book-keeper.

### TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry, James M. Whitney,  
George G. Cooper, Samuel Sloan,  
Samuel Wilder, J. J. Bausch,  
Ezra R. Andrews, F. A. Whittlesey,  
Oliver Allen, Hamlet D. Scrantom,  
Chas. E. Fitch, Edward M. Smith,  
Ira L. Otis, Emory B. Clace.  
Isaac W. Butts.

Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be credited on the first days of June and December in each year. Interest will be credited on all amounts deposited on or before the third day of any quarter as if deposited on the first day of such quarter.

## W. C. DICKINSON,

AGENT OF

The Delaware and Hudson Canal Comp'y,  
For the Sale of their Celebrated

## LACKAWANNA COAL,

Wholesale and Retail.

52 W. Main St., Powers' Build'gs  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## E. H. DAVIS,

Wholesale and Retail

## DRUGGIST,

81 STATE STREET,

(West Side.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## W. H. GLENNY & CO.

Importers of

## Crockery, China & Glass,

Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Lamps, &c.

85 EAST MAIN STREET.

Don't forget our *BARGAIN COUNTER*.

GEO. B. WATKINS, Manager.

## DWIGHT PALMER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Bulk Oysters,

Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Clams, Scallops,

PICKLED PIGS FEET, TONGUE, TRIPE,

76 FRONT ST., Rochester, N. Y.

## SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

14, 16 & 18 EXCHANGE ST.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

## C. F. PAINE & CO. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 W. Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in Great Variety.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

## JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

## FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS,

136 E. MAIN ST., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan. '67

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Embracing Materials for

OIL AND WATER COLOR PAINTING, LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, PORCELAIN AND CHINA DECORATION, WAX FLOWERS, DECORATIVE ART, ARTISTS' FINE BRUSHES, Etc. Etc.

## WOODBURY, MORSE & CO.

5 & 7 WEST MAIN ST.

## ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

## PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS,

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 W. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.  
Nov '67, 1y.

## M. V. BEEMER,

## MENS' FURNISHING GOODS,

18 WEST MAIN STREET,

No'67-1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts Made to Order

## K. P. SHEDD,

GROCER,

100 & 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

[Established in 1834.]

## ALLING & CORY,

JOBBERS IN

## PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping and Printing Papers.

10 & 12 Exchange St., 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. XVIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1881.

No. 5.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1881.

### The Glorious Harvest-Day.

December the eighth, 1881, dawned brightly upon us. The blue sky, the soft, fleecy clouds, and bright sunshine greeted our waking, and to our questioning gaze gave promise of a delightful day for our Donation Festival.

Till the City Hospital is fully endowed we must make our Annual Appeal, and the responses of the past give us faith for the future.

As we broaden our sphere of usefulness our expenses increase proportionately. Our Training School for Nurses is a boon not only to the Hospital but also to our city, but it needs funds till it becomes self-supporting.

Increased expenses and heavy debts made unusual demands upon our treasury, and a special effort was made to increase the receipts of Donation Day. Our Treasurer's report indicates how nobly our citizens responded to the appeal, and the coming year the managers of the City Hospital will seek to appropriate wisely the funds of which they then were made palmoners.

We are indebted to our bountiful benefactor, Mr. Daniel W. Powers, for the use

of the most ample, attractive and convenient apartments in which we have ever greeted our friends on Donation Day, and for his personal efforts to advance our interests. The large hall in Powers' Building, used for the Art Exchange Loan Exhibition served as a reception room. At the south side was our Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, surrounded by a band of silver-haired matrons, veteran priestesses at Charity's altars, who welcomed the guests as they cast their gifts into the treasury. The west side of the hall was devoted to the Fancy and Flower Tables of Mrs. George J. Whitney. On the opposite side Mrs. Myron Adams and her associates displayed a variety of fancy and useful articles; Mrs. C. H. Angel presided at the Children's Cot Table; Mrs. R. Mathews received subscriptions for the *Hospital Review*, and Miss S. Hall distributed Mite Boxes. The band that discoursed music for the evening was at the north end of the apartment.

From the center of the south end of the hall a descent of a few steps led to the new unfinished hall, dedicated before its completion by Charity's banquet. Here the Hebrew ladies spread their tempting viands, Mr. A. Wile assisting them as carver. Over the sky-light a large, square dining table was extemporized, for the use of Mrs. J. H. Brewster and her associates. In the center of this an elevated group of

maiden-hairs was thickly massed, surrounded by holly boughs, bordered by delicate sprays of smilax. Here and there a flower peeped forth. The contrast between the soft tints of the fern fronds and the graceful smilax, and the rich, bronze-green leaves of the glossy holly, was very effective.

In one corner of this hall Mrs. Oscar Craig, Mrs. E. D. Smith and Miss F. Alling dispensed coffee and oysters, and opposite them Messrs. Scott W. Updike and H. Pomeroy Brewster officiated as carvers.

Opening from this hall were several rooms where the ladies, from mid-day till nine o'clock in the evening, from their well filled boards, satisfied the needs of the inner man. St. Luke's Church tables occupied one room, and the tables of the First Presbyterian, Brick, Christ's and St. Peter's, the Baptist and Plymouth churches filled a larger one. We never saw more ample or tempting substantial and luxuries than were offered to our guests, and the floral decorations were all pleasing. Plymouth church table had a unique centre piece of palms, ferns, and green foliage. Over St. Luke's table sprays of smilax drooped from the chandelier, encircling calla lilies and pendant arbutilons, and beneath them stood Santa Claus on a snow bank.

In another hall a table was spread where, as guests of Mr. Powers, all the males and females employed in the building were served with a bountiful repast. Mrs. Azel Backus and Mrs. H. A. Palmer superintended the stewed oysters, and cooked over nine thousand; and Mrs. S. S. Avery made the coffee and directed the kitchen department.

Mrs. Whitney's fancy tables were as usual supplied with a great variety of artistic embroidery and painting, conspicuous among which were a linen and lace bed spread and pillow shams with pink azalias embroidered in crewels by Miss Burdett; also a white silk pongee and lace set with

yellow roses embroidered in crewels; a card receiver mounted with a bunch of orchids painted Wm. Lycett, who also painted cases, the one fall anemones on pi the other roses on blue satin. A Hubbard doll, dressed by Mrs. Fiske, attracted a great deal of a as did two upholstered shoe box greatly admired a quaint pitcher, ed with honeysuckles by Miss L. V.

On Mrs. Adams' fancy table, we a black panel with yellow jonc Miss Agnes Jeffrey; a plaque landscape by Miss Marion Rob Iceland floss shawl, donated by M Smith; a baby's afghan, made Louise Kelsey; a mantel lambrequ a bunch of the trumpet vine painted Ada Kent; embroidered aprons Hooker, with a variety of other fa useful articles.

### The Children's Cot Fund

The receipts on Donation Day 1 our Cot fund to more than fifteen 1 dollars, so that we can now say have secured half of our endowme

We would especially thank o friends for aiding us. Our consta ers, Misses Alice and Louise Up Pagie Ward, were very busy at table, and some new workers, Frar Daisy Wakelee not only sold flo us, but furnished all that supplie table and raised ten dollars for us. Lawrance Angel did splendidly grab bag, and raised by it twenty The little fellow was unwearied efforts to secure customers. The of St. James' singing school, 1 bed-quilt for the Hospital. Libl senger made us a third offering. Alide M. and R. Hart Rog brought us a dollar. Three lit Katie and Beatrice Rogers and Ashley, earned the dollar they

Harry Oatley gave us two dollars. The women of the Mothers' Meeting of St. Luke's Church cast their offerings into a money box and donated \$5.81 to the Cot, as some of their little ones might be sick and glad to occupy it; and last and least of all, came a little rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed darling and reached up her tiny hand with five dollars, a third offering from Isabel Hart.

### Thanks.

The Managers of the City Hospital would tender their grateful thanks to Mr. D. W. Powers, not only for the free use of his halls and the services of his employes on Donation Day, but for special kindness in speedily preparing his room for the festival, and by taking off his workmen for two days, thus delaying, at much inconvenience, the completion of his apartments; to Trotter & Geddes, for the use and putting up of two ranges and the services of a man two days; to Mr. C. J. Hayden for the use of tables; to Glenny & Co. for dishes; to Hugh Dempster for valuable personal services on Donation Day; to Mr. King for 800 pounds of ice; to Mr. K. P. Shedd for baskets and carting; to Mr. Wm. S. Falls, for printing; and the editors and proprietors of the city papers for printing and notices.

The name of one new subscriber to the *Review*, was lost at the Donation, Dec. 8. Anyone knowing it, and not seeing it in the list of Receipts for the *Review*, will please be kind enough to send word to the Treasurer of the paper, at 28 Spring 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.

## CASH DONATIONS

RECEIVED FROM

### HOSPITAL FESTIVAL,

HELD AT

Powers' Hall, December 8th, 1881.

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| H. A. Brewster .....                          | \$100 00 |
| S. B. Stuart & Co. ....                       | 100 00   |
| Dr. W. S. Ely.....                            | 100 00   |
| A. Friend .....                               | 100 00   |
| William Corning.....                          | 100 00   |
| S. F. Hess & Co. ....                         | 25 00    |
| J. Fahy & Co.....                             | 50 00    |
| C. J. Hayden & Co. ....                       | 100 00   |
| Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co. ....            | 100 00   |
| S. J. Arnold.....                             | 50 00    |
| James E. Booth .....                          | 25 00    |
| A. Friend .....                               | 50 00    |
| Judge Gardiner.....                           | 50 00    |
| A. Friend, New York.....                      | 10 00    |
| William Willingham .....                      | 1 00     |
| H. Michaels & Co. ....                        | 50 00    |
| Stein, Adler & Co.....                        | 100 00   |
| Henry S. Potter.....                          | 100 00   |
| Israel Stern .....                            | 25 00    |
| Julius M. Wile.....                           | 25 00    |
| Stearns, Moore & Biers .....                  | 25 00    |
| Minges & Shale .....                          | 25 00    |
| E. S. Ettenheimer & Co.....                   | 35 00    |
| Charles H. Chapin .....                       | 100 00   |
| E. M. Everest .....                           | 50 00    |
| James Field .....                             | 25 00    |
| Sibley, Lindsay & Curr.....                   | 100 00   |
| Geo. W. Archer.....                           | 50 00    |
| H. S. Morse .....                             | 25 00    |
| C. B. Woodworth.....                          | 50 00    |
| Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Brockport.....             | 5 00     |
| Estate of Wm. Churchill.....                  | 25 00    |
| J. W. Gillis .....                            | 50 00    |
| C. T. Moore.....                              | 10 00    |
| E. H. Vredenburg .....                        | 25 00    |
| Thomas Leighton.....                          | 50 00    |
| Samuel Sloan.....                             | 50 00    |
| Mrs. L. Ward Clarke.....                      | 25 00    |
| A. Stranger .....                             | 5 00     |
| Salem Church, by Rev. C. Siebenpfeiffer ..... | 13 00    |
| A. J. Johnson & Co.....                       | 100 00   |
| E. B. Parsons .....                           | 50 00    |
| J. C. Barnard .....                           | 5 00     |
| W. K. Chapin .....                            | 50 00    |
| John Durand.....                              | 100 00   |
| S. L. Brewster .....                          | 25 00    |
| Alfred Wright.....                            | 50 00    |
| A. S. Mann & Co.....                          | 50 00    |
| F. M. McFarlin .....                          | 10 00    |
| M. V. Beemer.....                             | 10 00    |
| A. M. Semple.....                             | 30 00    |
| Hallowell & Willis.....                       | 50 00    |
| S. D. Walbridge .....                         | 25 00    |
| D. M. Hough.....                              | 25 00    |
| C. P. Ford.....                               | 25 00    |
| Mrs. Maltby Strong .....                      | 15 00    |
| George Ellwanger.....                         | 100 00   |
| D. W. Powers.....                             | 200 00   |
| Mrs. D. K. Robinson .....                     | 10 00    |
| W. A. Stone .....                             | 5 00     |

|   |        |  |        |
|---|--------|--|--------|
| Edward Brewster.....                          | 5 00   | Mrs. E. I. Loop.....                                     | 5 00   |
| John Greenwood.....                           | 50 00  | " S. B. Roby.....  | 10 00  |
| John Mogridge.....                            | 10 00  | Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alling.....                             | 10 00  |
| C. V. Jeffreys & Co.....                      | 10 00  | Mrs. Mary Tower.....                                     | 75     |
| J. L. Stewart.....                            | 5 00   | " S. J. Nichols.....                                     | 2 00   |
| William Willets.....                          | 2 00   | " T. Bacon.....  | 5 00   |
| Mrs. L. Rogers.....                           | 1 00   | " W. H. Mandeville, Olean.....                           | 10 00  |
| Julius T. Andrews.....                        | 50 00  | A. W. Mudge.....   | 10 00  |
| Joseph Bier.....                              | 5 00   | Mrs. C. H. Babcock.....                                  | 5 00   |
| Miss Newell.....                              | 10 00  | " Frank Little.....                                      | 5 00   |
| W. B. Douglass.....                           | 50 00  | Jacob Anderson.....                                      | 5 00   |
| Erickson, Jennings & Co.....                  | 100 00 | George E. Mumford.....                                   | 100 00 |
| J. DeWitt Butts.....                          | 50 00  | D. Leary.....  | 50 00  |
| Smith, Perkins & Co.....                      | 100 00 | Mrs. Israel Smith.....                                   | 5 00   |
| Gilman H. Perkins.....                        | 100 00 | " E. D. Smith.....                                       | 5 00   |
| James S. Andrews.....                         | 50 00  | L. S. Fulton.....  | 10 00  |
| Mrs. Alfred Bell.....                         | 10 00  | Mrs. John Adams.....                                     | 5 00   |
| Chas. F. Smith.....                           | 25 00  | " A. Bronson.....  | 5 00   |
| Mrs. N. T. Rochester.....                     | 3 00   | A. McGlauchlin.....                                      | 5 00   |
| Roswell Hart.....                             | 20 00  | T. J. Patterson.....                                     | 2 00   |
| Mrs. John Moore.....                          | 5 00   | E. B. Chase.....   | 25 00  |
| Judge Angle.....                              | 5 00   | Hollister & Co.....                                      | 100 00 |
| H. Hermann.....                               | 15 00  | R. S. Kenyon & Co.....                                   | 100 00 |
| W. C. Dickinson.....                          | 5 00   | F. Gorton.....   | 50 00  |
| Nelson S. Tubbs.....                          | 5 00   | W. S. Osgood.....  | 100 00 |
| Mrs. Aaron Erickson.....                      | 20 00  | Nathan Levi & Co.....                                    | 100 00 |
| Mrs. Chester Dewey.....                       | 20 00  | W. F. Cogswell.....                                      | 50 00  |
| Miss F. Osgood.....                           | 1 00   | Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.....                              | 50 00  |
| Freeman Clarke.....                           | 100 00 | M. F. Reynolds.....                                      | 100 00 |
| A Friend.....                                 | 1 00   | J. W. Martin & Bro.....                                  | 25 00  |
| Edward Harris.....                            | 50 00  | M. W. Cook.....  | 25 00  |
| Mrs. C. S. Ely.....                           | 25 00  | Steele & Avery.....                                      | 30 00  |
| Miss Lizzie Ely.....                          | 10 00  | E. H. Cook & Co.....                                     | 50 00  |
| Mrs. Carter Wilder.....                       | 25 00  | First Presbyterian Church, for free bed<br>one year..... | 200 00 |
| A Stranger.....                               | 5 00   | P. Will.....   | 5 00   |
| Estate of J. Woodbury, by D. A. Woodbury..... | 25 00  | H. Lomb.....   | 10 00  |
| Henry S. Hanford.....                         | 5 00   | H. B.....  | 50 00  |
| W. S. Kimball.....                            | 100 00 | Fred Cook.....   | 25 00  |
| Howe & Rogers.....                            | 50 00  | J. J. Bausch.....  | 20 00  |
| Moore & Cole.....                             | 10 00  | F. Goetzmann.....  | 10 00  |
| F. L. Durand.....                             | 5 00   | J. K. Hunt.....  | 5 00   |
| Edwin O. Sage.....                            | 50 00  | C. Wehle.....  | 10 00  |
| Wm. N. Sage.....                              | 20 00  | Henry Rosenberg.....                                     | 5 00   |
| C. F. Pond.....                               | 10 00  | E. A. & C. A. Phillips.....                              | 5 00   |
| Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Alling.....             | 10 00  | K. H. & Co.....  | 5 00   |
| A Friend.....                                 | 3 00   | Bausch & Dransfield.....                                 | 5 00   |
| Mrs. L. A. Ward.....                          | 20 00  | J. G. Fritz.....   | 1 00   |
| " M. B. Anderson.....                         | 5 00   | J. Geo. Wagner.....                                      | 5 00   |
| James R. Chamberlin.....                      | 5 00   | John Siddons.....  | 5 00   |
| A Friend.....                                 | 5 00   | George Arnold.....                                       | 1 00   |
| A. V. Smith.....                              | 5 00   | H. Hopman.....   | 1 00   |
| Henry Rosenberg.....                          | 5 00   | George C. Maurer.....                                    | 5 00   |
| D. A. Watson.....                             | 100 00 | Fred. Klein.....   | 5 00   |
| Mrs. S. A. Lattimore.....                     | 5 00   | Cash.....  | 3 00   |
| " J. M. Pancost.....                          | 10 00  | J. G. Mutschler.....                                     | 1 00   |
| George C. Buell.....                          | 100 00 | George Barneman.....                                     | 1 00   |
| Mrs. Louis Lee.....                           | 10 00  | C. Herzberger.....                                       | 2 00   |
| " T. C. Bates.....                            | 1 00   | Geo. Brown.....  | 1 00   |
| " David Little.....                           | 10 00  | Cash.....  | 2 00   |
| Collection from a Thanksgiving Table.....     | 2 00   | John B. Klingler.....                                    | 1 00   |
| Mrs. W. H. Ward.....                          | 10 00  | D. Bantleon.....   | 1 00   |
| " J. C. Nash.....                             | 10 00  | Carl F. Lomb.....  | 1 00   |
| " Howard Osgood.....                          | 50 00  | Cash.....  | 2 00   |
| Miss Alice Hunter.....                        | 1 00   | A. B. Lamberton.....                                     | 100 00 |
| Mrs. Clarke Johnston.....                     | 5 00   | A. T. Soule.....   | 25 00  |
| Mrs. W. C. Rowley.....                        | 5 00   | A. G. Yates.....   | 100 00 |
| K. P. Shedd.....                              | 20 00  | J. H. Brewster.....                                      | 100 00 |
| Hamilton & Matthews.....                      | 100 00 | L. F. Ross.....  | 100 00 |
| Mrs. A. Wakelee.....                          | 10 00  | J. C. Hart.....  | 100 00 |
| W. B. Loop.....                               | 15 00  |  |        |

|                     |          |
|---------------------|----------|
| W. H. Gorsline..... | \$100 00 |
| auffmann.....       | 10 00    |
| ge Darling.....     | 25 00    |
| nblatt & Co.....    | 25 00    |
| A. Hastings.....    | 25 00    |

\$6,846 75

**h Receipts from Refreshment Tables.**

|                                  |          |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| rew Ladies.....                  | \$307 51 |
| J. H. Brewster.....              | 233 65   |
| Luke's Church.....               | 220 50   |
| t Presbyterian Church.....       | 75 00    |
| k Church.....                    | 73 00    |
| Peter's and Christ's Church..... | 136 51   |
| tist Church.....                 | 104 00   |
| nouth Church.....                | 74 25    |

\$1,224 42

**ash Receipts from Fancy Articles.**

|                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| s. Geo. J. Whitney's Fancy and |          |
| lower Table.....               | \$600 00 |
| s. Myron Adams.....            | 213 23   |

\$813 23

|                                     |          |
|-------------------------------------|----------|
| h Receipts from Child's Cot Table.. | \$117 97 |
| h Donations to Mrs. Mathews,....    | 21 25    |

\$139 22

|                                       |        |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| h Received from Mite Boxes.....       | 113 18 |
| in Greenwood, on Endowment Fund, 1000 | 00     |

**Recapitulation.**

|                                    |            |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| h Donations.....                   | \$6,846 75 |
| h Receipts from Refreshment Tables | 1,224 42   |
| h " " Fancy Articles.....          | 813 98     |

\$8,885 15

|             |        |
|-------------|--------|
| penses..... | 190 93 |
|-------------|--------|

Nett,..... \$8,694 22

|                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| h Receipts from Child's Cot Table | 117 97 |
| h Donations to " " ....           | 21 25  |

\$139 22

|                                 |         |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| h Received from Mite Boxes..... | 113 18  |
| in Greenwood, on Endowment Fund | 1000 00 |

The Lady Managers desire to express  
 sir profound appreciation of the munici-  
 ipality of which the above list is the evi-  
 dence. Previous to this donation, their  
 wants were numerous and pressing, and  
 sir appeals for aid were necessarily  
 urgent; but the response was correspond-  
 ingly full and generous. The money  
 donated will provide for a deficit of \$7,000,  
 and will afford a surplus of \$2,000 with

year. To all who have aided in lifting  
 this heavy burden and in establishing the  
 Hospital work for the coming year on a  
 more substantial basis, thus securing its  
 freer and ampler development, the Mana-  
 gers tender their heartiest thanks.

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

**Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.**

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Libbie R. Messenger's third offering.....  | \$ 13 |
| November subscription.....   | 25    |
| Interest on investment.....  | 15 00 |
| Women of the Mothers' Meetings of St.  |       |
| Luke's Church.....   | 5 81  |
| December subscription.....   | 25    |
| Louise N. Robinson.....  | 50    |
| Flora N. Robinson.....   | 50    |
| Mrs. James Harris, Brooklyn.....   | 5 00  |
| Beatrice Rogers.....   | 1 00  |
| Alida M. Rogers.....   | 1 00  |
| R. Hart Rogers.....  | 1 00  |
| Katie L. Rogers, Maggie Ashley and Bea-<br>trice Rogers, from sale of articles, their<br>own make..... | 1 00  |
| Isabel Hart's third offering.....  | 5 00  |
| Harry B. Oatley's second offering.....   | 2 00  |
| Miss Emily Hunter.....   | 1 00  |
| Carrie Osburn.....   | 1 00  |
| Hattie Smith.....  | 25    |
| Mrs. C. H. Babcock.....  | 1 00  |
| Eliza H. Little.....   | 1 00  |
| Children's Cot Table by Mrs. C. H. Angel   | 97 97 |
| Grab Bag by Lawrence Angel.....  | 20 00 |

Receipts for the month,.... \$ 160 66

Previously acknowledged,..... 1386 80

Total Receipts..... \$1547 46

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birth-  
 day and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited  
 for the Children's Cot Fund, and may be sent to  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street;  
 Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Roches-  
 ter, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of  
 the City Hospital.

**Hospital Notice.**

Application for the admission of Patients to  
 the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to  
 the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect  
 and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attend-  
 ing Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitz-  
 hugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue;  
 Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H.  
 H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. E. V. Stod-  
 dard 26 South Washington Street.

**Notice.**

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is  
 received by the Treasurer for their discontinu-  
 ance and until payment of all arrearages is made

## Donations for Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

### The General Receiving Table of Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

Mrs. L. M. Loss; a leg of Venison.  
Mr. Goetzman; Turkey, 12 heads Celery.  
Mrs. F. Clarke; 3 Turkeys, 2 Ducks.  
" G. F. Danforth; 2 Turkeys.  
Chas. Salmon & Co.; 60 Oranges.  
Mrs. D. B. Beach; Turkey.

### The Hebrew Table of Mrs. L. Adler and Mrs. J. Shatz.

Mrs. L. Adler—\$3.00.  
Mrs. A. Adler—\$2.00.  
Mrs. S. Adler—\$1.00.  
Mrs. F. Adler—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Bronner—\$1.00.  
Mrs. A. Bier—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Armson—Cream Oakes.  
Mrs. S. Abeles—\$1.00.  
Mrs. D. Abeles—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Brittenstool—Salad and Pickles.  
Mrs. Brickner—\$1.00.  
Mrs. I. J. Bier—\$2.00.  
Mrs. Benjamin—\$1.00; Wine Jelly.  
Mrs. L. Bloch—Charlotte Russe.  
Mrs. Baum—\$1.00.  
Mr. I. Baum—\$2.00.  
Mrs. Blum—\$1.00.  
Mrs. M. Berg—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Brunswick—50 cents.  
Mrs. Blumenstiel—50 cents.  
Mrs. A. Blumenstiel—50 cents.  
Mrs. J. Cauffmann—\$3.00.  
Mrs. S. Cohn—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Dinkelspiel—Mixed Fruit.  
Mrs. A. Dinkelspiel—\$1.00.  
Mrs. E. S. Ettenheimer—\$2.00.  
Mrs. J. Ettenheimer—\$2.00.  
Mrs. L. Ettenheimer—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Friedlander—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Fechenbach—\$1.00.  
Mrs. A. Fechenbach—Pair of Ducks.  
Mrs. Moses L. Garson—\$2.00.  
Mrs. L. Garson—\$10.00.  
Mrs. Dave M. Garson—\$3.00.  
Mrs. M. Garson—\$2.00.  
Mrs. H. Goodman—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Jonas Goodman—75 cents.  
Mrs. Guggenheimer—\$1.00.  
Mrs. S. Goldsmith—\$1.00.  
Mrs. M. Goldsmith—50 cents.  
Mrs. M. Guttman—\$2.00.  
Mrs. Garland—50 cents.  
Mrs. Goldberg—\$1.00.  
Mrs. G. Hays—50 cents.  
Mrs. M. A. Hays—50 cents.  
Mrs. A. Hays—50 cents.  
Mr. Henry A. Hays—\$5.00.

Mrs. F. Hays—Cranberry Sauce and Jelly.  
Mrs. M. Hays—2 dozens Oranges.  
Mrs. S. Hays—Fruit, Jelly and Flowers.  
Mrs. H. and B. Hermann—20 Chickens, 3 Turkeys and 3 Tongues.  
Mrs. Hechinger—6 Pies.  
Mrs. Hochester—6 Pies.  
Mrs. Katz—Celery and Sardines.  
Mrs. L. Kerngood—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Kirstein—\$2.00.  
Mrs. Dr. Landsborg—\$3.00.  
Mrs. Lechtanstein—\$3.00.  
Mrs. Lipsky—\$1.00.  
Mrs. H. Leiter—Mixed Fruit.  
Mrs. N. Levi—\$2.00.  
Mrs. N. Levi—50 cents.  
Mrs. M. Lowenthal—\$2.00.  
Mrs. S. Meyer—\$1.00.  
Mrs. J. Meyer—Mixed Fruit.  
Mrs. M. Meyer—Mixed Fruit.  
Mrs. T. Meyer—\$2.00.  
Mrs. Wm. Miller—\$1.00.  
Mrs. H. Michaels—Chicken Salad.  
Mrs. J. Michaels—\$2.00.  
Mrs. M. Michaels—\$3.00.  
Mrs. Mahler—Charlotte Russe.  
Mrs. Mannheim—\$1.00.  
Mrs. M. Mock—\$1.50.  
Mrs. F. Mock—\$1.00.  
Mrs. A. Mock—\$1.00.  
Mrs. L. Moore—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Eva Moore—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Marks—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Newhafer—Waffles.  
Mrs. N. Newhafer—\$1.00.  
Mrs. A. Oppenheimer—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Pickard—\$1.00.  
Mrs. I. Rice—\$1.00.  
Mrs. H. Rice—\$1.00.  
Mrs. S. Rice—Confectionery.  
Mrs. B. Rosenthal—\$1.00.  
Mrs. S. Rosenblatt—\$5.00.  
Mrs. H. Rosenberg—\$5.00.  
Mrs. D. Rosenberg—Salad and Pickles.  
Mrs. G. Rosenberg—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Herman—\$1.00.  
Mrs. J. Rosenthal—Wine Jelly.  
Mrs. S. Rosenthal—\$2.00.  
Mrs. B. Rothschild—Rolls.  
Mrs. J. Shatz—Chicken Salad.  
Mrs. H. Swartz—\$1.00.  
Mrs. M. Swartz—\$1.00.  
Mrs. A. Sichel—Ornamental Oake.  
Mrs. Savage—\$1.00.  
Mrs. N. Stein and G. Wile—Pyramid.  
Mrs. S. Stein—\$1.00.  
Mrs. M. S. Solomon—\$1.00.  
Mrs. B. Stiefel—\$1.00.  
Mrs. A. Stern—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Eva Stern—\$1.00.  
Mrs. S. Stern—\$1.00.  
Mrs. M. Stern—Lobster Salad.  
Mrs. Steinfeld—\$5.00.  
Mrs. E. Strauss—Oake.  
Mrs. C. Strauss—50 cents.  
Mrs. N. Stern—25 cents.  
Mrs. M. Seligman—\$1.00.  
Mrs. Thalheimer—2 Ducks.  
Mrs. Van Bergh—Wine Jdily.

Mrs. J. Wile—Celery.  
Mrs. A. Wile—Potato Salad.  
Mrs. I. Wile—\$2.00.  
Mrs. Weinstein—24 cents.  
Mrs. S. Wile—\$2.00.  
Mrs. J. M. Wile—\$2.00.  
Mrs. S. and R. Wile—Tongues.  
Mrs. E. Wolf—Cake.  
Mrs. Felix Wolf—2 Cakes.  
Mrs. Weisner—Bread.  
Osburn House—Salads.  
Teal—Charlotte Russe.  
Cafe Lieders—Lobster Salad.  
Fladd & Miller—2 Bottles Olives.  
Mr. Cooper—Celery.  
Salman & Co—Olives.  
Van Zandt—3 Bottles Olives.  
Higgins—Bananas.  
Newdale—Basket Flowers.  
John Burgelein—Pair of Ducks.

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

Mrs. McAlpine; Turkey.  
" David Gordon; Cake.  
" H. H. Morse; Ducks, Jelly, Cake, Pickles.  
" Heary Smith; Chicken-pie.  
" John H. Brewster; Chicken-pie, Mince-pie,  
Cake.  
James M. Backus; Malaga Grapes.  
Mrs. C. F. Pond; 4 Charlotte Russe.  
" A. S. Mann; Ham.  
" J. R. Chamberlin; Cake.  
Miss M. Dunlap; Chicken Salad.  
Mrs. E. L. Tompkins; Olives.  
" Simon Brewster; Turkey.  
" E. S. Hayward; Turkey, Chou-chou Jelly.  
" Hastings; Turkey.  
" Hubbard; Wine Jelly, Pickles.  
Miss Cogswell; Turkey.  
Mrs. A. Thompson; Charlotte Russe.  
" W. H. Ward; Sponge Cake.  
" C. C. Morse; Wine Jelly.  
" Sidney S. Avery; Turkey.  
" H. Austin Brewster; Olives.  
" C. E. Hart; 2 Charlotte Russe.  
" Geo. E. Mumford; Chicken-pie, Chicken  
Salad.  
" Snyder; Cake.  
" Wm. Little; Turkey.  
" J. C. Hart; Salad, Grapes, Oranges.  
" S. B. Roby; Salad.  
Miss H. Potter; Turkey.  
Mrs. E. Harris; Salad.  
" W. G. Watson; Plum Pudding, Mashed  
Potatoes.  
" Horace Bush; Cake.  
" S. Y. Alltng; Biscuit.  
" C. E. Robinson; Wine Jelly.  
" I. Teall; Salad.  
" Geo. C. Buell; Salad.  
" Geo. J. Whitney; Cake, Chicken, Cro-  
quettes.  
" James M. Whitney; Biscuits.

**The St. Luke's Table of Mrs. H. Anstice and  
Mrs. J. S. Ely.**

Mrs. Henry Anstice; Charlotte Russe, Sara-  
toga Potatoes  
Miss Anderson; cake  
Mrs. E. Bates; \$2.00  
" C. H. Babcock; Charlotte Russe  
" A. Bronson; Charlotte Russe  
" H. P. Brewster; Charlotte Russe  
Miss Barton; cake  
Mrs. C. M. Curtis; one gallon Oysters  
" C. H. Chapin; Mince Pies, Ham  
" Alfred Ely; Olives, 1 gallon Oysters, fruit,  
Celery  
Miss P. S. Ely; Charlotte Russe  
Mrs. George Ellwanger; Turkey, Fruit  
" Wm. Eastwood; Saratoga Potatoes  
" A. Erickson; Flowers, Pickles, Jelly, Fruit  
" J. A. Eastman; Scalloped Oysters, Sara-  
toga Potatoes  
" C. E. Fitch; \$5.00  
" Geo. W. Fisher; Roast Chickens  
" Porter Farley; Plum Pudding  
Miss Sarah Frost; Sponge cake  
Mr. J. W. Graves; Candied Fruit  
Mrs. F. Gorton; Chicken Salad, Pumpkin Pies  
" Dr. Gilkison; Chocolate cake  
" Eugene Glen; cake  
" H. B. Hathaway; Celery, cranberry Sauce  
Miss Laura Hawks; chocolate cake  
Mrs. C. W. Ware; Turkey  
" L. Starr Hoyt; Turkey  
" Roswell Hart; cake  
" J. O. Howard; Celery  
" A. J. Johnson; \$5.00  
" Ira Lovejoy; 5 pounds candy, Fancy Con-  
fectionery  
" David Little; Fruit  
" J. Mogridge; 3 pints Wine, 3 boxes Gela-  
tine, 20 Lemons  
" John C. Moore; Olives, cream  
" Dr. Montgomery; Chicken Pie  
" T. C. Montgomery, Biscuit, 200 Butter  
Balls  
" O. W. Moore; Turkey  
" H. J. Moore; 5 pounds Sugar  
" H. M. Montgomery; 2 Tongues  
" Robert Mathews; Ducks  
" Dr. Moore; Turkey, Jelly  
" S. A. Macy; cake  
Miss L. Northrop. Angel cake, Biscuit  
Mrs. H. Osgood; \$5.00  
" G. H. Perkins; Flowers, Smilax, \$2.00  
Miss S. Pitkin; 50 cents  
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin; Pickled Plums, Olives  
" S. B. Raymond; Fruit  
" Wm. M. Rebasz; Turkey  
" Clinton Rogers; chicken Salad  
" W. G. Raines; Tongue  
" W. C. Rowley; Charlotte Russe, Saratoga  
Potatoes  
" J. Rochester; chicken Salad, cake  
" E. D. Smith; Turkey  
Miss Saxton; Celery  
Mrs. C. F. Smith; Scalloped Oysters, Ducks  
" Dr. Stoddard; chicken Salad  
Mr. Teall; 18 Fancy Boxes  
Mrs. Ella K. Tompkins; \$3.00  
" Alex. Thompson; chicken Pie  
" C. E. Upton; Lobster Salad

Mrs. D. A. Watson: \$5.00  
 " Q. VanVoorhis: Ducks  
 White Bros.; Flowers  
 Miss Anna Wild: chicken Salad  
 Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey: cake  
 " P. Whittlesey: Fruit  
 " Ed. W. Williams, Turkey  
 " J. M. Whitney, Biscuit

*The First Presbyterian Church Table of Mrs. Edward P. Gould, Mrs. John T. Fox, Mrs. John W. Canfield, Mrs. Elmer Smith and Mrs. Paris G. Clark.*

Mrs. C. Weaver—3 Mince Pies.  
 Mrs. Elmer Smith—1 Turkey; 1 dish Salad; 3 lbs. Grapes.  
 Raymond & Rogers—Flowers, 12 heads Celery.  
 Mrs. A. M. Bennett—Saratoga Potatoes, Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. E. P. Gould—Chicken Salad, Pickles, rolls.  
 Mrs. N. P. Pond—Loaf Cake.  
 Mrs. S. Nichols—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. C. Woodworth—Chicken Salad,  
 Mrs. C. T. Crouch—Pickles, Cranberries.  
 Mrs. D. Gordon—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. E. Hollister—\$2.00.  
 Mrs. R. Furman—Can Oysters.  
 Mrs. J. W. Canfield—Chicken Salad, loaf Cake.  
 Miss Newell—\$1.00.  
 Mrs. P. G. Clark—Basket Pears, basket flowers, loaf Cake, Potatoes, Salad, Cranberry Jelly.  
 Mrs. D. M. Hough—Turkey.  
 Mrs. S. H. Terry—Wine Jelly, Pickles.  
 Mrs. Ross Lewin—4 moulds Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. Abner Sherman, Greece—2 Turkeys.  
 Mrs. Geo. Weldon—Biscuit, Salad.  
 Mrs. C. E. Robinson—Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. Wm. Mudgett—2 loaves Walnut Cake.  
 Mr. I. Teall—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mr. Roberts—1 dish Huyler's Candy.  
 Mrs. H. C. Roberts—Turkey, Jelly.  
 Mrs. Oscar Craig—Chicken-pie.  
 Mr. K. P. Shedd—Jelly.  
 Mrs. James Beemer—Bottle Olives.  
 Mrs. S. S. Avery—Mince-pies.  
 Mrs. D. Sackett—Biscuit.  
 Mrs. G. Aldrich—Malaga Grapes, Oranges.  
 Mr. F. Schlegel—Box of Flowers.  
 Mrs. O. Comstock—Cake.  
 Mrs. J. T. Fox—Turkey, Jelly.

*The Brick Church Table of Mrs. I. A. Newton.*

Mrs. C. Woodworth—Charlotte Russe, 2 loaves Brown Bread, 2 Jellies.  
 Mrs. J. C. Buell—One dozen Bananas, 1 dozen Oranges, 4 quarts Cranberries.  
 Mrs. Wm. Sage—Biscuit.  
 Mrs. J. H. Humburch—Biscuit.  
 Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb—Flowers.  
 Mr. P. Schlegel—Flowers.  
 Mrs. Motley—Biscuit and 2 Tongues.  
 A. W. Aldrich—Fruit.

Wm. Willingham—Four Pies.  
 Mrs. A. M. Lindsay—One dish Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. F. Embry—Two Chicken Pies.  
 Mrs. Dr. Hovey—Two Pumpkin Pies.  
 Mrs. H. G. Arnold—One Turkey.  
 Mrs. Alfred Wright—Turkey.  
 Mrs. J. Ranney—Two Wine Jellies.  
 Mrs. J. C. Miller—One can Pickles, 6 bunches Celery.  
 Miss Mary Shaw—One dish Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Henry Mathews—Lemon Jelly.  
 Mrs. W. H. Rogers—Three Pies.  
 Mrs. Dr. Shipman—One dish Cranberries, 1 dish Jelly.  
 Mrs. H. Gorsline—Two Ducks.  
 Mrs. Sprague, James street—Three lbs. Coffee.  
 Mrs. T. A. Newton—Two dishes Charlotte Russe, 1 box Saratoga Potatoes, 1 bottle Pickles, Jelly, Cranberries.  
 Mrs. Clark Johnston—Two Mince Pies.  
 Mrs. A. S. Clarke—One dish Salad.  
 Mrs. H. Reed—One Tongue.  
 Mrs. M. A. Rumsey—Mince Pie.  
 Mrs. A. V. Smith—Two Wine Jellies.  
 Mrs. H. Briggs—Biscuit.  
 Miss Haak—One Sponge Cake.  
 Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb—Large Turkey.  
 Mrs. Wm. Carson—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. S. Steele—Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. E. Webster—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Martin Briggs—Scalloped Oysters, Pickles, Hot Potatoes and Jelly.  
 Mrs. Dr. Hovey—Hot Potatoes, Pumpkin Pie.  
 Mrs. J. S. Disbrow—Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. H. Brewster—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Geo. Storms—Ducks.

*Christ and St. Peter's Churches Table of Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. D. W. Powers, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. Frank Ward, Mrs. J. S. Killip, Mrs. Fred. Allen and Mrs. Curtis Clarke.*

Mrs. L. A. Ward—Chicken pie.  
 Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball—Salad.  
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Ducks, Salad, Pickles, Olives.  
 Mrs. Samnel Wilder—Cake, Ducks, Celery, Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Frank Ward—Turkey.  
 Mr. George Buck (Osborn House)—Boned Turkey, 2 dishes Jelly.  
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—Biscuit, Turkey.  
 Mrs. Wm. Blossom—Saratoga Potatoes, Pies, Jelly.  
 Mrs. J. E. Hayden—Ham.  
 Mrs. John Babcock—Turkey, Cream, Crullers, Apples, Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mr. W. J. Babcock—\$5.00.  
 Mrs. G. W. Miller—Pies, Cake.  
 Mrs. William Ashley—Biscuit, Cake.  
 Mrs. J. Cutler—Olives.  
 Miss Dunlap—Olives.  
 Mrs. C. C. Merriman—Cake, Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. J. M. Whitney—Biscuit, Turkey.  
 Mrs. G. H. Thompson—Flowers.  
 Mrs. M. B. Breck—2 loaves Cake.

Mrs. Frank Little—Ham.  
 Mrs. D. M. Dewey—Cake.  
 Mrs. L. Ely—Cream.  
 Miss Elwood—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Carter Wilder—4 Ducks, Potatoes, Pickles, Cranberries.  
 Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Hiram Sibley—2 dishes Chicken Salad, Cake.  
 Mr. Harvey W. Brown—Malaga Grapes.  
 Miss Cogswell—Cake, Chicken, Salad.  
 Mrs. S. D. Bentley—Cake.  
 Judge Macomber—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—6 loaves Bread, Parker House Rolls.  
 Mrs. J. E. Morey—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. J. S. Killip—Turkey, Biscuit, Cranberries.  
 Mrs. D. H. Griffith—Biscuits, Pickles, Jelly.  
 Mrs. DeWitt Clarke—2 dishes Charlotte Russe.  
 Miss Julia Thompson—Olives, Celery.  
 Miss F. Ashley—Cranberries, Biscuit, Jelly.  
 Mrs. E. K. Warren—Turkey, Jelly, Pickles.  
 Mrs. D. W. Powers—Cake, Chicken Salad, Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. C. H. Angel—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Eugene Glen—Charlotte Russe, Nut Cake.  
 Mr. G. H. Glen—Celery.  
 Mrs. W. C. Dickinson—6 moulds Cranberries.  
 Mrs. Isaac Hills—Cream.  
 Mrs. W. D. Shuart—Ducks.  
 Mrs. David Little—Chicken-pie.  
 Mrs. Bacon—Oranges, Grapes.  
 Miss Oothout—Grapes.  
 Mrs. George Selden—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. L. F. Ward—Turkey, Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Curtis Clarke—Plum Pudding, Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. James McDonald—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Ella B. Howard—Charlotte Russe, Cake.

*The Baptist Church Table of Mrs. L. Sunderlin, Mrs. M. B. Anderson, Mrs. Wm. S. Mills and Mrs. L. S. Chapin.*

Mrs. E. Pancost—Chicken Salad, Brown Bread.  
 " Otis Robinson—Ham.  
 " Emil Kuichling—Loaf of Cake.  
 " W. N. Sage—Two pairs Ducks.  
 " A. R. Pritchard—Turkey.  
 " J. Judson—Biscuit.  
 " C. J. Baldwin—Mashed Potatoes.  
 " E. Bottom—Scalloped Oysters.  
 " H. N. Peck—Chicken Salad.  
 " L. Sunderlin—Saratoga Potatoes, loaf Cake.  
 " F. B. Bishop—Chicken Salad.  
 " A. Pomeroy—Turkey.  
 " Weaver—Turkey.  
 " P. J. Cogswell—Chicken Salad.  
 " E. C. Galusha—Turkey.  
 " J. T. Briggs—Scalloped Oysters.  
 " E. O. Sage—Turkey and Chicken Salad.  
 " Adelbert Mudge—Biscuit.  
 " J. W. Whitbeck—Cranberries, Charlotte Russe.  
 " E. Sugru—Pumpkin Pies.  
 " J. C. Barnum—150 Biscuit.  
 " Marvin Culver—Turkey.  
 " J. VanVorhees—Scalloped Oysters.

Mrs. E. T. Miller—Pair of Ducks.  
 " Marden—Fifty Cents.  
 " C. F. Paine—Chicken Salad.  
 " J. L. Sage—Charlotte Russe.  
 " A. L. Lane—Two Dollars.  
 " W. Lincoln Sage—Squash and Potatoes.  
 " A. H. Cole—Fruit and Olives.  
 " S. W. Updike—Celery.  
 " Eugene H. Satterlee—Cake.  
 " Cooper—Turkey and Celery.  
 " Ira Hebbard—Cake.  
 " Edward Wallis—Celery.  
 " W. T. Mills—Select Oysters and Bouillon.  
 " L. S. Chapin—Plum Pudding, Grapes, Jellies, Pickles.  
 " C. B. Woodworth—Cake, Charlotte Russe.  
 Austin Cole; Oranges and Grapes.

*The Plymouth Church Table of Mrs. L. P. Ross and Mrs. Henry Brewster.*

Mrs. J. H. Kent—Pairs of Ducks, Vegetables, Butter Balls.  
 D. A. Robbins—Cake.  
 Mrs. H. M. Moseley—Cake.  
 Mrs. J. Keyes—Chicken Salad and Cake.  
 Mrs. Hiram Hoyt—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Galusha Phillips—Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. Wm. N. Emerson—Scalloped Oysters.  
 Mrs. B. H. Clark—Turkey.  
 Mrs. J. N. Tubbs—Turkey and Pumpkin Pies.  
 Mrs. W. R. Seward—Turkey and Pears.  
 Mrs. D. R. Clark—Cranberry Jelly and Beef Loaf.  
 Mrs. E. Darrow—Mince Pies.  
 Mrs. E. B. Booth—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mr. R. A. Sibley—\$2.00.  
 Mr. E. Darrow—Fifty Paper Napkins.  
 Mrs. L. W. Gage—Turkey.  
 Mrs. W. S. Osgood—Scalloped Oysters, Duck, Jelly.  
 Mrs. W. A. Williamson—Wine Jelly.  
 Miss Mate Smith—Biscuits and Doughnuts.  
 Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Myron Adams—Celery.  
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Henry Brewster—Hams.  
 Mrs. Samuel Sloan—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. L. P. Ross—Biscuit, Cream Oysters, Butter Pats.  
 Mrs. S. F. Hess—Scalloped Oysters.  
 Mrs. Walter Lewis—Plum Pudding.  
 Mr. David Cory—\$17.00.  
 Mrs. David Cory—\$4.00.  
 Mr. F. Sherwood—\$1.00.

*The Flower and Fancy Tables of Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney.*

Mrs. W. H. Ward: box Cut Flowers.  
 " Hiram Sibley: box Cut Flowers.  
 " E. Darwin Smith: 14 small Baskets.  
 " W. L. Halsey: box Cut Flowers.  
 " Alex. Thompson: box Button-hole Bouquets box Cut Flowers.  
 " Geo. J. Whitney: box Carnations, 2 boxes Bouquets, Candy.

Miss Durand : box Cut Flowers.  
Messrs. Frost & Co. ; 25 Button-hole Bouquets,  
4 baskets Flowers.  
Mrs. B. Frank Enos : Placque.  
Miss Clara Wilder : 6 Linen Towels.  
Mrs. Eugene Glen : Washstand Scarf.  
Miss Saxton : 2 pairs Mittens.  
Mrs. S. G. Andrews : Plush Hood, Children's  
Collars, Brush Cases.  
Miss Perrin ; 16 Doll's Hoods, 3 pairs Baby's  
Socks.  
" Annie Williams : Picture, Painting 6 Dolls.  
" Cornelia Ely : Work-bag.  
Mrs. Geo. W. Smith : 2 Book Marks.  
Mr. W. Lycett, New York : Painting on China  
and Satin to the amount of \$30.00.  
Mr. C. C. Burns : Painting Dolls.  
Mr. Charles J. Hayden : Chair.  
Miss F. A. Smith : Embroidered Cushion for  
Chair, Embroidered Frames, Table Cover,  
etc.  
Messrs. Trotter & Geddes : small Cook Stove.  
Mrs. James W. Whitney : Embroidery and Dress-  
ed Doll.  
" W. J. Ashley : Designing and Embroidery.  
Miss C. Jeffrey : Painting Fancy Articles.  
Mrs. James M. Whitney : Embroidery.  
Miss M. Jeffrey : Painting Fancy Articles.  
Mrs. Silas Frink ; Toilet Set.  
Mrs. Arthur D. Fiske : Embroidery and Fancy  
Articles.  
Miss Lois E. Whitney ; Decorating China, Em-  
broidering, etc.  
Miss Julia Whitney ; Tobacco Pouch, etc.  
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney : Various Articles.  
The Children of St. James' Singing School :  
1 Bed Quilt pieced by them, for Hospital use.

*The General Fancy Table of Mrs. Myron  
Adams, Miss Clarice Jeffrey, Miss Mary  
Jeffrey, Miss Hattie Hyde, Miss Mary Wait  
and Miss Louise Kelsey.*

Mrs. N. T. Rochester ; five Coiffures.  
Mrs. George Mumford ; one Coiffure ; one Pin  
Cushion, 3 Breakfast Sacques, 12 Eating Aprons,  
2 Court Plaster Cases, 1 set Whist Counters, 3  
White Aprons.  
Mrs. Chester Dewey ; 1 White and 2 Pink Nubias.  
Miss Kate Jeffrey ; 2 pairs Mittens.  
Mrs. R. W. Cohoes ; 2 Painted Palettes.  
Miss F. H. B. ; Shoulder Shawl.  
Miss Alice Thompson ; Ballston, 6 Sunflower Pen  
Wipers.  
Mrs. Dr. Little ; Baby's Hood.  
Miss Eunice Lamberton ; one dozen Dinner Cards,  
Painted.  
Mrs. Wm. Hoyt ; Surah Silk Apron.  
Miss Clarice Jeffrey ; Wooden Shoe, Wall Pocket,  
White Satin Bag.  
" Mary Jeffrey ; Painted Work Bag Tidy.  
" Mary Wait ; Baby's Sacque, Infant's Ball.  
Mrs. W. C. Bailey ; 2 pairs Mittens.  
" F. G. Ranney ; Painted Wall Pocket.  
W. H. Glenny & Co. ; 2 Velvet and Porcelaine  
Frames.  
I. C. Barnard ; 4 Easels.  
Mrs. Donald Gordon ; 13 White Aprons.

M. B. Sanford ; Japanese Plaque.  
Mrs. Thomas Chester ; 2 India Mull Ties.  
" A. D. Smith ; Iceland Floss Shawl.  
Miss Hattie McArthur ; Wall Pocket.  
" Bessie Beach ; Baby's Hood.  
S. F. Hess & Co. ; 1000 Cigarettes.  
Mr. A. S. Hamilton ; Owl Bank, 1 Jewel Case,  
Tie.  
" R. A. Sibley ; \$2.00.  
Miss Agnes Jeffrey ; Painted Panel with Easel, 1  
pair Mittens.  
Mrs. Francis Gorton ; one pair Child's Leggings,  
Baby's Knit-Shirt.  
A. Friend ; two Tidies.  
Mrs. Myron Adams ; one Table Scarf, 2 Tobacco  
Pouches.  
" P. A. Furness ; White Fascinator.  
" L. S. May ; Blue Table Scarf.  
" Chas. Hoyt ; one pair Baby's Leggings.  
Miss Cora Barnes ; Table Scarf.  
Mrs. D. Childs ; 3 Breakfast Caps.  
Miss Amanda Green ; Lady's Cap.  
" Frank Alling ; 3 Tea-pot Holders.  
" Fanny Whittlesey ; White Fascinator.  
Mrs. W. C. Rowley ; Muslin and Lace Toilet Set.  
Miss Florence Osgood ; 2 bottles Ferina Cologne,  
in plated Straw Cases.  
Mrs. D. A. Cole ; 2 pairs Mittens.  
W. S. Kimball ; 1500 Cigarettes.  
Misses Alice & Edith Peck ; 2 Infants' Balls.  
Mrs. Edward Peck ; Table Scarf.  
" Joseph Craig ; 2 pairs Mittens.  
Grandma Jewell ; 2 pairs Mittens, 1 pair Knit  
Stockings.  
Miss Edith Moseley ; Photograph Wall Pocket,  
Toilet Receiver.  
Master Jirah Moseley ; Court-plaster Case, Shav-  
ing Case.  
Mrs. Frederic Sherwood ; Felt and Plush Tidy.  
" Joseph Farley, Jr. ; Baby's Knit Skirt.  
Miss Mary Farley ; 2 Scrap Bags.  
A. S. Stratton ; White and Yellow Wrapping Pa-  
per.  
Steele & Avery ; Paper Knife, Paper Weight,  
Pen Wiper.  
Mrs. Benjamin Haywood ; Tidy.  
Miss Maggie Burlingame ; Wall Pocket.  
" Ada Kent ; Painted Mantel Lambrequin.  
Mrs. J. H. Kent ; Spanish Lace Breakfast Cap.  
H. C. Wisner & Co. ; 2 Vases Vienna Porcelain,  
1 Kaga Jar.  
Scrantom & Wetmore ; Match Safe, Reticule, Pearl  
Porte-Monnaie.  
Miss Bessie Ives ; 2 Handkerchief Cases.  
" Alice Churchill ; 2 Paper Dolls.  
" Adelaide Gaffney ; 1 pair Child's Reins.  
Mrs. Pauline Lee ; 2 Comb and Brush Cases, 2  
Books, 1 pair Mittens.  
" Geo. Ellwanger ; one Toilet-Set, Fancy  
Basket, Feather Fan, Needle Book, 2 Pin  
Cushions.  
Miss Maggie McVean ; Roman Afghan.  
" Hattie Hyde ; 2 Baby's Hoods.  
" Ida Aldrich ; Toilet Set.  
Mrs. S. W. Updike ; 8 Dish Mops.  
" Malby Strong ; one pair Mittens.  
" E. D. Smith ; Breakfast Cap.  
" Chas. Pond ; one pair Silk Mittens.  
Miss L. Kelsey ; Child's Afghan.  
" Marian Robbins ; Plaque and Easel.  
Mrs. H. S. Miller ; Tidy.

Mrs. J. H. Kent; Ebony and Velvet Frame  
Mrs. John Brewster; 2 pairs Infant's Socks, Infant's Cardigan Jacket.  
Miss Helen Hooker; 3 Fancy Aprons.  
" Bellows; Tidy.  
" Mollie Ward; Brush-broom Case.  
Mrs. E. V. Stoddard; Candle-Stick, Ring Case, Jewel Cup, 2 Iridescent Vases, 1 Solitaire Vase, Cup and Saucer, Jewel Tray.  
" Wm. Osgood; Scrap Basket.  
" D. B. Beach; 2 pairs Bed-room Slippers.  
Miss Florence Beach; Baby's Hood.  
Mrs. Dr. Robinson; 3 Comb and Brush Cases.  
" Chas. M. Lee; 3 pairs Knit Garters.  
Miss Ruth Hart; Angora Wool Hood.  
Mrs. Fred. Moore; Iridescent Vase.  
Miss Pettis Moore; Brass Candle Stick.  
A Friend; \$5.00.  
Mrs. Joseph Frost; 6 pairs Knitting Needles in Cases.  
Miss Mary Whittlesey; Baby's Leggings.  
" Lillie G. Barton; Fascinator.  
" Frost; 4 Needle and Pin Cases.  
Mrs. Barrett B. Mitchell; \$10.00.

*The Children's Col Table of Mrs. C. M. Angel, Misses Alice and Louise Upton and Laura Pagie Ward.*

Mrs. J. A. Collier; 3 pairs Crocheted Slippers.  
Miss Laura Selden; Work Bag.  
Mrs. George Selden; Baby's Shirts and Socks.  
" Wilbur Griffin; 2 Jewel Cases.  
" E. Darwin Smith; 6 Flower Baskets.  
Miss Jennie Rind; 4 Hair-pin Slippers.  
" Elizabeth Rind; Child's Afghan.  
Laura and Alice Chase; 2 Panels.  
Scrantom & Wetmore; 2 Purses, 2 small Dolls.  
C. C. Woodworth; 2 Fancy Boxes, 1 dozen Fancy Soap, 8 Toy Pitchers, 1 dozen China Hens and 8 Toy Mirrors.  
Mrs. W. Seward Whittlesey; 13 Paper Dolls.  
Miss Julia Little; Fancy Apron.  
" Louisa Little; pair Slippers.  
W. S. Glenn; Flower Vase.  
Mrs. Wm. Averell; Tete-a-tete Sett, Books, Dolls, Toilet Set, Paper Soldiers.  
Miss McDowell; Fancy Head Wrap.  
Mrs. Elmer Smith; 2 dozen Perfumery Tubes.  
" Theo. Bacon; Toilet Cushion.  
Miss H. H. Backus; 6 Dolls, Hats and Caps.  
Mrs. Mathews' S. S. Class; 3 Dressed Dolls.  
Miss Louisa and Alice Upton; 10 Painted Cards, 1 Doll dressed, 2 Terra Cotta Figures, 6 Books, Articles for Grab Bag.  
" Fannie Corbett; 2 Colored Dolls dressed.  
" Underhill; Child's Hood.  
" Frankie Wakelee; Flowers, Pickwick Dollies 8 Paper Dolls, Articles for Grab Bag.  
" Atwater; 2 Paper Cutters.  
" Ellen Guernsey; Trimming for Skirt.  
Mrs. B. Y. Boyce; Crib Spread.  
" Wm. Perkins; 2 pairs Elastics.  
Eddie Woodworth; 11 Toy Mirrors.  
Miss Pagie Ward; Fancy Hood.  
Laurance Angel; Articles for Grab Bag.

Mrs. L. F. Ward; 2 Scrap Baskets.  
" C. H. Angel; 15 Crocheted Balls, Fancy Hood, Toys, &c.  
" Dr. Strong; \$5.00.  
Miss E. A. Story, Salem, Mass.; \$5.00.  
Mrs. Geo. C. Buell; \$5.00.  
" D. M. Childs; \$5.00.  
" A. D. Smith; \$5.00.  
" L. A. Ward; Glass Umbrella.  
Master Fritz Ward; Toys for Grab Bag.

Cot Table receipts.....\$118 90  
Flowers.....10 00  
Grab Bag.....20 00

Receipts for the Review,

TO DECEMBER 1st, 1881.

Miss Bryan, Philadelphia—by Mrs. N. T. Rochester.....\$ 50  
Annie McCall, Ashland, Oregon, 50 cents;  
Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, Olean, 62 cents  
—by Mrs. M. E. Gilman.....1 12  
Mrs. J. H. Farnsworth, Haverhill, Mass., 63 cents; Mrs. S. M. Homer, 50 cents—  
by Mrs. M. Strong.....1 13  
M. V. Beemer, Advertisement—by Mrs. S. W. Updike.....5 00  
Mas. W. Y. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Jeffries, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. N. B. Northrop, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Rapalje, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Trzeciak, 62 cents—by Collector.....4 34  
Mrs. H. Bennett, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 65 cents; Mrs. R. Messenger, 62 cents—by Treasurer.....2 51

TO DECEMBER 15TH, 1881.

Mrs. G. W. Almy, Brooklyn, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Gregory, Millville, 61 cts.; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 63 cents; Mrs. E. Witherell, (3 subscribers) \$4.87; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, 63 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents—by Treasurer 8 38  
Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. Roscoe Ashely, 62 cents; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 63 cts.; Mrs. G. W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Adler, 62 cents; J. H. Boucher, 62 cts.; Mrs. M. Briggs, 65 cents; Mrs. A. Balestier, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, 62 cents; Mrs. Horace Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Breck, 62 cents; Miss J. Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62 cents; Miss H. H. Backus, 75 cents; Mrs. B. E. Chase, 62 cents; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, (4 subscribers) \$2.50; Mrs. C. H. Chapin, 62 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 62 cts.; J. Craighead, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Corning, 62 cents; Mrs. N. T. Coleman, Deruyter, 50 cents; Miss M. Dunlap, 62 cents; Miss Davis, donation, 25 cents; Mrs. O. Dupuy, 62 cents; E. Darrow, 62 cents; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 62 cts.; Mrs. Geo.

Darling, 62c.: Mrs. D. B. Eells, Cleveland, Ohio, 50 cents: Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents: Mrs. A. Ely, 62 cts.: Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger, \$1.25: Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York, 50 cents: Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cents: Mrs. R. H. Furman, 62 cents: Miss S. Frost, 62 cents: Mrs. J. Farley, jr., 62 cents: Mrs. E. Glen, 62 cents: Mrs. J. W. Goss, 62 cents: Mrs. F. Gorton, 75 cents: Miss A. Green, 62 cents: Mrs. H. H. Gilbert, 62 cents: Mrs. D. M. Hough, 62 cents: Mrs. A. Hoyt, 62 cts.: Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 62 cents: Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 63 cents: H. Hermann, \$1: A. S. Hamilton, \$1.86: Miss A. Jeffrey, 62 cents: Mrs. J. Killip, 62 cents: Mrs. D. Lusk, Pittsford, 50 cents: Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents: Mrs. P. B. Lee, 62 cents: Mrs. G. W. Miller, 62 cents: Mrs. A. S. Mann, 62 cents: Mrs. U. Meyer, 62 cts.: Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents: Mrs. O. W. Moore, 62 cents: Mrs. H. C. Munn, 62 cts.: Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, 62 cts.: Mrs. L. S. May, Pittsford, 50 cents: W. C. Morey, 65 cents: Mrs. O. C. Merri-man, 62 cents: Miss S. Moody, New York, \$1.00: Mrs. J. Nichols, 62 cents: Mrs. E. W. Osburn, 62 cents: Miss H. Oothout, 65 cents: Mrs. W. Oothout, 62 cents: Odenbach & Shale, 62 cents: Mrs. G. W. Pratt, 62 cents: Mrs. E. Paucost, 63 cents: Mrs. J. P. Pitkin, 62 cents: Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cents: Mrs. E. Peck, 62 cents: Mrs. A. W. Riley, 62 cents: Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, 62 cents: Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents: Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents: Mrs. Geo. Raines, 62 cents: Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 62 cents: Miss C. L. Rochester, 62 cents: Mrs. D. K. Robinson, \$1.25: Mrs. O. H. Robinson, 62 cents: Miss Story, Salem, Mass., donation, \$2: Mrs. Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 63 cents: Mrs. Geo. Sill, 62 cents: Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cents: Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62 cents: Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents: Mrs. W. H. Stryker, 62 cents: Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents: Mrs. E. L. Tompkins, 63 cents: Mrs. J. M. Whitney, \$1: Mrs. L. F. Ward, 63 cts.: Miss M. J. Watson, 62 cents: Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62 cts: Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents: Mrs. B. Wing, Brighton, 62 cents: Mrs. C. Waite, 63 cents: Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, 62 cents: Mrs. C. G. Wetmore, 62 cents: Mrs. D. A. Watson, 62 cents: Mrs. A. C. Wilder, 75 cents.

Total Receipts at Donation.....\$71 58

### Hospital Donations.

Mrs. G. J. Whitney; 1 bushel Quinces, 4 Turkeys, 12 glasses Quince Jelly, 2 jars Preserved Quinces.  
 " Geo. Ellwanger; bushel Grapes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel Quinces, Illustrated Papers.  
 " Munn; Pears and Reading Matter.  
 " C. B. Adams; black walnut Bedstead.  
 By Miss Milford; 2 dozens Gospel Hymns.

Mrs. M. C. Pixley; basket Grapes.  
 " C. E. Mathews; 8 dozens Fried Cakes.  
 Mr. Clarendon Morse; second-hand Clothing, Boots, &c.  
 Mrs. F. Gorton; Graphics.  
 Harry B. Oatley; Illustrated Papers.  
 A Friend; Reading Matter, second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. E. D. Smith; second-hand Shirts.  
 Miss Mary Brooks, Brooksgrove; 1 barrel of Apples.  
 Mrs. J. C. Moore; a bushel of Onions.  
 Mrs. A. D. Smith; a barrel of Dried Fruit.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 5, 1881 of paralysis, Mrs. Octavia Gillette, aged 87 yrs  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 14, 1881 of phthisis pulmonalis, Rachel Magonzky, aged 14 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 22, 1881, of fractured skull, John J. Jesserer, aged 35 years.

### Monthly Reports.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| 1881. Nov. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, | 95     |
| Received during month,...               | 33     |
| Births, .....                           | 1—129  |
| Deaths, .....                           | 3      |
| Discharged, .....                       | 40— 43 |
| Remaining, Nov. 29th, 1881,             | 86     |

### Unclaimed Dishes left at Powers' Hall.

- 2 four-quart Tin Milk Pans,
- 2 two-quart Tin Milk Pans,
- 2 Tin Pails.
- 1 Yellow Deep Dish,
- 1 Yellow Pie Plate,
- 4 Common Platters,
- 3 Tin Jelly Moulds,
- 1 Blunt Carving Knife,
- 3 Standard Glass Dishes,
- 1 Celery Glass,
- 1 Glass Cover to Sugar Dish,
- 4 Common Plates,
- 3 China Plates,
- 2 Low China Dishes, one plain,
- 1 Tin Pie Plate,

can be found at the house of the Treasurer, 48 Spring street.

Any person who borrowed Standard Glass Dishes from Isaac Teall's will oblige Mr. T. by returning them to him—four Glass Dishes have not been returned.

**Donated Bills.**

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| C. J. Hayden, on account .....         | \$15 00 |
| Trotter, Geddes & Co. ....             | 28 00   |
| Mrs. Buckley donated 500 Oysters, .... | 3 50    |
| Wm. S. Falls, Bills of Fare, etc. .... | 4 50    |
| Alting & Cory, Envelopes. ....         | 3 00    |
| Sill Stove Works ..                    | 11 68   |
| James Brackett. ....                   | 11 50   |

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

**THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

**THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.**

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

**TERMS**—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson 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.

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Deposits made not later than the third day of any of the months of March, June, September and December shall be entitled to have interest declared upon them the same as if deposited on the first day of said months.

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*The Hospital Review.*

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*The Hospital Review.*

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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. XVIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 14, 1882.

No. 6.

## For the Soldiers.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

A call came up from the soldiers' camps,  
And sounded in our ears,  
Above all the roar of the heavy guns,  
And the ringing battle-cheers.  
It said: "We are fighting for you, for yours;  
In the forefront of danger we stand;  
We are driving the ranks of the rebels back;  
Will you lend us a helping hand?  
"We give you all our health and strength;  
We are flinging our lives away;  
Our days and nights, they are spent for you;  
Will you give to us just one day?"  
And the farmers, afar in the Prairie State,  
Heard the call as it sounded by;  
And they answered the voice from the far-off  
camps

With a cheerful, whole souled "Ay."

A little girl stood and watched the teams,  
With their treasures running o'er,  
With their loads of the full-eared yellow corn,  
Drive up to her father's door;  
Till the rosy apples and onions white,  
And squashes golden and round,  
That the farmers bought with their hard-earned  
- stores  
Lay heaped all over the ground.

And she said: "Oh, papa, I have nothing to  
give

That the soldiers would care to hold;

I am so sorry I am so small;

I have neither silver nor gold.

There's my doll, and my hoop, and all my toys,

But they don't want those, you see,

And they would not care for the games or the  
books

Of a little girl like me.

"I think, papa, it is very hard,  
I have thought all my playthings o'er,  
And there isn't a thing they would want to take:  
I wish I wasn't so poor!  
I'm sure there is nothing I would not give  
To make their work seem less—'  
And here she stopped for her little pet lamb  
Was pulling at her dress.

They had played together, the child and lamb  
All the long bright summer days;  
It had shared her supper of bread and milk—  
She had taught it its winsome ways.  
It would run at the sound of its whispered name  
To the mistress it loved so well;  
And she loved it, her darling little pet,  
Far better than I could tell.

She stopped and looked in her father's face,  
And her eyes grew large and wide;  
Then she flung her arms round the lamb's soft  
neck,

And knelt down by its side.  
And her eyes grew full of the blinding tears  
That she could not wipe away;  
And, "Oh! papa, my darling lamb!"  
Was all that she could say.

And closer and closer she held it then,  
And faster the tears ran down,  
Till she lifted her head, and spoke again  
Through the sobs that her words would  
drown:

"Oh, papa, I never had thought of this!

It is all my own, you know.

Oh, pet, you must go for our soldiers brave!

My darling, I love you so!"

And stronger growing: "Oh yes, papa,

You must not look so grave!

Why, they give up their arms and their lives  
for us:

It is everything I have!

It isn't much—I'm a little girl—

But perhaps, if you tell them so,  
They will take it with all the bigger things—  
Oh, darling, I love you so!"

I think the angels looked down from heaven,

With tears in their shining eyes,  
At the tearful little upturned face,  
And the noble sacrifice.

God love her, and bless her, and save the land

That claims her among its brave,  
Who, 'mid their tears, with unflinching hand  
Have given all they have!

### The Old Man's Prayer.

RAPHAEL AND THE LEGEND OF THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

Among the most lovely Madonnas of this famous artist is that called "Della Sedia" (of the chair), and there is a very pretty legend about it which says that hundreds of years ago there was a hermit named Father Bernardo, dwelling among the Italian hills; and that he was much loved by the neighboring peasants, who went to him for advice and instruction. He often said that in his solitude he was not lonely, for he had two daughters: one of them could talk to him, but the other was dumb. By the daughter who spoke he meant the daughter of a vine-dresser who lived near by. She was named Mary, and always tried to do the utmost in her power for the comfort of the lonely old hermit. By his dumb daughter he meant a grand old oak-tree that grew near his hut and sheltered it from storm, and hung its branches over him so lovingly that the old man grew to feel it was like a dear friend to him. There were many birds in its branches to whom he gave food, and they, in return, gave him sweet songs. Many times the woodmen had wished to cut this strong tree down, but Father Bernardo prayed for its life, and it was spared to him.

At last there came a terrible winter—the storms were so severe that few trees and huts remained, and the freshets that rushed down the hills swept off all that the tempests had left. At last, after a dreadful storm, Mary and her father went, with fear, to see if the hermit was still alive, for they thought he must have perished. But when they came to him they found that his dumb daughter had saved his life. On the coming of the freshet, he

had gone up to the roof of his hut; he soon saw that he was not safe—then, as he cast his eyes to heaven, branches of the oak seemed to be ward him, and beckon him to come; so he took a few crusts of bread and climbed up into the tree, where he staid three days. Below, everything was swept away, but the old oak stood firm, and, at last, when the sun came out, the storm was ended, his other daughter came to take him to her own home, make him warm and give him food for this dreadful time of hunger and had almost worn him out.

Then the good Father Bernardo came down on heaven to bless his two good daughters who had saved his life, and prayed that in some way they might be distinguished together. Years passed, and the old hermit died. Mary married, and became the mother of two little boys; the old oak had been cut down and made into casks. One day, as Mary sat in the house and her young children were with her, she held the youngest to her breast, the older one ran around in merry play, she called to mind the old hermit, and the blessings that he had asked for her and she wondered if his prayers would not be answered in these children. Then the little boy ran to his mother and took a stick to which he had fastened a nut, and at that moment a young man came near. He had large, dreamy eyes, and a restless, weary look. And weary he was for the thought of a lovely picture in his mind, but not clear enough in his mind to enable him to paint it. It was Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, and when his glance fell upon the lovely, living picture of his father's daughter and her children, he saw, in flesh and blood before him, just the lovely picture that had floated in his thoughts. But he had only a pencil! On what could he draw? Just then his eye fell on a smooth cover of the wine-cask standing near by. He quickly sketched upon it the outlines of Mary and her boys, when he went away he took the cover with him. And, thereafter, he did not rest until, with his whole soul in his work, he had painted that wonderful picture which we know as "La Madonna della Sedia."

Thus, at length, was the prayer of Father Bernardo answered, and his two daughters were made famous together.

## Mrs. Garfield on Woman's Work.

The following is an extract from a private letter of Mrs. Garfield to her husband, written over ten years ago. Falling into the hands of Prest. B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, Ohio, he used it to illustrate a lecture. After this, it appeared in *The Student*, a paper published by the students of Hiram College:

I am glad to tell you that out of all the toil and disappointment of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away, has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: "There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy." Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: "Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?" It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before; and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that maybe you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown; but I am too glad to have found it at all to be utterly disconcerted even by your merriment. Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the "terrible wrong," or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them, or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant; whereas, it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit with which he does it.

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reason for sending it.

## Monument or Hospital.

Our Washington correspondent puts in a plea which we trust some of our benevolent readers will not quite overlook, amid the numerous calls of the season. The movement to erect a hospital at Washington, in memory of the late President, must be taken up by the whole people in order to its success. The effort to erect a monument at Cleveland is understood to be well under way. It ought to be carried to a successful completion, and there is presumed to be no reason for doubting that it will be. But how about this proposed memorial Hospital at Washington? That remains too good and appropriate a suggestion to droop, and finally be abandoned without any worthy effort to carry it into effect. The chief capitals of Europe have long had their great and costly hospitals. Though they were built for the most part long ago, before the improvements which recent years have witnessed in hospital construction and management, and are consequently ill adapted to their purposes, yet they do much to illustrate the spirit and to mitigate the sufferings of humanity. We have no such national Bethesda, though the war of secession revealed new necessities for hospitals, and suggested new improvements in them. What could more fitly commemorate the fame of one who in life was always nobly solicitous for the welfare of the poor and suffering, and who had a keen appreciation of their necessities, than to build a national or international hospital to his memory—

"A piece of work that will make sick men whole,"  
 and a place to which, for generations,

"Strangely visited people,  
 All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye—  
 The mere despair of surgery"—

might be brought and cured? The suggestion of such a memorial, which should not only commemorate the dead, but also be a great and increasing benefit to the living, deserves a better fate than to be dropped and forgotten.—[*N. Y. Observer.*]

The Scriptures are given to us as a rich mine, in which we may labor, and appropriate to ourselves all we find; and the more diligently we labor the more wealth we obtain.

## A Royal Artist.

A London firm announces a holiday book for the coming Christmas, which will contain a series of chromo-lithographs from water-color paintings, executed by the Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria. The work will be entitled "The Birthday Book," and the illustrations will consist of flower-pieces, each representing one of the months. The printing of the pictures in color is now going on in Leipzig. This is a long process, as some of the plates will have to pass under the press seventeen or eighteen times.

Whatever a Princess does in the way of art can hardly fail to be praised by her friends and courtiers. The public has been assured that these pictures of the Princess Beatrice are "charming." That small portion of the public which can afford to pay twenty-five or fifty dollars for a "Birthday Book" will soon have an opportunity to judge for itself, and the Princess will have the advantage of reading the comments of impartial critics upon her work.

No human life can be happy without an employment. This high-born lady is fortunate in having found one by which she can give pleasure to others, and can redeem her own life from inanity and waste.

## Pronunciation of "U."

Some of our readers may thank us for calling attention to the following suggestion as to the pronunciation of "u."

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Northerners will say institoot instead of institute, dooty for duty—a perfect rhyme to the word beauty. They will call new and news, noo and noos—and so on through the dozens and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this.

In student and stupid, the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced stoodent and stoopid, as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them.

It is a vulgarism to call a door a doah—as we all admit—is it not as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a noospaper? One vulgarism is Northern and the other Southern, that's the only difference.

When the London *Punch* wishes to burlesque the pronunciations of servants, it makes them call the duke the dook, the tutor the tooter, and a tube a toob.

—[*New York Weekly Review*.]

## Worry.

Dr. Mortimer Granville, a distinguished medical writer of England, believes that the increasing instances of paralysis, supposed to be from overwork of brain, are due really to brain exhaustion from worry. We gather his views as presented in the *Medical Record*.

Hard and persistent work of the muscles does not cause muscular paralysis, for the wasted tissue is constantly renewed by nutriment and rest, and the laborer begins again the next day as strong as ever.

So it is with the brain. Its tissues, however much exhausted by mental labor, must be daily renewed in substance and vigor by appropriate nutriment and rest.

In ordinary normal work, whether of muscle or brain, the waves of nerve impulse, which steadily supply the muscular or mental activity, succeed each other in a regular and rhythmical order. But worry disturbs this order, wasting the nerve force and breaking down the man.

Apply this to our American brain-workers. Among business men there is an immense competition, and a tremendous hurry to be as successful, at least, as their neighbors, and an eagerness to be rich. Calmness—so essential to the health of the brain—is impossible. Worry enters into the history of every day. Paralysis of brain is the natural result.

Such is the character of our party politics that a similar worry must be constantly felt by our politicians and statesmen.

Clergymen in this country, as in no other, live lives of anxiety ten-fold more exhausting than all that comes from normal brain-work; anxiety as to spiritual success; anxiety from being driven from pulpit to pulpit; anxiety from inadequate support, and from nearing the "dead line" at fifty. Who can wonder that paralysis of body and mind increases from year to year?

God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,  
But thou would'st do thyself if thou could'st see  
The end of all things here as well as He.

### Training School for Nurses—Rochester City Hospital.

This school has been in successful operation since December 1st, 1880. All of the patients of the Hospital are under the care of pupils of the school.

We publish the conditions governing admission to the school, and recommend to the notice of women desiring to become professional Nurses.

Applicants must be single; between twenty and thirty-five years of age; possessed of a good education; of perfect health, and unexceptionable moral character. They shall reside in the Hospital, and devote their time to the care of the patients, under the direction of the supervising nurse and the attending physicians and surgeons.

The course of instruction extends over two years, and consists of lectures, and bedside instruction by the attending medical officers, and practical instruction by the supervising nurse.

Board, washing and the nominal sum of ten dollars per month shall be deemed remuneration in full for services rendered by nurses. No applicant will be received for less period than two years. At the end of that time, if the services have been satisfactory, a certificate or diploma shall be furnished as evidence of qualifications. Any nurse, whose services are not satisfactory, may be discharged at any time. Applications should be made at once, in writing, to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street, and should state qualifications, in accordance with the conditions above mentioned.

### Correction.

The ladies who, at the Donation Festival, had charge of the Baptist Church table were Mrs. M. B. Anderson, Mrs. M. S. Mills and Mrs. L. S. Chapin. Mr. James Backus donated a bottle of olives.

### Additional Cash Donations.

|                           |               |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| I. W. Butts .....         | \$25 00       |
| A. V. Clarke, Albion..... | 10 00         |
| H. O. Wisner.....         | 20 00         |
| Oscar Craig.....          | 10 00         |
|                           | <hr/> \$65 00 |

### Recapitulation.

|  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| Cash Donations.....                                    | \$6,711 75       |
| First Presbyterian Church, free bed for one year ..... | 200 00           |
| Receipts from tables .....                             | 1,224 42         |
| “ “ fancy articles.....                                | 813 98           |
|  | <hr/> \$8,950 15 |
| Expenses of Donation.....                              | 190 92           |
|  | <hr/> \$8,759 22 |

### Donated Bills.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Union and Advertiser, printing.....            | \$30 00 |
| Democrat and Chronicle, printing.....          | 30 00   |
| Evening Express, printing .....                | 30 00   |
| Morning Herald .....                           | 30 00   |
| Wm. S. Falls, printing bills of fare, etc., .. | 4 50    |
| C. J. Hayden & Co. tables .....                | 15 00   |
| Trotter, Geddes & Co. ....                     | 28 00   |
| R. A. Buckley, 500 Oysters.....                | 3 50    |
| S. Sloan, on account.....                      | 5 00    |
| Hill & French.....                             | 2 90    |
| J. B. Edmonds .....                            | 2 50    |
| Sill Stove Works.....                          | 11 68   |
| James Brackett, on account.....                | 13 50   |
| E. K. Warren, half barrel Ale.                 |         |

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

### Unclaimed Dishes left at Powers' Hall.

- 2 four-quart Tin Milk Pans,
- 2 two-quart Tin Milk Pans,
- 2 Tin Pails.
- 1 Yellow Deep Dish,
- 1 Yellow Pie Plate,
- 4 Common Platters,
- 3 Tin Jelly Moulds,
- 1 Blunt Carving Knife,
- 3 Standard Glass Dishes,
- 1 Celery Glass,
- 1 Glass Cover to Sugar Dish,
- 4 Common Plates,
- 3 China Plates,
- 2 Low China Dishes, one plain
- 1 Tin Pie Plate,

can be found at the house of the Treasurer, 48 Spring street, who also has an unclaimed towel with red line border.

Any person who borrowed Standard Glass Dishes from Isaac Teall's will oblige

Mr. T. by returning them to him—four Glass Dishes have not been returned.

A new table napkin with the letter "B" embroidered upon it, which was one of a set, may be returned to 48 Spring street. Persons having lost dishes will please call at once for them.

We publish in this issue of the *Review* the form of Deed as approved by the Trustees, given to those who endow a Ward or bed in the Hospital:

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Naming of the Large Wards .....         | \$10,000 each. |
| "      end Wards .....                  | 5,000 "        |
| "      small Wards .....                | 3,000 "        |
| "      Private Rooms .....              | 2,000 "        |
| "      a Bed in a Ward .....            | 500 "          |
| For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room     | 7,000          |
| "      Perpetual Bed in a Ward .....    | 5,000          |
| "      Bed during the lives of 2 donors | 4,000          |
| "      bed in a Private Ward for a year | 300            |
| "      Bed in a General Ward for a year | 200            |

This Indenture, made this——day of——A. D., 1881, between "The Rochester City Hospital," a body corporate under Chapter 233 of the Laws of 1847, and the acts amendatory thereof, of the first part, and——of the second part, witnesseth: That in consideration of the sum of——dollars paid into the permanent fund of said Hospital by the party of the second part, the party of the first part hereby agrees and covenants that such name or inscription as the party of the second part may designate, duly inscribed on a metal or stone tablet, shall be attached to such bed or portion as said party of the second part may designate then being unendowed, which portion of said Hospital shall bear such name or inscription, publicly affixed to it for all time to come; and said bed or portion shall be known by such name, in the clinical and other records of said Hospital, whenever reference is made to said bed or portion. And the said party of the first part, by this instrument doth further covenant and agree with the party of second part, that in case of damage or destruction of said Hospital by fire or other causes, and in case the same is repaired or rebuilt, the same portion, or an equivalent portion, of such Hospital structure as shall subsequently be erected, shall bear, and continue to bear said name or inscription, by which it shall be known.

The above fund being created by party of the second part with the design of maintaining a perpetual free bed in said Hospital, said party of the first part binds itself and its successors, not only to maintain such name or inscription, but also for the maintenance, the nursing, the medical and surgical care of the occupant of said free bed. Permission is hereby also given to party of second part to determine; and he shall have the right to determine who shall be the occupant of said free bed at all times; and said party of second part may will, devise or bequeath such control of said free bed; provided, however that the said party of the first part shall have the right to the use of said bed whenever the same shall be actually vacant. And on failure of the party of the first part to perform and fulfill said conditions on any part thereof, they, their successors or assigns, will pay to party of second part his heirs next of kin, personal representatives or assigns the whole principal sum contributed on said conditions, to wit——on demand

In witness whereof, parties of first part have caused these presents to be signed by their President, and their corporate seal to be hereto affixed, the day and year first above written.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }  
COUNTY OF MONROE, } ss.  
CITY OF ROCHESTER.

On this——day of——1881, to me personally known, came before me who being by me sworn, did say that he resides in the city of Rochester, and is President of the Rochester City Hospital and of its Board of Directors; that the seal affixed to the following instrument is the corporate seal of said Hospital and Board, and was thereto affixed by order of said Board of Directors, at a meeting thereof, duly convened; and that he signed the same as President of said Hospital and said Board of Directors, by virtue of a like order of said Board of Directors.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Rochester City Hospital, held November 10th, 1881, Mr. Arthur S. Hamilton was elected a member of the Board in place of the late S. D. Porter, and Mr. S. J. Mac in place of the late Levi A. Ward.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 14, 1882.

### Midwinter at the Hospital.

January had thrown her snowy mantle over lawns lately verdant, and her cutting blasts made the Hospital a pleasant harbor of refuge when last we visited the invalids, and we were not surprised to find most of them snugly housed in the wards, rather than seeking out door pleasures.

Last month our account of the Donation Festival occupied so much space, that we could not find room to say much of the Hospital patients, but we are happy now, to report that many who were then under treatment have recovered and left the Institution.

In the Lower Male Surgical Ward we learned that a boy who had had a broken leg, a man whose limb had been amputated, another who had fallen and injured the stump of a limb that had been previously amputated, and one who had suffered from ulcer on a limb, all were so far benefited that they had gone home. The Ward, however, was not tenantless but had fourteen patients. One of these had his arm in splints, having fractured it in two places; another had fallen and broken two ribs. On the next cot lay a man whose foot had been crushed by an iron bar falling upon it; he had had all but one of his toes amputated and his foot was protected by a shield. Near him was a man who, some time since, had had a cancer removed from his face, but three cancers had appeared; one was discharging and painless, but two were troubling him greatly. One patient was recovering from a fall; two were infirm, aged and weak. In the Cross Ward were four patients. Two of these were paralytics; another was improving after a surgical operation, and a fourth was suffering from falling through the Hill

street bridge. His hand was cut and he was injured internally, but was apparently improving. He was a German. Though there was evidently much to be done in this lower Ward, yet order and quiet reigned, and the nurse spoke in the highest terms of one of the attending physicians, who took great interest in instructing and training the nurses, and said of him: "I don't know how he ever rests; he takes a great interest in the Hospital."

The Male Medical Ward had twelve inmates, two had died the past month; one, a youth of sixteen, who was brought in on Christmas night with diphtheria and died the following Saturday; the other, a consumptive. Two aged men were infirm and a third was suffering from rheumatism; one patient had paralysis. Not one in this Ward was confined to the bed. Two were playing checkers and two more looking on. One man was under treatment by Dr. Rider, but though the outward eye was dim, he did not walk in darkness, for his whole soul seemed welling over with the joy of a newly found hope in Christ. It was refreshing to listen to his words and to those of his Scotch friend, Mr. K., who was also full of gratitude for relief from pain. We doubt if the New Year shines on many who are more truly happy than these two invalids in the City Hospital.

In the Upper Female Ward were seventeen under treatment, none of whom was very sick or confined to the bed. Among those under treatment were two consumptives, one with diseased heart, one with erysipelas and swollen limbs, one who had had a surgical operation, one a paralytic, and one an epileptic patient.

In the Lying-In Ward there was only one baby, and but one waiting patient.

The Lower Female Ward had twenty-one inmates; one of these had been knocked down by a dog, had fractured her limb, and was, for the first time since the accident, sitting up. She looked very

comfortable bolstered up in a rocking chair with blankets around her. A cancer patient who had had a surgical operation, was also sitting up. One patient was afflicted with rheumatism, one was a paralytic, and two had hysteria. A woman with fractured arm was improving, one injured by a railroad accident had had a relapse but was gaining, and one had died of peritonitis.

### The Children's Cot.

We hope all the dear children who have worked for the Children's Cot, or have in any way aided in its endowment, have had a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we trust now that the busy holidays are over, they will do all they can to help the poor sick children who come to us for nursing and tender care.

Our paper has been so full the last two months that we have had no space to tell you about the Hospital children; so now we must go back a little.

The girl, Clara, of whom we have often spoken as being very sick with typhoid fever, was for a long time confined to her bed, and has never entirely recovered. After the fever left her she was so hungry all the time that it was hard to control her, and if she ate too much she had convulsions. Her mind was as weak as her body, and after being some months at the Hospital, it was thought best to send her to the Industrial School, to see if being with other children would not benefit her. A short time before Christmas she was taken to this School, but on Christmas day, after she had eaten as much as was good for her, she secretly got hold of some fruit and ate that, and by overeating was thrown into convulsions. The nurses at the School put cold water on her head and placed her in a hot bath, and Drs. Ely and Mallory came to see her, but she had nine convulsions and of course was very weak in body and mind after this.

In November, a little boy named Willie was sent from the Industrial School to the Hospital, with very sore eyes; they were so inflamed and swollen that he could hardly open them, but he was greatly benefited by Hospital treatment and has gone back to the Industrial School. Willie was a very funny little fellow. He had an Irish mother and a colored father; he had a white skin, but closely curling hair, and he was such a mimic they hardly knew what to do with him at the Hospital. First, they put him in the Children's Cot in the Female Ward, but some of the patients were sick in the night, and he would waken and sit up in his cot and imitate all the noises the sick people made, and this disturbed the patients; so they put him in another room where he heard some one groaning, and Willie groaned too. He was a very active child and his nimble little feet disturbed some of the very sick women, so they took off his leather shoes and put on cloth moccasins, but now his eyes are so well he has gone back to the Industrial School and we hope he will be able to stay there.

You see, dear children, that the little folks disturb the sick women and in some way we shall have to provide a child's ward.

If you were to go now into the Lower Female Ward, you would find on a cot in the corner of the room a dear little boy whose pale, wan face would make your heart ache. He is a Hebrew boy, and though only nine years old he has suffered a great deal. His spine and hip are diseased, and he has an ulcer on his hip and a bunch on his back. He is a patient, uncomplaining little fellow; he said to me: "I don't have much pain," and the nurse says he is gaining, is able to sit up a little, and sometimes is moved about in a rolling chair. I am afraid he will never be a strong, healthy boy, but the physicians and nurses will do all they can to make him comfortable. I hope, when you

think of this dear little boy, you will thank God for giving you rosy cheeks, warm blood and strong limbs, so that you can drink in health and pleasure as you ride on your sleds or make snow balls.

### A New Year's Offering from Geneseo.

A Happy New Year to our young friends in Geneseo! They have commenced the year nobly in remembering our Children's Cot, and we are very grateful for twenty-one dollars and fifty-cents, from the "Missionary Garden Envelope Circle" of the Presbyterian Church, Geneseo, sent us by their pastor, Rev. J. E. Kittredge. This is the first contribution to the Cot fund in 1882, and we hope the children in some of our neighboring villages, as well as those in Rochester, will imitate the example of the Geneseo Missionary circle. We trust some of our little friends from Geneseo will visit the Hospital and see the Cot we are seeking to endow for the sick children.

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| "Missionary Garden Envelope Circle,"           |           |
| Geneseo, N.Y. by Rev. J. E. Kittredge, \$21 50 |           |
| January subscription, .....                    | 25        |
| Receipts for the month, ....                   | \$ 21 75  |
| Previously acknowledged, .....                 | 1547 46   |
| Total Receipts, .....                          | \$1569 21 |

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

### Thanks.

We are indebted to Dr. John W. Whitbeck for a very valuable surgical table and a nicely finished black walnut folding green. These will be very useful in the Hospital.

### In Memoriam.

The echoes of our New Year's greetings have hardly died away, before tidings reach us, that one of the members of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital, who for some years has been wont to mingle with them in their deliberations for the relief of the sick and suffering in that Institution, has rested from her labors.

Another home is shrouded in gloom, and loving hearts are recalling the blessed ministries of the departed, that have brightened and cheered them in other days.

In the full maturity of her ripened womanhood, Mrs. James Brackett has been called away from her earthly abode. Not altogether suddenly has the summons come, as, for long, weary months, her declining health has forewarned her that her steps were nearing the dark river; but while lingering in the border land she has known where to look for comfort and support.

Mrs. Mary A., wife of Col. James Brackett, was born in Sweden, N. Y. She was married in 1840, at the age of eighteen, and has spent most of her subsequent life in our city. For thirty years she has been a communicant of St. Luke's church. Of gentle, quiet, unobtrusive spirit, she has endeared herself to a large circle of friends who will long cherish her memory.

To her surviving husband and daughters, Mrs. Edwin Bates, of New York, and Mrs. George L. Beardsley, of St. Paul, Minn., we tender our sympathy.

For five months Mrs. Brackett has been suffering from a disease of the heart, which terminated fatally on the morning of January the eleventh.

### The Erickson Bed.

Mrs. Wm. Nichols and her sister, Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, have selected the memorial free bed, to which, by the endowment of five thousand dollars, they are entitled, and which, while the Hospital continues, will be a perpetual memorial of their deceased father, Aaron Erickson, long a friend and patron of the Hospital, and for many years President of its Board of Trustees.

They have selected a bed on the south side of the Upper Female Ward, and over it has been placed a black marble, mural tablet, on which is inscribed :

ERICKSON  
PERPETUAL  
FREE-BED.

January 27th,  
1880.

The donors of this fund have the right to send to this bed any sick person who may need Hospital treatment, to have such person supplied with medical attendance, medicines and nursing free of charge.

We hope many will imitate the example of our friends and endow memorial beds.

### Correspondence.

*To the Editors of the Hospital Review:*

Some time since I had occasion to go with a poor mother to get admission to the Hospital for her child, a little girl of three years. I found the only place for her was in the Female Ward, where there were I don't know how many women ill with various complaints. In a late number of the *Review* I read an article on the subject of a Children's Cot, and an appeal to the children to obtain contributions for its endowment. This would perhaps be desirable, but in my mind it does not reach the great want in our City Hospital, which is a Children's Ward. I found, up-

on conversing with the Matron, Miss Hibbard, that she was more deeply impressed than I was myself with this necessity, as she has constant opportunity of observing how improper a place a general Ward for adults is for children.

It is impossible, I am sure, for any one to go over our City Hospital without being impressed with the admirable manner in which it is conducted. Certainly the management is worthy of all praise for its efficiency and economy. I trust the question of the Children's Ward will receive early attention and encouragement from every one who is able to contribute towards it.

### A FRIEND TO THE CITY HOSPITAL.

#### Christmas.

There were kind friends who remembered the inmates of the Wards on Christmas day, and provided for each of them a basket filled with fruit and flowers. Many of the patients had gifts from their own personal friends also. Some of those who have been wont to provide for the invalids were absent from the city, and their accustomed favors were missed by those who have often been cheered by their presence and donations.

#### Wanted.

There is a great demand for Old Cotton. Some patients require a great deal of it. Any amount of it will be acceptable.

Mr. Page, of Perry, kindly provided a barrel that Mr. M. S. Nobles filled with excellent vinegar which is very acceptable for the Hospital.

#### Notice.

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

## New Books.

The "Opium Habit and Alcoholism," a treatise on the habits of opium and its compounds, including their therapeutical indications; by Dr. Fred. Heman Hubbard; published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 and 113 William Street, New York. Price \$2.00, post paid.

This is a work designed not only for the medical profession, but for general reading, indicating the fearful results flowing from the increasing use of opium and its compounds, warning the unwary, pointing out where danger lies, and suggesting remedies and prescriptions in complicated cases, and showing the results of medical treatment.

"A HAPPY BOY," by Björnstjerne Björnson; translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson, author of "Norse Mythology," "Viking Tales of the North," "America not discovered by Columbus," and other works; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 11 East Seventeenth Street, New York; for sale by E. & C. Darrow, Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

This work is considered by the translator as Björnson's best story of peasant life. It has been very popular with the Scandinavians, and gives us, in simple language, a picture of life among the lowly in hyperborean regions. It takes the artless youth who sells his pet goat for a twisted bun, and shows how diligence, piety and culture elevate him above his early social condition, and place him where he can successfully ask and obtain the hand of one to whom, without them, he had vainly aspired.

## 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.

## Died.

At her residence, in this city, January 11th, 1882, of a disease of the heart, Mrs. Mary A., wife of Col. James Brackett, aged 59 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 8, 1881, of strangulated hernia, Helena Schiefer, aged 48 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 22, 1881, of consumption, Susie McCormick, aged 30 yrs.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 27, 1881, of consumption, Daniel Bryant, aged 30 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 31, 1881, of Diphtheria, Barton Thomas, of Alden, N. Y., aged 16 years.

## Monthly Report.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| 1881. Nov. 29, No. Patients in Hospital, 86 |        |
| Received during December 47                 |        |
| Births, .....                               | 2—135  |
| Deaths, .....                               | 4      |
| Discharged, .....                           | 44— 48 |
| Remaining Jan. 1st, 1882, ..                | 87     |

## Donations.

Mrs. Israel Smith—Four boxes Grapes, Second-hand Clothing.  
 Dr. J. W. Whitbeck—Surgical Table, Black Walnut Screen.  
 Mrs. C. M. Lee—London Illustrated Papers.  
 Mrs. Charles Poole—Periodicals.  
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Standard Argand Burner, Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Ten Shirts and other Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. A. K. Thurston—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Page—Old Cotton.  
 Mr. Nobles, Perry—One barrel Vinegar.  
 Mrs. Gorton—"Graphics."

## Receipts for the Review,

FROM DECEMBER 15th TO JANUARY 1st, 1882.

W. C. Dickinson, advertisement, \$10.00;  
 C. V. Jeffreys, advertisement, \$5—By  
 Mrs. S. W. Updike, ..... \$15 00  
 D. Gordon, advertisement, \$15.00; James  
 Vick, advertisement, \$10.00—By Wm.  
 S. Falls, ..... 25 00  
 Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62c.; Mrs. S. Avery,  
 62 cents; Jacob Anderson, 62 cts.; Mrs.  
 P. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Barry,  
 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bly, 62 cts.; Mrs. E.  
 N. Buell, 62 cents; Miss Bliss, 62 cts.;  
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 Brewster, 65 cents; Mrs. Jas. Brackett,  
 62 cents; Miss Cochrane, 62 cts.; Mrs.  
 E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cents; Mrs. C.  
 M. Everest, 62 cents; Myer Greentree,  
 (two subscriptions,) \$1.25; Mrs. D. T.  
 Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hart, 62 cents;

Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Loughborough, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. McQuatters, 62 cents; James McGraw, 62 cts; Dr. M. Mallory, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Mills, 65 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cts.; Mrs. G. W. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Reynolds, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. S. Southworth, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Thompson, 62 cents—By Collector \$23 01  
 Mrs. N. Ayrault, 65 cents; Geo. A. Goss, Pittsford, \$2.00; Mrs. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. C. Morse, Washington, D. C., 63 cents; Mrs. E. Roderick, East Pembroke, 50 cents—By Treasurer, ..... 4 28

### 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. E. V. Stoddard 26 South Washington Street.

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| Gail Hamilton,             | Thomas Hughes,       |
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### BRILLIANT FEATURES OF THE COMING YEAR.

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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. XVIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1882.

No. 8.

## Scandal.

A woman to the holy father went,  
Confession of sin was her intent;  
And so her misdemeanors, great and small,  
She faithfully rehearsed them all;  
And chiefest in her catalogue of sin,  
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,  
And borne a bit of scandal up and down  
To all the long tongued gossips in the town.  
The holy father for her other sin  
Granted the absolution asked of him;  
But while for all the rest he pardon gave,  
He told her this offence was very grave,  
And that to do fit penance she must go  
Out by the way-side where the thistles grow,  
And gathering the largest, ripest one,  
Scatter its seeds and that when this was done,  
She must come back again another day  
To tell him his commands she did obey.  
The woman, thinking this a penance light,  
Hastened to do his will that very night,  
Feeling right glad that she escaped so well.  
Next day but one she went the priest to tell;  
The priest sat still and heard her story though,  
Then said "There's something still for you to  
do;  
Those little seeds which you have sown,  
I bid you go regather, every one."  
The woman said, "But, Father, 'twould be vain  
To try to gather up these seeds again;  
The winds have scattered them both far and wide  
Over the meadowed vale and mountain-side."  
The Father answered, "Now I hope from this  
The lesson I have taught you will not miss;  
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,  
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,  
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown  
By any penance be undone."

—*Mary E. C. Johnson in Montreal Witness.*

## Carletta.

[The following story was related by the Rev. E. P. Hammond during his evening meeting of Jan. 20th in Nashville, where he is just now holding a series of religious services. It is a true tale, and well illustrates the saying that it is not so much force of reasoning, as simple willingness to be convinced, that determines the result in any case of inquiry or concern. The story appears to have touched all hearts in the Nashville meeting.]

Two gentlemen in New York were conversing together. One of them—John H.—did not believe in the religion of the Lord Jesus. As they walked along one rainy night, returning from their business, for they were merchants, their conversation turned on religious subjects.

'If I could have your faith, friend B, I should be glad, but I was born a skeptic; I cannot help doubting. I have been hardened in unbelief for thirty years.'

'But God can change a skeptic's heart. I shall still pray for you.'

Just then they stepped into an elegant dining-room to get some supper. Soon after a strain of sweet music came through the open door.

'Upon my word,' said H., 'there is great purity in those tones.'

Just then they saw outside of the door a child, and at the same moment the waiter of the saloon said, in angry tone:

'Out of here, you little baggage!'

'Let her come in,' said H., 'I want to see her.'

She was thinly dressed. On her feet were a pair of shoes from which her little toes peeped out. Her cheek was of olive

darkness; but a slight flush rested there, and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of broad temples deepened by masses of the blackest hair, looked two little eyes whose pleading would have touched the hardest heart.

'The little thing is sick, I believe,' said H. 'What do you sing, child?' he added. 'I sing you Italian, or a little English.'

H. had been looking at her shoes. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'her feet are wet to her ankles, and her shoes are full of holes.'

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hair and folding her little slim fingers. Her voice was wonderful, and simple and common as were both air and words, the power and pathos of tones drew a crowd around her.

The little song commenced thus:

"There is a happy land far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand  
Bright, bright as day."

Never could her voice or manner be forgotten. There almost seemed a halo around her head; and when she had finished, her great speaking eyes turned toward H.

'Look here, child, where did you learn that song?'

'In the Sabbath-school, sir.'

'Well, you don't suppose there is a happy land?'

'I know there is, sir, and I am going to sing there,' she said so gently, so decidedly, that the men looked at each other.

'Going to sing there?'

'Yes sir; my mother said so; she used to sing to me until she was sick, then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven.'

'Well, and what then?'

'And then—she died, sir,' tears running up and over on the dark cheek, now flushed scarlet. And then she added, as H. said, 'but you may live my child. 'No, I had rather go up there and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side. There won't be any pain up there, sir—it is a beautiful world.'

'How do you know?' faltered on the lip of the skeptic.

'My mother told me so. She read it out of God's Book.'

Ah! John H., too, once had a praying mother. His breast labored for a moment; the sobs that struggled for utterance could be heard even in their depths, and still

those large, soft, lustrous eyes, like magnets, compelled his glance toward them.

'Child, you must have a pair of shoes.'

Several hands were thrust into pockets, purses pulled out, and the astonished child held in her palm more money than she had ever seen before.

Along the sloppy street went the child, under the protection of H., with good, new shoes on her feet. Slowly they wended their way to her miserable home. As they entered the door she cried:

'O! father, father, see what I have brought you.'

He looked up to H., and said:

'I'm sick, you see; all gone, sir; had to send the poor child out, or we'd starve. I wish I was well enough to play you a tune.'

'It's no matter,' said H., with difficulty; 'I'll come and see you some other time,' and he groped his way down stairs.

The gentlemen kindly provided for little Carletta, and frequently visited her. One day, a month after, they met again, by agreement, and walked slowly down town. Treading innumerable passages, they came to the gloomy building where lived Carletta's father. No, not lived there—for, as they paused a moment, out came two or three men, bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin (the top nailed down so that no mourner might open, provided there had been any such) slept the organ-grinder.

'It was very sudden, sir,' said a woman who recognized his benefactor. 'Yesterday the little girl was took sick, and it seemed as if he dropped right away. He died at six last night.'

The two men went silently upstairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a table provided by H. The child lay there—not white, but pale as marble. Oh, how those dark eyes on the instant became eloquent!

'Well, my little one, so you are no better!'

'Oh, no sir, I wish I could sing for you,' she said, and her little hands flew together.

'Do you wish to sing?'

'Oh, so much; but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?'

Where was the child looking, that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

'Did you ever hear of Jesus?' asked B.

'O yea.'

'Do you know who He was?'

'Good Jesus! He died on the cross that I might be saved.'

'B., this breaks me down,' said H., and he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

'Don't cry, don't cry, I am so glad,' said the little girl exultantly, and she looked up, as if heaven's light were already dawning on her.

'What are you glad for, my dear?' asked B.

'To get away from here,' she said, deliberately. 'I used to be so cold in the long winter, for we did not have fires sometimes; but mother used to hold me close, and sing about heaven. But I did have to go out, because they were sick, and people looked cross at me, and told me I was in the way. But some were kind to me. Mother told me never mind; when I came home crying, and kissed me, and told me that if I trusted in Jesus who had died on the cross for me, He would save me and one of these days He would give me a better home. And oh, I shall sing there and be so happy! Oh I feel so sleepy.'

'H., are faith and hope nothing?' asked B., pointing to the little face taking on such strange beauty, as death breathed icily over it.

'Don't speak to me, B. To be as that little child I would give all I am worth,' was the broken response.

'And to be like her you need give nothing—only your stubborn will, your skeptical doubts, and the heart that will never know rest till it is at the feet of Christ. O my friend, resolve, by the side of this little child, who is soon to be singing in heaven, that you will be a follower of her Saviour. Let reason bow here before simple, trusting faith.'

There was no answer. Quietly they sat there in the deepening shadows. The hospital doctor came in; stood off a little way; shook his head. It needed no close inspection to see what was going on. Presently the hands moved, the arms were raised, the eyes opened. Yet glazed though they were, they turned still upward.

'See, see!' she cried. 'Oh, there is mother, and there are the angels! They are all singing—all singing.'

Her voice faltered; her arms fell, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on her face. Feebly she turned to those who had ministered to her, and faintly smiled. It was a mute return of thanks for all their kindness.

'There is no doubting the soul triumphed there,' whispered B.

'It is wonderful,' replied H., looking on both with awe and tenderness. 'Is she gone?'

He sprang from the chair, as if he would detain her; but the chest and forehead were already marble, and the eyes had lost the fire of life. She must have died as she lay looking at them.

'She was always a sweet little thing,' said the nurse, softly.

H. stood as if spell-bound. There was a touch on his arm. He started and turned.

Said his friend B., with an impressive look, 'Shall we pray?'

For a minute or two there was no answer, then came tears; the whole frame of the man shook as he said—it was almost a cry—

'Yes; pray, pray.'

And from the side of the dead child went up pleading to the throne of God. That prayer was answered, the miracle wrought, the lion is a lamb, the doubter a believer, the skeptic a Christian.

This little Carletta had drawn the stout-hearted skeptic to the Saviour. She had preached a more effective sermon to him than he had ever before heard. He had interpreted the child's faith, and had seen it bear her safely through the last hour. He was thus led to renounce his infidelity, and to trust in Carletta's Saviour.

### Crown-Jewels.

The crown-jewels of France are soon to be exposed for public sale, and, as we learn from private letters, there is an uncomfortable apprehension felt, even by the most pronounced Republicans in Paris, lest these great historic symbols of royalty should fall into the possession of rich Americans. However anxious they may be to destroy the Empire in France, they do not quite relish the thought that the regal symbols of its ancient splendors should sparkle on the breast of the wife of some bonanza king from Nevada or California, who probably began life as a laborer.

Among these jewels is the famous "Regent Diamond," valued at four million dollars. It has had a most dramatic history. It was found in the mine of Partael near Golconda, and was stolen by the discoverer, who escaped with it to Europe, and sold it in England. It was bought for the French crown when Louis

IV: was a minor, and since then has been the especial symbol of that monarch.

The mob, after Louis XVI. was beheaded, demanded to see it, and it was shown to them by their leaders, who, however, took care to carefully chain it. The Communists and half-crazed women of St. Antoine cursed and spit upon it with as much virulence as though it had been Marie Antoinette herself. The Regent is the most valuable and beautiful diamond in the world.

The Portuguese crown-jewels are famous for their value and beauty. Among the crown-jewels of Queen Victoria is the Kohinoor, which dates back over two thousand years. It was seized by the English at the time of the sacking of Lahore. Its lustre would add more grace to the British crown if it had been obtained by some other means.

A singular story is told of the Regalia of Scotland. They disappeared for many years, and were supposed to have been stolen. Sir Walter Scott found in an old letter a hint which led him to believe that they were still hidden in Edinburgh Castle.

He obtained a search-warrant, and carefully examining the ancient crown-room, found that the wall varied in thickness. Workmen and tools were procured and an excavation made in the masonry. An immense crowd of loyal Scots filled the streets outside, awaiting the result.

A secret chamber was discovered, within which was a chest. It was forced open and there lay the crown-jewels of Scotland. A flag was run up and a cannon fired, and a wild shout of rejoicing arose from the multitude.

So closely is the power of the kingdom associated with these its outward symbols, that when the sceptre and crown of auld Scotia were found, it seemed to her sons that her ancient glory had returned with them.

### High and Low Heels.

Fashion seems indifferent to reason and independent of experience. Priests and prophets have attempted to regulate it, and they have failed. An essayist says: "The Jewish ladies paid no more attention to Ezekiel than the Queen's Maids did to Knox. Prynne failed to move the beauties of the period of Charles I., and

even the Scottish Presbytery, when it could do almost anything, was repulsed with loss by the ringlets and the stomachers, the bodices and bracelets, of the Caledonian fair."

Notwithstanding this failure of the clergy, physicians have from time to time taken the fashions in hand, and tried to make their devotees amenable to common sense. Availing itself of the fact, that a London inventor had made an apparatus for registering the length and frequency of a man's steps while walking, the London *Lancet* thus discourses about high and low heels:

It was ascertained that the step is longer in going up hill than in going down hill. It is shorter when a burden is carried; longer with low than with high-heeled boots; longer when the sole is thick and prolonged a little beyond the foot than when it is short and flexible.

It thus appears that the heel may, with benefit, be almost indefinitely lowered, while it is disadvantageous to prolong the sole of the boot beyond a certain limit, or to give it an absolute rigidity.

Some influences which lighten the step lessen its frequency; so in going up hill the step becomes at the same time longer and less frequent.

In walking on level ground, the length of the step and its frequency are always proportioned; the quicker the walk the longer the step.

Nature here proves the folly of the high heel in a most practical manner; and the objection to them in men is equally applicable to ladies; and if they could only see themselves as they totter along perched up on high heels and walking as if stepping on egg-shells, their ludicrous appearance would at once stop the fashion.

Any one accustomed to country life and long walks on the hills, must have felt that terrible leg-weariness which a day's shopping with a lady entails. The slow, irregular walk, the frequent pauses, and the difficulty of taking short steps with proper balance, are trials well known to men.

Without a good shaped, low-heeled boot, no lady, however pretty her foot or graceful her carriage, can walk becomingly, with ease to herself and a proper flexion of the muscles of the feet and legs.

Half the ricked ankles come from heels being too high to form a proper steady base for the weight of the body, and the narrow

pointed toes prevent their proper expansion and use.

Make a footprint in the sand and then go and place your boot in it—what a margin there will be. Horses even, with a horny hoof, suffer terribly if their shoes are cramped and do not allow the foot to expand.

Much more might be written of the accompanying ills of tight and high-heeled boots; but as long as women will bear the pain so as to appear taller and to have tiny feet, so long will they do violence to nature's gifts.

In fact, so cramped up and stilted has fashion made the walk nowadays, that a lady with wooden legs might pass muster in the park undiscovered.

### Captious Men.

When a famous English historian was in this country, he was offered a banquet by a literary club in New York. The men most eminent in scholarship, art, and politics were assembled, and everything which money and taste could command, was done to make the evening agreeable to him. The next week, the reception was mentioned before him by an English friend.

"Oh yes," he said, "the place where I had such a bad cigar!"

Charles Kingsley was entertained by the same club with even more care and splendor, and welcomed with the enthusiastic admiration and affection which his earlier works had gained for him in this country. When the dinner was over, he drew a friend aside out of the crowd, his face glowing with feeling, and said, looking around,—

"The world is so full of noble and gentle souls!"

The two men represent the two classes into which, very accurately, mankind is divided. One sees only the good, the sunshine, in circumstances; the nobility in human nature; the other, the meanness, the discomfort, the vice. When Lydia Maria Child died, it was said of her, "She could see the Vale of Cashmere in a single rose-bush in a back yard, and find the latent hero in the dumbest slave." A very contrary opinion was lately expressed of a noted lawyer, who is remarkable for his grumpish, discontented

"When C—— goes to heaven he will complain that the clouds are damp, and that his halo doesn't fit."

The world usually gives us what we expect from it. The cynical grumbler who sees only his own petty annoyances, and the faults of others, will discover nothing better in life than the flavor of a bad cigar, while his brother with clearer insight finds it "full of noble and gentle souls."

### Twenty-four Readings.

A literary curiosity is exhibited by the *Evangelical Messenger*, which transposes one of Gray's well-known lines twenty-four different ways and yet retains the sense:

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.  
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.  
His homeward way the weary ploughman plods.  
His homeward way the ploughman, weary, plods.  
The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.  
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.  
His way the weary ploughman homeward plods.  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.  
His way the ploughman, homeward, weary plods.  
His homeward, weary way the ploughman plods.  
Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way.  
Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way.  
Homeward, his way the weary ploughman plods.  
Howward, his way the ploughman weary plods.  
The ploughman, homeward, weary plods his way.  
His weary way, the ploughman homeward plods.  
His weary way, the homeward ploughman plods.  
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.  
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.  
The ploughman, weary, his way homeward plods.  
The ploughman plods his homeward weary way.  
The ploughman plods his weary homeward way.  
Weary the ploughman his way homeward plods.  
Weary his homeward way the ploughman plods.

At a negro prayer-meeting, one of the brethren earnestly prayed that they might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sin."

"Brudder," said one of the elders, "yer haint 'zactly got de hang ob dat ar word. It's besettin'—not upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the corrected, "ef dat's so, it's so; but I wuz prayin' de Lawd ter sabe us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' ef dat aint a upsettin' sin, I

**Female Charitable Society.**

The Ladies of the Rochester Female Charitable Society make grateful acknowledgment of the following donations received in response to annual appeal:

**RECEIVED BY MRS. S. G. ANDREWS.**

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| Mr. D. M. Watson, .....      | \$100 00 |
| Mr. M. F. Reynolds, .....    | 50 00    |
| Mrs. Ezra M. Parsons, .....  | 50 00    |
| James S. Andrews, .....      | 25 00    |
| E. B. Shearman, .....        | 25 00    |
| Julius T. Andrews, .....     | 25 00    |
| Frederick Whittlesey, .....  | 20 00    |
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| Miss Grace DeLano, .....     | 10 00    |
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| A Friend, .....                      | 1 00     |
| Epiphany Church Sunday School, ..... | 28 86    |

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| A Friend, (by J. M. Steele,) ..... | 5 00     |
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| C. H. Amsden, .....         | 2 00     |
| Mrs. C. F. Amsden, .....    | 2 00     |
| L. H. Amsden, .....         | 1 00     |

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| Charles F. Pond, .....                         | 5 00     |
| Mrs. Martin Briggs, .....                      | 5 00     |
| Mrs. Wm. Alling, .....                         | 1 00     |
| Collection at First Universalist Church, ..... | 13 53    |

Total,.....\$ 84 53

We also acknowledge :

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| New Year's Collection at Plymouth Ch.,   | \$ 28 00 |
| From Wm. S. Lee, London, Eng.,.....      | 15 00    |
| Judge A. Gardiner, .....                 | 10 00    |
| E. R. Andrews, (deduction on bill,) .... | 5 00     |

Total,.....\$ 58 00

Total amount received,..... 1,260 89

Also, groceries donated by Mrs. H. H. Warner :

10 lbs. Sugar, 10 lbs. Oatmeal, 5 lbs. Rice, 5 lbs.  
 Hominy, 5 lbs. Samp, 2½ lbs. Tea, 2 lbs. Farina,  
 2 papers Broma.

Donated by Mrs. A. N. Smith :

25 lbs. Flour, 10 lbs. Sugar, 10 lbs. Cornmeal,  
 5 lbs. Rice.

MRS. D. M. HOUGH,  
*Treasurer.*

### A Morning Prayer.

When King William the Conqueror lay dying, after a night of suffering, he sank into that state of half sleep, half stupor, when the expiring body takes a troubled rest before its last, long earthly repose. But as the rays of the morning sun streamed into the room, the king was awakened by the toll of the great cathedral bell. "It is the hour of Prime,," said his attendants, in answer to his inquiry. The choir of the cathedral began the hymn, *Ad Primam*, once common to all the Western liturgies, but now sung only once a year in one only congregation of the English Church. It is sung in the original Latin by the scholars of Winchester Collage when they separate for the Whitsun vacation. When the hymn was ended the king lifted up his hands in prayer and expired.

#### AD PRIMAM.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,  
 Implore we, bending low,  
 That He, the uncreated Light,  
 May guide us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,  
 Nor thoughts that idly rove,  
 But simple truth be on our tongues,  
 And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,  
 O Christ, securely fence  
 Our gates beleagured by the foe  
 The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,  
 Our daily toil may tend;

That we begin it at Thy word,  
 And in Thy favor end.—[*The Churchman.*]

### Auf Wiedersehen.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES TICKNOR FIELDS.

Until we meet again! That is the meaning  
 Of the familiar words that men repeat

At parting in the street.

Ah, yes, till then! but when death intervening  
 Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain

We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow  
 Of parting as we feel it who must stay

Lamenting day by day,

And knowing when we wake upon the morrow,  
 We shall not find in its accustomed place

The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed  
 Being released from earth, should still retain

A sense of earthly pain;

It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,  
 Who loved us here, should on the further shore

Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,  
 That death is a beginning, not an end.

We cry to them, and send

Farewells, that better might be called predictions,  
 Being foreshadowings of the future, thrown

Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,  
 And if by faith, as in old times was said,

Women received their dead

Raised up to life, then only for a season  
 Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain

Until we meet again!

—[*Atlantic Monthly.*]

RESTORING THE ACTION.—Dr. A. Paggi in the London *Lancet* states that in Paris he saw a case in which, under the inhalation of chloroform, the heart ceased to beat, and artificial respiration for ten minutes failed to restore circulation, when Dr. Labbé dipped a large cloth in boiling water and applied it to the region of the heart, with the result of immediately restoring the action of that organ. This is worth remembering. Possibly the application might be equally effective in cases of suspended animation from drowning.

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term-expenses, inserted: "To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1882.

### March Hours at the Hospital.

Our last visit to the City Hospital was on the morning of March the first, when a drizzling rain kept most of the Hospital patients within doors.

Entering the grounds from Troup Street we noticed more than the usual activity within them. Quite a number of vehicles belonging to the Medical and Surgical Staffs were waiting for their owners, and a group was gathered near the Morgue, within which Coroner Daningburg was holding a *post mortem* examination on the body of John Ragan, who had been found the night before at the foot of a staircase on West Avenue in an unconscious condition, with a deep cut on his face, which had laid open his nose. He was brought to the Hospital and died very soon afterwards.

Within the Hospital much interest and sympathy centred in the case of Lawrence Mackey, who, the day before, had received an injury while working on the excavations of the Genesee Valley Canal sewer. He had charge of lighting the blasts, and he with James Diskin had charged two holes and covered them with logs to prevent the stone from flying. They each attempted to light a fuse. Mackey succeeded in lighting his, but Diskin's match went out before the fuse ignited, and Mackey lighted another match which the wind blew out, as he supposed, before the fuse had ignited. They removed to a safe distance till the first blast went off, and then Mackey went to light the fuse at the second hole, but no sooner had he reached the hole than the blast exploded. A stone struck him with such force that it knocked him down and fractured his skull over the left eye. He was brought in an unconscious state to the Hospital, and placed in the Lower Cross Ward. As

we entered the Male Surgical Ward his wife and seven other of his friends and kindred were anxiously waiting for some change in the wounded man, whose moaning, in the adjoining Ward, indicated that he was not wholly unconscious, but the surgeon enjoined perfect quiet. His death occurred that evening. While the surgeons were conducting the *post mortem* examination in the Morgue, another man who had been thrown from a wagon and broken his arm came into the Male Surgical Ward for Hospital treatment. Within this Ward were thirteen patients. Two of these had fractured one of their lower limbs; one of these was up, going about on crutches, the other still confined to his bed. One man who came to the Hospital with a broken limb had died suddenly during the month with neuralgia of the heart. An aged and infirm paralytic had a cot in the Cross Ward.

Twenty-two were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. Among these were four consumptives, two of whom were confined to the bed. There were three eye patients who were improving and three men who were aged and infirm. One consumptive had died during the month. There were no fever patients.

Three babies, three young mothers and one waiting patient occupied the Lying-In-Ward. One of the mothers had lost her infant and one of the babies was a foundling, a pretty, plump little creature, that needed a mother's love and nurture.

The inmates of the Female Medical Ward were, none of them, confined all the time to the bed. They numbered sixteen, but none was very sick, though among them were cases of consumption, erysipelas, paralysis, diseased heart, and inflammatory rheumatism.

Nineteen were under treatment in the Lower Female Ward. One of these was an aged woman of eighty-two who was receiving the grateful attentions of a daughter. She had recovered from a

fractured limb but was suffering from an abscess, and her daughter was cheering her as she partook of her dinner, half reclining in her lounging chair, being too ill to go with the stronger patients to the dining room. An aged paralytic past us on her way to dinner. We were greatly interested in an Irish woman who, after weeks of suffering, had found a refuge in the Hospital. Seven weeks before she had fallen and broken her arm, and the physician who set it had neglected to reduce a dislocation of the shoulder, that remained out of joint for three weeks, when another physician was called and discovered the error. Her whole nervous system was unstrung by suffering, but we hope good care and nursing will soften her trials. It was touching to hear her speak of her aged companion with whom she had lived more than forty years, and whose lover-like attentions have interested many of the inmates of the Ward in her case. She said to me, speaking of her husband, "He can't sleep, and I think he suffers more than I do. I have worked many years to keep him nice, but I am afraid my working for him is over, and I feel so bad for the poor man." One girl afflicted with spine complaint, has been so long in the Hospital with the sick and suffering that she craves a change, and her nurse said to me, she wished some place could be found for her, where she could do light work and be cheered by the love of some one who would feel a motherly interest in her. Is there no lonely mother with true missionary spirit, who would give a temporary home to this motherless girl? No death has occurred in this Ward the past month, and no patient was very sick. Some were afflicted with consumption, paralysis and rheumatism, and some were aged and infirm.

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

### **A Noble Benefit for the Cot Fund.**

We are quite jubilant at the result of the entertainment, for the benefit of the Cot Fund, given at the Corinthian Academy of Music, on the evening of February 23d, under the direction of Mr. Robert W. Lyle.

Our Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of \$350.00. This is, by far the largest donation we have ever received for this object, and we cannot too strongly express our thanks to the kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Lyle, who labored so untiringly to contribute to the success of the evening, and to the host of little folks who for months have been practicing with Mrs. Lyle, for the fairy operetta the "Earth Child in Fairy Land," arranged for them by her. Mrs. Lyle also worked most industriously in the sale of tickets and the arrangement of costumes, and the little folks emulated each other to see who should raise most money by the sale of tickets. The prizes were distributed at the house of Mr. J. Greenwood. The palm was borne off by Birdie Naylor, who received as a reward a handsome pair of bracelets; a Waterbury watch was awarded at the second prize to John Popp, and Minnie O'Laughlin won the third, a gold ring.

Our young friends are not the only ones that aided us. Mr. Reuben Punnett delighted every one with his graceful and skilful feats on the bicycle; the Lincoln Band cheered us with their instrumental music and the Cicilian Glee Club with their songs. We are indebted to Mr. Wm. Lyle, the father of Mr. R. W. Lyle, for his witty poetical advertisements; to the Union Advertiser and the Rochester Herald for donation in printing; to Mr. W. H. English for a deduction of \$25.00 for the use of the Corinthian Academy of Music; and to all who by their presence or personal service contributed to the success of the evening.

Our bountiful benefactors tell us that they shall give us another benefit, next fall, if not before, as they are determined to increase their donation till it amounts to \$1,000. We wish them success for the future while we thank them for the past.

The following programme, in which there were but few changes, was the one used at the entertainment :

# PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

### *Fairy Operetta in Two Acts, Entitled "EARTH CHILD IN FAIRY LAND."*

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Queen of the Fairies,..... Miss Eva Holley.  
Genit of the Fairies..... Master Fred. Naylor.  
Fairy Prisoner..... Lillie Holley.  
The Earth Child..... Birdie Naylor.  
Maids of Honor.....

Fanny Wright and Lizzie Bigley.  
Queen's Body Guard.....  
Willie Hanson and George Tuety.  
Pages to the Queen,.....

Little Tot and Daisy Michels.  
Pages, Fairies of the Bower, Woods and Mountain, Attendants, &c.

Song—"The Huntsman,"... Cecilian Glee Club.  
The Lost Fairies..... Little Tot and Daisy.  
Temperance Lecture..... By Dubbelweisewh.

#### *Tableau No. 1—Introduction.*

Comic Song—"Not for Joe,".. Belle B. Franks.

#### *Tableau No. 2.—Engaged.*

Ten Minutes' Delusion..... Henry Stork.

#### *Tableau No. 3—Married.*

Comic Song—"Oh! Fred, Tell Them to Stop,"  
..... Robert W. Lyle.

#### *Tableau No. 4—Three Years after Marriage.*

Dialogue—"The Way to Windham". ....

Fred. Naylor and Willie Hanson.  
Comic Song—"It's Nice,".. Miss Birdie Naylor.  
Recitation—"Becky Miller,"... J. C. Vegiard.  
Moses.. Miss Eva Frame and Minnie O'Laughlin.  
Recitation, ... Orpha Naylor.

[Intermission of Five Minutes.]

## PART II.

Grand Calisthenic Drill, by all, introducing—  
Brother Jonathan,..... I. W. Blakeney.  
Instrumental—Andante and Waltz (Midnight) by  
Lincoln Club Band..... Fred. W. Vick, Leader.  
Dialogue—"Aunt Prue,".....

Lilla Belle Holley and Eva Frame.  
Exhibition of Fancy Bicycle Riding,.....

By the Punnett Brothers.

Comic Song—"W'st, W'st, W'st,".....  
Robert W. Lyle.

Comic O. P. R. A. { Misses Clara A. Hollis and  
Lucy B. Sornborger, Mr. C.  
M. Relyea, Mr. J. C. Davis.  
Song—"Papa, Stay Home, I'm Motherless Now"  
..... Little Carrie.  
Recitation—"The Dead Doll," .. Fannie Rollins.

#### *Tableau—Early at the Cross.*

Song—"The Summer Morn,".....  
Cecilian Glee Club.

#### *Tableau—The Four Seasons.*

Recitation,..... Prof. Beal.

#### *Tableau—Oling to the Cross.*

Grand Finale, Fantasia, Fairies' Moonlight  
Revels, Lincoln Club Band.

Members of the Cecilian Glee Club.—Prof.  
William Smith, Director, 1st Tenors, W. H. Wilkins,  
R. Laidlaw, T. G. Dukelow, G. H. Nicholson.  
2d Tenors—H. N. Stiles, D. M. Leary. 1st Bass—  
G. W. Flewett, W. R. Tepell. 2d Bass—G. Beemish,  
Chas. Baker, Reuben Beemish. J. W. Killip.

## Our Children's Cot.

There are two children now in the Hospital for whom our sympathies are greatly excited. The oldest of these is poor Clara Y., who was so long sick with typhoid fever, who, after her partial recovery had such an unnatural appetite, that, unless closely watched, she would get hold of food, overeat and have convulsions. It was thought the Hospital was not the best place for her, and she was sent to the Industrial School, but after about two months' trial there, in which she has become much feebler in mind, she has come back to the Hospital and is fast becoming imbecile. She is developing physically very fast, but her vacant expression and failing mind give no promise for the future.

The second child to whom we referred is the little Hebrew boy, Moses, and a dear, patient little fellow he is. He was at first confined to his bed, but now he sits most of the time in his rolling chair. He had a surgical operation performed some time since, and has had a large sore on his hip, but this is now healing. He has to take cod liver oil and he does not fancy the taste of it much, but he is, the nurse says, "A little hero, and swallows

the disagreeable medicine without complaining." Moses is quite a pet in the Hospital, and if the little children who are working for our cot fund would come to the Hospital they would be sure to have a welcome from him.

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Mr. A. W. Mudge,.....  | \$ 5 00 |
| Interest on deposit.....   | 8 50    |
| Interest on mortgage.....  | 15 00   |
| Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva,.....  | 50      |
| "In Memoriam,".....  | 5 00    |
| Proceeds of Grand Entertainment, given<br>by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lyle,..... | 350 00  |

|                               |          |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Receipts to date,.....        | \$384 00 |
| Previously acknowledged,..... | 1569 71  |

Total Receipts.....\$1953 71


Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

### Decorative Art.

We know many of our young ladies are fast developing a taste for decoration, and we would suggest that they exercise their skill for the benefit of the Hospital.

The private patients, when not very sick, like to have their doors into the halls open, but this makes them exposed to the gaze of those who pass through the halls, and half a dozen screens or more could be advantageously used if placed before the open doors.

Miss Hibbard, our Matron, can give information where black-walnut folding frames with two parts can be obtained for one dollar; and a good deal of taste, without great expense, can be displayed in covering these. Plain linen, decorated with creton flowers or otherwise, can be used with good effect. We would not refuse plain screens, but pretty ones interest and cheer the convalescents.

 Please send us *more old cotton*.

### Gratitude.

Several of the ladies of the Hospital Board, who, the past month, visited some of the private patients, became much interested in a Mrs. Ephraim Stearns from Homer, who had been blind in one eye for seven years, and who was successfully operated upon by Dr. Rider for cataract. She went through the operation without taking anything to destroy her consciousness, and when the cataract was removed, and she looked up and saw the blue sky with the eye that for seven years had been blind, she could hardly express the joy she felt, and she wished, for the benefit of others, that we would testify to the blessing that had come to her while an inmate of our Hospital.

### Correction.

Last month there was an error in the list of officers of the City Hospital. The following is the Committee on Membership: S. J. Macy, Gilman H. Perkins, A. S. Hamilton.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 9th, 1882, Harrison A. Stone, aged 32 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 11, 1882, suddenly, John G. Buchanan, aged 62 yrs.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 20, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Emma Hubbell, aged 27 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 22, of consumption, Aaron Carver, aged 57 years.

### Monthly Report.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| 1882. Feb. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 80 |        |
| Received during month,...                  | 41     |
| Births, .....                              | 2—123  |
| Deaths, .....                              | 4      |
| Discharged,.....                           | 35— 39 |
| Remaining March 1st, 1882,                 | 84     |

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.

### Donations.

Mrs. J. O. Hall—Reading Matter, Work Bag and Mittens.  
Miss M. Bellows' Sunday school class—1 Calico Wrapper for child, 2 Canton Flannel Night Gowns.  
Third Ward Ladies' Book Club—New Books.  
Mrs. Dickinson—Jelly, Reading Matter.  
Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."  
Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Day—Old Cotton.  
Mrs. Steadman—Old Cotton.  
Mrs. E. Hooker—Old Cotton and Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Mathews—Old Cotton.  
Miss Deau, Vick Park—Old Cotton and Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. Day—Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. King—Second-hand Clothing.  
Dr. Stoddard—Periodicals.

Received from Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lyle,  
for Children's Cot Fund, avails of Entertain-  
ment, February 23d, 1882, . . . \$350 00  
Curran & Goler, (donation on account,) 11 30  
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

### Receipts for the Review,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1882.

|  |      |
|--|------|
| R. Foster, Oswego—By Mrs. Gilman, . . .  | 50   |
| Mrs. J. H. Fisher—By Collector, . . . . .  | 62   |
| Miss E. S. Athearn, 50 cents; Mrs. J. S. Bacon, 50 cts; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Isbister, 50 cents; Mrs. A. A. Porter, 50 cts; Mrs. A. H. Porter, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Wells, 50 cents; Mrs. R. B. Wolsey, 50 cents, (all of Niagara Falls;) Miss E. Spencer, New York, 50 cents—By Miss Athearn, . . . \$ | 5 50 |
| Mrs. M. G. Bristol, Canandaigua, 50 cents; Miss Bunce, Hartford, Conn., 50 cents; Mr. E. Brewster, 63 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Johnston, \$1.00; Mrs. J. O. Nash, \$1.25; Mrs. E. Ray, Batavia, 50 cents—By Treasurer,   | 5 00 |

### 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. E. V. Stoddard 26 South Washington Street.

We can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

### The Slate Pencil in Marble Cutting.

An English sculptor says that he has found the slate pencil of great use as an aid and guide in the progress of working a statue in marble.

Its usefulness arises from the fact that the tint of lines and shading made with it on the marble bears extremely close resemblance to that of the shadows produced by actual cuttings, thus, by this means, enabling the sculptor to see the effect of what he proposes to do. In this fashion, tentatively, with the slate pencil he can sketch on his marble in progress the further forms and refinements he would introduce, which afterwards he can carry out, as far as he approves, by following them in actual execution, thereby escaping the peril of a too free use of his chisel in the first instance.

In an oil painting, if an error be made, the color may be altered or removed, and the requisite variation introduced; but marble once cut away cannot be restored; and the deficiency admits of no satisfactory remedy. Therefore, any method which will enable the sculptor to escape this danger by affording him the opportunity of previously testing the effect of what he proposes, without actually cutting it in, may well be thought worthy of consideration.

The forcible markings of lead pencil or black chalk, which are so much more powerful than the shadows of marble, and different in tone, while they are appropriately used by the master sculptor to indicate to his workmen distinctly on the marble what he wants done, are, on that very account, unsuitable to imitate and test the effect of proposed cuttings. Also, the markings made with these materials are more permanent than those of slate pencil, and thus also perhaps more fitting for the direction of assistants. But, on the other hand, when the service sought is tentative, then even the easy brushing away of the slate pencil marks is convenient, as they thus may be the more readily altered until the effect desired is obtained. This quality, combined with the special and far more important advantage of the tint of the slate pencil on marble so exactly counterfeiting its shadows, may well recommend it to the sculptor in making preliminary tests of the further details he seeks to introduce

**Cor. Main and St. Paul  
Streets.**

# Donald Gordon,

79 and 81 EAST MAIN ST.

I have just received, from direct Importations, a large quantity of

## White Goods,

—SUCH AS—

|                             |                   |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Figured Swiss,              | Dotted Swiss,     |
| Plaid Swiss,                | Plain Swiss,      |
| Carreau de Decca,           | Linon de Decca,   |
| Check Nainsooks,            | Plaid Nainsooks,  |
| Stripe Nainsooks,           | Plain Nainsooks,  |
| Victoria Plaids,            | Victoria Stripes, |
| Plain Victoria Lawns,       | French Organdie,  |
| Figured Marseilles,         | French Nainsook,  |
| Persian Lawn,               | India Mousalline, |
| White and Colored Tarltons, |                   |
| White and Colored Terry.    |                   |

ALL OF THE ABOVE GOODS

ARE NOW ON SALE.

I have also just added largely to my

### Linen Department

Which makes my Stock of

Table Linens, Napkins, Doylies, Crashes, Towels, Towelings and Quilts, both *Foreign* and *Domestic*, the most complete of any similar stock.

**DONALD GORDON.**

## Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XVI. Interest dividends shall be made quarterly, at the rate of Four Per Cent. per annum on all sums of Five Dollars and upwards to and including Five Thousand Dollars, provided such sums shall have remained on deposit to the credit of any depositor for the space of three months next preceding the first days of March, June, September or December; but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. Such dividends shall be payable on the twentieth days of June and December, and if not drawn on or before those days, shall be added to the principal as of the first days of those months.

Deposits made not later than the third business days of any of the months of March, June, September or December shall be entitled to have interest declared upon them the same as if deposited on the first day of said months.

#### OFFICERS:

MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS, ..... President.  
JAMES BRACKETT, ..... 1st Vice-President.  
S. J. MACY, ..... 2d Vice-President.  
ROSSELL HART, ..... Sec'y and Treas.  
EDWARD HARRIS, .... Attorney and Counsel.

#### TRUSTEES:

|                   |                       |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Roswell Hart,     | Mortimer F. Reynolds, |
| James Brackett,   | Edward Harris,        |
| Addison Gardiner, | Hobart F. Atkinson,   |
| Charles F. Smith, | George E. Mumford,    |
| Charles C. Morse, | Gilman H. Perkins,    |
| Charles F. Pond,  | William S. Kimball,   |
| Frederick Cook,   | Silvanus J. Macy,     |
|                   | S. J. Arnold.         |

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Ice Cream Freezers, Refrigerators, Water Coolers, Oil Stoves, &c.

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Successor to DEAVENPORT & HALE,

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## CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON

Butter and Cheese a Specialty,

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kinds, wholesale and retail. Mar. '73.

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Dealers in RIBBONS, SILKS, MILLI-  
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Worstds, &c., 64 State Street, and 2 and 4 Mar-  
ket Street,  
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MONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.  
No. 2 State Street,  
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**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**  
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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. XVIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1882.

No. 9.

For the Hospital Review.

## A Quarrel.

BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

You forget that I gave you a rose,  
You forget that I promised to dance  
The last waltz with my cousin; ah no?

"You are not fond of waiting, and so  
If my ladyship chooses to go"  
You need not look askance.

And I wonder who sat, half the night  
By the shadowy fountain? I know  
Who it was, with a rose in her hair,  
That you met at the foot of the stair.  
You were anxious to breathe the night air!  
Pray, who said it *was* you?

If the shoe fits,—well, you know the rest;  
What, my cousin? He went long ago,  
For he came with Miss Darcy, and she  
Is a stranger; I think she will be  
Before long some relation to me!  
Why, 'twas he told me so!

Do I wear a wrap? Sometimes, but now  
I don't care for the cold or all that;  
"Did I think that you did it in spite?"  
Please remember I don't *think* to-night;  
You are holding my fingers so tight!  
No, I won't show you how!

"Do I know life is too short for pain  
Such as this we have borne? Do I know  
You are always to blame?"—shall I hear  
Such dispraise, when 'tis *my* folly, dear!  
We will say that the sky has grown clear,  
And may love keep it so!

Every man must work at something.  
The moment he stops working for human-  
ity, the devil employs him.

## Correspondence.

MANILLA.

We are again allowed to give a few extracts from a private letter from a lady residing in Manilla, which we think will interest our readers:

MANILLA, JAN. 2, 1882.

Our lives are very quiet out here, and are so monotonous that I have not much to tell. We had a little earthquake yesterday, but these light shocks have been of such frequent occurrence lately we do not mind them now. We have a number of nice American gentlemen here whose society we enjoy.

It will, perhaps, astonish you to learn that we dined with the Padus (priests) on Christmas eve, but I could not talk much with them owing to my imperfect knowledge of Spanish. When I understand the language I shall learn more of Manilla from them than from any other persons.

Recently, while driving through Sampaloc, one of our best streets, we were stopped by a long procession. On each side of the street was a long row of nuns, as far as the eye could reach. Each nun carried a lighted candle in her hand. As they filed along they chanted in a low monotone some of their matins.

They had a band of music in the centre and several images carried by men in

surplices and brilliantly lighted. We could not help laughing when St. John appeared in a white straw hat with a black ribbon around it, similar to those worn by farmers at home. It was not on his head but hanging down his back like that of a boy let loose from school.

Behind John came the Virgin Mary, dressed in a short skirt of stiff white silk covered with gold embroidery. The whole figure was as much like a prim maiden of "ye olden time" as one would wish to see. These images are immensely large, and some of them are thickly covered with diamonds.

To show us the power of the priesthood here, a gentleman told us the other day that at a feast in one of the churches, a priest had the Spanish flag laid on the floor that he might walk over it and show the people the power of the church over the state. And yet these priests are very kind and hospitable. Strangers wishing to learn about the Philippines are safest under their escort. They consider it a pleasure to accompany them about, and will give all desired information.

H. M. M.

### **An Episode of Castle Garden.**

There were about 2,000 immigrants in Castle Garden. It was easy to distinguish the various nationalities, for they were in separate groups, and there were striking differences in costume.

A group of Swedes was crowded into a corner near the entrance. The men were tall and powerful, the women slim and shapely, the complexions of both florid, the hairs sandy or fair, and the eyes blue. The women were clad in closely-fitting home-spun suits that barely reached down to their ankles; they wore heavy wooden shoes, and with one exception, red and green scarfs over their heads. The men, and a few of the women, were standing gazing around in a bewildered manner as though they did not know where to go or what to do next. The other women were seated on boxes and bundles, or on the floor, and resting

their backs against the wall. Among the latter was the woman who did not wear the national head-gear. Nor was she clad in close-fitting, coarse homespun, like the rest. Her head was covered with a plain black bonnet, and her sacque and skirt looked as though they might have been purchased here. Her face was buried in her hands, and she was weeping bitterly.

"She's Arne Bjornsen," said one of the men, "and she's come from Hussaby near Wexio. Not one of her family is with her, but we're all her friends, and she needn't cry so. We would not let any harm come to her."

As the girl heard her name mentioned she looked up through her tears at the speaker. Her features were very finely chiselled, and her blue eyes were shadowed by the light curls that clustered over her forehead.

"She's without her family because she ran away from them. She'd asked them again and again to let her follow Ralf Christiansen, but they wouldn't let her go.

We left Hussaby a few weeks ago, and the first thing we knew when the steamer was under way Arne popped up among us. She and Ralf had been children together, and when they grew up he wanted to marry her. But old Bjornsen is well-to-do as things go with us, and as Ralf hadn't a farm of his own, Bjornsen wouldn't listen to his proposal. So about two years ago Ralf came out here to seek his fortune. He's been writing to Arne that he's been getting on nicely and has been wanting her to come out and marry him, and she's answered all his letters. He sent her the pretty clothes she's got on now. She tells us that when we all began speaking of coming to America she wrote to him and told him she was coming with us, and he answered, saying that he would be here in New York waiting for her. But we've been here since yesterday and he hasn't come, and that's why poor Arne's crying so. I think the place where he lives is called Iowa. We came over because we heard he was getting along well. All the land in our neighborhood is owned by a few rich peasants, and we have to do a day's work for very small wages. We heard that Ralf hadn't been here half a year before he got a farm, so we thought we might as well come over, go to Iowa, and get a farm, too."

"Were you the only ones to leave your village?" the reporter asked.

"The only ones from Hussaby," he replied, "but a great many people are leaving neighboring places. There's Ljundy, for instance. As many as 500 have left there this year. They have the same reasons as we. They don't get paid well, they get letters from friends over here saying they are coming on nicely, getting land and money, and they don't see why they shouldn't follow them and get along as well. We're brought up to work, and we're healthy and strong. Why should we stay at home and be poor all our lives when we have a chance to get rich here? Then, too, the military laws are becoming too strict, and we want to escape those."

The reporter had turned away, and was talking to one of the officials when the clerk who announces the names of the immigrants for whom friends are waiting outside called out "Arne Bjornsen." A moment later and the Swedish girl and her friends were hurrying toward the door. Arne's curls fluttered, she ran so quickly. Behind the rope outside, a big, handsome young fellow, with light curls like her own, was holding out his arms. She flew towards him, and in a moment her head rested on his shoulder, while she sobbed with joy, and his large, honest blue eyes looked tenderly down on her. A few hours afterward, as the reporter was walking away from Castle Garden, he saw the Swedes, Ralf and Arne in their midst, emerging from a Swedish tavern and wending their way toward one of the railroad depots. They all seemed in the best of spirits, and the next time-old Bjornsen hears from Arne she will be the wife of Ralf Christiansen, in Iowa.—[*New York Sun*.

### How a Little Girl Suggested the Invention of the Telescope.

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was living in the town of Middelburg, on

the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician name Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and, calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was planoconvex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance."

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.—*St. Nicholas for February, 1882.*

### The Answered Prayer.

I have a prayer upon the wall  
 Within my room,  
 Couched in these simple words—  
 "God bless our home"—  
 An answered prayer;  
 For God hath heard  
 Its silent utterance,  
 And sent in quick response  
 What I most needed.  
 Not what I most had wished for,  
 Nor yet what I expected.

Blessings came daily, hourly  
 Crowding on my path;  
 Some so disguised, I wondering, said:  
 "Surely a father's hand  
 Is not dispensing these."  
 But as I shrank bewildered,  
 Came the voice I knew—  
 "Was it not blessing that my child desired?"

And so He blessed me  
 In His own sweet way,  
 Taking my treasures from me  
 Day by day.  
 Changed all my dreams and plans of life  
 Not wisely laid;  
 Put thorns within the paths  
 Where willfully I strayed.  
 Ofttimes my spirit rose  
 In stern rebellion:  
 Can it be, O Lord,  
 Such clouds and darkness come from Thee!

Yes, wisely, kindly, has the prayer  
 Been answered, and my will  
 Now sweetly lost in His, and I am still  
 And restful. As of yore,  
 Blessings come in disguise,  
 Yet no more I wonder or rebel;  
 His ways are past the knowing,  
 Nor can we tell  
 What now He doeth, but *shall* know,  
 And knowing, say, "'Tis well!"

### Be Active.

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,  
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve;  
 To move in idleness through earth,  
 This, this is not to live!

Up then, with speed, and work;  
 Fling ease and self away;  
 This is no time for thee to sleep,  
 Up, watch and work and pray!

HORATIUS BONAR.

### Don't Worry.

A young lady in this city has charge of a large house full of lodgers; has an invalid mother to look after, and that usual plague of American housekeepers, a "girl" to worry her; yet this lady never speaks a fretful, sharp, or angry word, and never complains. She skips about the house like a light-hearted child, with a pleasant word, smile, or little joke for everyone. She does her own and her mother's dress-making; she gets moments for fancy work and reading; she is busy from one end of the day to the other. I asked her the other day,—

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"Oh, about six or half-past. I used to rise at half-past five."

"And you keep going from that time in the morning till you go to bed at night! Always doing something; you must be strong!"

(She's a little bit of a woman.)

"Yes," she said, "I am strong. There seems no limit to my strength."

"And you never worry," I said.

"No," she answered. "I think that's it. I never do worry. I think that's why I'm so strong, why I don't wear out."

She never scolds. I was speaking to her one day about a "help" who could not be trusted to do a single thing properly without watching, and hardly then; whose word could not be relied on; and whom she had taken the greatest pains with, showing her over and over, and week after week, how to do things.

"I think," I said—

"I couldn't have patience with her. I know I should scold."

She said,—

"I never scold a girl. I won't allow myself to get into the way of scolding. If I can't get a girl to do things without scolding, I will do without one, and do the work myself."

Perhaps, you say,—

"Well, she can. Probably she has a naturally sweet temper. I could not do so."

Perhaps not. But I think her patience and gentleness and bright spirits are matters of principle with her.

Anyone who has ever lived in a boarding house, even without any of its care, must know how constantly there are

things to try the patience of the best-tempered woman in the world. This one, that one, and the other are coming with this and that complaint. You are called upon at all hours. People are coming and going,—sometimes forgetting to pay their rent. Ellen will not sweep behind the wash-stands, or under the bureaus, without you stand and watch her. In fact, there are a thousand and one things to worry you, and put you out of patience.

If you let yourself begin to worry, the habit will creep upon you. If you let yourself "scold" a "wee" bit, you will, before you know, be in the habit of fretting and fussing and scolding all the time.

I wish all tired housekeepers could try my friend's method of not worrying, and see how much strength they would save themselves; see how much easier the wheels of life would turn, how much pleasanter a place the world would be to dwell in.

Things will go wrong and things will happen that are unpleasant, as long as the world turns round. We cannot help them, or if we can, it is by making the best of them, and not worrying.—[*Joy Vetrepoint, in The Watchman.*]

### The Pitcher-Plant.

BY W. S. HARRIS.

Very many of my readers, I suppose, have seen the little plant about which I wish to speak, the pitcher-plant or side-saddle flower, called sometimes "foxglove" and "hunter's cup." It is common in the northern and eastern parts of our country, and farther south are other kinds quite similar to the northern species. The pitcher-plant grows in bogs and wet meadows, and is so singular in appearance that any one who cares to notice the curious forms of plants and all the wonderful little things that are everywhere about us, but which are not seen until we look for them with eyes of interest—any one who cares for these things could hardly fail to notice this curious plant.

Its leaves, which grow in a clump close to the ground, instead of being flat as we expect leaves to be, are round and hollow, shaped like a vase or pitcher, just as if an ordinary leaf had its sides rolled over until they met, and their edges joined and grown together. These "pitchers" (from which the plant receives its expressive name) are

from four to six inches in length when full grown, and an inch or two through, and have a broad wing running lengthwise down one side, formed of the prolonged united edges. At the top is a flat part that may be called a lid, only it is always open and standing up. The whole leaf or pitcher is usually veined with purple, and the plant is quite ornamental and very peculiar in appearance. From the centre of the clump of leaves the flowers grow, each one two inches across, and nodding at the top of a stalk a foot or more high. Examine these flowers and you will find several queer things about them, the central part a real little umbrella or parasol.

Now, what is the use of these curious pitchers? For we are not to suppose that leaves would be changed into such wonderful shapes by their wise Maker without some reason for it. Well, the only use that we know of is to *catch insects*. That is a very queer thing for plants to do, to be sure, yet several kinds do it in different ways, and this pitcher-plant does it. The little pitchers are commonly half full of rain-water, and great numbers of flies and other insects are drowned in it. These insects remain in the water and decay, thus forming, doubtless, a rich fertilizer for the plant to feed upon, and this, perhaps, is the object of the singularly-shaped leaves.

But whatever the object the insects are caught, and it is not by accident either, for curiously enough, there is an arrangement to prevent any bugs that have crawled into the pitcher from coming out again. The erect lid or hood projecting above the rest is the part upon which the insect would naturally alight to crawl in, in fact a sort of doorstep or pathway into the pitcher; and this lid is covered on the inside with fine, stiff, and pointed hairs or bristles, which all point downwards toward the water inside. So, although they do not hinder the insects from *entering*, they effectually stop its *coming out*. And once in the water (which perhaps was the attraction that caused it to enter), there it stays till it dies. The pitcher-plant, then, is a simple but effectual *fly-trap*. We may suppose that some of the insects, by using their *wings*, could escape before getting into the water; but certainly many, if not all, of the insects which once enter the pitcher never escape, but remain there and die.

### St. Leon's Toast.

"I drink to one," he said,  
 "Whose image never may depart,  
 Deep-graven on a grateful heart  
 Till memory is dead;  
 To one whose love for me shall last  
 When lighter passions long have past,  
 So holy 'tis and true;  
 To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
 More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
 Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstart at the word,  
 And laid a hand upon his sword  
 With fiery flashing eye;  
 And Stanley said, "We curse the name,  
 Proud knight, of this most peerless dame  
 Whose love you court so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
 Not breathe her name in careless mood  
 Thus lightly to another,  
 Then bent his noble head, as though  
 To give that word the reverence due,  
 And gently said, "*My Mother.*"

### A Roman Raven.

In the days of Tiberius there was a young raven hatched in a nest upon the Church of Castor and Pollux, which, to make a trial how he could fly, took his first flight into a shoemaker's shop, just over against the said church. The master of this shop was well enough content to receive this bird, as commended to him from so sacred a place, and in that regard set great store by it. This raven in a short time being acquainted with man's speech, began to speak, and every morning would fly up to the top of the rostra, or public pulpit for orations, where, turning to the open forum and market-place, he would salute and bid good-morrow to Tiberius Cæsar, and, after him, Germanicus and Drusus, the young princes, every one by their name; and anon, the people of Rome also as they passed by. And when he had so done, afterwards would fly to the shoemaker's shop aforesaid. This duty he practised, yea, and continued for many years together, to the great wonder and admiration of all men. Now it fell out so that another shoemaker, who had taken the shop next unto him, either upon a malicious envy or some sudden spleen and passion of choler, killed the said

raven; whereat the people took such indignation that they, rising in an uproar, first drove him out of that street, and made that quarter of the city too hot for him, and not long after murdered him for it. But contrariwise, the carcass of the dead raven was solemnly interred, and the funeral performed with all the ceremonial obsequies that could be desired; for the corpse of this bird was bestowed in a coffin, and the same bedecked with chaplets and garlands of rich flowers of all sorts, and carried upon the shoulders of two black Moors, with minstrels before sounding the Hautboys, and playing on the fife as far as the funeral pyre, two miles without the city, in a certain open field called Rediculi.

PLINY.

### Poetry and Prose.

Many a reader of Byron's beautiful poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," has been filled with tender pity for the poor captive. The long confinement; the darkness, broken only by a glimmer of light; the damp floor under the waters of Lake Lemán; the helpless prisoner, chained to a massive pillar; the two brothers, dying in confinement, make a touching story.

But Byron used a poetic privilege of creating his facts. Bonnivard, the prisoner, was no martyr for religion. He was one of the most frivolous thinkers and writers of his age. The sufferings of father and brothers were simply inventions of the poet. There were no chains to bind him, nor was the prison-floor beneath the surface of the lake, nor was he confined for many years in the cell. He was shut up in the cell four years, with no special privations and sufferings, and spent his time in writing Latin and French verses, so lax in morals as to be unfit for publication. But Byron will keep the field for years to come, and a majority of readers will take their facts from the poet rather than the historian.

**BROOKLYN'S NEW HOSPITAL.**—The plans for the building of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital have been adopted. The building is to cost between \$400,000 and \$500,000. Mr. George I. Seney has given \$240,000 of the amount. The hospital will be built on the block bounded by Seventh and Eighth avenues and Sixth and Seventh streets, South Brooklyn.

### Webster's Opinion of Farming.

Very many men are dissatisfied with their vocation, or the position they hold in it; and this is exceedingly unfortunate both for themselves and their success. If you are a dissatisfied farmer, or a young man who thinks farming beneath him, or a professional man who sneers at agricultural pursuits, or simply a curious reader glad to know the opinion of a great man on a great subject, read the anecdote which *The Boston Journal* tells of Webster. Daniel Webster visited John Taylor, who worked on the Webster farm, in 1852. Taylor, in speaking of him at that time, said:

His health and bodily strength are good for a man of his age. I will give you a sample. Last Friday week we had fourteen tons of English hay well made and ready to put in the barn in the afternoon. It was a busy day on the farm, and all who could handle a rake or pitchfork were pressed into the service. When we came in to lunch in the forenoon Mr. Webster entered the kitchen, and in a playful manner and tone said:

'John Taylor, what wages will you give me to work for you this afternoon?'

'I will give you a half a dollar, sir.'

'Why, John Taylor, I cannot afford to work for that price; and you underrate my abilities. I can pitch as much hay as any other man.'

'It is on the supposition, sir, that you are a good hand that I offer you those wages. We get our best men for \$1 a day,' I replied.

'If that is the case, John Taylor, I am your man. I will finish my correspondence with the department, eat an early dinner, and be ready to take the field with you.'

As noon on that day was short, and by the time the teams were ready Mr. Webster made his appearance, we drove into the field. The hay lay in winrows. Mr. Webster and myself pitched on the same cart. He took a winrow on one side and I the other. A ton was put on the cart, when he took the whip and drove it up to the barn, leaving me in the meantime at work in the field. When unloaded he returned with the empty cart, upon which we pitched a ton, making in all three tons between us that afternoon and one ton and one-half as his part of

the work. It was a hot afternoon, and I observed what I had before seen when he used muscular exertion—he sweat more profusely than most men; it literally poured off of him like rain.

When I met him the next morning, said he: 'John Taylor, I have slept sounder and feel in better health than usual. How I wish I could only live as you do. A farmer's life is the most rational mode of existence; good food, home raised, with healthful work for the day and sound sleep for the night. It gives a man a clear head, a large heart, and strong hands.'

The late Rev. S. Hanson Cox, D. D., of New York, had a mind so well stored that it was said of him, "He needed but to 'turn the spigot' at a moment's notice, and a stream of learning and information on any subject will instantly flow." Dr. Cuyler relates one remarkable instance. He says:

Something very like a meteoric shower it was when we were assembled in the Academy of Music to receive the astronomer, Prof. Mitchell, and listen to him on behalf of a projected observatory in Central Park. The house was filled with the most brilliant, intelligent, scientific and cultivated audience.

Word was brought that sudden illness prevented the eloquent astronomer from leaving his bed. The word was sent to me by the professor, and in despair I went to Dr. Cox, on the stage, told him the distressing truth, and implored him to come to the rescue, or the occasion would be lost.

The assembly joining in the request, he complied, and when the applause, on his rising, had subsided, he said,—

"To put me in the place of such a man as Prof. Mitchell is like putting a rushlight in the place of a gas Major." And then he proceeded to deliver a strictly astronomical discourse of three-quarters of an hour, that electrified the assembly; every illustration and allusion of which, including many Scripture quotations, were drawn from the science itself, as if it were the study of his life, his only study. Not one man in ten thousand would have been found equal to such an effort in such circumstances.

He is a true artist and a close student who can draw the line between faultfinding and criticism.

## **The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1882.

### **Easter at the City Hospital.**

Within many of our city churches, tasteful, floral decorations and artistic, festive music appropriately welcomed the advent of Easter, but the blessed story of the risen Christ fell as sweetly on the ears of the listening invalids, in the City Hospital chapel, though no Easter lilies greeted the eye, and the old, old evangel was sung in simple strains, in which many who were nearing the borders of the grave could unite with heart and voice.

Sometimes, when we have been musing at the seaside, and gazed across the broad expanse of waters, and caught glimpses of islands and headlands that bordered our horizon, they have looked to us vague and shadowy in the distance, when, suddenly, by some atmospheric influence, they have loomed up before us and seemed near and real; so on Easter afternoon, as we joined in the services in the Hospital chapel, and heard the Scripture lessons of the resurrection from the tomb, and then caught the strains of some who were dwelling in the land of Beulah as they sang of the blessed home "across the stream"

"Where mansions are prepared for me,"

the heavenly abode seemed nearer, the dividing stream grew narrower, and the Easter gospel more a reality.

Oh! how sweet it was to recall the blessed words of the Master, "I am the resurrection and the life," and to see how faith gilded the pathway of an aged saint who would joyously welcome a summons to that land, where there are

"No clouds to arise, to darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

The Easter bells were summoning the Sabbath school children to their afternoon

service, as we approached the Hospital grounds, and the voice of sacred song that greeted our entrance to the Hospital, indicated that the chapel service had already commenced. We visited the Female Wards and found in the lower one a group of aged and infirm women gathered around the register, as they were too feeble to participate in the public service; others were taking an afternoon nap.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found one infant, and in the Upper Female Ward a few invalids. Those who were able had gone to the weekly chapel service, and we joined them, and listened to the earnest words of Mr. W. H. Palmer, a theological student who kindly officiates as chaplain every Sabbath afternoon. A few Christian women take charge of the music. The congregation that afternoon consisted of about thirty invalids, who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of varying the monotony of Hospital life, by a Sabbath service in the chapel.

As we mingled with the worshippers we were reminded, as we have often been before in the chapel, of the groups that gathered at Bethesda waiting for healing. Beside us sat one who needed sight, behind us, another brought into the chapel in her rolling chair, whose crippled limbs would have welcomed the healing touch of the Master, but whose heart was brightened by the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. There were the palsied, the aged, the infirm, the incurable; and there, too, some of the trained nurses, whose gentle ministries strive to soften the rugged pathway of many a sufferer.

The service was short, simple and earnest. Prayer, reading of the Scriptures, hymns, a sermon, were followed by shorter services in the Male Medical and Surgical Wards, and in the Lower Female Ward.

Many of the invalids in the Wards, who are not able to attend the chapel service, enjoy greatly this weekly service in

the Ward. The hymns are particularly grateful.

In the Male Surgical Ward we found a group of five aged men, one of whom was blind, gathered in one corner of the room, and a few others scattered about the Ward, and for these, those who had assisted in the service of song in the chapel sang, "The rock that is higher than I," and "I've reached the land of corn and wine," and as they sang, the aged Scotch friend drew nearer that he might catch the sound of the hymns he loved so well.

In the Lower Female Ward, Mr. Palmer rehearsed the story from the German of the two sister angels who hovered over a village, each having a mission. The Angel of Sleep was welcomed by the weary, toil-worn mortals, who on the morrow would thank her for the refreshment and strength that had come through her ministries; but the Angel of Death was sad and dejected, because none greeted her. Her sister angel, Sleep, reminded her that a time would come when there would be an awakening and she would be recognized as the messenger to a blessed home where sorrow never enters. The application was very appropriate.

### The Children's Cot.

Some changes have been made in the little folks who claim Hospital care. Clara Y. is still with us. She is inclined to run away, and has to be constantly watched. Little Moses, when last we visited the Ward, had gone home to stay with his Hebrew friends, as they kept the passover, but his mother thought he was better off at the Hospital, and would probably return again.

Willie, the little boy with weak eyes, who has been at the Hospital and Industrial School, is back again at the Hospital.

A new patient, a little boy eight years

old, who has a disease of the hip, was going about on crutches, but he was so shy we could not learn much from him. When he knows us better, we will tell you more about him. He will probably be some time in the Hospital, for his complaint is not quickly cured.

The children must quickly make up our endowment fund, for ere long we must have a Child's Ward so many children need Hospital care.

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mr. J. H. Rochester, .....\$ 1 00  
Previously acknowledged, ..... 1953 71

Total Receipts.....\$1954 71

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

### Another Friend Gone.

By the death of Mrs. Matthew Gregory, which occurred at Millville, Orleans Co., on the 12th of last month, the City Hospital and Home for the Friendless have lost a long tried and faithful friend, whose useful life was lengthened to sixty-nine years. Mrs. Gregory's maiden name was Laura Root. She was a native of Conway, Mass., and was a pupil of that noble woman, Mary Lyon, who left her impress on so many with whom she came in contact. In early life she became a teacher, and had schools in Newark, Honeoye Falls and Rochester, in this State; and also in West Haven, Conn. She also, at one time, had charge of some of the female wards in the Insane Asylum at Worcester, Mass. She was twice married; her first husband was Sumner Bement of Grand Rapids, Mich., and her second Matthew Gregory of Millville, who survives her. She was connected with the Central Church during her residence in

this city, and interested in our city charities. She rests from her labors, but the memory of her useful life will long be cherished by her many friends.

Old cotton is still needed.

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 1st, 1882, from injuries received from a fall, John Regan, aged 38 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 1st, 1882, from injuries received from a blast, Lawrence Mackey.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 2d, 1882, premature birth, infant of Augusta Bell, aged 12 days.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 11th, 1882, of consumption, Sherman G. Wheeler, aged 39 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 10th, 1882, premature birth, infant of Lulu Vianco, aged 10 days.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 16th, 1882, of nervous prostration and dilation of the heart, Lillie Lampman, aged 15 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 20th, 1882, of consumption, Jane Irving, aged 26 yrs.

## Monthly Report.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| 1882. Mar. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 84 |  |
| Received during month, . . . 49            |  |
| Births, . . . . . 1—134                    |  |
| Deaths, . . . . . 7                        |  |
| Discharged, . . . . . 22— 29               |  |
| Remaining April 1st, 1882, 105             |  |

## Donations.

Miss C. A. Mosley—Gentleman's Clothing.  
 Mr. James Brackett—Books, Tables, Baskets, Chairs, Dishes, Bedding, Cooking Utensils, &c.  
 Mrs. Gorton—"Graphics."  
 Mrs. S. H. Terry—Books, Scientific American.  
 L. S. Chapin—Three years of Galaxy.  
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 Mrs. D. H. Griffith—Scrap Cards.  
 Mrs. C. M. Lee—London Pictorials, Reading Matter, Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. E. A. Buell—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. G. B. Sperry—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Horace Bush—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Frederick Rowe—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. C. C. Morse—Infant's Clothes.

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.

## Receipts for the Review, FOR MARCH, 1882.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Mrs. E. I. Clark—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, . . . . .   | 62      |
| Miss A. Smith, Hamilton, Ont., 50 cents ;<br>Mrs. E. Stearns, Homer, 62 cents—By<br>Mrs. M. E. Gilman, . . . . .  | \$ 1 12 |
| Mrs. H. W. Brown, 62 cents ; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 62 cents ; Mrs. G. C. Buell, 62 cents ; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cts. ;<br>Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents ; Mrs. A. M. Corey, 62 cents ; Mrs. W. Eastwood, 62 cents ; Mrs. C. E. Finkle, 62 cents ;<br>Mrs. J. H. Frick, 62 cts. ; Mr. M. Filon, 62 cents ; Mrs. S. F. Hess, 61 cents ;<br>Miss O. C. Howard, 62 cts. ; Mrs. Chas. E. Hart, 61 cents ; Mrs. H. S. Hanford, 62 cents ; Mrs. H. F. Hart, 62 cents ;<br>Mrs. W. S. Kimball, 62 cents ; Mrs. J. Keyes, 62 cents ; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cents ;<br>Mr. P. McConnell, 62 cts. ; Mrs. J. Medbery, 62 cents ; Mrs. A. McVean, 62 cents ; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 62 cents ;<br>Miss Martha Porter, 62 cents ; Mrs. E. B. Parsons \$1.25 ; Mrs. Dr. Proctor, 62 cents ; Mrs. James Upton, 62 cents ;<br>Mrs. Geo. D. Williams, 63 cents ; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, 62 cents ; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, 62 cents ; Mrs. H. Wray, 62 cents ; Mrs. F. Whittlesey, 62 cts. ;<br>By Collector, . . . . . | 19 84   |
| Mrs. Benj. Brown, 62 cents ; Mrs. O. P. Boswell, 62 cts. ; Mrs. W. B. Douglas, 65 cents ; Mrs. W. J. Humphrey, Warsaw, 50c. ; Mrs. A. Hutchinson, Holley, 25 cents ; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cents ; Mrs. James Sproat, 62 cents ;<br>Mrs. S. O. Smith, 65 cts.—By Treasurer  | 4 41    |

## 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. E. V. Stoddard 26 South Washington Street.

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

**A LARGE TUMOR.**—At the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, February 10, Dr. William Goodall removed an ovarian tumor weighing 112 pounds. The patient, 31 years of age, weighed only 75 pounds after the operation. The doctor naively remarked that he had taken the woman from the tumor. There was a fair prospect that the patient would survive the operation.

## American Newspapers in 1882.

The American Newspaper Directory, which will be issued next month by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just past. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all others in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine and Massachusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the territories, there has been an increase.

## A Plant that Kills by Its Sting.

One of the best points about our North American forests is that a careless person may ramble in them for a month at a time and come to no harm from poisonous shrubs or vines. Saving a few specimens of nettles, which are not so virulent as the European species, and an occasional poisonous *Rhus*, the mosquitos and flies have no competitors. It is different in the antipodean forest. Not only has the traveler to be constantly on the alert for about a hundred different kinds of poisonous snakes, but there are trees and shrubs whose poison is virulent enough to make the vapors from the famous upas tree harmless in comparison. There is one shrub growing in Queensland which actually kills men and horses if a certain portion of their body be stung by it. The curious thing is that the sting leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and comes on again and again for months on every change of temperature, such as the body experiences when in bed. Horses become so frantic when stung that they have to be shot, and dogs gnaw off affected parts if they can be reached. The shrub is not named botanically. It grows from three inches high to

eighteen feet. In the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar disagreeable smell, but it is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all around the edge like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer. It usually grows among palm trees.

## A New Mosaic.

A mosaic of marvellous beauty has just been found in Italy, on the track of the railway which leads from Reggio to Villa S. Giovanni. It is supposed to belong to Greek art, and its discovery has made a great sensation. The form of it is rectangular, and in the centre is a *biga* on which stands a doubtful figure, nude, and exquisitely designed. The left hand of the figure holds the reins of the horses, whilst the right poises a trident as though in the act of striking. This beautiful mosaic belongs, it is thought, not only to Greek art, but to its best times. It is formed of small stones, or of a glassy paste, in two colors, white and black. The figure and the horses are of black stones, whilst the ground-work is of small white stones. Judging from its inclination, those on the spot are of opinion that it was originally the pavement of a terrace. Fortunately the Commendatore Salazaro, our well-known archæologist, was at Reggio at the time of the discovery, and he, together with the Commendatore Bolano, the local inspector, directed the works so as to preserve this precious relic in its integrity. A skilled workman, too, has been sent from Pompeii to remove the mosaic from its present site to the museum of Reggio. As it was surmised that other remains of antiquity might exist in the neighborhood, the excavations were continued and with great success. Another mosaic was discovered towards the east; it is in a better state of preservation than the first, and appears to have been completed with even greater excellence. Up to the present time only one angle of the mosaic has been laid open, showing that, like its neighbor, it is rectangular in form. Of the design nothing has been seen as yet, so that it is not known whether there are figures in the centre or not, but the cornice is of the finest work.—[*The Athenæum*.

### An Error of Writers.

Some writers, ambitious to be authors, entertain the error of thinking that the editor can gratify their ambition. To such we commend these words of Charles Dickens to a correspondent :

You make an absurd, though common, mistake in supposing that any human creature can help you to be an authoress if you cannot become one in virtue of your own powers. I know nothing about "impenetrable barrier," "outsiders" and "charmed circles."

I know that any one who can write what is suitable to the requirements of my own journal, for instance, is a person I am heartily glad to discover, and do not very often find.

And I believe this to be no rare case in periodical literature. I cannot undertake to advise you in the abstract, as I number my unknown correspondents by the hundred.

But if you offer anything to me for insertion in *All the Year Round*, you may be sure that it will be honestly read, and that it will be judged by its own merits and adaptability to those pages. But I am bound to add that I do not regard successful fiction as a thing to be achieved in "leisure moments."

Dr. Schliemann's wife is a Greek, and knows most of the Iliad by heart. Her two children are named Andromache and Agamemnon. She is her husband's "right-hand man" in his work of excavating the buried cities of the Troad, calling the roll and paying the wages of the workmen, sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty men. Their house is elegantly decorated in Pompeian style and has statues all around the parapet of the roof. The large building is a museum of ancient relics.

Having entered a pew, *move along*; be sure and move along. Do not block up the end of the pew, as if you did not intend to have anybody else enter it, or as if you were holding it for some special friends. Do not rise to let others in, but move along and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know they are welcome. If a pew holding six has five already in it, do not file out in formal procession to let one poor scared woman go to the further end, but

move along and let her sit down at the end next the aisle. It is not necessary now for a stalwart man to sit at the end, ready to rush out and kill Indians as possibly it was once.

### A Feature of Tunisian Etiquette.

The heir-apparent, Sidi Ali Bey, the brother of the reigning *Mushir* (Bey), is a portly person, with a full Turkish-trimmed beard, who possesses the esteem of the Arabs. But he is seldom seen. Oriental etiquette requires that the man who is to succeed the ruler should be completely ignored. No minister or state officer could visit him or communicate with him without running the risk of losing his office or of being exiled. Even the representatives of foreign governments may not visit the heir, and personally he is quite unknown to them. For a native to show him any mark of attention would be high treason, and such an act by a foreign consul would be regarded as evincing a want of respect for the Bey—every manifestation of regard for the heir being tantamount to an intentional allusion to the transitory power of the Regent, and to his eventual death.—[*Ernst von Hesse Wartegg, in The Century for April.*]

A London paper relates the following : The rector of a London parish one day called on a sick boy. The boy was one of the neglected outcasts of the great city. Accustomed to earn his living by sweeping one of the muddy cross-walks, his face had become familiar to many of the passers-by. The clergyman asked him if any one had called on him during his sickness. "Oh, yes," replied the boy, "Mr. Gladstone came to see me." "Mr. Gladstone!" exclaimed the rector; "what Mr. Gladstone?" "Why," said the boy, "the only Mr. Gladstone." So the great English Premier could find time, amid all the onerous duties of public life, to seek the abode and minister to the wants of a "dirty street sweep." All the attractions of aristocracy and grandeur of royalty did not dispel from his heart the sense of duty to the little outcasts. Nothing in the long, eventful life of the great man seems to us so noble and Christ-like as this simple incident.

Bound to make a man cross—Getting to the other side of the street.

The Princess Beatrice is for the first time in her young life tasting the pleasure of giving away her own earnings. She has just bestowed out of the proceeds of her "Birthday Book" \$2,000 upon a child's hospital in London.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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I have just received, from direct Importations, a large quantity of

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—SUCH AS—

|                             |                   |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
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| Carreau de Decca,           | Linon de Decca,   |
| Check Nainsooks,            | Plaid Nainsooks,  |
| Stripe Nainsooks,           | Plain Nainsooks,  |
| Victoria Plaids,            | Victoria Stripes, |
| Plain Victoria Lawns,       | French Organdie,  |
| Figured Marseilles,         | French Nainsook,  |
| Persian Lawn,               | India Moussaline, |
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I have also just added largely to my

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ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1882.

No. 10

## Building and Being.

The king would build, so a legend says,  
The finest of all fine palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas, a builder rare,  
And bade him to rear them a wonder fair.

The king's great treasure was placed at hand,  
And with it the sovereign's one command—

"Build well, O builder, so good and great!  
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare of my wealth to show  
A prouder palace than mortals know."

The king took leave of his kingdom then,  
And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the king's great treasure spent  
In worthier way than his master meant.

"He clad the naked, the hungry fed,  
The oil of gladness around him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,  
As never a king's wealth blessed before.

The king came back from his journey long,  
But found no grace in the happy throng

That greeted him now on his slow return,  
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The king came back to his well-spent gold;  
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said  
That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,  
Till the time for his punishment dire were passed.

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so,  
That the king's own brother in death lay low.

When four days dead, as the legend reads,  
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust he strangely woke,  
And thus to his brother, the king, he spoke:

"I have been to Paradise, O my king!  
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

"And there I saw, by the gates of gold,  
A palace finer than tongue has told,

"Its walls and towers were lifted high  
In beautiful grace to the bending sky;

"Its glory there in that radiant place,  
Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's  
face.

"An angel said it was builded there  
By the good St. Thomas, with love and care

For our fellow-men, and that it should be  
Thy palace of peace through eternity."

The king this vision pondered well,  
Till he took St. Thomas from the dungeon-cell,

And said, "O builder! he most is wise  
Who buildeth ever for Paradise."

—[From "Geraldine,"

## An Open Door.

BY FRANCES J. DYER.

"Get leave to work in this world," said  
Mrs. Browning; "be sure 'tis better than  
what you work to get." "But where?"  
cry fifty thousand female voices from Mass-  
achusetts alone, "all the places are filled."  
Not all; one door of usefulness stands wide  
open, with no jostling crowd surging  
thither, and from whence issues a con-  
tinual cry for help. "Housework, I sup-  
pose!" exclaims some young woman,  
ambitious to pose ten hours a day behind  
a counter, or who besieges her political

friends for a "place" at Washington. No, neither house nor office work, nor stenography, nor telegraphy, nor teaching, nor dress-making—honorable as these all are—but nursing.

Though the courtesy of the superintendent of the City Hospital, I was permitted recently to make a tour through that institution, visiting particularly the Training School for nurses, and came away more than ever impressed with the dignity and usefulness of their calling. Few women reach middle life without seeing the time when they would sacrifice all other knowledge for skill in dressing a wound, or for a familiarity with the technics of nursing. There is a fallacy afloat that if one has a light step, a gentle touch and sympathetic manner, she is thereby fitted to minister in a sick-room. These are excellent adjuncts, but the essential qualifications are developed only by training, which cannot be secured outside of a hospital. Florence Nightingale, after twenty-five years' experience, writes:

"Nursing is an art; and if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work." Thirty years ago no woman, either in our own land or in Europe, could have obtained this preparation, no matter how strong her desire, or how marked her fitness for the service, unless she agreed to become a "sister" for life. All this is now changed; partly because the medical profession is more progressive, and partly because of the incompetency, and oftentimes the moral delinquency of male nurses.

In 1873 the first school for training women in this country was opened at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, and the maïron of the Boston City Hospital is a graduate of that institution. Under her guidance I went through a dozen wards, and saw the nurses at work. Each wore the hospital uniform—a seersucker gingham dress, a big white apron and a dainty white cap—some busy feeding the patients, others taking their temperature, and all keenly alive to the comfort of their charge. Everything was conducted with military precision. Each nurse had a basket containing scissors, pins, bandages, ointments and whatever would be needed in dressing a wound, ready to snatch up at a moment's notice. Opening out of the wards was a closet containing bottles of medicine,

hot and cold water, and a few simple instruments. Also another with snowy piles of sheets and blankets, so arranged as to be counted at a glance.

Cleanliness is everywhere rigidly enforced, but the walls are rather bare of ornament. Calling his attention to the fact, the practical superintendent replied: "A man may recover without a Madonna over his head, or a rose-bud by his side, but he will surely die from foul odors or imperfect drainage." Over each bed is a chart on which the patient's pulse, temperature, and respiration is registered, according to the physician's directions.

"Did they treat the President in that way?" I asked, as a nurse shook a small glass tube, placed it in a patient's mouth, noted the figures and marked the result.

"Precisely," was the answer.

No orders are recognized unless written, and one of the most interesting features of the visit was an examination of a night nurse's book, in which were copied her orders from the physician, and the report of how they had been carried out during the night. It was noticeable that certain things were to be done "if needed," or "if the patient requires," showing the absolute need of judgment and training on the part of the person in charge. Sleeping at one's post is as much of a misdemeanor as for a soldier to do so, but the excellent discipline which keeps the corps of day and night workers entirely distinct, almost precludes this possibility. Patients are spoken of by the number of the bed in the ward. For instance, C 28 had the misfortune to lose a leg, and the clothes were lifted that we might see "how nicely the stump is doing." This statement I took on faith, while my eyes were riveted on the skillful bandaging, on the appliance for keeping the weight of the clothes from the suffering member, and on the fracture-bed which can be changed without disturbing the limb. Most women and a few men, can make an ordinary bed, but a hospital bed is quite a different affair. To roll out the soiled sheets and roll in the clean ones, as deftly as these young women did, was a marvelous sight. No amount of feminine "instinct" could serve in such a case; there must be trained hands.

Another curiosity was the diet list. The diet for T 12 was chicken broth, baked apples, dry toast, and ice cream. Printed lists of the dishes to be served

the day are sent to the steward's department, and, when prepared, the food is forwarded to the various wards. It is the nurse's business to see that the supply corresponds with her written order, and then to feed her patients. The cooking of the food is also a part of her education. It is no unusual thing for a physician in private families to go to the kitchen and make a poultice or some gruel, because no one in the house can do such simple things, and it would well repay a girl to go to this hospital just to be taught how to prepare food and delicacies for the sick.

Perhaps the late scenes at the White House gave a peculiar interest to the operating room. Here were rows of seats rising one above another, where the doctors and medical students sit to watch the surgeons at their work, cases of ugly-looking instruments, and an operating chair costing \$600, adjustable to every possible position of the human body. Some poor fellow meets with a railroad accident, and is brought, all covered with blood and filth, to this room, where his wounds are dressed, and he is then assigned to one of the cool, white beds. The surgeons have done their work faithfully and well, but small would be the chances for life if there were no competent nurse to supplement it. A woman's presence and a woman's touch are mere poetical terms in such cases, unless her nerves are steady and her hands can bind a bandage properly.

Sickness is as universal as sin. Were it found only in hospitals, the demand for nurses could be met, but the cry comes from homes all over the land, and the young women who graduate from this Training School can easily command very remunerative wages. Candidates are required to have a fairly good education, an irreproachable character and good health. After approval by the management they are admitted on a month's probation without pay. If found worthy, they enter upon systematic training for two years, receiving, in addition to board, ten dollars a month for the first year, and fourteen the second. This sum is hardly looked upon as wages, because the education given is considered more than an equivalent for services rendered. Pupils study specified text-books on nursing and kindred subjects, and take notes of the lectures given by the superintendent of nurses and by the hospital staff, which is composed of men

standing high in the medical profession. Ward-maids are provided to relieve the nurses of some of the drudgery. The hospital has accommodations for 385 patients, and its sixteen wards, except the one for males having infectious diseases, are in the hands of the Training School nurses. Most of them come from New England homes of thrift and intelligence, and a few from the West and Nova Scotia, with an occasional recruit from the ranks of wealth. The notion that it is a sphere of activity suited only to the ignorant and lowly, is shown to be utterly false by the lives of such women as Dorothea Trudel, "Sister Dora" and Agnes E. Jones. The life of the latter, as told in "Una and Her Paupers" has led more than one young lady out of her life of selfish ease into one of self-denying activity.

### Bryant and Longfellow.

A short paper in *The Century* for March, giving a pleasant glimpse of the early relations of Bryant and Longfellow, contains the following exchange of letters:

When, in 1845-6, the illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems came out in Philadelphia, from the press of Carey & Hart, Mr. Bryant wrote to its author as follows:

"NEW YORK, January 31, 1846.

"My Dear Sir:—I have been looking over the collection of your poems recently published by Carey & Hart, with Huntington's illustrations. They appear to me more beautiful than on former readings, much as I then admired them. The exquisite music of your verse dwells more agreeable than ever in my ear, and more than ever am I affected by their depth of feeling, and their spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before us passages from the great drama of life.

"I had been reading aloud to my wife some of your poems that pleased me most, and she would not be contented until I had written to express to you some of the admiration which I could not help manifesting as I read them. I am not one of those who believe that a true poet is insensible to the excellence of his writings, and know that you can afford to dispense with such slight corroboration as the general judgment in your favor could derive from any opinion of mine. You must allow me, however, to add my voice

to the many which make up the sum of poetic fame.

"Yours very truly,  
 "W. C. BRYANT."

To this the younger poet replied with frankness and becoming gratitude:

"CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5, 1846.

"My Dear Sir: I am very much obliged to you for your friendly letter, which has given me, I assure you, the sincerest pleasure. Your expressions of praise and sympathy are very valuable to me; and I heartily thank Mrs. Bryant for prompting your busy hand to write.

"In return, let me say what a staunch friend and admirer of yours I have been from the beginning, and acknowledge how much I owe to you, not only of delight but of culture. When I look back upon my earlier verses, I cannot but smile to see how much in them is really yours. It was an involuntary imitation which I most readily confess, and say, as Dante says to Virgil:

*'Tu se' lo mio maestro, e l'io autore.'*

"With kind remembrance to your wife, to Julia, and to the Godwins,

"Faithfully yours,  
 "HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

### The Drill.

"Present arms!" there they are  
 Both stretched out to me—

Strong and sturdy smooth and white,  
 Fair as arms can be.

"Ground arms!" on the floor,  
 Picking up his toys,

Breaking all within his reach,  
 Busiest of boys.

"Right wheel!" off his cart,  
 "Left wheel!" too, is gone.

Horse's head is broken off;  
 Horse's tail is torn.

"Quick step!" "Forward march!"  
 Crying, too, he comes;

Had a battle with the cat—  
 "Scratched off above my fums!"

"Shoulder arms!" here at last,  
 Round my neck they close,

Poor little soldier boy  
 Off to quarters goes.

—[*Army and Navy Journal.*]

### From Travelers' Corner in the "New York Mail."

Every lover of dogs must be interested in the old Greyfriar's churchyard in Edinburgh where one of the best dog-stories has its origin. Many years ago a poor man named Gray of whom little is known, was buried here and the next morning his dog was found lying upon the newly-made mound. This being against the rules of the place he was driven away, but he persistently returned in spite of all abuse until finally a cold, wet morning softened the sexton's heart toward him and he was thereafter allowed to remain unmolested. No weather was bad enough to make him stay indoors, and during the rest of his life he never passed a night away from his master's grave. Everybody about the churchyard soon came to hold him in affectionate esteem, the keeper of a neighboring restaurant gave him his daily dinner, and he was christened "Greyfriar's Bobby." After eight and one-half years he became the subject of a curious lawsuit. Proceedings were taken against the keeper of the restaurant to recover the dog tax upon him. The man was willing to pay provided he could claim the dog, but as the latter refused to attach himself to a new master no ownership could be proven and the court was obliged to dismiss the case.

Bobby watched his master's grave for twelve years and five months, at the end of which time he died himself and was becomingly interred in the cemetery which had so long been his home. The sexton who first took pity on him is dead also. The present sexton had charge of him for the last four years of his life and buried him. He told me that "the ladies" wished to build a shelter for the faithful little mourner at one time, but were not allowed to do so. He also said that one of the "humane societies" of London had collected enough money to erect a headstone over the now neglected and forsaken grave of the master. The dog's grave is not marked by mound or stone, but is pointed out in the centre of a flower bed, which lies opposite the main entrance. In the roadway just outside, however, is a handsome drinking fountain for man and beast inscribed to the memory of the faithful Bobby, and surmounted by a life-size figure of him. It was erected by the

Baroness Burdett-Coutts at a cost, I believe, of £500.

Bobby was a Scotch terrier. E.

### "If I Should Die To-night."

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

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

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

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

—[B. S., in the *Christian Union*.]

### Origin of Some of Longfellow's Poems.

The "Psalm of Life" came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a verse from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished for a long time. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction, and he had it in his own heart for many months.

The poem of "The Reaper Death" came without effort, crystallized into his mind. "The Light of the Stars" was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written the night after a violent storm, had occurred, when it came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep, and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly cost him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, "The Skeleton in Armor" rose as out of the deep before him and would not be laid.

The single word "excelsior" happened to catch his eye one autumn eve in 1841 on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper, which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Chas. Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first written down "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. The story of "Evangeline" was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea, and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl.—[J. T. Fields.

### The Arrow and the Song.

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For who hath sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—[Longfellow.

"Raphael's Hours" are in the Pope's private room at the Vatican. A special permit is necessary for those who wish to see the celebrated frescoes.

**Panel Decorations for Eaton Hall.**

The Duke of Westminster has recently made extensive additions to what was already an immense mansion, known as Eaton Hall. In the decorations for these new apartments great expense has been incurred to produce novel effects, and the designs for some of the rooms possess rare novelty. A small drawing room has been ornamented with twelve painted panels by Mr. H. S. Marks, R. A., who took for his models rare and curious birds from the Zoological Gardens of London. The *Art Magazine* says of the artist and his subjects:

"The birds which Mr. Marks loves to give us are those which serve best to illustrate his peculiar humor. They are all funny birds with strange characteristics, fond of quaint attitudes, and given to odd ways.

"There are no more comic birds than the crowned crane, the bird of all others Mr. Marks delights in painting. It is obvious from their manner that they possess in themselves the keenest sense of humor. Now upon one leg, the other tucked up close and out of sight, they rest quietly and solemnly brooding over affairs of state; next, they commence an absurd and ridiculous dance, threading the giddy maze in and out, and round and round, as keen and excited as any bipeds indulging in intricate quadrilles. To the dance will succeed a stately and majestic walk; after which, apparently without any rhyme or reason, they will range themselves against the fence and start off on a wild foot race.

"Compared with this extraordinary bird, the scarlet ibis, although a curious bird, has nothing very remarkable about it except its shape and color, the latter being of a glowing scarlet, which commends it to the artist for purposes of decoration. For the same reason he has selected the flamingoes. These splendid creatures, which measure from five to six feet in height, are magnificent in color, ranging from a deep scarlet to various tones of a blush pink and faint red.

"The skill of the artist has been further proved by the other birds introduced in these two panels, which have been cleverly selected, make a strong contrast, and strengthen the effect. Nothing more appropriate could well be conceived than the

funny puffy, little penguin looking up at the giant flamingo; or the modest robin, a bird of home affections, looking at these strange looking foreigners.

"Bird lovers, no less than lovers of art, must be grateful to Mr. Marks for these his last and most charming efforts in decoration."

**A Touching Incident.**

When Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured in Albion, Michigan, recently, at the close of the lecture, an elderly, white-haired woman approached her, with the following inquiry:

"Do you remember writing a letter for John — of the 12th Michigan Volunteers, when he lay dying in the Overton Hospital at Memphis, during the spring of 1863, and of completing the letter to his wife and mother after he had died?"

Mrs. Livermore replied that she wrote so many letters during the war, under similar circumstances, that she could not recall any particular case.

The woman drew a letter from her pocket, that had been torn into pieces in the folds of the note and was then stitched together with fine sewing cotton.

"Do you remember this letter?" she asked.

Mrs. Livermore recognized her penmanship and admitted her authorship of the letter. The first four pages were written to his wife and mother, at the dictation of a young soldier who had been shot through the lungs, and was dying of the wound. Then she had completed the letter by the addition of three pages written by herself, beside the dead husband and son, in which she sought to comfort the lonely and bereaved relatives.

"I think my daughter-in-law and I would have died when we heard John was dead but for this letter," said the worn and weary-looking woman. "It comforted us both, and by-and-by, when we heard of other women similarly afflicted, we sent them the letter to read, till it was worn in pieces. Then we sewed the pieces together and made copies of the letter, which we sent to those of our acquaintance whom the war bereft.

"But Annie, my son's wife, never got over John's death. She kept about, and worked and went to church, but the life had gone out of her. Eight years ago

she died of gastric fever. One day a little before her death she said, 'Mother, if you ever find Mrs. Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you would give her my wedding-ring, which has never been off my finger since John put it there, and which will not be taken off until I am dead. Ask her to wear it for John's sake and mine, and tell her this was my dying request.'

"I live eight miles from here," continued the woman, "and when I read in the papers that you were to lecture here to-night, I decided to drive over and give you the ring, if you will accept it."

Deeply affected by this touching narrative, not a particular of which she able to recall, Mrs. Livermore extended her hand, and the widowed and childless woman put the ring on her finger, with a fervently uttered benediction.

### A Triumph of Engineering.

The Atlantic Monthly for March has an article on the Hoosac Tunnel, in the north-west corner of Massachusetts, by N. H. Egleston, in which he refers to the engineering skill exhibited in its construction. In drilling and blasting this hole of nearly five miles through the mountain, any one can see that a slight deviation from the mathematical line required would cause the two arms of the tunnel to miss each other. The width of the tunnel is twenty-four feet. It is only necessary, therefore, for the approaching excavations to swerve from their true place at the point of expected junction by anything more than half that measure, or twelve feet, in order to slip by each other, and go farther and farther asunder, instead of coming together.

Who will measure and set the angle which shall determine the momentous difference in such a case between success and failure?

Each channel from the opposite side of the mountain will be nearly two miles and a half in length. The problem then is to run two lines of excavation through a mountain, with no visible point in front to aim at, as the engineer has in the open field, and yet to have them so nearly coincident in direction, for a distance of twelve thousand feet each, that they will not miss each other, but form one continuous whole. No Creedmoor rifle needs to be aimed so nicely in order to hit the bull's-

eye. An error in the sighting of his instrument, amounting literally to a hair's-breadth, would send the arms of his excavation wide asunder into the bowels of the dark rock, leaving his tunnel no tunnel at all, but only a worm's track in the mountain.

But the problem in this instance was still further complicated. To hasten the completion of the tunnel by providing additional faces on which the workmen could operate, as well as for the purpose of ventilation, it was determined, as we have seen, to sink a shaft from the top of the mountain to the level of the tunnel, midway between the two ends. Two factors were thus at once added to the problem: first, to fix so accurately the point on the mountain at which to begin the downward excavation that when, after working by faith for four years—the estimated time necessary—the miners should have reached the requisite depth, they would be in the exact line of the projected and partly completed tunnel; and secondly, from that pit in the depths of the mountain, to be able to aim their course in either direction so correctly as to be sure of meeting the company of miners approaching them from both extremes of the tunnel. In short, here were four tunnels to be made at the base of the mountain at one and the same time, and another from the summit perpendicular to them, and all to be exactly in the same plane, on penalty of the failure of the entire enterprise!

It was a difficult problem. But it was solved most triumphantly. When the headings from the central shaft and from the eastern portal came together, as come together they did, their alignments swerved from each other by the almost infinitesimal space of five-sixteenths of an inch! It was an unparalleled feat of engineering. With the best engineering talent of Europe the opposite arms of the Mont Cenis Tunnel had a divergence of more than half a yard. The office and worth of science were admirably illustrated in the case of the Hoosac. It was science, applied science, which built this great thoroughfare of traffic and travel. Its lines and proportions were all ascertained and laid down by scientific calculation.

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.

## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1882.

### **A May Morning at the Hospital.**

A chilling blast and an occasional snow-flake were not very suggestive of spring, as on the second morning of May we made our monthly visit to the Hospital. A friend who passed us as we approached it spoke gratefully of the comfortable quarters a paralytic relative had found in a private room within it.

Within the Hospital housecleaning was progressing, and some of the private rooms were being renovated. Next month we hope to report the improvements which will then be completed.

We found two young ladies very busy with their hammers, gimp and nails, covering frames with gay colored creton cloth and thus making very pretty screens.

In the Lower Female Ward were nineteen patients. We were specially interested in the case of one woman who had formerly been a nurse in the Hospital, and who some time since fell down stairs and dislocated her neck. She had suffered greatly, and after several painful operations and the wearing of heavy weights, had been greatly benefited. Her condition had been very critical, and her restoration was looked upon as a triumph of surgical skill. She was still wearing for several hours in the day heavy weights. At times she had worn them fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, but was then using them but three. She showed us the cot that had been prepared for her with weights at the head and foot, and also the leather arrangement that shielded her face when the weight was attached to her head.

In the Lower Female Ward one woman had fallen and injured her back. Mrs. J., the aged woman who had long been an

inmate of this Ward, had left, much improved.

In the Upper Female Ward fourteen were under treatment; some were suffering from paralysis, some from erysipelas, chronic weakness, and some were infirm and aged. Most of these were at their dinner, those who were able were in the dining-room in the Cross Ward, others were supplied with trays.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found three babies.

In the Male Medical Ward were twenty-two patients, one of whom was very ill with typhoid pneumonia; he was delirious and required constant care; he had a cot in the Cross Ward. Three under treatment were consumptives. One eye patient had lost his sight from having his eye hit by a piece of iron. A similar accident some years before had caused the loss of sight in the other eye, and his case was not very promising. One patient had asthma, another paralysis, and another a disease of the heart. Some patients were aged and infirm.

Twenty-one patients were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, three of whom were confined to their beds. Three had died during the month; one, an aged man of ninety-four years. One man had injured his limb several years ago by a fall, and last year took cold in it while bathing; he was improving under Hospital treatment. One patient had had an abscess on his hand and was suffering from blood poison. One was a great sufferer from cancers and was much of the time under the influence of opiates.

Please remember Old Cotton is always needed at the Hospital.

### **Notice.**

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

### The Children's Cot.

Little Willie, the colored boy, is now the occupant of the Children's Cot, and a funny little fellow he is, full of mischief. His eyes are much better than they were. Clara Y. is about as well as she has been; her future prospects are not very encouraging. An interesting colored girl has been for a few weeks under Hospital treatment. She had a disease of the peritoneum, but is improving; she is ten years old, has no father, and has been in the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum. She is very industrious, loves to work for her doll, and was enjoying a picture book. We have a little boy with us who has a disease of the hip joint, he was going about on crutches, but was so shy we could not get him to talk with us.

The mothers who meet at St. Luke's Church have made a donation to our cot of \$7.59. This is their second gift, and comes to us from mothers who feel that some time they may need for their own children the benefits of this cot. We have received almost two-thirds of our endowment fund. We hope next month some one will make up what is needed to complete the two thousand dollars.

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Mothers' meeting of St. Luke's Church, second offering,.....   | \$ 7 59   |
| Easter Festival St. Luke's Church, a thank offering from Grace Wild Sitterly, Stockport, N. Y.,..... | 10 00     |
| Receipts for the month,....  | \$ 17 59  |
| Previously acknowledged,.....  | 1954 71   |
| Total Receipts.....  | \$1972 30 |

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

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.

### Delicacies for the Sick.

The Managers of the City Hospital, knowing how dainty the appetites of the sick often are, and how important it is that simple, nourishing food should be properly prepared for them, have availed themselves of the services of Miss Dewey, who is skilled in the culinary art, and who has had charge of the Cooking School at the Industrial School, and she is now at the Hospital giving instructions to the nurses who are in the Training School.

We were present when they received their first lesson, and were initiated into the mysteries of cornmeal, oatmeal and farina gruels, baked and frosted potatoes and snow pudding. The gruels were very delicate and the snow pudding quite tempting, and we feel sure our sick friends and those who in future are to be cared for by the trained nurses will be benefited by Miss Dewey's instructions.

### A Good Example.

A letter recently received from a lady in Salem, Mass., informs us of some valuable bequests that have recently been made to the benevolent societies of that place. She writes:

"Within the last two months several of our neighbors have passed away. Captain Bertram has left very large sums of money to several of our societies; to the Old Man's Home, one hundred and eight thousand dollars; to the Children's Friend Society, forty thousand."

We are so anxious to have our Hospital more liberally endowed, to have a Child's Ward and a pavilion for infectious diseases, that we would be glad to see some Rochester citizens imitating the munificent liberality of the Salem merchant.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,  
Will find the healing that his spirit needs,  
For every flower in others' pathway thrown  
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

We publish in this issue of the *Review* the form of Deed as approved by the Trustees, given to those who endow a Ward or Bed in the in Hospital:

|                                       |                |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| Naming of the Large Wards.....        | \$10,000 each. |
| "    end Wards.....                   | 5,000 "        |
| "    small Wards.....                 | 3,000 "        |
| "    Private Rooms.....               | 2,000 "        |
| "    a Bed in a Ward.....             | 500 "          |
| For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room   | 7,000          |
| "    Perpetual Bed in a Ward....      | 5,000          |
| "    Bed during the lives of 2 donors | 4,000          |
| "    Bed in a Private Ward for a year | 300            |
| "    Bed in a General Ward for a year | 200            |

This Indenture, made this — day of — A. D., 1881, between "The Rochester City Hospital," a body corporate under Chapter 233 of the Laws of 1847, and the acts amendatory thereof, of the first part, and — of the second part, witnesseth: That in consideration of the sum of — dollars paid into the permanent fund of said Hospital by the party of the second part, the party of the first part hereby agrees and covenants that such name or inscription as the party of the second part may designate, duly inscribed on a metal or stone tablet, shall be attached to such bed or portion as said party of the second part may designate then being unendowed, which portion of said Hospital shall bear such name or inscription, publicly affixed to it for all time to come; and said bed or portion shall be known by such name, in the clinical and other records of said Hospital, whenever reference is made to said bed or portion. And the said party of the first part, by this instrument doth further covenant and agree with the party of second part, that in case of damage or destruction of said Hospital by fire or other causes, and in case the same is repaired or rebuilt, the same portion, or an equivalent portion, of such Hospital structure as shall subsequently be erected, shall bear, and continue to bear said name or inscription, by which it shall be known.

The above fund being created by party of the second part with the design of maintaining a perpetual free bed in said Hospital, said party of the first part binds itself and its successors, not only to maintain such name or inscription, but also for the maintenance, the nursing, the medical and surgical care of the occupant of said free bed. Permission is hereby also given to party of second part to determine; and

he shall have the right to determine who shall be the occupant of said free bed at all times; and said party of second part may will, devise or bequeath such control of said free bed; provided, however, that the said party of the first part shall have the right to the use of said bed whenever the same shall be actually vacant. And on failure of the party of the first part to perform and fulfill said conditions or any part thereof, they, their successors or assigns, will pay to party of second part, his heirs, next of kin, personal representatives or assigns, the whole principal sum contributed on said conditions, to wit: — dollars on demand.

In witness whereof, parties of first part have caused these presents to be signed by their President, and their corporate seal to be hereto affixed, the day and year first above written.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }  
COUNTY OF MONROE, } ss.  
CITY OF ROCHESTER, }

On this — day of — 1881, to me personally known, came before me who being by me sworn, did say that he resides in the city of Rochester, and is President of the Rochester City Hospital and of its Board of Directors; that the seal affixed to the following instrument is the corporate seal of said Hospital and Board, and was thereto affixed by order of said Board of Directors, at a meeting thereof, duly convened; and that he signed the same as President of said Hospital and said Board of Directors, by virtue of a like order of said Board of Directors.

## Monthly Report.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| 1882. Apl. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 105 |        |
| Received during month..                     | 47     |
| Births, .....                               | 3—155  |
| Deaths, .....                               | 3      |
| Discharged, .....                           | 56— 59 |
| Remaining May 1st, 1882, ..                 | 96     |

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. E. V. Stoddard, 26 South Washington Street.

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 7, 1882, of consumption, Edward I. Hubbard, aged 23 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 10, 1882, of diabetes, John Meade, aged 76 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April, 25, 1882, of disease of the kidneys, Oscar E. Harris, aged 46 years.

## Donations.

St. Paul's Church—Easter Flowers.  
St. Luke's Church—Easter Flowers.  
S. B. Macy—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Riggs—Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. Perkins—Canned Fruit.  
Mrs. Newman—Old Cotton.  
Miss Hall—Old Linen.  
Mrs. Montgomery—Old Cotton.  
Friend—Harper's Magazines.  
Mr. Carr—Books.

## Donation on Bills.

J. L. Stewart, on painting, ..... \$10 62  
H. J. Howe & Co., on scales ..... 5 00  
Cash for Child's Cot, from mother's meeting, St. Luke's Church, ..... 7 59  
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

## Receipts for the Review,

FOR APRIL, 1882.

Miss D. Cossett—By Miss Pixley, ..... 62  
J. T. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, for Mrs. E. Bronson, East Avon, 50 cents; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Benton, 62 cents; Mrs. D. L. Coville, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chace, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. K. Daggs, 62 cents; Miss M. J. Daniell, 62 cents; Miss E. Harris, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Rev. Peter Ritter, 62 cents; Mrs. I. Smith, 62 cts.; Mrs. T. H. Turpin, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Upton, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. E. A. Wood, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Ward, 62 cts.—By Collector, \$14 15  
Alling & Cory, E. H. Davis, A. W. Mudge, Dwight Palmer, C. F. Paine & Co., Joseph Schleyer, Smith, Perkins & Co., C. B. Woodworth & Sons, Woodbury, Morse & Co., each \$5.00; Mechanics' Savings Bank, \$15.00 for advertisement—By Mrs. S. W. Updike ..... 60 00  
Mrs. Israel Smith—By Treasurer, ..... 62

## The Morning Psalm.

"Read us a psalm, my little one."  
An untired day had just begun,  
And ere the city's rush and roar  
Came pressing through the closed home-door,  
The family was hushed to hear  
The youngest child, in accents clear,  
Read from the Book. A moment's space  
The morning look died from each face,—  
The sharp, keen look, that goes to meet  
Opposing force, nor brooks defeat.

"I will lift up mine eyes," she read,  
"Unto the hills." Who was afraid?  
What had that psalm of pilgrim life  
To do with all our modern strife?  
"Behold, He that doth Israel keep  
Shall neither slumber, nor shall sleep;  
The Lord thy keeper is, and He  
Thy shade on thy right hand shall be;  
The sun by day shall not thee smite,  
The moon shall hurt thee not by night."

And the child finished the old psalm;  
And those who heard grew strong and calm;  
The music of the Hebrew words  
Thrilled them like sweet remembered chords,  
And brought the heights of yesterday  
Down to the lowlands of to-day,  
And seemed to lend to common things  
A mystery as of light and wings;  
And each one felt, in gladsome mood,  
All life was beautiful and good.

Then forth, where duty's clarion call  
Was heard, the household hastened all.  
In crowded haunts of busy men  
To toil with book, or speech, or pen.  
To meet the day's demands with skill,  
And bear and do, and dare and will,  
As they must who are in the strife  
And strain and stress of modern life  
And would succeed, but who yet hold  
Honor of higher worth than gold.

These are the days of peace, we say,  
Yet fiercest fights are fought to-day;  
And those who formed that household band  
Had need of strength that they might stand  
In firmness and unruffled calm;  
But sweetly did their morning psalm,  
Amid the clamor loud, and long,  
Like echo of a once-loved song,  
Rise in their hearts and make them strong.

At close of day they meet again,  
And each had known some touch of pain,  
Some disappointment, loss or care,

Some place of stumbling, or some snare :  
 "And yet the psalm is true," said they,  
 The Lord preserveth us alway.  
 His own were safe in days of yore,  
 And from this time, and evermore,  
 If skies be bright or skies be dim,  
 He keepeth all who trust in Him."

—[MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.]

### Colors in the Wrong Place.

Daniel Webster had a hard struggle to get through college. He often walked from home to Hanover to save a stage fare. But one winter vacation he was unusually elated. A neighbor, going that way in a sleigh, offered him a ride, and his mother had just completed a suit of homespun, which she dyed with great care. Daniel was happy, and amused his neighbor with racy anecdotes of college life.

But trouble was at hand. They came to a stream where the bridge had been swept away by a flood. A ford seemed to offer a safe passage. Suddenly, however, the sleigh sank, and Daniel found himself up to his armpits in water. The horse, by a violent leap, jerked the sleigh out of the hole, and they reached the opposite bank. Daniel's wet clothes soon became a garment of ice.

They drove rapidly to a house, and Daniel requested the privilege of a bed to lie in while his clothes were drying. In due time the clothes were dry, and the half-frozen boy was made comfortable. But one misfortune could not be rectified. The colors so carefully put into the clothes by the loving mother had been transferred to Daniel's body. He regretted that he had not followed his usual custom of walking, as the gratuitous sleighride was too expensive for a poor boy.

### Variety in Your Food.

There is no one standard for food applicable to all persons, whether as to kind of food or quantity. Our tastes are more or less a matter of education. A taste educated in one direction revolts at a taste educated in another. Tomatoes, now almost universally used in this country, were rejected with loathing a generation ago.

The French, who led off in eating frog-flesh, are now eating horse-flesh—their

taste for the latter having been developed during the exigencies of the siege of Paris. The English have, heretofore, turned with disgust from corn (maize), which is a very staff of life in this country, and, in some of its forms of cooking, a delicious favorite.

It might be well for men generally to have their tastes broadened. Some persons are altogether too nice and narrow in their preferences for food. It should be remembered that unused functions tend towards complete cessation. For instance, one of the best preservatives against consumption is in the ability of the stomach to digest fat; but the power to digest it may be lost by long disuse, the glands ceasing to secrete the necessary fluid.

So, too, the quantity of food eaten by different persons varies. One man, in good health, too, and in the same surroundings, would be killed by what is essential to the health of another. A hard-worker in the open air would starve if restricted to what amply suffices for the man whose employment is in-doors and sedentary.

Life could not be sustained in the arctic zone without immense quantities of heat-producing food. An Esquimaux will eat daily from twelve to fifteen pounds of meat, one-third of it fat. He generates so much internal heat that he always throws off his coat in his hut, where the temperature ranges from freezing down to zero, with an outside temperature from 30° to 70° below the latter point.

### Carrier Pigeons as Doctors' Messengers.

The "Medical Record" has the following: A physician of Erie, Pa., is training homing pigeons for use in his practice. Some of his young birds, put upon the road to make records for distance, have made very good time, namely, fifty miles in ninety minutes, sixty-six miles in eighty-two minutes. Homing pigeons are largely used by country physicians, both here and abroad. One doctor in Hamilton County, N. Y., used them constantly in his practice, extending over nearly two townships, and considers them an almost invaluable aid. After visiting a patient, he sends the necessary prescription to his dispensary by pigeon; also any other advice or instruction the case or situation may demand.

He frequently also leaves pigeons at places from which he wishes reports of progress to be dispatched at specified times, or at certain crises. He says he is enabled to attend to a third more business at least through the time saved to him by the use of pigeons. In critical cases he is able to keep posted by hourly bulletins from the bedside between daylight and nightfall, and he can recall cases after cases where lives have been saved that must have been lost if he had been obliged to depend upon ordinary means of conveying information.—*Homing Pigeons.*

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be.—[*Luther Norris.*]

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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

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Butts' Block, south entrance, over 6 State Street.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

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I have just received, from direct Importations, a large quantity of

## White Goods,

—SUCH AS—

|                             |                   |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Figured Swiss,              | Dotted Swiss,     |
| Plaid Swiss,                | Plain Swiss,      |
| Carreau de Decca,           | Linon de Decca,   |
| Check Nainsooks,            | Plaid Nainsooks,  |
| Stripe Nainsooks,           | Plain Nainsooks,  |
| Victoria Plaids,            | Victoria Stripes, |
| Plain Victoria Lawns,       | French Organdie,  |
| Figured Marseilles,         | French Nainsook,  |
| Persian Lawn,               | India Mousalline, |
| White and Colored Tarltons, |                   |
| White and Colored Terry.    |                   |

ALL OF THE ABOVE GOODS

ARE NOW ON SALE.

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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. XVIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1882.

No. 11

## Twilight Musings.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,  
With spirit troubled and vexed,  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half wearily setting  
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the building,  
The work some day to be tried ;  
And that only the gold and the silver,  
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done,  
And even when trying most truly  
The meagre success I had won ;

"It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"  
I said: "It will all be burned—  
This useless fruit of the talents  
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve him,  
And sometimes I know I have tried ;  
But I am sure when he sees such building  
He will never let it abide."

Just then I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eyes caught an odd little bungle  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes,  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me ;  
I knew 'twas the best she could do ;  
But oh ! what a botch she had made it—  
The gray mismatching the blue.

And yet—can you understand it?

With a tender smile and a tear,  
And a half compassionate yearning,  
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
"Art thou tenderer for the little child  
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew his meaning,  
So full of compassion and love,  
And my faith came back to its refuge,  
Like the glad returning dove.

## The Old Time and the New.

BY WILLIAM S. FALLS.

On the 14th of May, 1838, the writer of this first set foot in Rochester, which was then a pleasant little city of only 20,000 inhabitants. At that time the old rough-cast building on the corner of Main and Water streets, on the site of the elegant structure now in course of erection, by Cox & Brother, was about as fair in appearance as any on Main street, except Reynolds' Arcade and the old Eagle Tavern.

In that year the rough-cast building was occupied by Hooker & Bunnell as a grocery and liquor store—Reuben, always with a merry twinkle in his eye, attending to the duties of the store, while his partner, Horace Hooker, looked after matters pertaining to freight down at Carthage. At that time horse cars were used in passing goods and passengers between the Landing and the city—William Hubbard having charge of the latter department.

The old distillery, or what remains of it, may be seen in going down the roadway leading to Brewer's Landing. In those early days it was the ambition of both Charlotte and Carthage to

outstrip Rochester in the strife for civic honors and become a city; but— Rochester won the race!

Subsequently, Austin Stewart, a popular colored man, opened a grocery on this corner, but being impressed with the desire to improve the condition of his race, he devoted most of his time to lecturing, leaving his daughters in charge of his store. He finally abandoned the grocery business and removed to Canandaigua, where he wrote a history of his life and adventures, which went through several editions at the old Democrat office of A. Strong & Co. Stewart was a person of splendid physique, being over six feet in stature. He enjoyed the esteem of all good citizens for his uprightness and fair dealing. He died in Canandaigua.

In 1842, the old rough-cast building was taken down by Patrick Kearney and Patrick Doyle, old and respected citizens, who erected the block which has just been demolished. While blasting for the foundation an episode occurred. On a certain day it rained heavily and the laborers had been dismissed for the time. At about noon, a number of persons, in passing to dinner, observed a gentleman at the bottom of the excavation, with an umbrella over his head, apparently searching for something. It turned out to be Professor Dewey—who had availed himself of the absence of the workmen, to procure some rare geological specimens which he was confident could be found there. The professor was an ardent admirer of this science, and it was said that on former occasions he had actually traversed both the east and west sides of the river, from the city to the lake, in its pursuit.

The Kearney & Doyle building was erected chiefly for the occupation of Brittin & Wilder, and the south west side was fitted up as a dry goods store for that firm, who carried on business there five or six years. From this old firm six other firms have originated, from time to time, as changes become necessary, on account of death or other circumstances, leaving the present well known establishment of A. S. Mann & Co. on State Street, as the sole survivors of Brittin & Wilder, which had its origin on the corner of Main and Water streets 44 years ago.

John G. Parker, a prominent Canadian Patriot, established a grocery in the south east corner. It was at the time one of the most complete stores of the kind on the east side of the river. The upper story of the building was used as a public hall, and was known as "Monroe Hall."

Before the inauguration of the Washingtonian

temperance movement in this city, by Pollard and Wright, two "reformed drunkards," of Baltimore, Maryland, the hall was occupied every Sunday night in the discussion of matters pertaining to this question. A large number of our most respected citizens were in the habit of meeting there regularly. Among them we call to mind the venerable Lindley Murray Moore, William C. Bloss, and Charles A. Jones; George Dawson, then editor of the "Daily Democrat;" Joseph D. Husbands, Judge Asa W. Fanning, General A. W. Reilly, and a host of other worthies, who oftentimes caused the walls of old "Monroe Hall" to reverberate with their eloquence.

But the splendid building of Cox & Brother is rapidly assuming shape and beauty, and will soon be able to speak for itself.

Rochester, May 26, 1882.

The following lines were written by Maria Lowell and sent to her friend, Mrs. H. W. Longfellow, to comfort her after the death of one of her children:

### **The Alpine Sheep.**

They in the valley's sheltering care  
 Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,  
 And when the sod grows brown and bare  
 The shepherd strives to make them climb  
 To airy shelves of pasture green  
 That hang along the mountain's side,  
 Where grass and flowers together lean,  
 And down through mists the sunbeams slide;  
 But nought can tempt the timid things  
 The steep and rugged path to try,  
 Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,  
 And seared below the pastures lie,—  
 Till in his arms their lambs he takes  
 Along the dizzy verge to go,  
 Then heedless of the rifts and breaks  
 They follow on o'er rock and snow.  
 And in those pastures lifted fair,  
 More dewy soft than lowland mead,  
 The shepherd drops his tender care,  
 And sheep and lambs together feed.

He who puts a bad construction on a good act reveals his own wickedness of heart.

When a man is climbing the ladder of fame he likes rounds of applause.

## A Visit to Walsall, Sister Dora's Home.

BY REV. W. L. GAGE, D. D., HARTFORD, CONN.

Although more than 500,000 copies of the Life of Sister Dora were printed and sold in the United States alone, none of our countrymen, with the exception of a family from Baltimore, are on record at the Walsall Hospital, as having visited the place where that wonderful woman wrought and died, till the first day of September of this year, when my wife and I turned aside to see the hallowed spot. The train bore us swiftly from Kenilworth to Birmingham; then a change of carriages, and some twenty miles further came Walsall, a city of some 60,000 people, nearly all of whom are engaged directly or remotely in the business of making or selling saddles.

I had supposed that Walsall would be found a most offensive city; one almost unbearable for even a night's stay; but it is not so; it is by no means so smoky as I had thought it to be; it has at least two excellent inns; and it is at worst but a bustling, busy, wideawake place, with few palatial houses, few striking churches or public buildings; and a great many reasonably large brick factories for the production of saddles. There are, of course, but few fine shops, and I suspect that when the Walsall ladies want to buy their finest goods, they step into a train and run over to Birmingham, about twenty miles away. But it is not a distressingly disagreeable city, and after spending an evening and a forenoon in it, I thought it not unlike one of our own American manufactory towns, which, while not the fairest, perhaps, of all our scenes, are certainly among the most lively, most progressive and most worthy of study. And so we did not have to commiserate Sister Dora as much as we expected, for having had to live in Walsall. Of course there is not much of what is called "society;" rather a plebeian sort of a place, of course; but a grand home for such a worker as was the consecrated woman whose name was so precious to us.

We had no fear that Sister Dora's great fame would shrivel under our touch; but we had not dreamed that it would be found to be even more strongly compacted than Miss Lonsdale had pictured it. We talked with porters and policemen;

we visited shop after shop, making trifling purchases for the purpose of having an occasion to talk about Sister Dora; we spent the evening with the physician who was her adviser, her friend, and the one only person who knew the whole history of her secret and dangerous disease; we visited the Cottage Hospital and had most pleasant interviews with Sister Ellen, the successor of Sister Dora in the post of matron; and from no one did we receive an impression that the character of the departed one had been overrated, in respect of consecration, efficiency, good sense, mother wit, pleasantry, and the rarest sympathy. People criticise some things in Sister Dora, if they only read the life; but I noticed that she was not criticised in Walsall. There she is almost canonized as a saint. In the church of St. Mary, where she worshiped, a memorial window has been placed in her honor; for it was the record of this church who was her trusted and devoted friend. She was buried close by the chapel in the new Walsall cemetery, for it was her wish that her body should be placed as near as possible to the place where she loved to go and pray, where those whom she had nursed to the end had come to the close of their painful lives; and over her grave stands a stone cross on which are engraved the simple lines:

SISTER DORA  
 Entered into rest  
 Dec. 25, 1879.

The grave lies on a sloping hillside and looks across to the gentle acclivity on which stands the new hospital, which Sister Dora never saw, but which stands by the side of the humble building where she wrought so faithfully. The new hospital is one of the best planned that I have ever seen; not large, of course, but combining all improvements, and under the intelligent supervision of Sister Ellen and the physician, who was Sister Dora's best friend. In the director's room is a full length portrait of Sister Dora, who was a woman of noble presence, and strikingly beautiful features. It would be worth the while of a leisurely tourist from Liverpool to London to turn aside at Birmingham merely to see this portrait and to have an interview with the benignant lady who now rules over the house with a hand at once gentle and firm. I have within the past few days received a

letter from Sister Ellen, telling me that a Convalescent Home is to be erected at Stafford, as a memorial of Sister Dora, and that Miss Lonsdale devotes the proceeds of the "Life" to this gracious charity. She suggests, as there is no copyright on this book, that if any admirers of Sister Dora would like to help in their work, and would send such gifts as they may wish, it would be a very pleasant circumstance to have Americans associated in the work. I should be glad to forward to Sister Ellen any sums which readers of this article may desire to contribute; and it would be indeed one of the little acts of charity to which I would gladly give attention, should readers send to me, in small gifts or large, what they might like to have used in England as a memorial of Sister Dora.

I have before me as I write a photograph of this noble woman, and it is like the one in the volume bearing her name, and the little ten cent pamphlet of the Seaside Library, which contained every word of the dollar book. In my hall stands a cane of orange wood, which came into my hands from a man who was for five months a patient of Sister Dora's, and I wish I could print the enthusiasm with which he spoke of her. But it is impossible; and equally hard is it to convey the tones of love and reverence with which all conditions and classes recalled her virtues and her self-forgeful labors. I think that the happiest day of my four months' journey the last summer, was the one spent in Walsall, for it brought me into communion with one who, in the truest sense, was a heroine; who had been, in the highest sense of the word, an exemplification of the triumph of Christian living, and whose name and virtues are embalmed the most securely in the memories of those who knew her best.

**AN APPROPRIATE PRAYER.**—All churchgoers may profitably pray this prayer, offered by a South Sea Islander just as the meeting was breaking up:

"O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded away in a box till another Sabbath comes round. Rather, let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death."

## The Age of Paper.

When the Japanese made paper garments that would wash, and the Americans turned out paper car wheels that would outwear iron ones and be superior in every other respect, it was thought the last stage in progress in paper working had been reached; but these devices were early discoveries in the art. It has pushed away beyond them now. It is true that the world still regards paper car wheels with curiosity not unmixed with incredulity, but they are being adopted rapidly by the railroads, and many a scoffer has ridden hundreds of miles over paper car wheels without knowing it. An iron car wheel is good for 200,000 miles; then it must be taken out and recast; it may not be worn out, but it is unsafe, its "life" is gone, and there is no telling how soon it will fly to pieces. A paper wheel, formed by the compression of sheets of paper under enormous pressure, into a solid disk, with a thin steel tire, will run 2,400,000 miles. The tire is considered necessary for smooth running, but the wheel can go without it, and if the tire flies off during a run, the train speeds on its destination without stopping to repair damages. Paper wheels will not crack in frosty weather, or break on meeting an obstacle, as when the train runs off the track. Many an accident has owed all its importance to the breaking of a wheel, which has converted into a general catastrophe what would otherwise have been a comparatively harmless derailment.

After this exhibition of its qualities, the reader will be prepared to believe that paper can be made very hard, but scarcely for the statement that it can be made to resist any cutting tools except a diamond. It can be made so hard that steel will not cut it. Paper tubs and buckets are articles in common use, but how many people know that they can be made to hold fire as well as water; so that they can neither be soaked nor burned, and moreover cannot be broken? All the pots and pans in the kitchen, and, for that matter, the range and bath-boiler too, can be made of paper; so can the heavy dishes in the kitchen cupboard, and the fine ones on the dining table. Paper plates are said to be handsomer, as well as much cheaper, than the china ones, and the most destructive "help" cannot break them. Even

the knives and forks can be made of paper, and be kept sharp and serviceable.

In a word (it is the word of an exhibitor at the late Louisville display,) a house can be built entirely of paper, from foundation stone to cap shingle, and it will last forever. It can be furnished throughout with paper. Pulp imitations of black walnut are harder and take a better polish than the wood itself, and the furniture made of them will last longer, besides being only a fraction of the weight; an item that will be appreciated by housekeepers, whose muscles are strained in the process of sweeping and dusting, which always involves moving furniture. The same exhibitor declared his ability to build and fit out a printing office, from type to press complete, all of paper, and even to construct the operating steam engine of the same material. The enthusiastic gentleman does not give any figures to show the tensile strength of his paper substitutes for wood and iron, but he gives us to understand inferentially that it is very great. One cannot build a house without putting an enormous strain on its supporting parts, and if paper beams can be made to sustain a burden equal to that which would be imposed on wooden ones, a great economical problem is on the verge of solution. The disappearance of our forests and the growing scarcity of timber in consequence have been troubling political economists for a great many years. The rapid approach of a time when timber would become more costly than iron was clearly indicated; but if a working substitute can be found in paper the loss of timber will not be severely felt, nor will the waste go on so rapidly.

Paper has some manifest advantages over wood; one of which is its great lightness, involving less labor in construction and less cost in transportation; another is the ease with which it can be worked, being molded instead of carved, and consequently running less to waste in preparation, and a third is its great cheapness of production. The supply of material for paper-making is inexhaustible, since the variety of sources from which it can be obtained is only equalled by the variety of uses to which it can be put, and if it can be substituted for wood in only a few of the mechanic arts and a few departments of housekeeping and domestic economy, a desirable revolution

will have been effected in more directions than one. If paper products, cheaper, handsomer, more convenient and more durable than the wooden ones we have been accustomed to, can be substituted for the latter, the change will mark a not unimportant forward step in the world's progress.—[*Philadelphia Bulletin*.]

### He Leads Us On.

He leads us on,

By paths we did not know,  
Upward he leads us, though our steps are slow,  
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day;  
Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on

Through the unquiet years;  
Past all our dream-land, hopes, and doubts, and fears  
He guides our steps. Thro' all the tangled maze  
We know his will is done;  
And still he leads us on.

And He at last,

After the weary strife—  
After the restless fever we call life,  
After the weariness and aching pain—  
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain  
After all our toils are past,  
Will give us rest at last.

Among the powerful agencies for good stands prominent the hospital work of Canton under the able direction of Dr. J. G. Kerr. During the past year more than sixteen thousand patients have been treated, many of them coming from long distances, and returning to their villages often healed in body and soul. Some of the most difficult cases have been successfully treated. A physician who witnessed a recent operation, informed me that Dr. Kerr's ability in any city in America would speedily bring him a fortune. For twenty years he has given himself with little interruption to the noble work, healing the sick, removing ignorance by the preparation of medical works, and by regular instruction to a promising class of medical students. Few men have accomplished more for missions, or deserve more the gratitude of the entire Church.

## Days of Mourning.

Long, still, colorless days stretching out from *that* day. They seem to fill all space, all time. "It is not living," said Madame Bunsen; "it is waiting, moored to one point of time."

It is not living, yet how the ceaseless shuttle flies—conjecture, hope, fear, remembrance, flashing through the warp of the daily, lower life, which goes automatically, noisily on! It is not living, yet how quickened is every nerve to every touch, to every voice, to all the novelties and incongruities, the humors even—grim, heart-breaking humors of grief! How keen is our introspective glance!

Be a little lenient with yourself dear heart, in these hard days. Do not expect too much of yourself. Do not search too sharply and despair if you do not find overcoming faith, definite hope, ready submission. Lie still, lie still. After awhile you will begin to guess the patient tenderness of the arms in which you lie.

"They ask me if I can trust," said one stricken by a heavy blow. "I do not know. I search my heart, but—no, I am afraid I do not even trust." Then came one wiser than them all, her white-haired pastor. "Dear child," he said, "you lie here quietly on this bed. You are not afraid of falling? You think the bed is strong?" "Yes." "You think the floor is strong, the foundations of the house firm. You do not stop to question about it. You lie down. Just so your soul may be resting upon God, though you are not conscious of an act of trust."

Be much with nature. "A great remedy lies therein." We cannot bear a spoken word. We turn, it may be, even from a sacred, written Word. But we can let the sunshine fall upon our head. We cannot refuse its silent benediction. No mother so healthful as nature. She is so human in her moods, yet how unrelenting they are with patient strength! There is rest in her slow, great purpose, her sure fulfillment. And she may become our schoolmaster, to lead us to Him whose slower, grander, more silent purposes include and overrule hers.

Anniversaries are days of dread to the sufferer. The best way is to make them blessing days to others—Sabbaths of the heart, set apart to loving service. Many a life has such a sacred, secret calendar

indicated only by sweet words and golden deeds. You do not suspect why that lonely man gives his gift to some noble end to-day rather than to-morrow. There is One who knows. The children do not guess why their mother kisses them with unusual tenderness on such a night, and lingers longer in the nursery talking of their little joys and sorrows, defeats and victories. It is the night that little Joanna died, whom they never knew.

Learn, above all, as soon as you can, to take without shrinking all the little pleasures that may come. Be sure they will not violate that silent temple where you and sorrow sit. Let even the laugh come as soon as it will. God knows it does not come from a very deep well, but let it come. The great joys are gone—yes, I know that—postponed, but there are little pleasures still; cups of cold water held out to us. Let us learn to take them with simple thankfulness. Guizot, that deep-hearted, broad-minded man who had suffered during his long life as only the strong can suffer, wrote in his latest years to a friend: "Time will teach you, as it has taught me, not to despise joys of a secondary kind. There are depths in the ocean which the sun's rays that illumine and warm its surface can never illumine. So it is with our minds after certain blows. Nevertheless, I can enjoy the sun."

No human life is so strong, so inspiring as that of one who waits with patient cheeriness.—[*Christian Union*.]

## Thimbles.

The thimble is a Dutch invention, that was first brought to England, in 1695, by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words *thumb* and *bell*, being for a long time called *thumbbell*, and only lately thimble. Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumb; but we can scarcely conceive how they would be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory, and even pearl and glass have all been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China that were exquisitely carved of pearl, and

bound with gold, and the end also of gold. These pearl thimbles are quite as costly and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. Usually there is a pearl sheathe for the scissors, and a dainty needle-book of pearl edged with gold to accompany the thimble, and the whole is inclosed in an exquisite little pocket case shaped like a box, and bound in satin and pearl.

A thimble owned by the queen-consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country, and almost everything about the court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people.

In Naples, very pretty thimbles composed of Lava from Mount Vesuvius are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, being, from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken. I have heard also of thimbles made of asphaltum from the Dead Sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under which General Washington stood when taking command of the United States Army in July, 1775; but I do not suppose that any of these were ever intended to be used in sewing.

In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. Pieces of very thin sheet iron are cut into discs about two inches in diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are stuck by means of a punch, into a succession of holes of gradually increasing in depth, to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented, around its outer surface, with tiny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation, then tempered, scoured, and brought to a blue color. After all this is completed a thin sheet of gold

is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by a mandral, while gold leaf is attached firmly by pressure to the outside, the edges being seamed in a small groove made to receive them. This completes the operation, and turns out a very beautiful thimble that will last for years. The steel used in its construction will scarcely wear out in a long lifetime, and the gold, if worn away, is easily replaced.—[*Golden Hours*.]

### Royal Education.

It is not an easy thing to be a king or queen. It is not "all money and honey" as many people imagine from having learned in their childhood that

"The king was in the parlor counting out his money ;

The queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey."

In troublous countries a whim of the people may cost the monarch his head. Even in the most peaceful kingdoms rulers are loaded with cares which an ordinary person never dreams of. The mere education of a prince or princess is enough to make a restless youngster, who dislikes school, glad that he is never to sit upon a throne.

The boys of a royal family are not only taught the common branches, but they must become well versed in history, in military tactics and all points of law and government. They must also make themselves masters of several foreign languages. The girls' education differs little from the boys'.

Queen Marguerita of Italy is a well educated lady. That her early training was careful and complete is apparent from her various accomplishments. Her knowledge of other tongues is quite remarkable. A correspondent of the *Providence Journal* describes a presentation to her as follows :

"Here assembled those who were to be presented to the Queen, about one hundred in number. The ladies, with the gentlemen of their parties, took seats around three sides of the salon each nationality being grouped by itself, whilst the fourth side was occupied by the "detached" men, who had come without ladies.

Suddenly we heard a whisper of "La

Reginald" and all rose. She appeared, followed by two ladies-in-waiting and looking charming.

The Queen is a wonderful linguist, and moved from group to group, talking to each in his own language.

Her Majesty was most affable and asked us, "Did we enjoy Rome? had we done much sight-seeing? were we fond of music and did we go often to the opera?" etc., quite as easily as if her rank had not been so exalted; and then, with a smile and a bow, to which we responded by deep courtesies, she passed on to the next group.

Every one was obliged to stand whilst the Queen was present, and it was fully an hour and a half before she had made the entire circuit of the room and disappeared, with a final general salutation.

### Amen.

A word of encouragement does much good. An exchange tells how a little child helped extinguish a fire by encouraging his brothers; thus showing that no one is too weak to stimulate good deeds, though he may not have the strength to do them:

Mr. Van Stoke and wife, being called from home, left their three sons, whose respective ages were twelve, ten and six years, to "keep house." During the parents' absence the mantel over the fireplace took fire, and the fire was extinguished by the boys, before it did much harm. On his return the father, learning the danger to which his home and children had been exposed, turned to the eldest and asked,—

"Well, George, what did you do?"

"Oh, I got up in a chair and poured water on."

"And what did you do, Frank?" he said to his second son.

"I handed George the pail."

"Now, what did Artie do?" asked the father of his little pet.

"I said 'amen,' papa, and it put the fire out."

"Good the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows."

—[*Milton*.]

Sometimes it is well enough not to speak your mind, but to mind your speak.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1882.

### In Memoriam.

Last month, two of the honored officers of the City Hospital, who at its dawning gave promise of many years of usefulness, were suddenly called hence, almost before tidings of their danger reached us. But they were ready for their summons, and each found a welcome waiting on the other side of the river, from a parent who but a short time before had crossed the stream.

Mr. James Vick, for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the City Hospital, died on the 16th of May, having been suddenly prostrated by pneumonia. Few men in our city were more widely known and respected than Mr. Vick, whose Christian character and activities made him a most invaluable member of the First Methodist Church of this city. Throughout our country as well as in foreign lands, his name is associated with floriculture. The largest funeral procession that ever entered Mt. Hope testified to the respect and love in which he was held in our community, and meet it was that Flora's high priest should be laid to rest on a bed of flowers.

In the early morning, on the twenty-seventh of May, Mrs. Julia Hills, wife of George E. Mumford, left us. So sudden was the call that, before her loved ones from a neighboring state could reach her, her spirit had left its earthly tenement. There was no time for partings and benedictions, but the memory of a blessed life, fragrant with maternal faithfulness and love is the rich heritage of her children. With her feet anchored on the "*firm foundation*," provided for "*the saints of*

*the Lord*" when she read her critical condition in the anxious face of a beloved physician, faith enabled her at once calmly to respond to the summons, and in the prime of womanhood, with strong earthly ties to bind her and with bright hopes for the future, she cheerfully passed the portal. Love and refinement, culture and wealth, laid their tributes at her feet, and for months skilled workmen had been remodelling and beautifying her earthly home, but before their labors were ended she took possession of her heavenly heritage in one of the "many mansions" prepared for her by a loving Savior.

For six years Mrs. Mumford has been an active member of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital. At the Donation Festivals and in collecting and distributing the Mite Boxes, she has rendered most efficient and acceptable service. Her associates will greatly miss her wise counsels and helping hand.

To the families made desolate by these sudden bereavements, we tender our Christian sympathy, and we trust in their affliction the Comforter will be their abiding guest.

### **A June Morning at the City Hospital.**

The calendar told us it was June, though the chilly breezes were suggestive of March, when last we visited the City Hospital. The backward locust trees waved their leafless branches and gave no visible token of the awakening of spring, but the horse-chestnut and maples in their vernal beauty, the delicate tints of the freshly mown lawn, and the jubilant song of the birds, imparted a cheerful aspect to the Hospital grounds.

A tent pitched on the lawn north of the Male Surgical Ward was occupied by a gentleman whose limb had been amputated above the knee.

In the Male Surgical Ward twenty were

under treatment and four were in the Cross Ward. Six of these were confined to their beds, several of whom were suffering from accidents. One man had fallen and hurt his back and ankle; another had injured his back by a fall in a lumber yard; two had broken legs; one had had his foot and hand hurt by a car; one man had dislocated his shoulder; one man was infirm and aged; another was a paralytic.

The Male Medical Ward was being cleaned, but there was not much confusion about it. Women with their step-ladders, pails, and scrubbing brushes were busy at their work, and three of the nurses were serving dinner to the fifteen patients who took their meals in the Ward. There are twenty-one in this department, only six of whom go to the Ward dining table. The sickest person under treatment here was one convalescing from an attack of pneumonia, three were victims of consumption, two were eye patients. One man had dislocated his jaw, had his face bandaged and could take no solid food. There were no fever patients. Two consumptives had died the past month; the cancer patient was no better; three of the inmates of this Ward were confined to their cots. The patients were having for their dinner beef tea, roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy and bread pudding.

The Lower Female Ward looked rather empty, as it was dinner time, and seven of the eighteen patients were in the dining room. The dinner for the others was served on trays and eaten in the Ward. One death had occurred during the month, that of a woman who was only a very short time in the Hospital. One woman had an indolent ulcer, another rheumatism, one paralysis.

In the Upper Female Ward fourteen were under treatment; two were very slowly recovering after the birth of children; one was suffering from inflammation of the bowels, one from paralysis, one

from rheumatism, and one had had a surgical operation. Five were confined to their cots. One baby and its mother were in the Lying-In-Ward. There were no waiting patients.

### The Little Folks.

Two children are just now under Hospital treatment, the one a little colored girl who has been quite sick with inflammation of the peritoneum, who last month we reported as confined to her bed, but who now is up and dressed and on pleasant days is allowed to play on the lawn. The other is the shy little boy with a diseased hip. He goes about on his crutches but we fear he will for some time need Hospital care.

We hope the dear children of Rochester, and others who read our *Review*, will remember on their approaching summer vacation the sick children who so much need nursing and tender care, and contribute in some way to earn money and send it to our endowment fund. We have nearly completed two-thirds of the amount we need to endow one cot. We wish we had two-thirds enough to endow a child's ward.

### Old Cotton.

Our Matron says, "Do beg hard for *Old Cotton*. We are in great and constant need of it."

### 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. E. V. Stoddard, 26 South Washington Street.

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

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 4, 1882, of phthisis pulmonalis, John F. Carroll, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 5, 1882, of phthisis pulmonalis, Peter FitzGerald, aged 38 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 23 1882, of cancer, Adeline Morris, aged 30 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 26, 1882, of tumor, Mrs. Louisa Wallers, aged 43 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 31, 1882, of ———, Thomas F. Haywood, aged 49 years.

### Monthly Report.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| 1882. May 1, No. Patients in Hospital, | 95     |
| Received during month, ..              | 53     |
| Births, .....                          | 0—149  |
| Deaths, .....                          | 5      |
| Discharged, .....                      | 55— 60 |
| Remaining June 1st, 1882, ..           | 89     |

### Donations.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. A. G. Wetmore—Second-hand Clothing,  
 Bedding, Pictorial Papers.  
 Mrs. Kaufman—Pictorial Papers.  
 Mrs. Robert Mathews—Pickles.  
 Mrs. Anson House—Reading Matter, Old Cotton  
 Book Club—Eight Books.  
 Mrs. Osgood—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Eastman—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."  
 Lois Wray—Book for "Child's Cot."  
 Miss Clara Wales—Reading Matter, Old Cotton,  
 quantity Pickles.  
 Central Church, by Wm. Alling—Wine.

### Donated Bills.

West Avenue Street Sprinkling for 1881,  
 cancelled by resolution of Common  
 Council through A. C. McGlathlin,  
 Treasurer ..... \$26 23  
 William S. Falls, on printing, ..... 2 50  
 James Field, on tent, ..... 20 00  
 J. Margrauder, on account, ..... 55  
 Mrs. F. L. Harris, Brooklyn—By Mrs.  
 Mathews, for Training School ..... 5 00  
 Mortgage, for Child's Cot, ..... 15 00

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

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

## Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Lenten Offering from Mrs. W. S. Oliver's children, ..... | 41      |
| Lois Wray, .....   | \$ 1 00 |
| Interest on investment, .....                            | 15 00   |

|                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| Receipts for the month, ....   | \$ 16 41 |
| Previously acknowledged, ..... | 1972 30  |

Total Receipts.....\$1988 71

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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,

FOR MAY, 1882.

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Mrs. K. DeLano—By Mrs. Gilman, .....                     | 62 |
| Mrs. C. Smith, Andover, Mass.—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, ..... | 50 |
| Sale of Papers, .....                                    | 24 |

## The Medical Profession.

There is a wide-spread popular prejudice against the medical profession. This makes the people the ready prey of quacks, and the victims of patent medicines and of the volunteer advice of conceited ignorance. But the profession is among the great needs of our race, and was never so well fulfilling its mission as now. Few realize how it has grown.

A little more than a century ago there was not a medical school in the land. The Revolutionary War, with its military hospitals and demands for surgical knowledge, and the new condition of things that rose out of it, gave a new impulse to medical education.

The Massachusetts Medical Society has just observed its first centennial. Previously to its organization there was no standard of medical education, and no means of knowing the qualifications of candidates for the profession.

Each State now has its State Medical Society, and the annual gathering of these in a National Convention has done much to stimulate every section of the profession and to elevate the whole. Since 1867 seven International Medical Congresses have been held, and the eighth is to be held next August in London.

## The Celestial Pilgrim.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory (hope's true gauge),  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.  
Over the silver mountains,  
Where spring the nectar fountains,  
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,  
And drink my everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill;  
My soul will be a-dry before,  
But after, it will thirst no more,  
Then, by that happy, blissful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparelled fresh, like me.

—[Sir Walter Raleigh.

## Touching.

A child's soul in the act of grand endurance passing out at the pressure of his mother's kiss is a nobler subject than the last scene of "Undine and Sintram." Says a Western exchange:

"A ten-year-old, whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars at Dubuque, Iowa, was too plucky to make any fuss over the incident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain.

"Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor had dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all, and left a tear upon their cheeks.

"A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his arms about her neck, and said,—

"'Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you.'

"With this the little fellow fell back, and as the mother said, 'Yes, my darling,' and took another look at his face, she found him beyond all pain."

A mind that is conscious of its integrity, scorns to say more than it means to perform.

### A Surprised Geologist.

Mrs. Fox tells in her journals this pleasant story about Florence Nightingale, the eminent nurse, who has done so much for the amelioration of human suffering:

Warrington Smyth and Sir Henry de la Beche dined at her father's, and Florence Nightingale sat between them. She began by drawing Sir Henry out on geology, and charmed him by the boldness and breadth of her views, which were not common then. She accidentally proceeded into regions of Latin and Greek, and then our geologist had to get out of it.

She was fresh from Egypt, and began talking with W. Smyth about the inscriptions, etc., where he thought he could do pretty well; but when she began quoting Lepsius, which she had been studying in the original, he was in the same case as Sir Henry.

When the ladies left the room the latter said to him, "A capital young lady that, if she hadn't so floored me with her Latin and Greek!"

### A Factory-Boy.

A boy's circumstances may be hard, but if he wastes his time in complaining, or suffers himself to be paralyzed, he will never get beyond them, as the boy of this story did:

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory-boy, whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton-factory as a "piecer."

He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labor.

But then and there in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education, and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from piecer to a spinning-jenny.

He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end.

He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter.

He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "*I never had a farthing that I did not earn.*"

That boy was Dr. David Livingston.

—[Chatterbox.

### Well Done!

BY REV. THEODORE L. CULYER.

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said the veteran artist, Benjamin West, after he had won fame and hung his pictures in Royal Academies. When she looked at his first boyish sketch she praised it; if she had been a silly or sulky parent she might have said, "Foolish child, don't waste your time on such dabs," and so have quenched the first spark of his ambition. Commendation is a prodigious power in training children. One sentence of honest praise bestowed at the right time is worth a whole volley of scolding. Every body likes to be praised.

When the tough of the struggle comes, a hearty word of encouragement puts new metal into the blood, and carries us over the crisis. All my readers may recall the incident of the gallant fireman who ascended the ladder to rescue the child who was in an upper window of the burning building. When the flames burst into his face he faltered. "Give him a cheer!" shouted a sagacious person in the crowd. A tremendous huzza arose from the whole multitude, and through the flame and smoke he went on until the child was reached and rescued. There is many a boy who has been stunted or soured or spoiled by harsh discouragements.

There is many a grown man also to whom a hearty "Well done!" would have carried him through the pinch and saved him from failure. The sun understands how to raise plants and open flowers at this season of the year; he just smiles on them and kisses them with his warm rays, and they begin to grow and unfold. That master of human nature, Napoleon, knew the value of an approving word, a promotion, or a medal of honor. One of his dying veterans on the battle-field, as he received the grand cross of the "Legion of Honor" from the Emperor's own hands, said, "Now I die satisfied."

*Punch*, in his dictionary, gives the definition of the word conscience: "My rule for another man's conduct."

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| Plaid Swiss,                | Plain Swiss,      |
| Carreau de Decca,           | Linon de Decca,   |
| Check Nainsooks,            | Plaid Nainsooks,  |
| Stripe Nainsooks,           | Plain Nainsooks,  |
| Victoria Plaids,            | Victoria Stripes, |
| Plain Victoria Lawns,       | French Organdie,  |
| Figured Marseilles,         | French Nainsook,  |
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| White and Colored Tarltons, |                   |
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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. XVIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1882.

No. 12.

## The Higher Life.

SUGGESTED BY GERRY'S PICTURE OF "THE LAND  
OF BEULAH."

Past the shadow of the Valley  
Where Apollyon's forces rally,  
Far beyond the Giant's shouting,  
From the gloomy Castle Doubting,  
Pause, O worn and fainting Christian!

You have gained  
Entrance to a land where never  
Sun hath waned.

Day or night it ne'er forsaketh  
Aught its radiant gleam awaketh ;  
And, with never ending singing,  
Lo ! the whole vast plain is ringing !

'Tis the glorious "Land of Beulah,"  
And the Bridegroom is its ruler !  
Bordering on the city golden ;  
See the white winged seraphs holden,  
Here to join in holy converse

With the saint !  
And to breathe sweet words of comfort,  
Lest he faint.

With the dark forebodings dreaded,  
Ere the narrow stream is threaded ;  
Ere the distant, longed for portal  
Opens to the young immortal.

Oh ! the enchanting glimpses given  
In this borderland of Heaven !  
Yonder, where the sunbeams quiver,  
Flows the life-bestowing river ;  
And the rare foundations glisten

In the light  
Till the eager eye is blinded

At the sight.  
And the heart grows sick with longing  
For the richer joys belonging

To the beauteous home Elysian,  
Never kenned by mortal vision.

Ah ! sweet eyes, whose saint-like glances  
Oft my very soul entrances.  
In this Beulah land you've tarried,  
And to hearts without have carried  
Strong assurance of the promised  
Land of rest,

For your far-off look and rapture  
Have confessed

All the glorious earnest given  
To the soul just ripe for heaven—  
Ripe in all the Christian graces,  
And prepared for higher places.

Knowing this, how can I wonder  
That, sometimes, you wish the sunder  
Of clay bonds that clinging tightly  
Hinder us from seeing rightly ?  
Yet, dear heart, I cannot, cannot

Give thee up ;  
Daily do I pray, "O Father !  
Take this cup.

Only this : so bitter measure  
Surely cannot be Thy pleasure.  
Our sad earth doth need such beauty  
To refresh its paths of duty."

Yet, unless my heart can duly  
Trust His love, and utter truly,  
"Not my will, but Thine," forever,  
Well I know that I can never  
Feast with thee in happy foretaste

Of the joy  
Waiting in the home where entereth  
Not annoy.

So I bow in meek submission—  
Praying that the glorious vision,  
And the joys of Thy fair Beulah,  
Mine may be, O gracious Ruler !

—[Congregationalist.]

## "Only an Attendant."

By Helen Pearson Barnard.

It was a question and her own reply that startled the girl. She was at prayer-meeting, a stranger with whom no one had spoken. She did not expect it, however, being only Mary from Mrs. Deacon Kendall's kitchen.

"The best girl we ever had," her mistress said, with this addition: "but it can't last; she'll turn out like the rest."

Mrs. Kendall's help had been very trying; the doings of damsels from Nova Scotia and Ireland would make a volume, amusing to every one except herself. But time went on, and Mary was the same—neat, quiet and industrious. She went to the same church as Mrs. Kendall, once on the Lord's day and twice a week to prayer-meeting. Her mistress knew that the girl had "two evenings out," but how they were spent she cared not, provided that Mary returned at a given hour.

"It is a comfort to have a girl in before 9 o'clock," she often remarked to the deacon, as the back door closed shortly after their return from meeting. Then they would talk of what was said in the place of prayer, Mrs. Kendall deploring the lack of vitality in the church.

"We don't have any new members," she would say. "What is our pastor about? And think of the salary we give him, husband!" This was the extent of Mrs. Kendall's activity in religious matters. She was a Christian, but passive, because she had not learned that she had work to do in disciplining the world.

There was another in that church who will not soon be forgotten; one whom Mrs. Kendall often quoted with admiration, Mrs. Patterson Hooper. She was at the head of many good enterprises; no one could preside over an audience with her queenly repose, or comfort the afflicted with such motherly tenderness. When the nursery where she had spent so many fond hours was tenantless forever and her little ones were laid with the silent, out of that affliction rose her rare Christian character, a monument to God's healing mercy. Henceforth she devoted herself to His service.

Mrs. Hooper soon noticed Mary at the meetings, and pitied her loneliness. "Some one ought to speak with her," she

said. So, as Mary was going home one night, the lady addressed her.

"I am glad to see you here so regularly."

"Thank you, mem." Mary blushed with pleasure at the kindness of the elegant lady. "I spends me two evenings out here, mem; I likes it well."

"I suppose you are a member of the church," continued Mrs. Hooper. "You would not love its services thus if you were only an attendant."

"I'm not a member, mem," Mary hesitated, adding, in a lower tone and as if a new thought had struck her, "I'm only an attendant."

She was hastening on, but the lady gently detained her.

"Are you satisfied with being only an attendant?"

Startled by the earnest question, Mary did not reply. The grave, sweet voice went on. "Does not God call you in every sermon you hear, in each invitation given in this vestry? All this will only add bitterness to your sorrows if you do not repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. The Bible says: 'Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.'"

Somebody wanted Mrs. Patterson Hooper. She asked Mary where she lived, pressed her toil-worn hand with a glance of entreaty, and went away.

Mary's heart was in a tumult. It was as if an angel had beckoned her to a higher life. The vague longings for better things that had led the girl among the good, suddenly became insupportable. "I was easy in me mind before," she said, her honest Nova Scotia face working, "but she's got me all of a fret. I've been worse than the heathen, an' me givin' 'em part of me wage, an' feelin' like as if I ware convertin' the worl'; me! as has set content with me hands folded, hearkening to sermon on sermon a tellin' me my duty?"

Her face was so sad the next day that her mistress asked if she had lost a friend. "There's no one belonging to me, mem. They died before I was old enough to mind it. That saved me the sorrow of partin'—that's a comfort!" The girl tried to speak bravely, but her voice quavered. She was at the point of tears, but Mrs. Kendall passed on much amused at the quaint speech. She dreamed not that her

kitchen maid was an inquirer longing for help, or that, one night later, her soul was born to immortal glory.

Mary hastened to the next prayer-meeting. She longed to tell some one of her joy; perhaps she could get a moment afterward with Mrs. Hooper. But the lady was not there. The pastor spoke of her as being suddenly very ill; some of the brethren prayed for her, calling her "a mother in Israel"; there seemed to be much feeling among the worshipers. The glow faded from Mary's face as she listened; and what if she should never have an opportunity to tell the lady that she had found Christ? When the next day's work was finished, she asked leave to make a call.

"She's beginning to want a third evening out?" said Mrs. Kendall.

Mary went directly to Mrs. Hooper's house. She knocked at a back door. The sad face of the lady who opened it answered Mary's inquiry after the sick one — she was worse.

"I'm Mary, from Mrs. Kendall's, mem. If she's able I'd like to have her know that what she said to the poor workin' girl at prayer-meeting wasn't forgotten. I had to make me peace with God." She accented it strongly, apparently recalling her soul's struggle; then the light broke over her face, and she exclaimed, "and now I'm too happy for anything. I made bold to come for fear she—" Mary's lips trembled, "the dear lady would be gone to glory, and not know what she'd done for me!"

Her listener wept and murmured something about another star in her sister's crown. She said a few helpful words to the new convert, and sent her to the pastor. He was much touched by her story, and her strongly expressed desire to join the church.

"Please God, I'll be no more a mere attendant," she said, "but His child, an' work for Him too, sir, in me humble way!"

Before proposing her as candidate, he called upon her mistress. Mrs. Kendall's amazement was not concealed. She had "no idea that Mary went to our church, or was interested in religious matters!" The pastor's grave surprise was a rebuke that Mrs. Kendall felt. Her eyes were suddenly opened. She censured herself for thinking that the pastor was in fault when few entered the sheep-fold; had not she neglected to gather for Christ in her own vine

yard? The lesson bore fruit in Mrs. Kendall's life.

Mrs. Patterson Hooper died, and there was a great funeral. The girl with whom she had spoken at prayer-meeting was there, weeping, remote from the flower-crowned casket, but the pastor thought of her as he recited: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

## Divorce.

American divorces have a bad name, and they deserve it. In Catholic countries there are no divorces. A man and woman once married are married for life. No matter how grievously either of them may have sinned against the other, they remain husband and wife. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," is interpreted literally by the Church of Rome, and is adhered to strictly, except in the very rare case of a divorce by the Pope.

All Protestant countries have laws of divorce. These vary in strictness and in the list of offences for which a legal separation may be decreed. The law of England, for example, will give a woman a divorce from her husband if he beats her cruelly. In some of the United States a wife can have a divorce for no better reason than "incompatibility of temper," which may mean no more than that the woman does not like the man she has married.

In most of our States the number of divorces that are obtained each year is appalling. They form a large percentage of the marriages. They are granted for slight causes and an exceedingly doubtful testimony. Sometimes a separation is decreed when one of the parties interested is wholly ignorant that a petition for divorce has been lodged.

There are lawyers, so-called, who advertise that they will procure divorces secretly. That means that they will obtain a divorce for any husband or wife without any notice to the wife or husband who may be interested to prevent it.

A case came some time ago before the English divorce court,—for there is but one divorce court for all the millions of people in England. A woman asked for a divorce from a husband, who had already

been granted one from her by a Kansas court. It seems that this man, some twelve years ago, left Birmingham, England, to avoid his creditors. His wife remained behind. When he arrived in this country he sent for her to join him. She refused to do so. He continued to correspond with her until the autumn of 1872. In the March of 1873, he petitioned the Kansas court for a divorce, and obtained it. After a few months he married again.

The reason he gave for asking a divorce was, that his wife had deserted him, when, in fact, he had deserted her, and had not sent her a dollar for her support. The Kansas court was satisfied with the man's assertion that he had notified his wife that he desired a divorce. But the woman learned of the suit for divorce only when the case had been decided and her husband declared free.

The English court would not admit the justice or legality of such nonsense. It held that the man was still a British subject and under English laws; and under English laws a marriage cannot be dissolved in another country for a reason which is not recognized in England as a proper cause for divorce. Desertion not being such a cause, the English court decided that the Kansas divorce was illegal, and gave the woman a divorce because of her husband's bigamy. The lesson is a good one. The loose notions held in this country on the subject of marriage, are a crime against society. Unions that can be lightly broken, are lightly made. The girl who answered her maiden aunt's declaration that it is a solemn thing to be married, by the remark that "it is a great deal more solemn not to be," put in shape the prevalent idea that it is a good thing to be married anyhow.

It is not a good thing to be married *any how*. Marriage is good only when there is mutual love and respect between the parties to the contract. Where these are lacking, the wish for separation follows inevitably. No lover of good morals denies the necessity of a reform in the divorce laws of this country, but the proper place to begin the reform is by inculcating true ideas in the young of the sanctity of marriage. It is the most sacred of all human relations. God honors and blesses it. He intended it as a union for life, and not to be broken save for the gravest of reasons.

## The Waking of the Clover.

Fast asleep in her robes of white,  
Fast asleep in her snowy bed,  
All through the long dark winter's night.  
Clover is sleeping—she is not dead.

Robin is singing his matin song,  
Soft winds ripple the glassy lake,  
Sunbeams shoot from the mountain-tops,  
Spring is at hand—little Clover, wake.

Clover languidly lifts her head,  
Takes one breath of the frosty air,  
Down again on her pillow sinks;  
Too early yet, though the day is fair.

April lifts little Clover up,  
Under his showers he holds her fast;  
Taking one sip from his crystal cup,  
Clover is wide awake at last.

[*Youth's Companion*.

KATE LAWRENCE.

## School Girl's Exercise.

Take a school girl who has so overstudied that her brain is in a state of morbid activity, so that, however tired, it can be forced to renewed activity; tell her she "must not study so hard," take away her books, and still her mind will continue to go over and over the mental processes. But ask her to "come for a walk," make that walk interesting, so that the mind's activity may be in sympathy with the physical effort. Every day make the walk a little longer; the muscles, not having been tampered with, will demand a rest when it is needed; and the reserve forces of the whole body, which had been flowing all to the brain, will be turned into a new channel provided with a healthy power of resistance.

The result will be, that without saying a word against study, you will find this ambitious school-girl studying for a time and then putting her books aside, with the excuse that she is too tired to learn any more then. She has reached that healthy condition where she knows when she is tired, and has to rest.

I should be false to the spirit of my Fatherland should I in any way discourage the ambition to gain a fine education; on the contrary it is to preserve a sound and balanced brain in mature age, that I desire to prevent the reckless squandering of its forces in youth. My school-girl, who

might be a little longer in getting to calculate the courses of the stars, to sail theoretically a ship around the world, will have the sounder intellect, and its stores of knowledge will be more at her command at thirty years of age, because she devoted a little of her youthful time to the care of the casket which was to hold the jewels of the mind.

But there are those who are forced to do a certain amount of brain-work. Let us take for example a teacher, whose work demands more strength than she has to give; who finds herself weaker at the end of a year than at the beginning, weaker each year than in the one preceding; how is such an one to dare take from her insufficient vitality, to give to physical exercise? If at the end of a day's work she can hardly sit up, how can she get on her feet and "take a walk"?

Within certain limits, the exercise of any power—like money invested in legitimate business—not only makes return of all it draws out, but of more. In the case we have supposed of one forced to over-work, the limit is past at which the brain and the nervous system can make good their drafts upon the general vitality, and the longer the process goes on, the more is the constitution reduced to bankruptcy. If then, during vacation, a habit of walking could be gently encouraged, until two or three miles could be done easily, then when school-work begun again, if at the end of a tired day, a walk were taken, not only would it restore to the body all the strength it required to make the walk, but more.

Thus the physical exercise would create a surplus strength, to fill the deficit caused by the overdrawing of the brain.

I have seen this theory practically tested again and again, always with happy results, and often to the delighted surprise of those who tried it not quite believing.—[*Youth's Companion*.]

There is nothing keeps longer than a middling fortune, and nothing melts away sooner than a great one. Poverty treads upon the heels of the great and unexpected riches.

The Lord's love is as free as the air; full as the ocean; boundless as eternity; immutable as His throne; and unchangeable as His nature.

## Cowper's Great Hymn.

No poet or hymn-writer is so sure of immortality in the memory of his fellow-men as the one who fitly and sweetly expresses an immortal sentiment. However simple and easy the words, the thing will live if there is a part of human life in it. Something indeed of *divine* life might be said to breathe in Cowper's famous hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,"

and this high quality would be expected in it, since it was born in the fire of his own experience where he felt and owned the hand of God.

This beautiful hymn was universally sung in the recent memorial services to our late President. By order of Bishop Littlejohn it formed part of the services in all the Episcopal churches of Long Island. No hymn could have been written more appropriately for the occasion. There is a sublime sermon in that composition; every verse, ay, every couplet and line can furnish a text for an entire discourse.

There is something interesting and pathetic in the origin and composition of this hymn which is not generally known, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in the biographies or sketches of the life of the author. It was told me by an old clergyman who was well acquainted with the circumstances.

Cowper, it will be remembered, was of a melancholy turn of mind, and he became morbid on the subject of religion. In fact, at times he had fits of insanity. In London, while ruminating on the uselessness of human life, he was seized with the sudden impulse to destroy himself—to go at once and drown himself. He ordered a hackney coach to be brought to the door. When it arrived, he rushed down stairs and into it without giving orders where it was to be driven. Waiting some little time, the driver asked where he would like to be taken to. "To the Thames."

The manner and look in which these words were uttered convinced the driver, who appears to have had more than the usual intelligence of men of his class, that his occupant was deranged. He drove off, but not to the river where Cowper had ordered him. He drove up one street and down another for a long time while Cowper sat back in his seat in mental abstrac-

tion, which convinced the driver that he was crazy. After a long round-about drive he drove up to the poet's lodgings and told him he had arrived "where he was ordered."

Cowper descended from the vehicle, entered the house and went to his room. Then in his returning consciousness, the truth of the entire transaction entered his mind, and he found that he had not seen the river at all, nor had he drowned himself, as he intended when he left the chamber, two hours before. In this he saw the hand of Providence and immediately composed the hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,"—

which will be sung as long as hymns are sung in religious worship.

—[*New York Mail*.]

### The Home of "Little Women."

On the highway from Concord, Mass., to Lexington stands the home of the "Little Women" who are so well acquainted with the girls of the whole country now through the writings of Miss Louisa M. Alcott.

A quaint old house it is, with many corners such as little folks love. Standing about half a mile from Concord Common, it can be readily found by the passer, for it has two aged and magnificent elms in front, and up on the hill, further back from the road, is the unpainted little building, or "chapel," as it is called, in which lectures on philosophy are delivered every summer.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, the father of "Little Women," named the house the "Orchard House," and this name is still kept, though the Alcott house is now in another part of the village. Upstairs, in the southeast chamber, the story of "Little Women" was written.

Though the Alcotts have removed, yet the kindly gentleman who now resides there, Prof. William T. Harris, delights to preserve unchanged the mementoes of Louisa M. Alcott and her sisters. As in other old houses, the ceiling is low. A man of average height can easily reach it, while standing on the floor, by stretching up his hand. Narrow windows look out upon the pleasant grounds, and the great

elm in front wards, off the summer sun from that side of the house.

In one corner is a sort of cupboard, built into the wall, full of shelves and convenient pigeon-holes in which were kept, as they grew, the chapters of those interesting stories for young folks which were written here and drew their inspiration from the happy family life and peaceful scenes of nature in which Miss Alcott lived.

Standing on the floor, beneath the mantel, is the Alcott fireboard. A plain article of furniture it is, perhaps three feet square, containing the Alcott coat-of-arms. It is an unpretending heraldic device, being simply three cocks' heads in different parts of the shield.

When the family first migrated from England to America, which was about two hundred and forty years ago, their name was "Alcock," corresponding to the device on the coat-of-arms. Just when and by whose ingenuity the spelling was changed is not told; but the old name doubtless was transformed into the new one by carelessness, for a hundred and two hundred years ago people were not as particular about spelling as they are now.

Between the two front windows is a painted decoration made by Miss May, Louisa's sister, who is not now living. On a ground of black, put upon the old wood-work, have been painted calla lilies and other flowers, making a bright, cheerful spot in the room. Over the fireboard mentioned above, on the wide board below the mantel, is painted the little owl which used to fly out of the neighboring woods and sit on the branches of the big elm close to the window. Miss May painted the picture of the bird one day to amuse herself when she was ill.

But in Miss May's own little chamber are more proofs of her skilful hand. All around the windows, on the top, bottom and sides, are pencil and crayon pictures which she drew. On doors, on panels and wherever there was a good, smooth place on the wall, there is a picture from her hand. These pictures are copies of well-known artists' works. On the window-casings are Flaxman's figures with their wonderfully delicate outlines. Then there is Neptune, with his fiery horses, rising from the sea; there is Aurora bringing the day; Thorwaldsen's "Night,"—companion to his "Morning," and other well known pictures. It is a little room, narrow, long

and cramped. "Modern conveniences" were unknown in it. But in such a house lived and grew the little women, and their memories are fresh though they are no longer there.

### A Remarkable Moss.

The material so closely resembling horse-hair, which is extensively used for stuffing carriage-cushions, etc., is not horse-hair at all, but a curious kind of moss which grows in Alabama and Louisiana. An article in an agricultural exchange gives this description of the moss "harvesting" and preparation. The moss is gathered mostly by negroes, and after a tree is stripped it is allowed to rest for seven years, during which time the moss renews itself.

Cypress moss is preferred, as it is the longest and most tenacious of all the varieties. After the moss is gathered, it is placed in a sunny spot and left to the action of the wind and weather for a month.

At the end of that time the grayish bark peels off, leaving the hair almost clean. It is then sold to the plantation store-keeper, or country grocery-man, who pays from one to two cents a pound for it, according to quality.

The next move is to send the material to New Orleans to manufacture. After the moss reaches the factory, it is subjected to the action of the washer, which is a large cylindrical arrangement, with a wheel inside, which pulls the moss hither and thither, and lashes it through a vat of boiling water and soap, until the stuff is cleaned.

Then it is hung out upon rocks to dry. This done, it is put into the duster—a fan-mill which entirely removes all the dust that may have survived the washing process. As a result, the moss comes into the factory yellow in color, and goes out inkly black. The article is then made up into bales, and marked according to quality. The highest grade can hardly be distinguished from the finest horse-hair.

You can never find the Lord too much engaged to attend to you; wait always on Him.

### Fragrance.

Poor little Mignonette! dost thou know, my little darling, that thou hadst been called a weed but for thy surpassing sweetness; but that having that thou art indeed a flower, and needst never have a fear that thou wilt be forgotten. Fashion, that fickle mistress of ceremonies, guards even the entrance to a flower garden, and now and then strangely frowns upon her old favorites. But thou hast a life-long passport granted thee.

And what a mission is thine, hiding thyself in any little corner, ready to conceal the failure of anything else, never pushing to the front but purifying the very atmosphere, they tell us, meeting any stray malarial whiffs, and even as a soft answer turneth away wrath, sending them on their way disarmed of all their power to harm. So, lest from yonder valley some such foul breath should wander, I have set thee as a guard beneath my window; on one side of the narrow walk that leads past it, the petunias, and thou upon the other, nestling among my lilies and helping to screen their roots from the scorching sun, and so your sweet breaths mingle and steal through my open window all night long, till in the morning the sweet-briar on the hillside masses her sweets beneath the dews and overpowers you.—*Sarah F. Smiley.*

### "Naughty Think."

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good; but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said her mother.

"And so am I," said the child; but I have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?"

"My think is naughty inside of me." And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said,—

"Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry nor anything; but when you was gone, I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?"

### Emerson's Gift of Elocution.

I have never met with any allusion in print to Emerson's gift of elocution, and yet no one who heard him read a stanza of poetry was likely to forget it. He indulged in no elocutionary tricks, no studied intonations, but his voice took on an added sonority, the verse seemed to flow from his lips with a mingled force and sweetness which thrilled through the listener's every fiber. It was my good fortune to hear him read one evening Mr. Stedman's ballad of "Ossawatimie Brown," which was an especial favorite of his. So powerful was the impression created by the subdued organ-tones, the majesty of his delivery, and the heroic ring with which he narrated the stirring tale and chanted the refrain, that I confess to having been then and since utterly unable to form a critical estimate of the poem itself. Whether it be one of the noblest lays ever sung by man, or a modest and unpretentious ballad, I leave it for unbiased critics, to determine; for my part, I am glad to give it the full credit of the magical effect produced by its adequate interpretation.—[*Emma Lazarus, in the July CENTURY.*]

### The First Wrong Button.

"DEAR me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that made all the rest wrong," and Janet tugged away and fretted, as if the poor buttons were quite at fault for her trouble.

"Patience! patience!" said mamma, smiling at the little fretful face, "and next time look out for the first wrong button; then you'll keep all the rest right. And, added mamma, as the last button was put in its place, and the scowling face was smooth, once more, look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how, one day not long ago, she struck baby Alice; that was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it; that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one went wrong—because her naughty little hand struck baby! The best thing she could do to make it right again was to tell mamma how naughty she had been, and ask her to forgive her; but that was

much harder than just to do the buttons again.

Janet thought it all over, and between the buttons and her very unhappy day I think she learned never again to forget to look out for the first wrong deed.—[*Sel.*]

### Weddings in Sweden.

A wedding, if the fathers of the bride and bridegroom are well-to-do farmers, is the great social event of the Dalecarlians. Invitations are extended, not by cards, but personally by members of the respective families, two weeks before the ceremony, and each guest gives a small measure of malt to make ale for the wedding feast.

The preparations begin several weeks before the event. Large quantities of hard and soft bread are baked, many sheep and oxen slaughtered, and an abundance of bacon, butter, cheese and potatoes laid in.

Unfortunately temperance societies have not converted the Swedes from their ancient drinking customs. At weddings they drink to excess, and a large supply of strong ale, spirits, wine and punch is provided.

An ancient custom called "forming" ordains that each guest shall bring a contribution of eatables and drinkables to the feast. The neighbors come forward and offer their dwellings for lodging-houses, and bring out their best linen sheets and pillow cases.

Early in the morning the bride goes to the house of her father-in-law to make her wedding toilet, which requires several hours and the aid of many helpers. As the hour draws nigh, the wedding procession, formed of many vehicles,—the more the greater the compliment,—wends its way to the church. The bride and groom ride in the only carriage drawn by two horses. She carries a psalm-book wrapped in an embroidered handkerchief, a present from the groom.

On the afternoon of the last day, the bride and groom, standing in the largest room, receive the farewells of the guests. Every one, as he leaves, puts into the hand of the bride some bank bills. Without looking at it she drops it into a big linen pouch hung at her side. A popular bride often gets money enough to start her husband a good way in his new life.

## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1882.

### Our Invalids.

On the last Thursday of June we started from our lakeside cottage for our monthly visit to the City Hospital. As we left behind us the meadows with their golden buttercups and purple irises, the daisied fields, the hillsides crowned with the blue lupins, and here and there a wood lily, we longed for power to reveal these floral treasures to the invalids in the Wards, who so seldom are refreshed by rural surroundings.

As we approached the Hospital we saw two men using lawn mowers, and we rejoiced that, in the midst of a city, so ample grounds were provided for those who could not go beyond them for their recreation.

The invalids were, many of them, availing themselves of their privileges, and on lawn, settees and hammocks, drinking in the health and strength imparted by outdoor life.

Within a tent a wife was seated by the bedside of her husband whose limb had been amputated. She spoke most gratefully of the care bestowed upon him, saying he had the best nurse in the Hospital.

Under the shadow of an overhanging tree a soldier, who had lost a limb, was taking a siesta, using his crutches as a pillow. Two men, Germans, we thought by their accent, were chatting with a third who was swinging in his hammock, and they all spoke in glowing terms of the benefit they had derived from Hospital care and nursing. The youngest of the three who had been very sick with pneumonia, said: "I often used to pass this Hospital and think if I were sick I should not want to be shut up in it, but I think now it is the best place in the world for a

sick man. I could not have lived twenty-four hours at home. They took the best care of me here." As we talked with him, we recalled the time when he was so ill that he had to have boards placed at the side of his cot, to prevent his throwing himself out in his delirium, and we noted the gentle, sisterly care with which his needs were provided for.

In another hammock a young man whose arm was in splints, was taking a nap, and near by one who had injured his hand with a saw.

A second tent was tenantless. He who was expected to occupy it had the day before passed death's portal.

On the lawn south of the Hospital two laundresses were busy at their work, and near by some of the invalids were watching them.

Eighteen patients are under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, but one of whom is confined to his bed, and he a man who, seven weeks before, had been run over by his cart, but he was improving, was sitting up in bed, and hoping the next week to be carried out of doors. A blind man, Deacon S., aged ninety, was just rousing himself from a nap, and one of the attendants assisted him to go out of doors, where we afterwards saw him swinging in a hammock. No inmate of the Ward was very sick; two patients had died during the month. The one had been run over by a wagon and internally injured, and died a day after he was brought to the Hospital; the other had been a great sufferer for long, weary months, having cancers on lip, jaw and neck. He had manifested great patience, and till within three days of his death had taken much care of himself.

In the Cross Ward was a paralytic. Of the twenty-five patients in the Male Medical Ward, but two were confined to their beds, though eight others were occupying their cots for after dinner rest when

we visited them. Among these we recognized our Scotch friend Mr. K., who for more than four years has been under Hospital treatment. He has had very bad nights, but now is somewhat relieved, and his grateful Christian spirit is worthy of imitation. His face beamed with joy as he said to us: "Last night I had heaven on earth. My nightmare left me and it delights my heart to tell it.

'O, what a blessed life is ours

While here on earth we stay.

We more than taste the heavenly powers

And antedate that day.'

"I could not sleep last night for the joy that filled my heart. I dedicated myself anew to the Lord."

It is refreshing to come in contact with one in whom spiritual graces are so ripe. In this Ward some are suffering from enlarged spleen, some from inflammatory rheumatism, one from inflammation of the eye, one from sun stroke, three are consumptives, and two others have diseased lungs. One patient has paralysis. There are no fever patients, and no death has occurred during the month.

Very few patients were in the Upper Female Wards; only nine of the cots are occupied and no patient was very sick. Several of those under treatment were on the Hospital lawn. One patient was confined to her bed after a surgical operation; another had had a cataract removed, one was afflicted with paralysis and diseased heart, another had an indolent ulcer.

There were no infants in the Lying-In-Ward and only one waiting patient.

There were sixteen inmates in the Lower Female Ward. One of these was an aged colored woman about eighty-four years old, who had a sore limb. For about eighty years she had lived with the relatives of one of our Hospital surgeons, had nursed him in his infancy, and two of the great grandchildren of her first employer were visiting her. They seemed very fond of her and it was pleasant

to see the interest she manifested in them. One patient had paralysis; three persons were confined to their beds; two deaths had occurred, one from a tumor, the other from consumption. One woman had had a wound on her head and eye.

### The Children's Cot.

We found all the little folks under Hospital treatment, enjoying themselves on the lawn. The boy with diseased hip had thrown aside his crutches and was reclining on the grass, and near him was a youth thirteen years old, who, on Decoration Day, was run over by the street cars and had his arm broken near the elbow. His arm was in splints, and he wore a sling, but said he felt no pain.

A girl of fifteen, who could not see, was under Dr. Rider's care, and seemed happy swinging in a hammock. The colored girl, of whom we have often spoken, was greatly improved and was very anxious we should communicate her wants to a lady who had promised her a doll. Perhaps some of our young friends can supply her; if so, send to Josephine, City Hospital, and you will make a little colored girl very happy. Mary D., who has so long suffered from spine complaint, and who left the Hospital some time since, has injured herself by jumping a rope, and has returned to the Hospital where for some time she has been confined to her cot. She was reclining in an easy chair at the Hospital door.

Now, dear children, what are you going to do during vacation to help forward the Cot fund? We now need but a little more than one thousand dollars to complete our endowment fund, and we want you all to aid us.

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.

## A Pleasant Remembrance.

ROCHESTER, July 3, 1882.

*Managers Rochester City Hospital:*

I hereby send you a quilt, which was made by the ladies of the first church of the Evangelical Association, situated on the corner of Naussau and St. Joseph Streets. It was gotten up to start a fund for the purpose of building a new church, and the names of all parties contributing towards it are written on it. At their strawberry festival, held at Kolb's Hall, on the 22d of June, it was voted upon between the City Hospital and Rochester Orphan Asylum, the Hospital getting the quilt by about fifty majority. Hoping you will accept the same, we remain,

Yours truly,

THEODORE FISHER,

*For the Committee.*

## The Flower Mission.

Our young friends of the Flower Mission are again making the Hospital bright and cheery by their floral offerings. They meet every Saturday morning at St. Luke's Sabbath School Room where they will welcome flowers, wild or cultivated. In our Flower City surely there should be no lack of floral gifts.

## Wanted!

The head nurse in our Training School asks us to beg hard for an *unabridged dictionary*. Who will supply us?

Fruit, vegetables and flowers are very acceptable at the City Hospital.

## Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Children's Cot Fund.....\$1,988 71

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 6, 1882, of peritonitis, Mary Darby, of Avon, aged 40 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 7, 1882, of internal hemorrhage, caused by an accident, David Stevenson, of Brighton, aged 32 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 26, 1882, of general miliary tuberculosis, Mrs. Caroline W. Waldemire, aged 61 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 28, 1882, of cancer on face, Allen Leake, aged 42 years.

## Monthly Report.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| 1882. June 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 89 |        |
| Received during month, ..                  | 42     |
| Births, .....                              | 0—131  |
| Deaths, .....                              | 4      |
| Discharged, .....                          | 37— 41 |
| Remaining July 1st, 1882, ..               | 90     |

## Donations.

Mrs. Kauffman—Pictorial Papers.  
Miss M. Ward—Gentleman's Gown, Old Cotton, Blankets.  
Mr. Loop—Pair Crutches.  
Mrs. Terry—"Scientific Americans."  
Mrs. Wm. Corning—Half bushel Spinach, Beets.  
St. Luke's "Flower Mission"—Flowers every Saturday.  
St. Peter's Church—Flowers.  
Mrs. F. Clark—Old Cotton.  
Mrs. C. E. Furman—Old Cotton.  
Mrs. Ames—Old Linen.  
Miss Northrup—Old Linen.  
Master Harry Oakley—Illustrated Papers.  
Mrs. W. S. Little—Reading Matter.  
Mr. F. Goetzman—German and French Dictionaries.  
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Twelve Window Boxes, filled with Plants.  
Mrs. Dr. Strong—One Spring Lancet.

## Receipts for the Review,

FOR JUNE, 1882.

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Mrs. D. Gardner, New Jersey—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, .....  | 50       |
| M. V. Beemer, advertisement, \$5.00; S. Dunn, advertisement, \$5.00—By Mrs. S. W. Updike, .....   | \$ 10 00 |
| Miss Bradstreet, Melrose, Mass., 75 cts.; Mrs. S. M. Homer, Trumansburg, 50c.; Mrs. R. Johnston, \$1.00; Mrs. A. G. Murray, Canandaigua, \$1.00—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, ..... | 3 25     |

Please not forget the *OLD COTTON!*

Robert Moffat.

One day, a Scotch lad not yet sixteen started from home to take charge of a gentleman's garden in Chester, England. He bade farewell to his father, brothers and sisters, but his mother accompanied him to the boat on which he was to cross the Firth of Forth.

"Now, my Robert," she said, as they came in sight of the ferry, "let us stand here for a few minutes. I wish to ask one favor of you before we part."

"What is it, mother?" answered the son.

"Promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask you."

"I cannot, mother," replied the cautious boy, "till you tell me what your wish is."

"O Robert!" she exclaimed, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks, "would I ask you to do anything that is not right?"

"Ask what you will, mother, and I will do it," said the son, overcome by his mother's agitation.

"I ask you to promise me that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly. I shall return home with a happy heart, seeing you have promised me to read the Scriptures daily."

The lad went his way. He kept his promise and read every day his Bible. He read, however, because he loved his mother, not from any pleasure he found in the sacred book.

At length, inattentive though he was, the truths he daily came in contact with aroused his conscience. He became uneasy and then unhappy. He would have ceased reading but for his promise.

Living alone in a lodge in a large garden, his leisure was his own. He had but few books, and those were works on gardening and botany which his profession obliged him to consult. He was shut up to one book, the Bible.

He did not pray until his unhappiness sent him to his knees. One evening, while poring over the Epistles to the Romans, light broke into his soul. The apostle's words appeared different from what they had seemed, though they were familiar to him.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that I have never understood what I have read again and again?"

Peace came to his mind, and he found himself earnestly desiring to know and do the will of God. That will was made known to him in a simple way.

One night, as he entered a neighboring town, he read a placard announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held. The time appointed for the meeting had long passed, but the lad stood and read the placard over and over.

Stories of missionaries told him by his mother came up as vividly as if they had just been related. Then and there was begotten the purpose which made Robert Moffat a missionary to the Hottentots of South Africa.

The reading of the Bible made him a Christian and anxious to do good to others. The reading of the placard opened to him the prospect of persuading heathen men to receive Christianity. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

—[*Youth's Companion*.]

A Scientific Joke.

A German newspaper some time ago related an amusing story of the famous scientist, Alexander von Humboldt, who took advantage of the exemption from duty of the covering of articles free from duty, formerly the rule in France. In the year 1805 he and Gay-Lussac were in Paris, engaged in their experiments on the compression of air. The two scientists found themselves in need of a large number of glass tubes, and since this article was exceedingly dear in France at the time, and the duty on imported glass tubes was something alarming, Humboldt sent an order to Germany for the needed articles, giving directions that the manufacturer should seal the tubes at both ends, and put a label upon each with the words "*Deutsche Luft*" (German air). The air of Germany was an article upon which there was no duty, and the tubes were passed by the custom officers without any demand, arriving free of duty in the hands of the two experimenters.

Worship your heroes from afar; contact withers them.

### Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. 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. E. V. Stoddard, 26 South Washington 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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Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Laces,

*Workeds, Hosiery and Fancy Goods,*

42 State & 13 Mill Sts., Rochester, N. Y.

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TO NOTICE WHAT AN

## IMMENSE CROWD

Low Prices and Cheap Goods

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## Hosiery Stock,

IS UNABATED. THE

## Sale of Fine Linens

CONTINUED TEN DAYS LONGER.

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Sacrificed in All Qualities,

WITH THOUSANDS OF YARDS OF BLACK

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Never in the History of Trade

Have Dry Goods in Every De-

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I shall place on sale several odd lots [of the above named goods from my

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Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XVI. Interest dividends shall be made quarterly, at the rate of Four Per Cent, per annum on all sums of Five Dollars and upwards to and including Five Thousand Dollars, provided such sums shall have remained on deposit to the credit of any depositor for the space of three months next preceding the first days of March, June, September or December; but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. Such dividends shall be payable on the twentieth days of June and December, and if not drawn on or before those days, shall be added to the principal as of the first days of those months.

Deposits made not later than the third business days of any of the months of March, June, September or December shall be entitled to have interest declared upon them the same as if deposited on the first day of said months.

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