

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIX.

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No. 1.

## Rannie and Pearl.

*From the Chicago Tribune.*

Like gleams of heavenly sunshine,  
They came from the mystic land—  
Like perfect pearls from the ocean,  
Thrown up on the shining sand.  
Their presence was full of splendor,  
Their hearts were replete with love;  
Their words were as sweet and tender  
As an Angel's from above.

They came to our cheerful fireside,  
They filled our home with joy—  
Our beautiful laughing baby,  
And Rannie, our dark-eyed boy,  
Whose nature was kind and gentle,  
Whose soul was sincere and true,  
Who won the love of his playmates,  
Who near to our fond hearts grew.

We listened and looked with wonder,  
Forgetting our earthly cares,  
When he knelt in the tranquil twilight  
To utter his infant prayers.  
He seemed, in our contemplation,  
Like one who with Angels trod;  
We gave him, in consecration,  
To the glorious work of God.

We watched him with fond affection;  
We smiled at his manly ways.  
His boyhood was filled with beauty,  
And the promise of useful days—  
For his feeble frame grew stronger:  
We hoped though a godly son,  
To see the good work accomplished  
That we had left undone.

Like a gleam of golden sunshine  
That fades ere we sink to sleep,  
Like a brilliant pearl from the seashore  
That is lost in the darksome deep,

He folded his hands and faded,  
He sank from our sight away;  
The blossoms are brightly blooming  
On his little grave to-day.

Our sweet and beautiful baby,  
Our prattling pet and pride,  
Was kissed by the dark-winged Angel—  
She sickened, she drooped, and died.  
Afar, o'er the dismal river,  
They were taken, hand in hand,  
To the presence of God the giver—  
To the joys of the Better Land.

Yet oft, in the stilly hours,  
When the stars in their beauty beam,  
When the dew-drops form on the flowers,  
I sit with my wife and dream;  
While out of the holy silence  
Their whispers we seem to hear—  
The murmur of happy voices  
That tell us their souls are near.

Ah! over the mystic river,  
We shall meet in the World Divine;  
We shall live again with our children,  
Where the stars eternal shine.  
When the work of the world is over,  
They will greet us with love and joy—  
Our beautiful Angel baby,  
Our Heavenly dark-eyed boy!

EUGENE J. HALL.

*Millard Avenue Station, Chicago.*

The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and elevated opinions.

You cannot be happy, but as God makes you holy.

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

The following portion of a story we find in our scrap basket. The first part of it is missing:

### Little Effie.

What a wide, wide distance there seemed from the wretched alley where a little, half-clad child crouched behind the post, to the sunny palace where the fair princess, England's darling, sat surrounded by her bright-faced children; a distance too wide to bridge, as it would appear; yet it was bridged, and there was a half-way point where both could meet, as you will see. That half-way point was called "The Great Ormond Street Child's Hospital."

One day a very sad thing happened to Effie. Sent by her mother to buy a quatern of gin, she was coming back with the jug in her hand, when a half-tipsy man reeling against her, threw her down just where a flight of steps led to a lower steet. She was picked up and carried home, where for some days she lay in great pain, before a kind woman who went about to read the Bible to the poor found her out and sent the dispensary doctor to see her. He shook his head gravely after he had examined her and said her leg was badly broken and ought to have been seen to long before, and that there was no use trying to cure her there, and she must be carried to the hospital. Mrs. Wallis made a great outcry over this, for mothers are mothers even when they are poor and drunken and ignorant, and do not like to have their children taken away from them; but in the end the doctor prevailed.

Effie hardly knew when they moved her, for the doctor had given her something which made her sleep heavily and long. It was like a dream when she at last opened her eyes, and found herself in a place which she had never seen before, a long, wide, airy room, with a double row of narrow, white beds like the one she herself was, and in most of the beds sick children lying. Bright colored pictures and texts painted gaily in red and blue hung on the walls above the beds; some of the counterpanes had pretty verses printed on them. Effie could not read, but she liked to look at the texts, they were so bright. There were flowers in pots and jars on the window-sills, and

on some of the little tables that stood beside the beds, and tiny chairs with rockers in which pale little boys and girls sat swinging to and fro. A great many of them were playing with toys, and they all looked happy. An air of fresh, cheerful neatness was over all the place, and altogether it was so pleasant that for a long time Effie lay staring about her and speaking not a word. At last in a faint little voice she half whispered, "Where is this?"

Faint as was the voice some one heard it and came at once to the bedside. This somebody was a nice, sweet-faced, motherly looking woman, dressed in the uniform of Miss Nightingale's nurses. She smiled so kindly at Effie that Effie smiled feebly back.

"Where is this?" she asked again.

"This is a nice place where they take care of little children who are ill and make them well again," answered the nurse, brightly.

"Do you live here?" said Effie, after a pause, during which her large eyes seemed to grow larger.

"Yes. My name is nurse Johnstone, and I am your nurse. You've had a long sleep, haven't you dear? Now you've waked up, would you like some nice milk to drink?"

"Y-es," replied Effie doubtfully. But when the milk came she liked it very much, it was so cool and rich and sweet. It was brought in a little blue cup, and Effie drank it through a glass tube, because she must not lift her head. There was a bit of white bread to eat beside, but Effie did not care for that. She was drowsy still and fell asleep as soon as the last mouthful of milk was swallowed.

When she next waked Nurse Johnstone was there again, with such a good little cupful of hot broth for Effie to eat, and another slice of bread. Effie's head was clearer now and she felt much more like talking and questioning. The ward was dark and still, only a shaded lamp here and there showed the little ones asleep in their cots.

"This is a nice place I think," said Effie, as she slowly sipped the soup.

"I'm glad you like it," said the nurse, "almost all children do."

"I like you, too," said Effie, with a contented sigh, "and *that*"—pointing to the broth. She had not once asked after

her mother; the nurse noticed and she drew her own inferences.

"Now," she said, after she had smoothed the bed clothes and Effie's hair, and given the pillow a touch or two to make it easier, "now it would be nice if you would say one little Bible verse for me, and then go to sleep again."

"A verse?" said Effie.

"Yes, a little Bible verse."

"Bible!" repeated Effie in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, dear—a Bible verse. Don't you know one?"

"No."

"But you've seen a Bible, surely."

Effie shook her head. I don't know what you mean," she said.

"Why, you poor lamb," cried Nurse Johnstone—"I do believe you haven't! Well, and in a Christian country, too! If that ain't too bad. I'll tell you a verse this minute, you poor little thing, and to-morrow we'll see if you can't learn it." Then very slowly and reverently she repeated, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Twice she repeated the text, Effie listening attentively to the strange, beautiful words; then she kissed her for good-night and moved away. Effie lay awake awhile saying the verse over to herself. She had a good memory and when she waked next morning she found that she was able to say it quite perfectly.

That happened to be a Thursday, and Thursday was always a special day in Great Ormond Street, because it was that on which the Princess of Wales made her weekly visit to the hospital. Effie had never heard of a princess and had no idea what all the happy bustle meant, as nurses and patients made ready for the coming guest. Nothing could be cleaner than the ward in its every-day condition, but all little possible touches were given to make it look its very best. Fresh flowers were put into the jars, the little ones able to sit up were made very neat, each white bed was duly smoothed, and every face had a look as though something pleasant was going to happen. Children easily catch the contagion of cheerfulness, and Effie was insensibly cheered by seeing other people so. She lay on her pillow, observing everything and faintly smiling, when the door opened

and in came a slender, beautiful lady, wrapped in soft silks and laces, with two or three children beside her. All the nurses began to courtesy, and the children to dimple and twinkle at the sight of her. She walked straight to the middle of the ward, then lifting something up that all might see it, she said in a clear, sweet voice: "Isn't there some one of these little girls who can say a pretty Bible verse for me? If there is she shall have this."

What do you think "this" was? No other than a doll! A large, beautiful creature of wax, with curly brown hair, blue eyes which could open and shut, the reddest lips and pinkest cheeks ever seen, and a place, somewhere about her middle, which, when pinched, made her utter a squeaky sound like "ma-ma." This delightful doll had on a pretty blue dress with a scarlet sash, and a pair of brown kid boots with real buttons. She wore a little blue hat on top of her curly head, and sported an actual pocket handkerchief, three inches square, or so, on which was written her name, "Dolly Varden." All the little ones stared at her with dazed eyes, but for a moment no one spoke. I suppose they really were too surprised to speak, till suddenly a little hand went up and a small voice was heard from the far corner. The voice came from Effie, too, and it was Effie herself who spoke.

"I can say a verse," said the small voice.

"Can you? That is nice. Say it, then," said the princess, turning towards her.

Then the small, piping voice repeated, very slowly and distinctly, this text: "Suffer the little children to come unto —Nurse Johnstone—and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

What a laugh rang through the ward then! The nurses laughed, the little ones laughed, too, though they did not distinctly understand at what. Nurse Johnstone cried as well as laughed, and the princess was almost as bad, for her eyes were dewy though a smile was on her sweet lips as she stepped forward and laid the doll in Effie's hands. Nurse Johnstone eagerly explained: "I said 'Come unto Me,' and she thought it meant *me*, poor little lamb, and it's a shame there should be such ignorance in a Christian land." All this time Effie was hugging her dolly in a

silent rapture. Her wish was granted, and wasn't it strange that it should have been granted just so?

Do you want to know more about little Effie? There isn't much more to tell. All the kindness and care which she received in Great Ormond Street could not make her well again. She had no constitution, the doctor's said, and no strength. She lived a good many weeks, however, and they were the happiest weeks of her life, I think. Dolly Varden was always beside her, and Dolly was clasped tight in her arms when she finally fell asleep to waken up no more. Nurse Johnstone, who had learned to love the little girl dearly, wanted to lay the doll in the small coffin; but the other nurses said it would be a pity to do so. There are so few dolls and so many children in the world, you know; so in the end Dolly Varden was given to another little sick girl, who took as much pleasure in her as Effie had done.

So Effie's wish was granted, only to be soon taken away from her again. It is so very often with wishes which we make in this world. But I am very sure that Effie doesn't miss the dolly or anything else in the happy world to which she has gone, and that the wishes granted there are granted fully and forever; and more freely and abundantly than we who stay behind can even guess.

### Largess.

FROM POEMS BY ANNA O. L. BOTTA.

Go forth in life, oh! friend, not seeking love,  
A mendicant, that with imploring eye  
And outstretched hand asks of the passers by  
The alms his strong necessities may move,  
For such poor love to pity near allied,  
Thy generous spirit should not stop and wait,  
A suppliant, whose prayer may be denied,  
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate;  
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled;  
The largess of thy love give full and free,  
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;  
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,  
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,  
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so changes of study a dull brain.

### Victor Hugo's Home Life.

As a host he is, as we have observed, always delightful; his reminiscences extend from the beginning of the century; his manners are polished, and to the courtly dignity of a French peer he unites the affability of a kind and genial companion. His advancing age seems to bring him no depression: he speaks calmly of the short time that remains to him, and talks of the wide projects which his brain has yet to conceive. In this respect he is unlike Lamartine; he makes no attempt to ignore his age, and makes no apology for wearing spectacles.

Victor Hugo has never given up his habit of early rising; he nearly always quits his bed at 5 o'clock, remaining in his bedroom, which has become his favorite place of study, as being more quiet and retired than any other apartment. His bed is perfectly horizontal, and he uses neither bolster nor pillow. Among these minor details we may mention that he has never accustomed himself to the use of an overcoat, and has never carried an umbrella; the absence of these precautions has resulted in more than one severe cold, and it is only within the last few years that he has yielded to the advice of an eminent physician, and abandoned the cold bath which it was his habit to take every morning. He has never been a smoker.

He writes until midday, and often until two o'clock. Then after a light luncheon, he goes to the Senate, where during intervals of debate he dispatches his correspondence. He finds his recreation generally by taking a walk, although not unfrequently he will mount to the top of an omnibus just for the sake of finding himself in the society of the people with whom he has shown his boundless sympathy. At 8 o'clock he dines, making it his habit to invite not only his nearest friends, but such as he thinks stand in need of encouragement, to join him and his grandchildren at their social meal.

At table Victor Hugo relaxes entirely from his seriousness. The powerful orator, the earnest pleader, becomes the charming and attractive host, full of anecdote, censuring whatever is vile, but ever ready to make merry over what is grotesque. Punctually at 10 he adjourns to the salon, where in the midst of a distinguish-



and circle he joins in the free flow of conversation. Always affable, he has not merely a cordial welcome for the renowned, but a word of kind animation for the humblest recruit in the literary army. No one can leave his company without feeling reassured and delighted.

On these occasions he makes a fine picture. Hale and vigorous in his appearance, precise and elegant in his attire, with unbowed head, and with thick white hair crowning his unfurrowed brow, he commands involuntary admiration. Round his face is a close white beard, which he has worn since the later period of his sojourn in Guernsey, as a safeguard against sore throat, but he shows no token of infirmity. His countenance may be said to have in it something both of the lion and of the eagle, yet his voice is grave, and his manner singularly gentle. The writer of this record recollects how, on one occasion, the great master denounced to him the realistic character of many modern romances, regarding them as unwholesome and degraded, and how, on another occasion, he spoke with vehemence against the inconsistency of the Republic in admitting various creatures of the Empire to several public offices; but neither his literary convictions nor his political partialities ever really disturbed the calmness of his line of thought.—[From *Alfred Barton's "Victor Hugo and his Time."*]

#### Brookbank—Where George Eliot Lived.

In a richly illustrated paper on "The Borderlands of Surrey," contributed by Miss Alice Fenn to the *August Century*—the pictures being from the pencil of the writer's father, Harry Fenn—occurs the following interesting description of George Eliot's sojourn in a quiet English hamlet: "The most picturesque house at Shotter Mill is just opposite the Squire's. It was inhabited at one time by George Eliot. Brookbank, as it is called, is an old two-story cottage, with tiled roof and lattice-paned windows, the front of the house being half-covered with trailing rose-trees. The rooms are low but pleasant, like all country dwellings of this kind, and furnished in a simple, comfortable manner. A thick hedge of laurel borders the garden, and is formed into an arch above the little wooden gate. Brookbank receives

its name from a noisy little stream, which turns the flour-mill but a few yards below, and then rushes across the road on its way to another mill several miles further on. Brookbank was occupied for many years by Mrs. Gilchrist after the death of her husband, and here she completed his famous work, "The Life of Blake." We have often endeavored to glean some information regarding George Eliot's life at Shotter Mill, but she and Mr. Lewes lived in such seclusion that there was very little to be told. They seldom crossed their threshold during the day, but wandered over the commons and hills after sundown. They were very anxious to lodge at the picturesque old farm, ten minutes' walk beyond Brookbank, on the same road, which was our home for two years, but all available room was then occupied. However, George Eliot would often visit the farmer's wife, and, sitting on a grassy bank just beside the kitchen door, would discuss the growth of fruit and the quality of butter in a manner so quiet and simple that the good country folks were astonished, expecting very different conversation from the great novelist. All the vegetables eaten at Brookbank were sent from the farm, and we have heard the old lady in speaking of it say: "It were wonderful, just wonderful, the sight o' green peas that I sent down to that gentleman and lady every week." They evidently knew what was good! Our old friend the farmer, who owns a neat horse and trap, was employed to drive them two or three times a week. They occasionally visited Tennyson, whose house is only three miles distant, though a rather tedious drive, since it is up-hill nearly all the way. George Eliot did not enjoy the ride much, for the farmer told us that, "withal her being such a mighty clever body, she were very nervous in a carriage—allays wanted to go on a smooth road, and seemed dreadful feared of being thrown out."

George Eliot was writing "Middlemarch" during her summer at Brookbank, and the term for which they had the cottage expired before they wished to return to London. The Squire was away at the time, so they procured permission to use his house during the remainder of their visit. In speaking of them to us he said:

"I visited Mr. and Mrs. Lewes several times before they went back to town, and

found the authoress a very agreeable woman, both in manner and appearance; but her mind was evidently completely absorbed in her work; she seemed to have no time for anything but writing from morning till night. Her hand could hardly convey her thoughts to paper fast enough. It was an exceptionally hot summer, and yet through it all Mrs. Lewes would have artificial heat placed at her feet to keep up the circulation. Why, one broiling day I came home worn out, longing for a gray sky and a cool breeze, and on going into the garden I found her sitting there, her head just shaded by a deodora on the lawn, writing away as usual. I expostulated with her for letting the midday sun pour down on her like that.

"'Oh,' she replied, 'I like it! To-day is the first time I have felt warm this summer.' So I said no more, and went my way."

One person volunteered the information that "as how I've heerd say as Mrs. Eliot couldn't eat Dunce's bread" (Mr. A. Dunce being the baker as well as the miller of Shotter Mill), and no wonder! We well recollect the pang with which we saw one of those solid "quartens" on the dinner table, on our arrival at the farm.

And thus nearly all we could learn about George Eliot was that she loved to bask in the sun, and liked green peas. She visited some of the cottagers, but only those living in secluded places, who knew nothing of her. Just such people as these she used in her graphic and realistic sketches of pleasant life, for she writes, in "Adam Bede": "I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence." And again: "I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who would create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real healthy men and women who can be chilled by your indifference, or injured by your prejudice, who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow-feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice."

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity in self examination.

# "Please Make Room for Me!"

BY ELLEN H. WILLIS,

Author of "I left it all with Jesus," and other poems.

They have flown, and they are flying,  
Birdies from our Nest;

"Bless them, Lord!" our hearts are crying,

"And they shall be blest":

Little heads no longer lying  
'Neath the parent breast.

Winds and waves have borne them from us,  
To a stranger land;

Friendly homes and hearts have opened  
For our little band,

Through the love of Him that holdeth  
All hearts in His hand.

And the angels have descended  
For a favored few;

Little wings, once soiled and broken,  
Have flown safely through,

Far beyond the cloud and shadow,  
Up into the blue.

O! ye loving hearts who brought them  
To an earthly Nest,

Is not all your care rewarded  
Thus to know them blest?

When you think of heaven's birdies,  
Help to save the rest.

Day by day they gather round us  
In their helpless need;

He who careth for the sparrows  
Sends us mouths to feed,

While in faith and hope we scatter  
Heaven's "precious seed."

Birds have flown, and birds are flying,  
Over land and sea;

Yet there are no vacant places:  
Never may there be,

While one little voice is crying,  
"Please make room for me!"

\* Lines written for the "Birds' Nest," a Home for Destitute Little Children, at Kingstown, near Dublin.

FAILURE.—The failure of Mr. Thomas Hughes's Rugby colony is announced by the *Rugbean*, which says that the failure was "fiasco almost before the echoes of applause over its beginning had died away." The location of the settlement in the wild mountains of Tennessee was unfortunate, and the men who joined were not of a kind to hew success out of a forest.

### How to Make Jellies.

Only the best fruit should be selected for preserving—that which is ripe, but not over-ripe. This caution is especially necessary in preparing jelly. The gelatinous substance of the fruit grows watery with age, and in spite of all efforts jelly made from too ripe fruit will not “form.” Currant jelly is usually the first preserving done. Strawberries are often neglected, as they are extremely delicate fruit to keep through the hot weather. Currant jelly making is one of the most delicate culinary arts. It requires care, skill and attention to the smallest details. Without this the jelly may come, but it will be dark and stringy and flavorless, or most humiliating of all to the housekeeper's pride, it may be thin. If the jelly does not “form” in one night, there is little use in working over it. The currants have been over-ripe or the juice has been cooked too long. It will grow a little thicker if it is set in the sun for a day or two, covered with pieces of glass, but jelly once thin will never form rightly, and no care can remedy the mistake. The Fourth of July is about the right time in this locality to pick currants for jelly, but this season a week later, will not be too much to allow for the slow summer. Speed is of the greatest consequence in all preserving, as the natural flavor of the fruit is more readily saved. The old fashioned method of squeezing the juice from the unheated fruit and boiling it down to a thick conserve is happily abandoned now by all intelligent housekeepers. Place the currants, which may be stewed if you wish, though it is not necessary, in a stone jar and set in a pot of cold water which should be placed on the fire. The stone jar should be covered tightly and be a little higher than the rim of the pot, so that no steam can get to the currants. Cook them in this way thirty minutes after the water begins to boil. Then break the fruit with a potato beetle and strain through a flannel bag. Do not squeeze the currants too hard, as the jelly will be cloudy if you do. It is better to press the juice out with a press. To every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle and let it cook gently, fifteen minutes after it boils. Then add the sugar; stir to dissolve it as quick-

ly as possible, and at the first boiling remove the kettle from the fire, and fill the bowls or tumblers you have in readiness. These should be standing in a pan of boiling water to prevent their being cracked by the hot jelly. Opaque bowls or jars are better to keep jelly than tumblers, as they exclude the light. A bowl makes a prettier mould for the table. It is well to put a specimen of the jelly in a tumbler to examine its clearness and color. Many housekeepers prepare currant jelly spiced to eat with mutton and other meats. This is easily done by adding a tablespoonful of cinnamon and one of mace, tied in a bag, to the juice when you put it on to boil. Before you add the sugar, take out the bag of spices, and add a tablespoonful of cloves, which may remain in the jelly, as they look pretty floating in the clear crimson foam. Black current jelly is excellent, and is made in the same way as red currant.

### The Habit of Work.

There is scarcely anything of greater importance to a young man than that he should acquire early the habit of regular application to some pursuit. Many persons who are not of an indolent nature live on, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, without accomplishing anything worth while. They wonder that others are successful, and they are not; that others progress, and they remain stationary. The difficulty with them is that although they are not particularly averse to labor, they have never learned how to work to advantage. They have never formed the habit of regular, systematic application. Desultory and merely impulsive efforts are attended by insufficient and unsatisfactory results. The first requisite is to know what you want to accomplish. Have some purpose—some plan. Then see to it that the sun does not set on a day in which something has not been done to carry forward that plan—to promote that purpose. Have, so far as possible regular hours for work, and let no light interruption interfere with them. If you take a day's recreation, be sure that on the morrow you promptly resume your work, and give to it the benefit of refreshed strength and renewed vigor.

At the end of every week, regularly

review your work. Consider just how much you have accomplished. If you are satisfied with what you have done, it will bring to you a feeling of repose and content. If you find you should have done more, then make sure that the coming week shall show an improvement on the past. Finally, let nothing—no matter what—daunt or discourage you. Glory in a resolute and invincible will!

If all the young men now coming on the stage would scrupulously observe these instructions, what an increase of success and happiness there would be!

### The Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity.

Among other of the public charities in 68th street, between Third and Lexington avenues, is the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity. This is also a vast work. While the buildings fill the block, as in the case of the Presbyterian Hospital, making a perfect world of itself, they have provision for one thousand children outside. In addition to the Asylum there is a Maternity hospital connected with the institution, consisting of wards and private rooms, where untiring attendance is found to further the patients' welfare and happiness. A Children's hospital has just been built on the northeast corner of the block, supplying a long felt deficiency, and in its design all the improvements in heating, ventilation, and hygienic surroundings have been taken advantage of, and quarantined arrangements provided for, to prevent danger from contagious diseases, which, in spite of precautions, are occasionally introduced. Taking the size of the Asylum into consideration, the rate of mortality has been low. The kindergarten classes are very interesting, and the children are early taught obedience, order and industry.

We do not despise all those who have vices; but we despise all who have not a single virtue.

A holy creed, a holy heart, and a holy life, form an admirable "Threefold cord." They ought never to be separated, as each reflects credit upon the other.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1882.

### Our Hospital Wards.

It is pleasant as we pass through our Hospital Wards to note the blessed ministries of our trained nurses, and to hear the grateful thanks of those whose sufferings are mitigated by their assiduous care. Noiselessly and gently they move from couch to couch, their cheerful presence imparting hope, while they respond to the needs of the invalids, and their skillful fingers rendering service where one of weaker nerves might agitate the patient.

On our last visit to the Hospital one of these nurses was watchfully ministering to a little infant of seven months, whose mother sat weeping near it, her heart welling over with grief, while her sorrow seemed to render her powerless to aid it. The child, a few days before, had swallowed a piece of egg shell which had lodged in its windpipe. The mother had brought it from Henrietta to Rochester, where Dr. Rowe had performed the operation of tracheotomy and removed the shell. The inflammation and swelling made the child's condition very critical. The little one lay on a pillow, the gaping wound uncovered and the tiny neck partly encircled by a line of blood. A sad sight for a mother's eye! Her tear-stained face revealed the heart's agony. The nurse watched it with constant care, gently removing the matter that accumulated in the windpipe, and as the child cried, the sound came not through the lips but through the opening of the windpipe.

Extremes meet in our City Hospital, for before visiting this helpless infant we sat beside a man who seemed the embodiment of manly strength and vigor. His muscles had been trained by working on iron, and one could hardly associate suf-

fering with so robust a frame. While plying his trade he had lost control of a huge bar of iron that had swung around and in some way crushed his foot. He lay on a couch in a tent on the lawn, and beside him, looking sadder than he was, his German wife, the mother of the children who were sporting near him.

Within the same tent was another man whose head had been injured by the cars while he was sleeping on the track.

As we passed through the Wards the fresh flowers, that brightened them and gave pleasure to the invalids, indicated that the young ladies of St. Luke's Flower Mission had been distributing their gifts.

Twenty-one patients were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. One of these had fractured his knee-pan while running; another was blind, and one was a paralytic. A man whose arm had been broken was improving, and the splints had recently been removed. One inmate had died during the month, Mr. Thorne, an Englishman eighty-six years old. While eating his dinner he had choked. A piece of beef lodging in his windpipe. Dr. Ely performed the operation of tracheotomy but it only prolonged his life a few hours.

The Male Medical Ward has now seventeen patients, none of whom is confined to the cot. No death has occurred in the Ward during the month, and no patient is very sick. Three of the inmates are consumptives, three have paralysis, two are aged patients, one has Bright's disease, one has a diseased heart, and the other has trouble with the lungs. We found only two patients in the Ward, the others were taking out of door exercise.

Fifteen are under treatment in the Upper Female Ward, and no death has occurred in it during the month. A sufferer from rheumatism was more comfortable than she had been; a paralytic had

been very sick but was better; a consumptive had lost her voice and for two years had been unable to speak aloud. The woman who dislocated her neck was so well she had gone out as nurse.

In the Lying-In-Ward were a young mother and two waiting patients.

In the Lower Female Ward are fourteen patients, three of whom are colored. One of these was the sickest patient in the Ward; another had had a sore limb, but was so well she was soon to return home; and the third was the little girl who was at one time very ill with peritonitis. Two patients were confined to their beds; one had had a surgical operation; one had paralysis and two rheumatism. Mary D., who had injured herself by jumping the rope, has been very ill but is again improving, is able to go about on crutches.

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### The Little Folks.

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In another article we have alluded to the little baby suffering from the effects of swallowing an egg shell. The little colored girl, for whom last month we asked a doll, is better, but not very strong yet. She is very patient and uncomplaining. Two girls, one thirteen and one fifteen, are eye patients. One of these was born blind but Dr. Rider has operated upon one eye and now she can see a little. She is to have another operation performed. The other girl has had inflammation of the eyes but is better. The youth whose arm was injured on Decoration Day by a street car is improving, as is also the little boy with hip complaint who goes about with his crutches.

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### Notice.

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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.

## Folding Screens.

We are indebted to Dr. Ely and Miss Hebbard for the frames to some exceedingly pretty folding screens, designed for the use of the private patients in the Mansard. Miss Wild and Miss Belle Eastman have covered them most tastefully with felt, Canton flannel and creton, bordering them with gimp and using gilt nails. Some of the creton designs are very handsome, landscapes and flowers being introduced as panels. They are attractive as well as useful to those occupying the private rooms.

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 11, 1882, of carcinoma of femur, Elias Swanton, aged 31 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 11, 1882, of opium poison, Peter Shuey, aged —.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 17, 1882, of shock induced by asphyxia, Thomas Thorne, aged 86 years.

## Monthly Report.

1882. July 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	90
Received during month, ..	45
Births, .....	1—136
Deaths .....	3
Discharged, .....	49— 52
Remaining Aug. 1st, 1882, ..	84

## Donations.

James Mason Fiske—Bound volume Harper's "Young Folks."  
 Mrs. G. J. Whitney—Volumes "Harper's Magazine."  
 McConnell & Jones—One barrel of Sea Sand.  
 Dr. Ely—Fourteen pairs Men Slippers, U. S. Dispensatory.  
 Mrs. Davis—Old Flannel, Farina.  
 Mrs. C. M. Traver—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Geo. H. Perkins—Second-hand Shirts and Pantalons.  
 Mrs. Stockwell—Second-hand Shoes, Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Perkins—Reading Matter.  
 Miss M. Reading—Several numbers Franklin Square Library.  
 Miss Osgood—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."

Mr. A. M. Abbey, by Mr. Reynolds—Reading Matter.  
 Misses Peck and Dodge—Lint, Old Cotton, Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Badger—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Thomas Chester—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Dr. Bennett—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Robert Mathews—Old Cotton.

## Receipts for the Review,

FOR JULY, 1882.

Mrs. W. Armour, Brockport—By Mrs. M. E. Gilman, .....	50
Mrs. W. Y. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Lamb, 62 cents; Osgood & Brigham, advertisement, \$5.00; Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 62 cents—By Treasurer, .....	6 86

## Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Interest on deposit, .....	\$ 9 85
Previously acknowledged, .....	1988 71
Total Receipts, .....	\$1998 56

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.

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 Lesson in Cow Milking.

A market gardener had a very fine cow that was milked week after week by hired men. He observed that the amount of butter he carried to market weighed about a pound more on each alternate week. He watched the men, and tried the cow after they had finished milking, but always found that there was no milk left in the teats. He finally asked the Scotch girl who took care of the milk if she could account for the difference. "Why, yes," she says. "When Jim milks he says to the old cow, 'So! my pretty muley, so!' But when Sam milks he hits her on the hip with the edge o' the pail and says, 'Hist, you old brute!'"

—[Home and Farm.



### Baby's Skies.

Would you know the baby's skies?  
Baby's skies are mother's eyes.  
Mother's eyes and smile together  
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mother, keep your eyes from tears,  
Keep your heart from foolish fears,  
Keep your lips from dull complaining,  
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

M. C. BARTLETT.

### Bitter Fruits.

Two middle-aged sedate women, mothers of grown-up sons and daughters, says the *Youth's Companion*, were recently giving to each other incidents in the history of their lives. Young people would look for dull commonplaces in such narratives, but if we want to reach the really dramatic and romantic features of life, we shall be most apt to find them in the experience of the middle-aged.

One of these women, soon after her marriage, while walking alone at twilight, had witnessed a quarrel between two men and women she knew, which ended by one—the smaller and weaker—stabbing the other to the heart. She shrieked and fell unconscious.

When she revived the murderer was stooping over her. He was a friend of her husband's, a "good young fellow," as she expressed it, a young physician struggling to make a home for his wife and children.

He told, in an agony of remorse, how terrible had been his provocation. He had buried the body. It was for her to say whether he should go back to his home and duty, and try to repent of his deed, or should end his life on the gallows. She was weak and yielded to his entreaties, and promised to guard his secret even from her husband.

"For thirty years," she said, "that secret lay upon me like a nightmare horror. The murdered man was missed, but his body was never found, and no suspicion ever fell on his murderer.

"I knew he never trusted me, and I used to fancy at night as I fell asleep, he would somehow put me and my husband to death to secure his own safety. When he died, and I could tell the whole story

to my husband, I felt as if then at last I was fit to be called his wife."

The other woman said, "I think my secret load has been as heavy to carry as yours, yet it only consisted of a few foolish love letters.

"I wrote them when I was sixteen, to an idle, silly boy with whom I had a flirtation. They were full of sentiment and passion, which I thought very fine and true at the time.

"When I was twenty I married a noble, true gentleman, whom I loved with my whole heart. My first lover became a gross, bloated ruffian, the frequenter of bar-rooms and gambling hells.

"But he had my letters, and when I met him, his leer and knowing smile reminded me that he had them. Through all my married life, when I was most happy in my husband's love, when my boys began to grow into manhood, the knowledge that those letters were in the world was like a whip of scorpions to me."

It is a safe rule, girls, never to write a word to young men, or permit any liberty to them, of which you would blush to tell your mother. You will never then have reason to blush before husband and son.

### Uncle Ben's Advice.

Young man, drive slow and learn to peddle. Go easy; don't get in too big a hurry. Don't get too anxious for fame. Remember that is the legacy of bald-headed men.

Very true, my son, it would be nice to have your portrait published, as one of the men of the times, but it costs money to have your phiz engraved, even on wood. Some folks have more money than fame, and you will sometimes see their pictures in the papers. But, my son, there's nothing in it. You must learn that this world is a big thing—a mighty big thing, and the sooner you can comprehend that you are not the only young man in it the better it will be for you—and the world, too.

From the birth-bed to the death-bed, from the cradle to the grave, is a long, crooked lane, with a briar hedge on both sides. It requires either the high leap of genius or the patient endurance of in-

dustry to jump over or to crawl through to the rich clover fields along side. And remember, boy, genius sometimes takes a high leap over the hedge and comes down in a stony, barren patch, covered with red sorrel and mullen, and it takes a long time to heal the bruises, and poor genius turns to patient industry, with an empty stomach, for a long time before it reaches a better field, and sometimes is glad to tear and mutilate itself, crawling back into the stony lane of manual labor.

But, don't be afraid, my son; when you scent a good clover field wade right in. The thorns will prick you and tear you, but don't run off to find a thinner place, or the chances are you will have your work to do over again. Keep right on and console yourself with the thought that every step you take and every scratch you get leaves that many fewer to go through; and, boy, don't be too eager; don't get "rattled;" don't slash around you like mad, or you may get bewildered and work the hedge lengthwise, or back into the lane. Maybe when you do get through, other busy bees will have robbed the clover of its honey, and you will get only the dead blossoms, but you needn't give up for that. There are other good fields. Finally, my son, when you strike rich clover, don't be a fool and try to eat too much, or you may burst, with only the first taste of honey on your lips.

—[Derrick.

### Mummies as Bric-a-Brac.

It is estimated that the number of bodies embalmed from B. C. 2,000, when mummification is supposed to have been first practiced, to A. D. 700, when it ceased, amounts to 420,000,000. Some Egyptologists, who extend the beginning of the art to a much earlier date, estimate the number of mummies at 731,000,000.

The modern traveler is not content to collect merely beads and funeral statuettes and such small game. He must bring home an ancient Egyptian. The amount of business done of late years in this grim kind of bric-a-brac has been very considerable.

Mummies, however, are expensive hobbies, only to be indulged in by the wealthy. From £60 to £100 was at that time the average price of a full size speci-

men, while from £10 to £12 was asked for a baby.

The purchaser of the Pinotem papyrus paid 400 £ for his bargain, and it may be assumed that a royal mummy from the same source would have cost at least double that sum.

That Rameses II. was, as lately as 1880, actually offered for sale to a wealthy American (who did not, however, believe in the genuineness of the article as reported, and declined to deal,) is a fact for which I have the authority of one of that traveler's companions.

But the ordinary mummy sold to the ordinary tourist is of quite another class. He belonged in his day to the lesser nobility; that is to say, he was an architect, a sacred scribe, a civil or military official.

Such mummies, ranging chiefly from the twenty-first to the twenty-sixth dynasties, form the staple of Theban trade.

As for the Theban fellah, mummy-hunting is his hereditary vocation. He passes his life in digging, finding, hiding and selling; his home is an empty sepulchre; his shirt is made of mummy cloth; his children's playthings and his wife's ornaments are spoils of the dead.

His forefathers have subsisted for generations by this equivocal industry, and his descendants will subsist by it for who shall say how many generations to come!

### Spoke for His Father.

Congressman Bedford, of Colorado, has a very thin voice, almost inaudible across the House, and a nine-year-old son with an enterprising Western spirit. One day Mr. Bedford tried in vain to make the Speaker hear him in order to offer a bill.

Little Sam bore the situation as long as he could with composure, then darting forward to the area in front of the Speaker's desk, his figure undersized for his age but lithe as a grasshopper, appeared in full view before the Speaker, and he called out amid the din,—

"General Keifer! General Keifer! don't you see my papa's got a paper he wants you to look at!"

The Speaker was amused at the boy's reminder, and promptly "saw" the member from Colorado, who was permitted to off his measure. The little scene amused the House, however little suited to the dignity of the place.

### 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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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIX. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1882.

No. 2.

## Summer Silence.

There is stillness, rapturous stillness in the  
August afternoon,  
Though the low-swung leaflets quiver to the  
cricket's drowsy tune.  
All the cornfield's tall retainers stand unmoved  
with burnished crest  
While the yellow moth darts round them in dis-  
dain of noble rest.  
Still no rustle from the darting do we hear with-  
in the pause,  
Not a faintest sound of motion from the pinions'  
subtile gauze,  
From the dippings and the soarings and the  
curvings as he passes,  
Making graceful genuflections at some shrine  
amid the grasses;  
Nay, so noiseless is the fitting of each rare,  
transparent wing,  
That the silence is but richer for the golden  
hush they bring!

And the droning of the crickets—does it break  
the dreamy swoon  
Of the restful harvest season in this August  
afternoon?  
Does it wake the sleeping bosom of the summer's  
mellow day?  
Nay, a thousand times we answer, with the  
crickets, nay and nay;  
A thousand times we answer, with the crickets'  
gentle drone,  
That the silence is more silent for the tender  
monotone!

O, the overbrimming silence of this teeming  
summer hour!  
Softly floating from the honey-bee that hums  
above the flower;

Upswelling from the locust leaf in unseen mur-  
murs there;  
And throbbing through a world of life whose  
home is in the air.

Think you silence is less peaceful for the music  
that it breeds,—  
Its myriad voices opened like the myriad bloom-  
ing seeds?  
Nay, fuller and intenser is its presence whisper-  
ed so  
By a wierd cicada chorus and the moth's aerial  
glow;  
By the thrill of praise ascending, from garden,  
field and grove,  
Whose one translated meaning is of love, and  
only love;—  
That Love that yields fruition to the finite hope  
of man,  
Yet stays not the fulfilling of a far diviner plan.

MARY B. DODGE.

## Sweetness.

BY ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long  
The field, the woodland and the garden o'er  
To gather in his fragrant winter store,  
Humming in calm content his quiet song,  
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,  
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,  
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips  
The single drop of sweetness, closely press'd  
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we  
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet,  
From all the varied human flowers we meet  
In the wide garden of humanity,  
And like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,  
Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.

**Boyhood of Daniel Webster.**

It was just one hundred years, on the 18th of last January, since Daniel Webster, the great statesman, orator and lawyer was born, and the time seems a fit one for saying something of his boyhood.

Webster's father lived near the headquarters of the Merrimac River, and the only school within reach was a poor affair kept open for a few months every winter. There Webster learned all that the ignorant master could teach him, which was very little; but he acquired a taste which did more for him than the reading, writing and arithmetic of the school. He learned to like books, and to want knowledge; and when a boy gets really hungry and thirsty for knowledge, it is not easy to keep him ignorant. When some of the neighbors joined in setting up a little circulating library, young Webster read every book in it two or three times, and even committed to memory a large part of the best of them. It was this eagerness for education on his part that led his father afterward to send him to Exeter to school, and later to put him in Dartmouth College.

There are not many boys in our time who have not declaimed parts of Webster's great speeches; and it will interest them to know that the boy who afterward made those speeches could never declaim at all when he was at school. He learned his pieces well, and practised them in his own room, but he could not speak them before people to save his life.

Webster was always fond of shooting and fishing, and however hard he studied, the people around him called him lazy and idle, because he would spend whole days in these sports. Once, while he was studying under Dr. Woods to prepare for college, he spoke to him on the subject, and hurt his feelings a little. The boy went to his room determined to have revenge, and this was the way he took to get it. The usual Latin lesson was one hundred lines of Virgil, but Webster spent the whole night over the book.

The next morning before breakfast he went to Dr. Woods and read the whole lesson correctly. Then he said:

"Will you hear a few more lines, Doctor?"

The teacher consenting, Webster read on and on, while the breakfast grew cold.

Still there was no sign of the boy's ping, and the hungry doctor at last saw how much further he was prepared to

"To the end of the twelfth book the *Æneid*," answered the "idle" in triumph.

After that, Webster did not give his hunting and fishing, but he worked hard at his lessons, and got on so that there was no further complaint of "idleness." He not only learned lessons given to him, but more, every and besides this he read every good book he could lay his hands on, for he was at all satisfied to know only what could be found in the school-books.

Webster's father was poor and in finding how eager his boy was for education, and seeing, too, that he possessed unusual ability, he determined, ill as he could afford the expense, to send him to college. Accordingly Daniel went to Dartmouth. But after he had been there two years, and gone home for his vacation, he startled his father one morning, declaring he would not go back to college unless his brother Ezekiel could be educated too. This seemed out of the question. The father could barely afford to educate one son, and he could not send the other from the farm-work that provided the means for this. But young Dan was generous and resolute. If Ezekiel could not be educated, he would not. He would not let them sacrifice Zeke for him, and there was an end to it. The good old mother solved the difficulty. She said, getting old she said, and her children were dear to her; she was willing to give up everything for their good, and if it would promise to take care of her during her old age, the property should be sold and debts paid, and what remained should be spent in educating both of the boys. After much debate the matter was settled in this way, and it is pleasant to know that the dear old mother never knew what as a consequence of her devotion to the welfare of her children.

Many anecdotes are told to illustrate the character of young Dan. He was always lavish of his money when he was any, while his brother was careful and generous, especially to Dan, whom he greatly admired. On one occasion young Dan went to a neighboring town on a holiday, each with a quarter of a dollar in his pocket.

"Well, Dan," said the father on their return, "what did you do with your money?"

"Spent it," answered the boy.

"And what did you do with yours, Zeke?"

"Lent it to Dan," was the answer. As a fact, Dan had spent both quarters.

Young Webster was very industrious in his studies, as we have seen, and he was physically strong and active, as his fondness for sport proved; but he could never endure farm work. One day his father wanted him to help him in cutting hay with a scythe; but very soon the boy complained that the scythe was not hung to suit him, that is to say, it was not set at a proper angle upon its handle. The old gentleman adjusted it, but still it did not suit the boy. After repeated attempts to arrange it to Dan's liking, the father said impatiently, "well, hang it to suit yourself." And young Dan immediately hung it over the branch of an apple tree and left it there. That was the hanging which pleased him.

After finishing his college course, Webster began studying law, but having no money, and being unwilling to tax his father for further support, he went into northern Maine, and taught school there for a time. While teaching he devoted his evenings to the work of copying deeds and other legal documents, and by close economy he managed to live upon the money thus earned, so that he saved the whole of his salary as a teacher. With this money to live on, he went to Boston, studied law, and soon distinguished himself. The story of his life as a public man, in the senate, in the cabinet and at the bar, is well known, and it does not belong to this sketch of his boyhood.

—[*Harper's Young People.*]

### Hospitals for Diphtheria, Etc.

The Jews have always been a remarkably healthy race. Three facts help to explain it—their frequent ablutions, wholesome diet, and the rigid separation of such of them as were afflicted with infectious diseases, from social intercourse, until they had been restored to health.

The policy of separation—isolation is the word now—Americans have long acted on in the cases of small pox, and have

found it necessary in the checking of its ravages, and that, too, though the danger of its spreading is greatly diminished by modern vaccination.

It is now suggested that the same policy should be adopted in our treatment of diphtheria, scarlet fever and kindred diseases.

It is true that in some cases children suffering from diphtheria are not permitted to go to school, and their separation from the healthy is sometimes secured. But this does not prove to be enough. In spite of all instruction and all ordinary efforts, our homes continue to be desolated by these and other infectious diseases, at a fearful rate.

The question is now being agitated whether special hospitals should not be provided for all infectious diseases. The matter was lately discussed at a meeting of the New York Medical Society. Prominent philanthropists in New York City are considering it in its practical form.

The *Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter* affirms that, while scarlet fever and diphtheria are as infectious as small-pox, they are in many cases vastly worse in their after effects; and that the reason for establishing special hospitals for the latter hold equally for the former.

It adds, "There is one fact we must look in the face. So long as persons afflicted with contagious diseases are allowed to mingle with their fellows, so long will these diseases be communicated from one to another; and so long will they continue to afflict and devastate the people of the world."

It thinks that buildings could be erected of such a character in every respect as would tend to make these diseases less mortal, while every home comfort could be provided for those able to pay for them, and for the poorer classes more favorable conditions for recovery than could be secured in their own homes.

—[*Youth's Companion.*]

### Calmness of Truth.

Calmness is truth,

And truth is calmness still;

Truth lifts its forehead to the storm,

Like some eternal hill.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## Cholera Infantum.

One-third of all who are born die before reaching their fifth year. A large percentage of these die of cholera infantum and kindred complaints. It is generally supposed that the chief causes are improper feeding, bad milk, teething and impure air.

A paper on the subject, read before the American Medical Association, takes different ground. We give its leading ideas.

The above causes are in operation equally the year round. But statistics show that the mortality in the case is mainly confined to July, August and September, and that three-fourths of these have the origin of the attack in July; that these diseases are much more numerous and fatal in our large cities than in the rural districts; and that, even in our large cities, with a warm climate, they do not greatly prevail, if these are characterized by cool breezes at night.

The proportional mortality is in Boston five times, and in Chicago six times, as great as in San Francisco; and even in New Orleans it is not one-fourth of what it is in Chicago.

The real cause seems to be a succession of hot days, unbroken by cool nights and with but little stir of air. The air being thus heated and stagnant, there is less oxygen to breathe, while the ability of the blood to take up oxygen, and thus get rid of its carbonic acid, is lessened by profuse sweating.

Indigestion, instead of being a cause of the complaint, is itself an effect of the over-sensitive and relaxed condition of the whole inner surface of the digestive canal.

The remedy is fresh air and toning-up of the system. During the heated months the dwelling, and especially the nursery and the sleeping-room, should be kept thoroughly ventilated. Where it can be done mothers and nurses should take their children to elevated locations, or to floating hospitals, etc.

To tone up and soothe the relaxed and sensitive system, there is nothing better than sponging the body night and morning, but especially at night, with cool water. This should be done whenever the temperature does not fall at night below 70 degrees.—[*Youth's Companion*.

## "Nobody Knows But Jesus."

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"

'Tis the old refrain  
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,  
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,  
And I do not know the rest;  
But the music of the message  
Was wonderfully blessed;

For it fell upon my spirit  
Like sweetest twilight psalm  
When the breezy sunset waters  
Die into starry calm.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"

Is it not better so,  
That no one else but Jesus,  
My own dear Lord, should know?

When the sorrow is a secret  
Between my Lord and me,  
I learn the fuller measure  
Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy  
That dear ones could not bear  
To know the bitter burden  
They could not come and share;

Whether it be so tiny  
That others could not see  
Why it should be a trouble  
And seem so real to me—

Either, and both, I lay them  
Down at my Master's feet,  
And find them, alone with Jesus,  
Mysteriously sweet.

Sweet, for they bring me closer  
To the dearest, truest Friend;  
Sweet, for He comes the nearer  
As 'neath the cross I bend.

Sweet, for they are the channels  
Through which His teachings flow;  
Sweet, for by these dark secrets  
His heart of love I know.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"

It is music for to-day,  
And through the darkest hours  
It will chime along the way.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"

My Lord, I bless Thee now  
For the secret gift of sorrow  
That no one knows but Thou.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

## The Swimming Bath.

Under this head it is meant to include all open-air bathing, which generally affords a chance in fresh and salt water alike. Swimming is an art which not only may enable us to preserve life, but is also a healthful and delightful exercise. A great many muscles are brought into play in swimming, and large demands are made upon the lung power; indeed, nearly all good and powerful swimmers are large chested.

The salt in sea water and the greater motion of the water make sea-bathing more stimulating than fresh-water bathing; reaction is usually quicker and surer, so that there is less risk of taking cold, as anybody who has had equal experience of both forms of bathing can testify.

Along the eastern shore of New England, and particularly north of Boston, the sea water is so cold that it is seldom safe to stay in the water more than *five minutes*, though the water covering beaches is warmer than that which is deeper and off the rocks, the sands getting heated by the summer sun while the tide is out, and thus tempering the water on its return. On the south shore of New England the water is much warmer, and bathers can remain longer in it if they choose.

But the sensations caused by a bath in the pure and open air are so delicious that there is far more danger of remaining too long in the water than of cutting the bath too short. Boys, in particular, often spend a large part of the day in summer in and out of the water; their parents either not knowing how the boys pass their time, or that there is any harm in so much bathing, are surprised to find them pale, without appetite, weak and languid, and send them to the doctor to learn what is the matter. A number of such cases have come under my observation.

A grown person who will take the trouble to exercise his faculties of observation on himself can generally find out very soon how often and how long he can bathe with benefit,—or, at least, without manifest injury,—but some supervision should be had over young people, who are often led to over-bathe, partly for the enjoyment of the bath itself, and partly from the fact that the bathing-place is a sort

of rendezvous where numbers of them meet together and time thus passes more quickly than they think. People vary greatly in the limits within which they can bathe with benefit, just as they vary in every other respect.

Sea-bathing does not suit some people at all, while others can indulge in it largely; during the hottest weather the writer has repeatedly taken as many as four sea-baths in coldish water within twenty-four hours, but the duration of the bath was never more than two minutes, and it was always followed by brisk rubbing,—this is mentioned, not as an example to be followed, but as an illustration.

Never go into the water unless at least two hours have elapsed since a meal was taken, and those who are not robust will do well to be careful about bathing just before a meal, when the stomach is empty and the powers are relatively low; for such, midway between two meals is the best time. Any fresh shock or excitement is sufficient to arrest entirely the process of digestion for a time, and bathing in cold water is to be regarded in this light.

Bathing soon after a hearty meal has proved fatal in some instances; bathing immediately before a meal is less dangerous and not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to produce ill effects lasting more than a day or two. Still it is important to remember that it may do so.

It used to be thought a very dangerous thing to go into the water when perspiring or heated by exercise, the fact really being that a vigorous person never finds a bath so delicious as under these very circumstances, *provided only that he is in no way exhausted*. Proper reaction from the chilling effect of the water implies reserve force in the nervous system, and to this a limit is set in each individual.

Similarly a person should not bathe while under the influence of any great excitement or emotion, lest reaction should not occur; nor should a child be dragged into the water against his will, perhaps in great fear, kicking and struggling. Try gently and patiently to overcome his fear and to coax him in. Lastly, if you are going in bathing, go in promptly as soon as you are undressed. Don't hesitate until you are cold and shivering before the plunge.—[*Youth's Companion*.

**"Lady" Washington.**

That celebrated woman, whom our Revolutionary sires, in spite of their Republicanism, called "Lady Washington," was a home-body. She used to speak of her public life in New York and Philadelphia as her "lost days." She preferred the comfort and seclusion of Mount Vernon to the gayety and publicity of her position as wife of the President. A lady who visited her there, draws this pen-and-ink sketch of Martha Washington's room at her husband's farm: "On one side sits the chambermaid, with her knitting; on the other a little colored pet learning to sew. A decent looking old woman is there, with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she has just finished, and presents me with a pair half-done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake."

Mrs. Washington was a warm Federalist in her politics, and had no love for the Democratic principles of Thomas Jefferson. Her granddaughter, Miss Custis, who lived with her, was required to practise on the harpsichord four or five hours daily. One day, not hearing the sound of the instrument, Mrs. Washington came down stairs.

"I heard some one go out of the house, so you must have had a visitor," she said to the young lady. Then noticing a spot on the newly-painted cream-colored wall, she exclaimed,—

"Ah, it was no Federalist!" pointing to a blemish just over the settee; "none but a filthy Democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner!"

Miss Nellie Custis, being young and romantic, was fond of wandering alone by moonlight in the woods of Mount Vernon. Her grandmother thought it unsafe, and scolded the young lady until she promised not to walk again in the woods unless accompanied.

But one night, her habit being too strong to be curbed by a promise, she was again missed and a servant was sent to recall her from her favorite wanderings.

room, her grandmother, seated in great arm-chair, reproved her severely.

Nelly admitted that she was alone, offered no excuse for her transgression. As she was leaving the room, she overheard General Washington, who had been walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, say to his wife,—

"My dear, I would say no more; I hope she was not alone."

Instantly Miss Nelly returned, and walking straight up to the general, said

"Sir, you brought me up to speak the truth; and when I told grandmamma I was alone, I hope you believe I was alone."

The general, making one of his most courtly bows, replied, "My child, I thank you for your pardon."

**Useful Wives.**

A half-century ago, when young women used to think that marriage meant that they should become helpers to their husbands, and contribute their full share to the family wealth, the Rev. John M. Peck took a young Connecticut girl to a home in New York, and a little later to Illinois. They never had a large income, but her prudence enabled him to accumulate a good estate. He thus writes of his habits of that time:

"In the Northern and Middle States no girl raised on a farm was deemed fit to marry until her bedding, clothing, window curtains, towels, table-cloths and every article of domestic manufacture was made with her own hands in quantities sufficient for respectable housekeeping. Young men, then, who made visits to families for a specific purpose, were ingenious in finding out the domestic character of the mother before they committed themselves to the daughter."

Of his own wife he says: "The young husband and wife might have been seen on a farm-wagon with a load of furniture. The chairs, tables, bureau, kitchen utensils and a few other articles were the gift of her grandparents; but every article of bedding, table-linen and personal clothing for home wear, with many other similar things, were made by her own hands. And yet she was but twenty years



## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1882.

### Midsummer at the Hospital.

When last we visited the City Hospital we found the lawn an attractive lounging place for many of our patients. Its settees and hammocks were not empty, and within the tent one man was reclining on his cot who, two weeks before, had had his limb amputated for aneurism of an artery. A friend was bathing his fevered head, and her gentle ministrations seemed grateful to the sick man. The German that was injured by the iron bar, and who last month was confined to his cot in the tent, was up, dressed, sitting on a chair on the lawn, while his bandaged foot was supported in another chair, and around him were gathered a group of Germans with whom he was having a social chat.

We found but few changes in the Male Surgical Ward. One new patient who had an ulcer on the limb was slowly improving. A man who had injured his head and side, by falling into the canal, on St. Paul Street, was improving and expecting soon to leave the Hospital. The patient with fractured knee-pan was wearing a plaster of Paris knee-cap, and going about on crutches. The aged blind man had been taken to the Insane Asylum, and the paralytic to another institution. The patient who was injured by the cars, while he was sleeping on the track, was improving, though his head was still bandaged. He whose fingers were cut off by a paper cutting machine was almost well. A German with broken limb was on the lawn going about on crutches. Three persons in this Ward were confined to their beds, and one death had occurred during the month.

Twelve patients were under treatment in the Male Medical Wards; one of these,

a man in the Cross Ward, was sick with typhoid fever. Two eye patients had just left and two others were under Dr. Rider's care. There were two paralytics and two aged and infirm men, and one man was afflicted with asthma.

There were thirteen invalids in the Lower Female Wards. One of these, a new patient, was very sick; another had ulcers on her limbs, a bad sore throat, and was otherwise diseased; arrangements were being made to place both of these in a tent on the lawn south of the Hospital. Margaret, the aged colored woman with sore limb, was better and had gone home. One patient had rheumatism, two were afflicted with chronic diseases, and one was a paralytic. Mrs. P., in addition to her ordinary weaknesses, had had an attack of inflammation of the lungs from which she had suffered a good deal. Mrs. B. was dressed and occupying her lounging chair and expecting to be rolled out to the Avenue, where she was to visit a friend.

A mother and young baby and one waiting patient occupied the Lying-In-Ward.

Fourteen were under treatment in the Upper Female Ward, six of whom were confined to their beds. No death had occurred during the month in the Ward. A dropsical patient was very sick. A week before two gallons of fluid had been taken from her, but this had afforded only temporary relief. Four persons had diseased lungs, and three eye patients were under Dr. Rider's care.

The day was hot and sultry, one calculated to prostrate an invalid, but the Hospital Wards were comparatively cool and airy, and we were grateful that so comfortable a shelter was ready to welcome the afflicted.

Pillows are greatly needed at the Hospital. A feather bed that could be used to make them would be very acceptable.

## Our Little Folks.

We have plenty of them just now in the Hospital, and we hope all who love little children will remember that our Cot fund lacks nearly a thousand dollars to complete its endowment. The little girl who is now occupying the Cot, Mary D., comes from West Bloomfield. She is only four years old, and the Ward nurse called her *her shadow*, because she followed her wherever she went. She had had measles and her eyes were so injured she could hardly use them when she came to the Hospital, and she went about with her head bent down and her eyes shaded by her hand. Now she is much better and is quite a pet in the Ward.

Another little girl, twelve years old, was born blind; she had cataracts on both eyes, and could not see the faces of her dear friends. She could tell the difference between light and darkness, but nothing more, and Dr. Rider is trying to take away these cataracts so that she can see. Another girl, fifteen years old, had her eyes hit by snow balls, and for two years she has been suffering and almost blind. Now Dr. Rider is trying to cure her, and she can see when her nurses change their dresses, and this shows she is improving.

A little colored baby who was blind was brought to the Hospital for a short time, and will come back again from time to time for treatment.

The little baby seven months old who had a piece of egg shell in its windpipe, and last month was breathing through a hole made in it, strange to say, did not die. It required a great deal of care to nurse it, as if the hole in the throat was not kept open the child could not breathe. Two of our young physicians, besides the nurses, sat up with it two nights, to be sure everything was done to preserve its life. It remained in the Hospital till it was out of danger, and then its mother

took it home. It was the youngest seven children.

The little boy with diseased hip whom we have often spoken of, is quite comfortable, and goes all over the Hospital grounds on his crutch.

Josie, the colored girl from the Orphan Asylum, looked very feeble. Someone sent her a doll and that pleased her greatly. She was sitting on the outside of her bolstered up, and was working on perforated card-board, and beside her Mary D., the girl with diseased eyes who was teaching her how to emboss the card-board.

A bright boy, twelve years old, with a bad scar on his face, came into the Hospital office, and when Mrs. G. told him a place where he could get work to he was so polite and gentlemanly that they were quite interested in him. He said, "*I'm a thousand times obliged to you but I'll see my mother.*" He was playing one day with a horse and was kicked in the face. Instead of whining he came at once, like a little hero, to the Hospital and had his cheek sewed up, came again when it needed dressing. He was a very handy boy about the Hospital and the Matron said one of the most interesting boys to do an errand she had had in the Wards.

Mary D., who so long wore a plaster Paris jacket, and who increased her ease of the spine by jumping a rope still at the Hospital, but feeling better than when last we reported her.

One poor boy had his foot caught in the car track, and before he could get free the car run over him cutting his entirely off. He was brought to the Hospital, had his limb amputated, but in consequence of the injury.

You see, dear children, how many people we have at the Hospital. I think we need a Children's Ward. We hope all the dear children who had a happy vacation, and have been

joying the mountains, the seaside, the lakeshore, or the country, will contribute something to our Cot fund, and when that is completed we must work for a Children's Ward.

We hope some of the mothers whose little ones have been spared to them through dangerous illnesses, will send us thank offerings, and some whose darlings have entered the fold of the Good Shepherd will contribute memorial gifts.

### Correspondence.

The following letter, accompanied by over a hundred cards containing texts from the Bible inscribed in pretty floral borders, came to us through the post office, and we copy it, hoping other children will be found to imitate the good example of our little friends in New Jersey, and do something to make the Hospital children happy.

We took the cards to the Hospital, gave some of them to the children, and most of them to the Matron, who said she would put them in a book where they would be carefully preserved for the sick children. We thank our kind friends for their interest in our little invalids.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., August 23d, 1882.

Mrs. Terry:—I have been reading the story of "Little Effie," in your last *Review*, to a little girl friend of mine, one of three motherless children in whom I am deeply interested. We have been having lessons, three times a week, each child receiving one of these small tickets upon every schoolday. We had intended sending these to some Sunday school, but my little friend Marion has begged me to see if they would be acceptable to you for the sick children. I do not like to refuse her as her impulse is so good, therefore trust you will find them of some use. With feelings of the kindest sympathy,

Yours truly,

J. K.

Box 216, Morristown, N. J.

Donations of apples, tomatoes and other fruits and vegetables, will be thankfully received.

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Interest on investment.....	\$ 15 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Mrs. Gilman Hill, Waterbury, Conn....	1 00

Receipts for the month,....	\$ 21 00
Previously acknowledged,.....	1998 56

Total Receipts.....\$2019 56

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.

### Donation on Account.

W. H. McCarty .....	\$2 00
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.	

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 10, 1882, of an interual cancer, Ida Smith, aged about 26 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 24, 1882, effects of railroad accident, Tabor Van Deu Bergh, aged 14 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 12, of uræmic convulsion, Mrs. Christina Neth, aged 62 years.

### Donations.

Mrs. Abelard Reynolds—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. George F. Danforth—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Atwater—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. E. E. Sill—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Hunter—Illustrated Papers.  
Marion, Alice and Frances Gregory, Morristown, N. J.—Illuminated Cards for "Child's Cot."  
Mr. Dickinson, Genesee—Old Cotton.  
Mrs. J. C. Nash—Old Cotton.

### Receipts for the Review,

FOR AUGUST, 1882.

D. Davenport, W. H. Glenny, E. S. Ettenheimer, Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., S. Rosenblatt & Co., J. Fahy & Co., H. Likly & Co., S. B. Roby & Co., E. B. Booth & Son, Sherlock & Sloan, K. P. Shedd—each \$5.00 for advertisement; Anthony Bros., advertisement, \$2.50; Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., advertisement, \$26.00—By Mrs. S. W. Updike.....	\$83 50
Mrs. W. Aikenhead, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, 3 subscriptions, \$1.86; Mrs. James Sproat, 62 cents—By Treasurer,	3 00

### Monthly Report.

1882. Aug. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 84	
Received during month, 46	
Births, .....	3—133
Deaths, .....	3
Discharged, .....	52— 55
Remaining Sept. 1st, 1882, ..	78

### Children's Department.

#### Emma's Ambition.

"O mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face; there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm 'most ten years old and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard; and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger-cake some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter, but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting and fly to the gate if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice, "what makes you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room, and put everything in nice order for me! Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a

story about another little girl who he her mother."

"O, well," said Emma, her cheeks red, "that is different; nothing but old room to dust. If I had some real *grand* to do, like keeping house papa, you would see how hard I work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be prised to hear, me say so, but the w of Jesus Christ show that you are taken."

"Mamma!" said Emma again, and voice showed that she was very much prised.

"They certainly do—listen: 'He is faithful in that which is least is fait also in much; and he that is unjust in least is unjust also in much.' And he said to a man, 'Well done, good faithful servant; thou hast been fait over a few things, I will make thee r over many things.' Can I say that you this morning?" PANS

#### A Hint.

When Lydia Newman's old Qu uncle saw that she had fastened her pr little Newport ties with poppy-red bows, he frowned, and told her it was seemly. But Lydia laughed. "I do care for them myself," she said, "but want my little boy to remember that mother wore red bows on her shoes."

The reason was worse than the offer the old Friend retorted, and so Lydia received a lecture, but she kept the ribbon. And who does not remember the pr things that "mother" wore! Her dailies, the pale lilac dresses, the scent violets, the rose tucked under the lace her breast, seem half divine when t become but memories to us. "Moth is a "mother," be she gentle or rou but what a different ideal we have w we recall how proud we were when brought our friends home from school rather surprised them with her grace pretty ways. Her hair was so soft, eyes so tender; she talked so well; knew how to make a boy feel at ho It was not necessary to make excuses her and say she was so busy. The b themselves praised her, and we felt so for them because we knew they must

how much sweeter and prettier she was than theirs could be.

It is wise for a mother to take time to dress and be fair in her children's eyes; to read for their sake, to learn to talk well and to live in to-day. The circle the mother draws around her, is more wholesome for the child than the one he has to make for himself, and she is responsible for his social surroundings. It is not easy to be the child's most interesting companion, and to make home his strongest magnet, but the mothers who have done this, have been the mothers of good men.

### Sunflowers.

No flower for a long time has become so popular and so personal as the sunflower. It has climbed into our favor, and taken possession of our homes, our gardens and our dress, and is everywhere the sentinel of art and fashion—and of right, for it is not only a decorative and useful flower, but bears a good religious character, being as a Christian flower dedicated to St. Bartholomew, St. Louis (king) and St. Antradis, and, as a pagan emblem, the sacred flower of the ancient Peruvians, who were worshipers of the sun. Its resemblance to the god of day and its supposed homage to the rising sun made it their emblem of faith, and on this account it was greatly used in their religious ceremonies, and the virgins who officiated in the Temple of the Sun were crowned with sunflowers made of pure gold, and carried them in their hand, and fastened their robes with them.

In Persia and other lands of the East the sunflower is the emblem of constancy in love, and there are many poetical allusions in Eastern literature to the flower that always turns its face towards the sun. The first mention we have of it in England is from Gerard, in 1596, when he tells that in his garden he has one that has grown to the height of fourteen feet, which produces flowers measuring sixteen inches over.

In Spain and Mexico they grow to the height of twenty feet, some of the flowers measuring four feet in diameter, and a single flower producing 2,362 seeds. Alma Tadema has illustrated this fact in his beautiful picture of "Sunflowers," in which a maiden is reaching up to the

flowers, which are still far above her head. The whole purpose of the picture is evidently intended to make the spectator feel the great height of the plant.

Browning calls the flower a "foolish mimic sun." Darwin gives it a better character, for he says it

"Climbs the upland lawn,  
And bows in homage to the rising dawn."

Moore uses it as a comparison of constancy, for he says:

"As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,

The same look which she turned when he rose."

But Blake gives it a sad longing character, and in two short, exquisite verses makes you feel quite differently to the great yellow flower:

"Ah! Sunflower, weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the sun,  
Seeking after that sweet golden prime  
Where the traveler's journey is done.

Where the youth pine away with desire,  
And the pale virgins shrouded in snow,  
Arise from their graves and aspire  
Where my Sunflower wishes to go."

Botanical authorities say that there are nearly fifty species. Among those which are best known are the tall sunflower of Peru and Mexico, the perennial, a native of Virginia, and the dwarf sunflower, brought, as late as 1878, from Egypt. The seeds, when peeled, taste like sweet almond. They make an excellent bread of them in Portugal, and during the late war, in the Southern States, they were substituted for coffee in many a frontier cabin. They are a good food for poultry, and the oil pressed from them is frequently used in place of olive oil for salads; it can also be burned in the lamp, and is splendid for soap making. The stems and flowers when burned produce a good potash, and many a housewife in Texas has superintended the burning of sunflowers to obtain the potash for her week's baking with as much care as if she did the baking itself.

In Texas the sunflower pulled at sundown with a wish, is sure to bring the wish true before the next sunset (so the Indians say), and no true Texan will have a garden without at least one of these "mimic suns" in it. To dream of them signifies that you will have your pride

wounded; and a negro, if he has had this dream, will never rest until he has pulled a sunflower to counteract the omen. And in some parts of the South a negro will not let you bring into the house a sunflower that has been pulled before it is perfect, or one that is in any way broken.

—[*Harper's Weekly*.]

### Clay Eaters.

It used to be said that when bears "hibernate" they swallow a solid chunk of something that keeps them satisfied all winter. Instinct seems to have taught a similar famine pathology to human animals.

Much has been written about this practice, and many speculations and suggestions offered about "fatty clays" and "earths rich in organic matter," but recent research and experiment have shown that the mere presence of solid material in the stomach is sufficient to allay the sensation of hunger for a time, so that in all probability these savages swallow the earth only to appease the cravings of nature until food can be obtained.

The hunters and trappers of the far West make pills of calcined oyster shell and white of egg, which they swallow occasionally to stave off hunger and its disagreeable concomitants when on a long journey and their rations are exhausted. Tea or coffee would answer the purpose better, as, though affording no nourishment in themselves, they prevent the waste of tissue.—[*Chamber's Journal*.]

Away, away, from men and towns,  
To the wild wood and the downs;  
To the silent wilderness,  
Where the soul need not repress  
Its music, lest it should not find  
An echo in another's mind,  
While the touch of nature's art  
Harmonizes heart to heart.  
I leave this notice on the door  
For each accustomed visitor:  
"I am gone into the fields  
To take what this sweet hour yields."

Did the Eternal fulfil His gracious promises on the instant, where would be the trial of faith and our confidence in prayer!

GRACE AGUILAR.

### Board for Birds.

A hospital for dogs has been in existence in New York for a long time, now an enterprising Yankee has opened a boarding-house for birds where they can be cared for during the absence of their owners in the summer. The charge for canaries is only twenty cents a week, as they eat nothing but seed; mocking-birds and parrots require and other costlier food, so their board is twice as much. The macaw, being a troublesome fellow, has to pay a dollar a week for his accommodations. The season is from June to October or December, and when people go to Europe it is unusual for them to get their pets boarded for a year or more.

### Malarial Germs.

The cause of malarial diseases is to have been discovered by Prof. Lavigne, a French physician of Val-de-Grace. It is a very minute organism, named by *Oscillaria malarica*. M. Richard, who announced the discovery in the French Academy of Science, has found these germs in all the fever patients of the Philippeville hospital in Algeria. They are located in the red blood-corpuscles and completely destroy their contents. They can easily be rendered visible by treatment with acetic acid, but otherwise it is difficult to detect them in the cells. They look like a necklace of beads, with one or more processes which penetrate the cell of the corpuscle and oscillate or move like whips.

In times of affliction we come to meet with the sweetest experiences of love of God.

### Notices.

Subscribers are particularly requested to the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with a further reminder.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.



### Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. 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.

### THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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

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AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 14, 1882.

No. 3.

## "It Would Have Been a Rose."

BY EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

In a fair garden one bright summer morning,  
Wandered a high-born dame,  
And to her side—the pleasant scene adorning—  
Her little daughter came.

Sweet was the air, with breath of roses laden;  
Sweeter the robin's song;  
Sweetest of all the dainty little maiden  
Who gayly danced along.

The mother's heart was filled with glad thanks-  
giving,  
For joys that round her smiled;  
But most her grateful thoughts went up to  
heaven  
For that beloved child.

So fair she was, so full of precious promise,  
So dutiful, so dear,  
'Twas like sweet music heard in dreams of rap-  
ture  
To have her prattling near.

But all at once the little one's deep gladness  
Came to a sudden close;  
"Oh! mamma, look!" she cried, in tearful sad-  
ness,  
"This would have been a rose."

Her mother turned and saw a bud of promise,  
The gardener's hope and pride—  
A rich, rare treasure, now, by strange misfor-  
tune,  
Cut down and cast aside.

Cherished and watched, and kept for full unfold-  
ing  
With never-ceasing care;  
How could it be that such untimely ruin  
Had reached a thing so fair!

Whence came the vague and mystic apprehen-  
sion—

The shadowy sense of ill—  
That made the air of that bright balmy morning  
At once so changed and chill?

Alas! alas! when autumn winds wailed round  
her,

That mother walked alone,  
And something sweeter, dearer than the roses  
Was from her pathway gone.

And no returning summer brought the bright-  
ness

That had such sudden close;  
Thro' all her life she missed the bud of promise  
That would have been a rose.

—[Home Journal.

For the Hospital Review.

## October at the Lakeside.

October's second week has dawned up-  
on us, and still we linger at our lakeside  
cottage, loath to say good-bye to the  
home where for nearly five months we  
have been sojourning. This free, out-  
door life, with its absence of conventional  
rules, has a charm for us that we miss  
elsewhere. The present season completes  
the first decade of our life on "The Bluff,"  
and yet we have not grown weary of it.  
Here we hold sweet communion with  
nature, and the Heavenly Father seems  
nearer to us than in the crowded city,  
where man's handiwork abounds.

Old Ontario has wooed us in his  
rougher as well as his gentler moods, and

during these golden October days we gaze dreamily over the waters, as we echo Mrs. Lunt's beautiful lines :

"Nature wears the color of the spirit,  
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings,  
And the grace and glow she doth inherit  
Round her trusting child she fondly flings."

Most of our summer guests have fled, and the scarlet leaves of the woodbine strewing our piazzas remind us that autumn is here, but October reveals to us charms that make it one of the most delightful months of the year. This morning, long before daylight, a scene of rare beauty was unveiled to us. The lurid flames from the blast furnace illumined the eastern horizon, and through the clear atmosphere we gazed wonderingly upon the comet with its vast luminous train, while above, the waning crescent of the old moon and all the starry host proclaimed,

"The hand that made us is divine."

Later we beheld the auroral glories, and saw over the broad expanse of waters, painted on an azure field, the soft amethyst, amber and rosy tinted clouds, and the more glorious golden ones that heralded the advent of the king of day, and paled as he pursued his upward track. Just as he rose from his watery bed the *angelus* bell sounded from the neighboring church.

Ontario this year has most emphatically asserted his sanitary powers, and almost every cottage on "The Bluff" has had its baby occupant, and testified to the invigorating, health-imparting power of our lake breezes. The Farm Cottage has been a blessed foster mother to five babies, who beneath its ample piazza have said *auvunt* to the spectre *cholera infantum*, that threatened them in the neighboring city, and anxious mothers have thanked God for the blessings that have come to them beneath its roof. The first baby occupant was for more than four hours in convulsions and yet it rallied; the second

but yet its improvement was evident. The third infant was so ill its mother felt she would take it to die, but Ontario revived it; the fourth was brought to our door in a balage by an anxious mother, seeking refuge for her sick darling, and, after less than a week's tarrying at the Farm Cottage it went home restored. The fifth was a bright eyed Hebrew boy, from a large household; after three weeks' journey he returned to the city, and benefited, in time for his parents to participate in the festivities of the New Year.

We welcomed to our own cottage one, who, a few days before, hovering between life and death, ten days she wooed us with her charms, and then returned apparently to the city, but in two days she came back feeble and failing, but the lake breezes brought back life and vigor.

The babies are not the only ones who bless Ontario as a healer. One maiden told us she had gained twenty pounds since her advent at the Farm Cottage. A sufferer from malaria asserted she had gained thirty, and our own hospital testified to strength imparted in weeks.

Ontario, we love to linger on the pleasant memories cluster around our hospitable homes; reluctantly we say adieu to thee and eagerly look forward to another summer, when we may gather once more with our loved ones on thy peaceful shores.

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The ore may mingle with the sand  
But the blind magnet finds it all  
And from the graves of sea and land  
Shall not the Lord His chosen call  
—[THERON]

---

Wrong doing is a road that is  
fair, but it leads to trouble and  
Well doing however rough and



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 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.

Wherever else the death of Christ is underestimated, it is not in heaven.

In a paper in the *North American Review*, by Mr. Frothingham, on Gambling, he writes that the people pay more money for tobacco than for bread,—for amusements than for instruction,—for theatres than for churches,—actors, singers and dancers, receive ten times as much as teachers and preachers.

FLOGGING.—English Army officers hold that it is absolutely necessary to re-establish flogging for crimes when on active service. Imprisonment is impossible, and death becomes the only alternative.

## **The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 14, 1882.

### **Training School for Nurses—More Pupils to be Received.**

The Training School for Nurses connected with the Hospital, has become one of its most important features. The instruction consists of frequent lectures by members of the Medical Staff, and practical instruction at the bedside by the Physicians and Supervising Nurse. During the first course of two years, which is nearly completed, over sixty lectures on different subjects connected with nursing, have been delivered by members of the Medical Staff, while the experience gained by the pupils at the bedside has been found invaluable.

The second course of Lectures, extending over the regular term of service of two years, will begin soon. New pupils will take the place of those about to graduate; and in view of the demand in the city for nurses, and the steadily increasing number of serious cases and important operations in the Hospital, it has been found necessary that the number of pupils in the School should be increased.

We republish the conditions for admission of pupils, and give also the Rules of the School. Pupils are desired who are healthy, intelligent and refined, and will come, if accepted, with a determination to devote themselves to a work which we deem as exalted and ennobling as any they can undertake.

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.

Board, washing, and the nominal 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.

Applications should be made at once in writing, to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring St. and should state qualifications, in accordance with the conditions above mentioned.

### **Rules for Nurses in the Training School of the Rochester City Hospital**

#### **I.**

Nurses will be appointed by the Lady Managers, after the approval of the School Committee. Term of service is two years. A Diploma will be issued only to nurses who pass a satisfactory examination upon the subjects taught during course. Any nurse whose services are unsatisfactory may be discharged at any time.

#### **II.**

Nurses will be subject to the Supervising Nurse, or such person as may be appointed in charge by the Lady Managers, and obedience to whose orders will be required, and also to the Rules and Regulations of the Hospital. They will wear on duty noiseless shoes, also caps and aprons, that they may be more readily recognized.

#### **III.**

They will meet the Medical Officer when they enter the wards, and be prepared to give such information about patients as may be desired. They maintain order in their respective wards, and report any impropriety or part of the patients or helpers to the Supervising Nurse.

#### **IV.**

They shall keep an account of all articles sent to the laundry from their wards, and if not returned in proper condition report the same to the Matron. They

will apply to the Matron for such articles, needed for the care of the sick, as are under her charge.

## V.

Nurses on commencing their morning duties will see that all offensive vessels and articles are removed, and the patients prepared for their breakfast.

## VI.

Written orders for the extra diet prescribed by the Attending Physicians must be left in the office, in season for preparation. Nurses will be instructed during the term of service, in the preparation of such articles of diet as are suitable for invalids.

## VII.

Nurses will do night duty at such times as the Supervising Nurse shall direct. Both the day and the night nurses will make such records and observations in writing as the Physicians or the Supervising Nurse may require.

## VIII.

Particular attention must be given by the Nurses to their rooms, also to their clothing and persons (hair, teeth, finger nails, &c.), to make themselves entirely acceptable to the sick.

## IX.

Should occasion require any Nurse to leave the ward, she must see that the proper person takes her place, as the wards must not be left without an attendant.

## X.

Nurses must not leave the Hospital without permission of the Supervising Nurse. They will have a vacation of a fortnight each year, with the Approval of the School Committee, unless the exigencies of the Hospital make their continuous presence necessary.

## XI.

Nurses will be at their meals, if possible, in season. The Supervising Nurse will preside, and proper order and lady-like deportment will be expected. No

Nurse shall order anything different from what is provided. The Supervising Nurse will see that any Nurse who is ill has proper diet.

## XII.

Nurses will not, without permission, visit patients or Nurses in other wards. During the hours that Nurses are relieved from duty for purposes of rest, they will remain out of the wards.

## XIII.

Nurses, deemed competent by the Attending Physician and the Supervising Nurse for private nursing, will, from time to time, be detailed on such duty in the Hospital, or in private families.

Nurses will readily see they have chosen a work of great responsibility. Rules and the strict observance of them, are a necessity for all who would excel, as they tend to the formation of regular habits and teach self control, both of which a Nurse should cultivate.

## In Memoriam.

The past month at the Hospital will be especially remembered on account of its sad experiences. While it is our duty to note frequently the deaths of those who have been brought to us hopelessly sick or injured, it has never before been necessary to record the death of one of our Resident Assistants, or of any pupil of the Training School for Nurses.

By a mysterious Providence we have lost within ten days of each other, our Senior Assistant, Dr. Cowles, and Miss Etta Dickinson, one of the most advanced pupils of our Training School. Both died while in the performance of their duty, leaving an example of self-sacrificing devotion in their chosen callings worthy of record and emulation. Their places may be filled, but neither their memories

nor their interest in the Hospital can be forgotten.

Dr. Burt G. Cowles graduated with honor at the Syracuse Medical College in June last, and in connection with Dr. Slocum was highly recommended to us for appointment as Resident Assistant. He was a young man of prepossessing address, and had made a most favorable impression upon all who had met him. We anticipated great satisfaction from his presence with us for a year. His devotion to the patients in the Hospital was untiring by night and by day, and it is to be feared that in his ambition to excel in the performance of his duties, he overtaxed himself. He was taken sick September 28th, and died at 4 p. m. September 28th, having for twelve hours anticipated the fatal nature of his illness. Fully conscious that he could not recover, he exhibited a perfect equanimity and composure, and seemed only disturbed when he observed his father's uncontrollable emotion. The interment took place from his home in Syracuse.

Miss Etta Dickinson entered the Training School for Nurses February 14th, 1881, and had nearly finished her term of service. We felt that she would fully represent the result that can be accomplished by the practical training given in our Training School. She possessed the education, refinement, tact and readiness which form the basis for the rapid and successful acquisition of the knowledge we are striving to impart. When she was first placed on duty as night nurse, it was said by those who supervised her reports, that in accuracy and completeness they were beyond criticism. Her sickness was very brief, and terminated suddenly on the night of the 18th of September. Funeral services were held in the chapel of the Hospital at 5 p. m., on Tuesday, the 19th inst. Her body was then removed to Geneseo, her former home, for burial.

### A Sad Record.

On the last Friday of September we visited the Hospital, and rarely have we seen such gloom pervading it, for through its portals had just been borne the lifeless form of the young physician, Dr. Burt G. Cowles, who, at the opening of the month, had entered it full of life and zeal, intending, after spending a year within it, to advance his professional knowledge by a residence in foreign lands. Suddenly, in the full flush of youthful vigor, he was cut down and the whole Hospital seemed saddened by his early death.

The week before another youthful worker, Miss Etta Dickinson, had rested from her labors. Her faithful ministries as nurse, had won for her the respect and confidence of the officers of the Hospital, and the love of many who were comforted by her tender care. Miss D. gave rich promise of future usefulness; through the Sabbath day she discharged her duties as nurse in the Male Surgical Ward; in the evening she attended church, and on her return complained of a sore throat, and on the following evening died of acute oedema of the glottis, a disease of rare occurrence.

September has been a memorable month at the City Hospital. Rarely have so many victims of accidents requiring surgical skill and care been brought to it in one month.

On the second of September John L. had his feet so crushed by the cars that the amputation of both was necessary; he also broke his collar-bone, but he was doing well when we visited him.

On the eleventh, Willie Slocum, while jumping on a train on the new Valley Canal Railroad, fell, fractured one leg, one thigh, his left arm and right collar-bone, but strange to say he was rapidly improving.

On the thirteenth, Nellie P., while crossing a track in the Depot, was struck by

an engine, one limb was frightfully mangled and she received other injuries. She had her limb amputated but died two days afterwards.

On the fifteenth, an Italian youth was run over by the cars and one leg had to be amputated, and he was very feeble.

On the eighteenth, another man was run over by the cars, and amputation of one leg had been necessary.

On the twenty-first, a man was brought in with fractured skull, who died the next day.

On the twenty-third, Mr. H., a passenger, fell off the train at the high trestle-work on Hill Street, and fractured his skull.

On the twenty-eighth, a workman fell from the new Powers' Hotel, receiving wounds that proved fatal.

On the same day, John C., from Lockport, a widower with five children, had charge of a car load of horses, and while at East Rochester, making some arrangements for watering them, was run over by the cars and both legs had to be amputated. He has since died.

We visited a tent on the lawn where were three men who had had five limbs amputated.

These numerous accidents have caused much extra work at the Hospital, and a great and pressing demand is made for pavilions on the Hospital lawn to meet such emergencies.

Our rapidly growing city demands increased facilities for supplying the needs of those suddenly prostrated by accident. *The need is imperative*, and according to the old maxim the demand must create the supply.

### Notices.

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

### Special Notice.

We ask all who are interested in our Hospital, to mail this number of the *Review*, after they have read it, to some of their friends or acquaintances, who may thus be attracted to our work, and possibly willing to help us.

Send it to charitably disposed individuals. Send it to some church society. Send it to friends of sick children who may be induced to subscribe to our Children's Cot Fund. Send it to those who may be interested in our Training School for Nurses. Send it to any one, who might prefer by endowing a bed or ward, to make an enduring living memorial in our Hospital to their dead, rather than to erect a perishable monument in a cemetery. Send it to those who will subscribe for it. Send for more copies to use in some of the ways above suggested. A one cent postage stamp will send the paper anywhere. Let our friends notify us on a postal card, that they have thus disposed of their papers, and they will receive one or more copies of the same issue by return mail.

### A Morning at the Hospital.

Our monthly visit at the Hospital was on the morning of September the twentieth. Eleven patients were under treatment in the Lower Female Ward. Not one was confined to the bed and none was very sick. One death had occurred during the month.

In the Upper Female Ward all the cots were occupied; twenty-one receiving Hospital care. Four were confined to their beds. A young girl of seventeen looked flushed and feeble, and a dropsical patient who had been tapped twenty times had been very low, but was rallying a little. One patient who had had a relapse after confinement had recovered, and was going home on the morrow. One woman who

had a difficulty that affected her breathing was being made as comfortable as possible, but could not be cured.

Sixteen patients were occupying the Male Medical Ward. Two deaths had occurred during the month; one of these was from spinal meningitis, the man being only a day in the Hospital, the other was from a diseased liver. There were two fever patients; one of these had nearly recovered from typhoid fever. There was one consumptive patient, one suffering from asthma and another was receiving treatment for inflammation of the cornea.

There was a good deal of suffering in the Male Surgical Ward. A sister sat by a suffering brother who, the day before, had fallen from Powers' Hotel, hurting his back, and it was found had received dangerous internal injuries from which he has since died. A sad wife sat by her husband whose skull was fractured, and in the tent were three men who had had five limbs amputated. The aged mother of Mr. J. Conniff had come to the city to be with her son, who was injured at East Rochester, and had had both limbs amputated. She said he had five motherless children, and her heart seemed burdened for them as she watched beside their father, who has since died.

In the Lying-In-Ward were one mother, one baby and one waiting patient.

### The Children's Cot.

The little girl under treatment for diseased eyes still occupies the Cot, and a dear little child she is. Every body seems to love her. She is improving and is now plump and attractive. Her nurse says she gives them no trouble, seldom makes any noise and rarely asks for anything except to go to bed or to get up. One of the blind girls has improved and gone home, the other is still at the Hospital. Josie, the little colored girl from the Orphan

Asylum, of whom we have often spoken, failed very rapidly and died, and on the fourteenth of September was buried from the Chapel. We attended her funeral, conducted by Rev. Mr. Gardner. She was neatly dressed in white with flowers in her hand and on her white casket. Two sisters and a brother were at her funeral. The little doll she loved so well was given to her sister.

A little boy has been in the Hospital and Dr. Rider has operated upon him because he was cross-eyed.

The boy with diseased hip is improving. The little Slocum boy, who was in the Hospital for hemorrhage of the lungs, from July third to August twenty-second, was brought back again on the eleventh of September. He was doing a very dangerous thing—jumping on a railroad car and he was fearfully maimed. He has weights on both of his lower limbs that were broken, as was his left arm and right collar-bone. His face, too, was badly bruised. When I first saw him it did not seem as if he could live, but now he is doing well; sometimes he amuses himself with a mouth organ and sometimes he cries with pain.

One of the ladies who spends most of her time at the Hospital, said she wished I could say something to warn boys from playing around cars. We thought if the dear children could see Willie with his many wounds, and think, even if his life is spared, how much he has to go through with, they would be warned by his sad fate.

Dear children, we have so many little ones to care for that we are impatient to complete the endowment for our Cot Fund, so that we may work for a Child's Ward. We hope you are all getting ready for the Donation Festival, and for the Cot Table, but are there not some children who have thank offerings, or mothers who have memorial gifts for us now?



### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. Edwin Coggeshall, Brooklyn, ....\$ 5 00  
Previously acknowledged,.....2,019 56

Total Receipts.....\$2024 56

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.

### Miss Nellie Pinneo.

A peculiar interest was felt at the City Hospital in Miss Nellie Pinneo, whose sad accident and early death have been chronicled by our city papers. Since the death of her mother in July, she has been residing with a sister in Himrods, and on the thirteenth of September she started for Buffalo, where she hoped to find a home with another sister, Mrs. Whitney, and have an opportunity of taking music lessons. While in the depot at Rochester, in making her way from the Northern Central to the Buffalo train, she was struck by an engine and one limb frightfully mangled, so that amputation below the knee was necessary. She was dragged about fourteen feet and the limb above the knee appeared as if burnt by friction. She was at once taken to the City Hospital, where her limb was amputated, and all that surgical skill and tender nursing could do was done to save her, but she died two days after the accident.

When she was taken up in the depot, she said, "I am going to die. I'm going to my mother," but she soon became quite hopeful. She was only about fourteen years old, but was remarkably mature for one of so tender age. Her calm and collected bearing won the admiration of her physicians and attendants. Her sisters were notified of the accident and were with her till the end.

By a remarkable coincidence, on the same train that brought Nellie from Him-

rods and destined to the same home in Buffalo, was the mother-in-law of Mrs. Whitney, Nellie's sister. She had not seen Nellie for years and did not know her, but she witnessed the fearful accident to the poor girl and was so shocked by it, that when she reached Buffalo, and her daughter-in-law requested her to partake of refreshments, she said she could not eat, her heart was so full of anguish for the poor girl in Rochester. She gave Mrs. Whitney the full details of the sad accident, and while they were talking about it a telegram came announcing the accident, and revealing the fact that the victim was Mrs. Whitney's sister.

### The Hall Pavilion.

A useful memorial to the memory of our deceased friend, Mr. Harvey Hall, is being erected on the Hospital grounds just north of the East Wing of the City Hospital. It is a small wooden structure, containing two rooms for patients, with suitable closets attached to them. We hope ere long it will be ready for occupancy, as such quarters are greatly needed. It is already plastered, and when we visited it the carpenters were putting in the windows and doors. It has yet to be painted.

Macmillan & Co., have just published, with numerous additions from the Eighth English Editions, "Hints and Remedies for the Treatment of Common Accidents and Diseases and Rules of Simple Hygiene," compiled by Dawson W. Turner, D. C. L. For sale by E. Darrow & Co. Price, 25 cents.

### 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 the Rochester City Hospital, September 1st, 1882, of Bright's disease of the kidneys, Lizzie Rogers, aged 18 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 4, 1882, of spinal meningitis, Thomas Elliott, aged 19 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 12, 1882, of acute pericarditis, Josephine Johnson, aged 10 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 14, 1882, Arabella Wilson, aged 49 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 15, from railroad accident, Nellie Pinneo, of Yates County, aged 14 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 18, 1882, of oedema of the glottis, Etta Dickinson, aged 22 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 22, 1882, of fractured skull, Joseph O'Brien, aged 29 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 28, 1882, of diphtheria, Dr. Burt Cowles, of Syracuse, aged 22 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 28, of abscess on liver, John Heefer, aged 28 years.

## Monthly Report.

1882. Sept. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 78	
Received during month, . . . 50	
Births, . . . . . 3—131	
Deaths . . . . . 9	
Discharged, . . . . . 46— 55	
Remaining Oct. 1st, 1882, . . . 76	

## Receipts for the Review,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1882.

Miss H. Stearns, Salem, Mass.—By Mrs. Terry, . . . . .	\$ 2 50
Mrs. J. Circum, Himrods, 50 cents; Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, Olean, 50 cents; Mrs. W. T. Scott, Geneva, 50 cents; Miss Clara Wales, 63 cents; Mrs. O. R. Whitney, Buffalo, 50 cents—By Mrs. Gilman, . . . . .	2 63
Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, \$1.00; Mrs. E. H. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Bellows, 62 cents; Mrs. Theodore Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. S. E. Brace, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred. Cook, 62 cents; Miss Cogswell, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 64 cts.; Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents; E. C. Dunshoe, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Davy, 62 cents; Mrs. M. E. Deavenport, 62 cts.; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Dagge,	

62 cents; Mrs. P. Epstein, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Fish, 62 cents; Dr. F. French, 62 cents; Mrs. N. H. Galusha, 62 cents; Edmund W. Hills, 62c.; Miss Wealtha Hill, 62 cents; Miss E. A. C. Hayes, 62 cents; Miss E. Hanford, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62 cents; Mrs. W. R. Hallowell, 62 cents; Miss C. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Leary, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. D. McArthur, 50 cts.; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 65 cents; Mrs. A. Mosely, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Millman, 62 cents; Misses Montgomery, 52 cents; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 64 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Miss A. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Marburger, 62 cents; Miss S. Newell, 62 cents; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 62 cts.; Geo. S. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 61 cts.; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, \$1.25—By Collector . . . . . 35

Mrs. J. B. Adams, Genesee, 50 cts.; Mrs. D. B. Beach, \$1.00 cts; Mr. M. Gregory, Millville, 51 cents; Mrs. J. Goddard, York, 50 cents; Mrs. L. W. Kauffman, 63 cents; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 63 cents; Miss S. P. Mather, Sodas Centre, \$1.00; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Miss M. E. Porter, 62 cents; Arthur G. Sill, Sodas Point, 50c.; Mrs. M. B. Seward, 62 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, . . . 7

## Donations.

J. M. Babcock—One barrel Apples.  
Mrs. Wm. Corning—Bag of Apples.  
Mrs. Robert Mathews—Half bushel of Tomato  
Miss Wild—Basket Peaches.  
Lovecraft & Son—One load Kindling.  
Mrs. H. Osgood—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Goss—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Charles Hart—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. E. E. Sill—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. McArthur—Illustrated Papers.  
Mrs. George G. Street—Illustrated Papers, Reading Matter.  
Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."

## What She Did!

She, herself, thought it a little thin the heroine of the story we heard one day in a distant city. She was a prosperous woman. Her husband had won fame & fortune, and was a power in the county and she who had shared his struggles shared his triumphs, and was one of social magnates of the city in which lived.

She had dealt often at a store where one of the departments was in charge of a delicate and refined woman, in whom, through long dealing with her, our friend became sincerely interested.

One day she went to make a purchase at this store, and the young woman came forward to serve her. But our heroine—for she was really a heroine, as you will see—was shocked at the change a few weeks had wrought.

A sudden chill, a neglected cold, days of unremitting labor, and something that seemed like swift consumption had set in. The lady thought it a case for her interference. She asked the history of the malady, and then said,—

"You must not stay here any longer. It will be death if you do. You must go home and be nursed."

The dark, sad eyes of the saleswoman met hers, with a mild surprise in them.

"My home is in Washington," she answered. "Here I live in a boarding-house, and I am really more comfortable at the store than in my small room. Besides, madam, my weekly living is dependent upon my weekly work."

She had spoken uncomplainingly; simply stating the hard facts, in answer to the inquiries whose unexpected kindness had beguiled her from her habitual reserve.

Our heroine considered for a moment whether this was not a work God had appointed for her to do. She had left her luxurious country home, and was living for the winter in a furnished house, a small, pretty house, which was filled by her little family, and had no spare room. But yet—

"I shall come for you to-morrow," she said. "I will arrange here for your absence. I am going to take you to my house and nurse you."

"You!" The saleswoman's eyes filled first with hope and then with tears. Then she tried to refuse this too great kindness, but her weak protests were overruled.

The next day she was taken out of her task-work,—taken home to Mrs. Blank's comfortable house, installed in Mrs. Blank's comfortable bed, and there for six weeks was nursed and tended like some beloved sister, until she was able to take up her burden of life again.

"It was so lovely of you," a friend said,

to the lady who had wrought this good work.

"Oh no," was the answer, "I made no sacrifice. My husband was in Washington, or I could not have given up our bed; but I am such a good sleeper that my sleeping for a few weeks on a sofa was nothing."

And it really seemed to her that she had done nothing at all; but one day will not the voice we wait for say to her, "I was sick, and ye comforted me"?

### Conscience-stricken.

In order to become thoroughly hardened in sin, it is first necessary to *forget*, and what usually quickens a seared conscience is a flash of memory. An English ship was attacked by pirates in the Indian Ocean. The vessel was a merchantman and was poorly armed for an encounter with professional desperadoes, but the crew made a gallant resistance.

At length the pirates succeeded in boarding her, and after a short but severe conflict the captain was killed and several of his men, and the ship became the prey of the plunderers.

Binding the survivors of the crew securely, the pirate captain and his followers at once sought the cabin and hold for treasures. Going down the companion-way, they heard a low, soft voice. It sounded like a voice of some one praying.

The pirate ordered his men to stop, and he went noiselessly to the cabin-door, which stood ajar, and looked in.

There knelt the murdered captain's wife, a young and beautiful woman, with one arm folded round a bright-haired little boy, and the other raised to heaven in supplication.

"God of all mercy!" he heard her pray, "save the life of my child! But oh, if it be Thy holy will, rather let him perish now than live in the hands of these wicked men, who will train him to dishonor Thee and ruin his own soul!"

The pirate chief stood motionless, gazing on the tear-stained face, and listening to the mother's prayer of agony. Years ago his own mother, now dead, had prayed for him as earnestly. Drunken with iniquity and steeped in crime, he had long forgotten her. But he remembered her now.

The scene before him called back all her love, and her lost fidelity to him. The thought of what he was now came like a shock of punishment, and with a great cry he staggered into the cabin.

"Lord God, have mercy on me!" he said. Woman, you have nothing to fear, I can't hurt you or your child now."

With pale face and set lips, the man unbowed the captive sailors, and calling his men, returned to his own ship and sailed away like one pursued by an avenger.

Not long afterwards he surrendered himself to the British East India Government. But remorse for his crimes so preyed upon his spirit and strength that he fell into a fatal fever and died in prison before his trial came. He died a penitent, casting himself on the mercy of Him whose laws he had so daringly broken. We may hope that his mother's prayers for him were answered at last.—[*Youth's Companion*.]

### Origin of Consumption.

That many diseases of the human body are due to living things—vegetable or animal—so minute as to be detected only by the microscope, is now generally admitted. These minute parasites have the power to multiply with immense rapidity. This rapidity of increase is the chief source of their harm.

Some of these parasites are round, some spiral, some rod-shaped. Each class has many varieties. The rod-shaped are called bacteria. When taken into the system by the mouth, the lungs, or through the broken skin, they reach at length the parts best suited to their growth. It has been found that some of the most deadly of these parasites can be so cultivated and modified out of the human body, that they will then, by inoculation, give a mild form of the disease, which will fully protect against any future attack, as much so as vaccination does against small-pox.

Recently, Dr. Koch, of Germany, has been experimenting in relation to consumption. He has already reached most important results. He has found in the centre of the tubercles—the little tumors in the lungs and elsewhere in which consumption has its beginnings—a rod-shaped parasite (bacillus) distinct from all other bacteria.

This he has separated from everything

else and cultivated out of the body. A few of them placed in a fluid wholly freed from life, multiply and gradually fill the fluid.

The minutest drop of this put into a similar fluid in which every living thing has been killed, soon fills that, too, with like bacteria. This process may be continued to any length, and a drop from the last of the series, as proved by experiment, has caused tubercular consumption in animals inoculated with it.

Consumption is thus proved to originate in minute parasites which find their way into the cells of the lungs and transform them into diseased tumors.

By this discovery, we are shown also that consumption is an infectious disease, one that a person may give to another. Indeed, matter from diseased lungs dried, pulverized and inhaled, is thought to be sufficient to communicate consumption. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* says, "Koch, does not usually herald his discoveries until they are pretty well proved. Our readers are likely to hear of this discovery again."

### The White-footed Mouse, or Deer Mouse.

The white-footed mouse is agile in its movements, and is an expert climber. The first nest of this species I met with in Pennsylvania was in a hollow stump, and was of a rounded form, and composed of leaves, grasses, and moss. Here they also nest under stone heaps, or logs, or in the ground. In New Jersey it generally builds its nest in thick brier bushes, several feet from the ground. These are made also of moss and leaves, but are interwoven with strips of fibrous bark, probably of the wild grape vine, to make them stronger and more secure. The hole or place of entrance to the nest is always at the bottom. These nests at first glance may readily be mistaken for those of birds. On shaking the bush or nest you will see the little inmates come forth and rapidly descend to the ground, and conceal themselves amid the bushes and grass. Sometimes you will observe several young adhering to the abdomen of the mother. These she assists in keeping their hold by pressing her tail against them as she climbs down the stems of the briers.

### 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.

### 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."

VOL. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1883.

No. 6.

## Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most ap-

proved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of a Board of Directors and a Board of Lady Managers. The officers of the Board of Directors are:

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## Special.

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## Resident Assistants.

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## Matron.

Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

## Recorder.

Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

## Supervising Nurse.

Miss L. A. Markham.

The reports of our Hospital Donation crowded out the following Christmas poem from the December number of the *Hospital Review*:

For the Hospital Review.

## Hard to Please.

"A bran new Christmas story, please, auntie,  
tell to me!

A story never told before!"

"Well, dearie, shall it be

About some lovely dollies that opened their  
glass eyes

Once on a Christmas even'—and to their great  
surprise

They hung upon a Christmas tree, all in the  
dark, you know—

Save that the moon was shining bright upon the  
drifting snow

Outside the lace-draped windows, where a giant  
black fir tree

Was growing to that tree inside—'Well, wait a  
week and see

If it will be so very fine to be a Christmas tree!"

And how the little maiden who crept down  
stairs to peep

And see if Santa Claus had come so she could go  
to sleep,

Saw all those dollies on a dance as merry as  
could be—

And the old Dutch clock was dancing with the  
jingling Christmas tree—

And how the clumsy old Dutch clock forg  
strike, you know,  
And tell old Santa Claus 'Tis twelve—and  
happened so  
That year, you see, that Santa Claus was r  
out of tune—?  
Just think of driving over roofs in daylight  
noon!"

My little maiden droops her head,  
"Please, auntie, don't you see,  
It's just a new made over, and old as old can  
"Well, then, my dearie, you shall hear  
Santa Claus forgot  
To put a plump new story down into his  
pot—

And how a little girl I know supped on a  
old.

And worst of all—oh! very sad—she took  
story cold; ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

And had a dream, a dreadful dream, her s  
ings out to walk—~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

Yes, every one she ever wore, and every  
could talk—

Wee baby socks and spindling hose off  
merry spree,

"And can you tell us now," they cried, "  
grows a Christmas tree?"

And all of them did skip and dance and sh  
merry rhyme

Their bran new Christmas story—their "  
upon a time."

"Oh! tell it please."

"No, no, my dear. The only child who he  
That last new Christmas story, forgot it  
word."

JENNY MARSH PARK

Rochester, N. Y.

## Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patien  
the Rochester City Hospital, may be ma  
the Hospital, West Avenue, between Pr  
and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the a  
ing Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S  
hugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Av  
Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; I  
H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. E. V.  
dard, 26 South Washington Street.

## Notice.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit o  
received by the Treasurer for their disc  
ance and until payment of all arrearages i  
as required by law.

### Death of Miss Mary Conroy.

Miss Mary Conroy, one of our nurses, was taken ill December 10th, while engaged as nurse in a private family, and died, after a brief and painful illness, December 13th. Miss Conroy lived in East Avon, and entered the Training School for Nurses March 6th, 1882. During her stay in the Hospital she proved willing and efficient, and gave perfect satisfaction in every place of duty to which she was assigned. She had an amiable disposition, and was universally liked. Her death is regretted by all who knew her.

### Correction.

Mrs. Myron Adams' table should have been credited with \$101.70, and Henry Likly & Co. with \$25.00.

### The Christ-cradle.

*The Old Saxon Name for Mince Pie.*

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'Twas the time of the old Crusaders;  
And back with his broken band,  
The Lord of a Saxon castle  
Had come from the Holy Land.

He was tired of wars and sieges,  
And it sickened his soul to roam  
So far from his wife and children,  
So long from his English home.

And yet with a noble courage  
He loved for the Faith to fight;  
For he carried upon his shoulder  
The sign of the Red-Cross Knight.

It was Christmas Eve in the castle;  
The yule-log burnt in the hall;  
And hemlet and shield and banner  
Threw shadows upon the wall;

And the baron was telling stories  
To the little ones at his knees,  
Of some of the holy places  
He had visited over seas.

Then he spake of the watching shepherds  
Who saw such marvellous sights,  
And the song that the angels chanted  
That first of the Christmas nights;

He told of the star whose shining  
Outsparkled the brightest gem;  
He told of the hallowed cradle  
They showed him at Bethlehem.

And the eyes of the children glistened,  
To think that a rack sufficed,  
With only the straw for blankets,  
To cradle the baby-Christ.

"Nay, dry up your tears, my darlings!"  
Right gaily the baron cried;

"For nothing but smiles must greet me—  
*I'm home! and it's Christmas tide!*

"Come, wife! I have thought of a cradle  
Another than this, I say,  
Which thou in thy skill shalt make me,  
To honor this Christmas day.

"We would not forget the manger;  
So choose of thy platters fair  
The one that is largest, deepest,  
And cover it, in thy care—

"With flakes of the richest pastry,  
Wrought cunningly by thy hands,  
That thus it may bring before us,  
The wrap of the swaddling-bands.

"And out of thy well-storedarder  
Set forth of thy very best:  
Is aught that we have too precious  
To honor *this* Christmas guest?

"Strew meats of the finest shredding,  
(The straw was chopped in the stall!)  
Bring butter and wine and honey  
To lavish around them all.

"Let raisins and figs of Smyrna,  
That draw to the East our thought,  
Let spices that call the Magi,  
With their gifts, to mind, be brought.

"Let sweets that suggest frankincense,  
Let fruits from the Southern sea,  
Be given ungrudging: remember,  
*His choicest He gave for thee!*

"Then over the piled up platter  
A cover of pastry draw,  
With a star in the midst, to remind us  
Of that which the Wise Men saw.

"*Christ's Cradle* is what we call it;  
And ever, sweet wife, I pray,  
With such thou wilt make us merry  
At dinner each Christmas day."

—[Wide Awake.

Murder is to be charged not to the hand  
that strikes, but to the heart that hates.

### Great Because First Good.

A story told of Gerhardt, a German shepherd boy, illustrates the fact that he who is faithful over a few things, will become the ruler over many.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked :

‘How far is it to the nearest village?’

‘Six miles, sir,’ answered the boy ; ‘but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed.’

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said :

‘My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty ; I have lost my companions, and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the way ; I will pay you well.’

‘I cannot leave my sheep, sir,’ rejoined Gerhardt. ‘They will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers.’

Well, what of that ? queried the hunter. ‘They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn’t be much to your master, and I’ll give you more than you have earned in a whole year.’

‘I cannot go, sir,’ rejoined Gerhardt very firmly. ‘My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them.’

Well,’ said the hunter, ‘you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink and a guide ? I will take care of them for you.’

The boy shook his head.

‘The sheep,’ said he, ‘do not know your voice, and —’ He stopped speaking.

‘And what ? Can’t you trust me ? Do I look like a dishonest man ?’ asked the hunter angrily.

‘Sir,’ said the boy, ‘you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me break my word to my master ; how do I know that you would keep your word ?’

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had cornered him. He said :

‘I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself.’

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarsely as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around.

The Duke was so pleased with the boy’s honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In a few years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.—[*Youth’s Companion*.

### Persian Carpets.

Karman, as every one knows, is famous for its manufacture of carpets. I went to see a factory, reputed to be the largest in the city, though employing less than thirty hands. The wretched weavers sat in two low rooms, filled with a sour and sickening atmosphere. Most of them were pale-faced, weakly children of ten or twelve years, who hardly looked up as I entered, but remained bent over their work, picking up the threads with their nails, which are kept long and notched for the purpose. The patterns are written out in pamphlets, and painfully committed to memory, and the children are taught very young—the younger the better. Their memories are quicker than those of grown-up folk. So far as I could understand the patterns, they seemed to be written in much the same style as those directions for knitting or crocheting which one sometimes finds on a lady’s table—*knit two, purl one, thread over, and knit two together*. There was also a youth employed in reading one of the patterns aloud. A carpet about sixteen feet by ten can be purchased in Karman for forty or fifty toman—say 16*l.* to 20*l.* Some carpets take a year to make, and a decently-good carpet will not be finished in less than three months ; thus, although there are several hundred factories in and about Karman, the outturn of carpets is in no way alarming. The Persians themselves prefer Manchester rugs, hideous things bearing the portraiture of a camel or lion, Bay of Naples, Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the like.—[*Stack’s Six Months in Persia*.

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us foot-sore more than the rocks.



### The New Year.

"Another year is dawning!  
Dear Master let it be  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace;  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise;  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!  
Dear Master, let it be  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year for Thee."

### An Astonished Conductor.

"Get aboard, old limpy," said a pert conductor to an aged, plainly dressed lame man, standing on the platform waiting for the signal to depart; "get aboard, old limpy, or you'll be left." At the signal, the old gentleman quietly stepped aboard and took a seat by himself. When the conductor, on taking up the tickets, came to him and demanded his fare, he replied,—

"I do not pay fare on this road."

"Then I will put you off at the next station."

The conductor passed on, and a passenger who had seen the transaction said to him,—

"Did you know that old gentlemen?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, it is Mr. —, the President of this road."

The conductor changed color and bit his lips, but went on and finished taking up tickets. As soon as he was done, he returned to "old limpy," and said,—

"Sir, I resign my position as conductor."

"Sit down here, young man, I do not wish to harm you; but we run this road for profit, and to accommodate the public; and we make it an invariable rule to treat every person with perfect civility, whatever garb he wears or whatever infirmity he suffers. This rule is imperative on every one of our employees. I shall not remove you for what you have done, but it must not be repeated."

This is a true story. The "old limpy" was the Hon. Erastus Corning, of New York, who has been dead now over ten years. He was a member of Congress for eight years, and one of the leading railroad capitalists of the United States.

That conductor never addressed another passenger as "old limpy."

### Unnecessary Burdens.

I know very few men and women who do not bear about with them care and trouble which God never put upon them, and which He has no desire to see upon their shoulders. It does not belong to them. It relates to things that are in the realm of Providence alone, or to things over which they have no control. The future is God's, but they voluntarily take it upon their shoulders, and try to bear it. They pluck a section of God's eternity out of His hands and groan with the burden. They assume care which is not their own—which belongs to the Controller of their lives and the Governor of the universe. It is care for that which is beyond human care—anxiety for that which anxiety cannot reach—trouble about that which we can neither make nor mend—that oppresses humanity. We can bear our bodily burdens very well. We can go through our regular hours of bodily and mental labor, and feel the better rather than the worse for it; but to care for that which our care cannot touch, and to be troubled about that which is entirely beyond our sphere—this is the burden that breaks the back of the world—this is the burden which we bind to our shoulders with obstinate fatuity.

J. G. HOLLAND,  
In *Lessons in Life*.

To ejaculate, "God help the poor," is one of the cheapest charities.

### Japanese Chrysanthemums.

In a letter dated Tokio, December 10th, 1882, a friend writes :

"We went by invitation to the Emperor's quarters to see the chrysanthemums which, being the peculiar flower of the Emperor, and cultivated in the most perfect manner; there were a great many hundreds, of the plants, each having on it from two hundred to three hundred blossoms, and several had over four hundred flowers, each one measuring six inches across the top. They are cultivated all over the city. The lotus is also very beautiful in the Fall, covering acres of water in the moats and ponds."

### Correspondence.

It is pleasant to receive such grateful remembrances as the following from those who have received Hospital treatment.

—[Ed.]

ASHLAND, Oregon, Dec. 12th, 1882.

Mrs. Mathews :

Enclosed, please find subscription for one year to *Hospital Review*. I often think of the kind care I had in the Hospital, and would like to visit it and see those who are still there. I can never forget all that was done for me by the good, kind doctors, especially Dr. E. who is so kind and sympathetic. May God spare his life and bless the use of his knowledge in healing the sick. My health is very much improved. This climate has helped me. I am stronger than I have been for years. I would like it here if I could get over my home-sickness. It is a very beautiful country. We have not seen one bit of snow, except on the mountains. To-day it is so warm we can sit without a fire and have the door open.

Mrs. Mathews, won't you please send this month's *Review*? I did not get it last year, and I wanted it, as I was anxious to know about the Donation. Hoping you will receive this all right, I am

Yours very truly, A. McC.

We are indebted to Miss M. L. Clark, of Holley, for a very beautiful home-made picture book for the Children's Cot.

### The Cot Fund.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Cot Fund was held December 12th, 1882, at the house of Mr. W. B. Levett, 17 New York Street. Last month we acknowledged as the proceeds of this entertainment, \$26.25, but our space did not then allow us to thank our young friends, or publish the following

#### PROGRAMME:

- 1—Piano Duett ..... "The Storm."  
Miss Carrie Rhinehardt,  
Miss Mamie Bates.
- 2—Recitation.. "Charge of the Light Brigade."  
Master Cady Allen.
- 3—Song .. .... "Wanderers' Evening Hymn."  
Miss Lulu Miller.
- 4—Recitation.. "On the Shores of Tennessee."  
Miss Addie Houghtailing.
- 5—Piano ..... "Trovatore."  
Carrie Levett.
- 6—Shadow Pantomime .....  
"The medieval story of Mary Jane."  
Bert Anthony, Harry Beardsley,  
Mamie Bates.
- 7—Recitation ..... "The Fire Fiend."  
Master Alden Covill.
- 8—Tableau ..... "The Dolls' Tea Party."  
Katie Levett, Mamie Greve,  
Orpha Naylor, Harvey Horton,  
Flow. Walling.
- 9—Recitation, ..... "Going Home."  
Miss Cora Clark.
- 10—Music ..... "Qui-vive Gallop."  
Miss Ida Orphy,  
Miss Carrie Rhinehardt.
- 11—"Mrs. Snipkin's Wax Figures."  
Miss Heath, Miss Dell Brown,  
Miss Croft, Miss Maria Avery,  
Miss Woodbury, Mr. VanTyne,  
Mr. Hadley McCrossen.
- 12—Tableau ..... "The Children's Cot."  
Orpha Naylor.

### Wanted.

Please send some infants' clothing, new or second-hand. Cannot some of the sewing societies in neighboring towns make some for us?

## Mite Boxes Received—Their Numbers and Contents.

No. 268.....\$ 6 65	No. 311.....\$ 9 52
" 288..... 5 20	" 334..... 15 46
" 392..... 10 08	" 341..... 59
" 357..... 3 36	" 227..... 57
" 361..... 1 75	" 340..... 1 66
" 354..... 1 15	" 489..... 77
" 362..... 1 52	" 372..... 1 00
" 364..... 49	" 30..... 3 05
" 428..... 55	" 388..... 88
" 430..... 55	" 350..... 1 98
" 216..... 85	" 504..... 1 59
" 567..... 84	" 101..... 97
" 308..... 1 25	" 396..... 2 38
" 312..... 42	" 488..... 78
" 375..... 76	" 307..... 1 22
" 332..... 62	" 337..... 1 88
" 345..... 54	" 321..... 3 00
" 494..... 2 37	" 496..... 24
" 379..... 1 65	" 380..... 1 67
" 431..... 84	" 562..... 1 00
" 323..... 4 06	" 269..... 88
" 322..... 3 31	" 371..... 46
" 67..... 29	" 378..... 1 29
" 371..... 46	" 367..... 29
" 391..... 1 32	" 385..... 48
" 429..... 99	" 406..... 36
" 492..... 33	" 485..... 5 49
" 495..... 1 24	" 491..... 1 09
" 231..... 19	" 387..... 57
" 432..... 77	" 487..... 30
" 484..... 71	" 305..... 50
" 498..... 47	" 490..... 26
" 483..... 88	" 317..... 1 36
" 313..... 1 88	" 390..... 6 48
" 298..... 2 96	" 254..... 3 02
" 267..... 3 45	" 315..... 94

## Donations

FOR NOVEMBER.

Mrs. Woodworth—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Mrs. Henry Huntington—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 D. H. Little—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Mrs. Jonathan King—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Miss Duulap—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 A Friend—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Mrs. W. Seward—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Mrs. Jerome Badger—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Mrs. Ellwanger—Second-hand Clothing, Illustrated Papers and Reading Matter, 2 Prayer Books, Flowers.  
 David Hays—Illustrated Papers and Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Wm. Seward—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. W. E. Fiske—Reading Matter.  
 Miss Duulap—Quantity of Books.  
 Mrs. Huntington—Harper and Scribner Magazines and other Reading Matter.  
 Moore & Cole—Malaga Grapes.  
 Mrs. L. S. Chapin—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mary Sugru and Ella Sage—Child's Picture Papers for Child's Cot.  
 Julia and Cornelia Robinson—Lint.  
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Three Turkeys.  
 Mr. Herman—Thirty-five pounds of Turkeys.

FOR DECEMBER.

Mrs. C. P. Dewey—Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Wm. Little—Reading Matter.  
 A. L. dy—Old Cotton and Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. S. H. Terry—"Scientific American" and Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Twenty-eight volumes Abbott's Histories.  
 "Book Club"—Six Books.  
 Mrs. Henry Griffith—Scrap Cards.  
 Miss M. E. Gaylord—One pair Cloth Shoes.  
 Miss A. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Charles A. Clark—One Spring Bed.  
 George A. Wilbor—One quart Ink.  
 N. B. Randall—One box White Swan Soap.  
 Central Church Christmas Festival—Cake, Oranges and Candy.  
 Brewster & Crittenden—One very large box of Oranges.  
 L. Murray Moore & Co.—Thirty-six Baskets.  
 Moore & Cole—Three pounds Malaga Grapes.  
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Turkeys.  
 Benjamin He-man—Turkeys.  
 Miss Duulap—Quantity of Books, Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Clark Woodworth—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. D. H. Little—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Jonathan King—Old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Henry Huntington—Old Cotton, "Harper's" and "Scribner's" and other Reading Matter.  
 Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—Old Cotton and Linen.  
 Julia and Cornelia Robinson—Box of Lint.  
 Mr. Wm. S. Falls—One hundred *Hospital Reviews* for December, 1882.

## Unclaimed Articles Left at the Donation Festival.

3 Standard Glass Dishes.  
 2 White Baking Dishes.  
 1 Yellow Bowl.  
 1 Colored Baking Dish.  
 1 White China Plate.  
 8 Common White Plates.  
 1 White Platter.  
 1 White Bowl.  
 4 Jelly Glasses.  
 2 Goblets.  
 4 Baskets.  
 1 Jar Cherries.  
 4 Glasses of Jelly.  
 4 Cake Tins.  
 1 Paper Pail.  
 1 Tray.  
 1 Tin Box.  
 1 Muslin Apron Front.  
 1 Blue Scarf.  
 1 Individual Salt.  
 1 Carving Knife and Fork.  
 1 White Handle Carving Fork.

These may be found at the house of the Treasurer, 48 Spring Street.

### Donations Not Credited Last Month.

*To Hebrew Table.*

John Barzlein—One pair Ducks.

Mrs. S. Beir—\$2.00.

To Mrs. Myron Adams' table—25 cents.

### Repairs.

The drains and sewers of the Hospital have been undergoing thorough repairs; they are now in complete order, and this conduces very essentially to the health of the inmates.

### Seed Catalogue.

We have just received Hiram Sibley & Co.'s Seed Catalogue for 1883, and it comes to us an attractive pamphlet of 150 pages, filled with tasteful illustrations and suggestive hints for the culture of trees, fruits, vegetables and flowers. The practical farmer and amateur gardener will alike find much that is useful within it.

This firm offer none of the so-called novelties until they have been tried in the field or garden. Only well tested varieties and standard sorts are embraced in this catalogue.

### Vick's Floral Guide.

We congratulate the Vick Brothers on their Floral Guide for 1883, that comes to us in a most pleasing form, assuring us that the taste of the father has descended to the sons. In addition to the usual colored plates and floral illustrations, the Guide contains an offer of a handsome crayon lithographic portrait of our deceased townsman, James Vick, to all who subscribe to Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for 1883. Price, \$1.25 per year. We are sure many of our citizens will avail themselves of this offer.

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 Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1883.

### New Year's at the Hospital.

On New Year's day we visited the Hospital and found most of the invalids within the Wards, as the snow-covered lawn and wintry atmosphere were less attractive to them, than the snug quarters inside.

The new Hall Pavilion had one occupant who was afflicted with erysipelas and therefore isolated.

In the reception room a gentleman from out of town was conferring with some of the officers of the Hospital, in reference to two Italians, who, in a land of strangers, with broken limbs, had been brought to the Institution where they had been tenderly cared for, and as yet no provision had been made for their support.

The question is often asked us:

*"Are there any persons received at the Hospital who are treated gratuitously?"*

Our Corresponding Secretary in her last annual report, says that between October 1st, 1881, and October 1st, 1882, there were "46 for whom nothing has been received." When persons are sent to the Hospital by the Poormaster the city pays \$3.50 per week for the first three months, and \$1.75 per week for the rest of the time they remain. The county pays only two dollars per week for the entire time. This includes medical treatment, nursing, medicines and food.

In the Lower Female Wards fourteen patients were under treatment. No death had occurred during the past month and but two were confined to their cots. A woman suffering from asthma was sitting up in bed and breathing with a good deal of difficulty. The young lady who, nine weeks before, had broken her thigh, was improving; the bone had united, the weights were removed, and, free from

pain, she sits up about an hour a day. She looked so peaceful and happy we could but think her patient, uncomplaining spirit must have accelerated her recovery. Mary B. and Mary D., who, when last we visited them, were both confined to their beds, were better, up and dressed, and the former was assisting the latter in walking about the ward. A paralytic and a rheumatic patient were both improving.

Eighteen invalids occupied the Upper Female Wards. One woman had died during the month of December with a cancer. One patient was suffering from an aneurism, another from diabetes, and some from paralysis. No patient was confined all the time to her cot. A woman who had been fourteen months under treatment, was improving and was amusing herself with her needle. Near by was a middle-aged woman, a German, who was receiving treatment and waiting for improved health before she submitted to a surgical operation on her eyes. One bright looking patient had been afflicted with neuralgia but was better. Mrs. McL. who has been troubled for thirty years with a sore limb was in bed, her limb being poulticed. The nurse in this Ward said the patients were particularly pleased with their Christmas remembrances; they had never had so pleasant a Christmas before in the Hospital. The baskets and flowers then received were, many of them, cherished, and the music had evidently made a great impression on the invalids.

In the Lying-In-Ward were two mothers and two babies.

In the Male Surgical Ward we were greatly interested in a young man who, two months before, had been struck by an engine on the new bridge on the elevated track near Ford Street, when he was painting. He saw the engine just as it was almost on him, and jumped in time to save his body but not his limb from

contact with it. After he was brought to the Hospital the limb was amputated above the knee. The stump had healed well, but afterwards abscesses had formed from which he had suffered a good deal. His patient expression and gentlemanly bearing interested us greatly and he spoke most gratefully of the excellent care he had received at the Hospital. We learned that he was only temporarily engaged on the railroad, and for fifteen years had had a position in the Treasury department at Washington, where he was an accomplished penman.

Another sufferer from a broken limb occupied a cot near by. He had recently attempted to jump on his engine, and had fallen through the trestle-work of the elevated track and thus injured himself. One man had fractured his ankle; a load of sand had fallen on it while he was working on the railroad. Another man with injured ankle had been found on Court Street and was receiving treatment in this Ward. There were twenty occupants of this Ward.

In the Male Medical Ward there were sixteen patients. One man had a few days before had a cataract removed, and his eyes were bandaged. The nurse spoke to us of a Swiss man who was manifesting in his countenance great joy at his recovery from a fever. A young man had had several hemorrhages from the lungs. One man had diseased kidneys; another, ulceration of the stomach; another, inflammation from inhaling dust while grinding edge tools; four had chronic diseases and several were infirm and aged. No death had occurred during the month.

### Christmas.

Christmas was a delightful day to many of the Hospital inmates, to whom the holidays are sometimes the saddest days of all the year; for, sick and absent from home and kindred, memory often carries

them back to days of health and plenty, where, surrounded by loving friends, they welcomed the joyous Christmas tide, and a feeling of loneliness comes over them that makes the heart very heavy.

Most appropriately do we illustrate the blessed ministries of Christmas charity on Christmas day: "I was sick and ye visited me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

On Christmas morning Mrs. George J. Whitney and other members of her family and Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, as for years has been their custom, came to the Hospital laden with fruit and flowers. Square baskets, each containing an orange, grapes and a bouquet of fresh flowers were provided, and every inmate of the Hospital Wards and each nurse received one, and for the children there were also toys or books.

The young ladies of the Flower Mission brought about seventy Christmas cards, most of them beautifully hand-painted by themselves, and each card contained some appropriate verse.

Mrs. Myron Adams, accompanied by a glee club, and a number of other young ladies and gentlemen, and by her brother, Mr. Hopkins, who brought a guitar, visited the different Wards and cheered the invalids by their joyous Christmas carols and songs.

Mrs. S. J. Macy sent her children with books and toys for all the children.

Mrs. J. C. Kalbfleisch sent books, candy and popped corn for the six Hospital children, with a "Merry Christmas to the Children's Cot from Ransom Kalbfleisch."

The sad hearts were thus gladdened, and our sick friends knew they were cared for.

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.

## The Children's Cot.

There are a good many young people now in the Hospital. As we waited in the reception room, three came in to be weighed because they thought they were gaining; one of these was Mary D. who has long been in the Hospital; she has diseased spine and for a long time wore plaster of Paris jacket; she improved good deal and went away from the Hospital, but injured herself by jumping rope and came back for treatment, and has been obliged to go about on crutches but now she is better. The second girl had had trouble with her eyes, and the third, we think, had had a fever.

Willie Slocum, the boy who was cut a most to pieces on the railroad, has recovered and left the Hospital; Tom Heney, who had a diseased hip, now walks without crutches, and the little boy with lame side is so well that the physician sends him on errands and keeps him out of doors as much as they can; he looks rosy and well and had just come in, as we saw him, from skating.

Little Carl Hammond, who came to us from the Orphan Asylum, early in November, with an abscess on his side, is greatly improved. He is a cunning little fellow about five years old. He wears a long calico dressing gown, and looks very comfortable as he sits in his rocking chair.

Mary Dolan, who is about four years old, sleeps in the Cot. She has been with us quite a number of months. Her eyes were very weak when she came, but they are now almost well. She has a little playmate who is always by her side, and who sleeps in a cot next to the Children's Cot. Her name is Marion Cook; she is nearly two years older than Mary, but not much larger. She is a Scotch girl who came over the waters with her mother and a brother and sister younger than herself. Her mother goes out to work in



the day and takes one of the little ones in her arms, while another trudges beside her, to the Industrial School. They get up very early in the morning and reach the Industrial School about seven o'clock; the mother leaves them and works hard all day to earn money for their support, and at night, when her day's work is done, she takes her two youngest children home. The reason she leaves Marion at the Hospital is because the poor child's ankles turn in, the bones are bent, and she hopes something can be done to help her. It would make your heart ache to see this dear little girl who we fear may always be a cripple, and who has also a defect in one eye. Little Marion was not born with curved ankles, but when she was four years old she had a severe sickness, and since then her limbs have been crooked.

Now, dear children, it is for just such little children as Marion that we have been asking you to endow the Children's Cot.

If you should come to the Hospital and see such a lame child in it, would you not be glad you had done something to help her? We have raised now over twenty-four hundred dollars for the fund, and only need \$536.48 to complete it, and we wish that every little child who reads this paper, and who has not given, would send us something, and those who have given, give more, so that soon we may have the \$3,000 we started for. It will be six years next February since we started this fund. Would it not be nice if we could complete it by next month? Who will help us?

### **The Flower Mission.**

The woodlands, the hillsides, the gardens and lawns, are shrouded with their snowy mantles, and can no longer yield their fragrant floral offerings, to brighten the rooms of our invalids, but the young ladies of the Flower Mission still continue their labor of love, and

every Saturday morning prepare bouquets and take them to the Hospital, the Home for the Friendless, the Church Home, or to some lonely sufferer. The members of the Mission contribute a small sum as a membership fee, and private persons send flowers from their greenhouses, and our florists sell cheaply what is purchased from them, and thus far, no week has passed without floral offerings from this Mission. Donations of flowers, or of money for the purchase of flowers, will be gratefully received by the members of the Flower Mission, who meet every Saturday at 10 A. M. in the lower Sabbath school room of St. Luke's church.

### **In Memoriam.**

The January snows are mantling a newly made mound in our neighboring cemetery, where, during the last month of the old year, the venerable form of one of the early helpers of the City Hospital, the late Mrs. Frederick Starr, was laid to rest beside her kindred.

Mrs. Lucy Ann Starr was born at Lenox, Mass., October 25th, 1803; in 1825 she removed to Rochester, and in 1831 married Frederick Starr.

Active in every good work; pronounced in her religious character; adorning her Christian profession by a goodly life; she was officially associated with most of the benevolent institutions of our city. She was a Manager and Treasurer of the "Rochester Female Charitable Society," a Manager of the "Rochester Orphan Asylum," President of the Board of Managers of the "Home for the Friendless," and one of the original Lady Managers of the "City Hospital."

Her family was closely identified with the City Hospital; her husband, the late Frederick Starr, being one of its original Directors, and her son, Dr. Charles S.

Starr, for one year the House Physician of the Institution.

Advancing years and absence from the city have of late prevented Mrs. Starr from active participation in charitable work, but she still retained her interest in our beneficent associations, and rejoiced in their prosperity.

At a ripe old age, in the residence of her son-in-law, Col. Thomas L. Morgan, of Potsdam, N. Y., on the afternoon of Dec. 17th, 1882, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

### A Christmas Gift.

The Children of the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum contributed some of their pennies to buy a collar for "Carlo," a dog belonging to the Institution, a great pet of the children. The collar was hung on the Christmas tree, and "Carlo" was there to receive the first gift distributed from the tree, and no gift delighted the children more than this.

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 18, 1882, of diphtheria, Mary I. Conroy, of Avon, aged 25 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 24, 1882, of an internal cancer, Margaret Eglinton, aged 50 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 29, 1882, of typhoid fever, Maggie McDonald, aged 19 years.

### Monthly Report.

1882. Dec. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 80	
Received during month, . . .	31
Births, . . . . .	2—113
Deaths, . . . . .	3
Discharged, . . . . .	35—38
Remaining Jan. 1st, 1883, . . .	75

### Receipts for the Review,

FROM DEC. 20th TO JAN. 1.

D. Leary, advertisement—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews. . . . . \$10 00

Mrs. P. B. Lee, 62 cents; Annie McCall, Ashland, Oregon, 51 cents; Mrs. L. S. May, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 65 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents—By Treasurer. . . . . \$ 3

### Training School for Nurses in New Haven.

At the present time, when the education of women occupies so much of the public thought, it will be perhaps wise to call attention of women eager for knowledge, yet without the means or leisure to obtain it, to the great advantages offered to them by the numerous Training Schools for Nurses established in many of our large cities. These schools afford not only education, both by text-book and actual experience in the profession of nursing, but support the pupils during their year and a half of study. At the end of this time the graduate is assisted in the establishment of a practice, which will yield her an independent support.

No better idea of the nobility of such calling can be given, than by a description of the daily duties of a pupil nurse, as observed here at her work in one of the wards of the New Haven Hospital. At a light breakfast, and attending morning prayers, she enters the ward to relieve a nurse, who has been on duty all night. Waiting upon this or that weary sufferer she spends the time until the attending physician appears, when, with him, makes the round of the ward, and receives his instructions for the day. After a moment of busy fulfilment of such directions now changing the position of some tired invalid, dressing a painful wound, bathing a fevered patient, or amusing some lonely child weary with pain—she has her evening dinner, after which she is allowed a few hours for rest and refreshment. At the end of this time, she meets the other nurses in the nurses' parlor, where the lady superintendent of the School instructs the class; then, again, resuming her duties in the ward; and at nine, after prayers, and the delivery of her watch the charge of the night-nurse, is at liberty to retire.

There are many departments in the Hospital, comprising surgical nursing, medical cases, and midwifery, and in each of them the nurse remains for a time. It is also taught to prepare many dainty

cles of food for the sick. To one who has thus watched the patience and courage of these nurses, as they make their daily round, the eagerness with which their coming is waited for is no surprise, and more fully illustrates the thought that

"It is very good for strength to know,  
That some one needs us to be strong."

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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

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

Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,

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

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### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,.....	\$10 00
Three Months,.....	2 00	One Third Column,...	12 00
Six Months,.....	8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00	
One Year,.....	5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00	

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I shall place on sale several odd lots of the above named goods from my

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ON MY  
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AT VERY  
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To Close Them Out at Once.

The Goods are all of this Season's Purchase, the most Desirable Styles, and would be cheap at double the price we ask for them.

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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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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

No. 7.

## Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most ap-

proved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of a Board of Directors and a Board of Lady Managers. The officers of the Board of Directors are:

Daniel W. Powers,	President.
Mortimer F. Reynolds,	Vice President.
Henry S. Hanford,	Sec'y and Treas.

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C. C. Morse,	D. W. Powers,
J. H. Brewster,	G. H. Perkins,
James Brackett,	J. L. Angle,
H. S. Hanford,	J. E. Pierpont,
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G. H. Thompson,	C. F. Pond,
G. E. Mumford,	L. P. Ross,
J. J. Bausch,	A. S. Hamilton,
	S. J. Macy.

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------------	-----------------	-------------

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Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
	Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney.

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## *Medical Staff—Attending Physicians.*

William S. Ely, M. D.      E. V. Stoddard, M. D.  
John W. Whitbeck, M. D.

## *Attending Surgeons.*

H. F. Montgomery, M. D.      David Little, M. D.  
H. H. Langworthy, M. D.

## *Special.*

C. B. Rider, M. D., Ophthalmic and Au. Surgeon

## *Resident Assistants.*

F. H. Slocum, M. D.      M. U. Campbell.

## *Matron.*

Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

## *Recorder.*

Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

## *Supervising Nurse.*

Miss L. A. Markham.

For the Hospital Review.

## A Friend.

BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

He was only a dog!  
But so faithful and true  
To the trusts that he held  
And the friends that he knew!  
So patient, when dying he fell at the feet  
Of the one that he loved in a tenderness, sweet.

So responsive and keen,  
So instinctively brave,  
That I pause to bestow  
A last touch on his grave.  
Ah in life it were well if the friends that we  
trust  
Were as brave as this heart that lies low in the  
dust.

Who can tell if this life,  
That is ended so soon  
Is a fitful thing,  
Like a dead rose of June?  
When I join that dear land, where my lost  
loved ones be,  
Will this dumb, faithful friend have no welcome  
for me?

Hold on to your foot when you are  
on the point of kicking, running off from  
study, or pursuing the path of error,  
shame, or crime.

For the Hospital Review

## A Memorial Gift.

The new chancel, contributed by George E. Mumford, to the Church of the Epiphany, on Frances street, with its memorial window, is a worthy tribute to the memory of one closely identified with the City Hospital, and for some years a member of its Board of Lay Managers.

The memorial offering includes the entire chancel, with its appointments—the organ chamber, robing-room and apartment for choir rehearsals. The architect, Mr. J. G. Cutler, has displayed much taste in his designs. The work of the chancel, including the chancel stalls, pulpit and lectern, is of oak, contrasting well with the blue vaulted ceiling.

The chancel window is the most beautiful memorial window we have ever seen. It is in the Early English style and is really three Gothic windows spanned and united in one by a connecting arch. The central window is little larger than the others, and on it effectively portrayed a copy of the Madonna and Child, taken from Carl Müller's Holy Family. Beneath this is inscribed: "*In Memory of Julia Hills Mumford, who died May 27th, 1882.*"

The windows on each side of the central one are of opalesque glass, the one bearing on a mosaic ground the inscription: "*Be thou faithful unto death,*" the other: "*And I will give thee a crown of life.*" These words are framed in jewelled glass. Above the central window, within the uniting arch, is a cross of jewelled glass, and on each side of it a lily. The necklace of the Madonna, and the petals and centre of the flower, held by the Child, are also of jewelled glass, and very brilliant. This Memorial Window was made at the art works of J. W. Thompson, of Boston, and is certainly a chaste and artistic, and far in advance

anything of its kind in this part of the country. The introduction of the opalescent and jewelled glass adds greatly to the brilliancy of the window, and brings out the richness of the coloring in the central group.

To take in the full effect of this window, it should be viewed from the extreme eastern side of the church. We there gazed at it with delight, as the declining western sun flooded it with beauty, bringing out the lustre of the jewelled glass and the iridescent tints of the opalesque; these, forming a brilliant frame work for the central picture thus enshrined, and placing, in effective, bold relief, the Madonna and Child.

Over the eastern entrance to the Church of the Epiphany is a rose window, with a little cherub painted upon it; a memorial gift for a beloved child, who, in life's morning, crossed the silent river, and has now welcomed his mother where there are no more partings. How appropriate it is that the rays of the early morning sun should gild the child's memorial, and those of the setting, linger around that of the mother. H. S. T.

### Foreign Correspondence.

We copy the following extracts from private letters recently received :

#### MANILA IN RUINS.

"On the 20th of October we had the most terrific typhon ever known at Manila. Looking at the barometer in the morning, we saw it was going up and down at such a rate that we knew a storm was approaching. We immediately called all the boys together and had the furniture of the sala moved to the middle of the room and covered with mats. The roof then began to rattle with the gusts of wind, which were becoming stronger every moment. All at once it became loosened and the sheets of galvanized iron were

flying in all directions. The wind was going at the rate of 144 miles an hour, and the barometer was 28.75. In the space of a few hours Manila was almost leveled to the ground. Not a Nipa house was left standing. All the roofs of the others were blown off, and in some cases whole rooms were lifted out of the house and carried off. The water came pouring down in cascades; we had scarcely a dry spot to stand on; every one was moving things about, out of the torrents; we had only one dry corner in the whole house, and there we put the dining table. One of our young men, who was staying at the club, having just arrived from New York two days before, came in to see if we had a dry place in the house, as the club was all blown to pieces. In the evening a messenger came from Mrs. A. to ask if we had any shelter, as their house was in ruins, and they could not get a dry spot to sleep on. We were not quite so badly off as that, so in the midst of the confusion we had quite a dinner party in the evening and no little amusement getting arranged for the night.

"The poor Indians are almost homeless. There is not one native house left. In a native quarter, with an area of about one and one fourth miles square, where there were formerly thousands of houses, we could only see one standing yesterday, and that was pretty well shaken. Our washerwoman told us she was up all night, waist deep in water, searching for our clothes; but they were all blown away to the mountains and could not be found. The distress among these poor natives is heartrending. They have lost their all.

"The shipping has suffered tremendously. There are twelve foreign vessels stranded on the beach, after having dragged their anchors for two or three miles, and several ships, which held to their anchors in the bay, have been dismasted and much damaged otherwise. Local crafts, moored in the river, broke

loose and got into a terribly mixed up condition, with any amount of damage, and the extracation will not take place for some days, till the flood in the river subsides and the current slackens pace. A near estimate of the damage done cannot be given, but millions of dollars will not cover it. Manila at this date is indeed a scene of desolation. We have men engaged putting a new roof on our house, and earnestly hope no more rain will come till it is completed."

ANOTHER TYPHON ON NOVEMBER 5TH AND 6TH.

"Unfortunately for us, we had another typhon, not so strong as the previous one, but it did more damage, as we were quite unprepared for it. On Saturday evening, before retiring, we took a last look at the barometer, which, to our great discomfort, was going steadily down. At 11:30 P. M. the rain came on heavily; we arose and found one of the boys sitting up bailing out the water that was coming in by the bucketful. Our roof, too, was in jeopardy again, as repairs were not completed.

"We called up all the servants, and had everything put into wardrobes and closets, covered all the things in the sala with a sail which had been brought up in case of need. What had been mended of the roof again blew off, and, oh, if you had seen the plight we were in. We were up all night throwing out the water. Our house was flooded. The boys were told to bring up all the galvanized iron they could find, and with it we covered the beds, the wardrobes, &c. Sunday the same work went on, except an hour or two in the afternoon, when the rain ceased. In the evening it came on again, but we let it pour unheeded—we were completely tired out and went to bed feeling dry under the iron roof. In the

house flooded, but the rain had stopped and we dried everything as quick as possible. Yesterday afternoon we had terrific thunder storm, and it rained torrents. Again the house was flooded worse than ever. The boys worked hard throwing out the water in tubs. About 6 P. M. the rain ceased; a beautiful rainbow appeared, which gladdened all our hearts; we went to bed at 9 and slept soundly. This morning all the boys are hard at work making things dry as possible, and the men are putting on the roof. The sun is shining brightly, and we are all praying that calamities may now cease, and that we may once more have a season of prosperity.

H. & J.

Manual Service and Menial Service

BY JULIA H. GULLIVER.

"My boy is too proud to work," said a poor widow to me the other day. It would be a great help, if he could do something now and then, for it is hard to keep him in school, and to clothe him as he wants to be clothed; but he is sensitive, more so than most boys, and shrinks from menial service." The dentist seems to indicate that, notwithstanding all that has been written on this subject, more must still be said.

"Menial service?" What is it? chopping wood, cleaning horses, sweeping, washing dishes, in short—menial labor. This is what we usually call "menial." And the reason is obvious. Mind is more than muscle. The spirit is superior to the material. As the mind controls the body, so the products of the brain take the precedence over the products of the hands. Our intellectual laborers are peers. Our manual laborers are servants. This is the dictate of society. Does the Bible teach it? Christ washed his disciples' feet—a manual service—what could be more so? Was menial one? No. We recognize undignifyingly the kingliness of the act; as we glorified his triumphal entry into Jerusalem; as potent, in its teaching, as his sermon on the Mount. It might have

blest slave. Christ did it, and it became sublime. Why? What makes the difference? Jesus, "knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came from God and went to God," prepared to wash the feet of these lowly men.

The lofty consciousness glorified the act. Because the divinity within him was too lofty to be dragged down to the littleness and degradation of the thing, as it was in itself; because his spirit was all powerful rather to subdue, suffuse, and illumine it, we honor the deed, and feel that we do well to call the doer of it Lord and Master. "For of whom (or what) a man is overcome, of the same is he also brought into bondage." It is not what we do, but the way we do it. So far as we allow the trivial duties and hard necessities of life to discourage and subdue us, we are in servitude. So far as we conquer and ennoble them, we are of royal rank. "I have always regarded all I have done as solely symbolical," said Goethe, "and, at bottom it does not signify whether I make pots or dishes." Further, it is a good thing to perform nobly a noble act; it is a diviner thing to perform nobly an ignoble one. We honor our Lord in his keen refutations of the Jewish rabbis; we love and reference him, when he washes the feet of ignorant, sinful men, and makes it the deed of a God. That act places the mark of distinction on every homely task, done in the Master's service, in all time, declaring that what God has cleansed that we are not to call common or unclean. There is an incitement and inspiration about doing great deeds. There is the stimulus of praise, and the pleasing consciousness of accomplishing something, which is always an encouragement. To live a life passed in doing little things that do not show, that no one knows about and no one praises, is much like trying to turn a mill-wheel without any water. As in the latter case, the motive power of the water is lacking without, and must be supplied by the motive power of steam from within, so, in a humble, uneventful life, where the external stimulus of change and applause is waiting, there must be a force within,—a deeper spirituality, a more steadfast heroism than has ever been demanded of many of the world's so-called heroes. The

orator who sways multitudes by his eloquence may not be fit to loose the shoelatchet of his bootblack. The humblest laborer in the field may be a prince in whose train the proudest merchant might walk in all humility. "Place Alexander," says George Macdonald, comparing this commander with the Greek slave Epictetus,— "place Alexander, he, the Great, beside . . . . . Epictetus, that slave of slaves,—take his crutch from the slave and set the hero upon his Bucephalus, but set them alone in a desert—which will prove a great man, with the unchangeable? The question being what the man himself shall or shall not be, shall or shall not feel, shall or shall not recognize as of himself and troubling the motions of his being, Alexander will prove a mere earth-bubble, Epictetus a cavern in which pulses the tide of the eternal and infinite sea."

"Menial service!" No task, I care not what it may be, can be termed menial, unless it be done in a servile spirit; and, according to this criterion, menial service can be performed as readily in the Senate as in the street, in the parlor, nay, in the pulpit, as in the kitchen and the shop. We say that we are too proud and sensitive to do this or that. Others may, but we cannot. We love to give our sins pet names, and trick out their deformity with high-sounding titles. Let us call things by their right names. If we are too weak to do what we know to be right and necessary, however paltry it may appear, let us call it weakness and wickedness, and not pride and sensitiveness.

By way of an appropriate memorial of his daughter, who died last summer, Senator Edmunds has endowed in her name a room in the Mary Fletcher Hospital, Burlington, Vt. Over the door outside a handsome tablet bears the name "Julia M. Edmunds," and the date of the endowment. Within, the room is luxuriously furnished, every article in it being marked with the initials "J. M. E." On the wall hangs a superb engraving of Millet's painting "L'Angeles." The endowment (\$5,000) provides for the support and care of one free patient, and its first beneficiary has recently been received.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.

## What Surgery Can Do.

The London *Lancet*, in publishing its record of the progress of medicine in its many departments during the last year, gave some of the more prominent points connected with surgery. Some of the operations seem almost miraculous, and were regarded as impossible previous to actual experiment. No region of the body is now considered beyond the scope of surgery. Its most marked triumphs relate to the internal organs and cavities.

What has rendered the operations comparatively safe is the use of antiseptics—fluids that prevent putrefaction in the wounds. Hitherto carbolic acid has been the chief agent used. But this proved more or less dangerous—sometimes fatally so—in other directions. A much safer and equally effective substitute has been found in what is called eucalyptol, which is obtained from the eucalyptus tree.

Abscesses of the liver have been freely and successfully cut into and drained. Large parts of the stomach have been cut out, including even the pylorus, which is the more highly organized part of the stomach that shuts in the food until digestion is carried to a certain extent, and then opens and pours it into the intestines.

Entrances have been made through the walls of the stomach for the regular introduction of food in cases where the œsophagus (gullet) has been closed by disease.

Two pieces embracing the entire circumference, the one about three inches in length, the other five, have been cut out from the large intestine—the colon. In all such cases the divided parts are brought together and sewed, the stitches becoming soon absorbed after the healing is complete.

Considerable progress has been made towards ascertaining the exact spot where the brain and nervous system may be affected, thus facilitating the reaching of disease.

It has been found that bone can be transplanted and aid in the formation of new bone; and more wonderful still, that sponge can be grafted into large wounds, and be a porous support for the granulations (the new flesh particles) while they are filling the cavities. The sponge is believed to be gradually absorbed.—[*Youth's Companion*.

## The Snow Man.

BY MRS. OLARA DOTY BATES.

After a winter's night,  
When snow had fallen, noiseless, damp and white,  
The sleigh-bells' merry chime,  
And sled and snow-ball, made a gala time,  
While hither and thither ran  
Ted and the boys, making a huge snow-man.

And gay indeed they were  
To Gold-Locks, little half-sick prisoner,  
As through her window pane  
All day she watched them tug with might and main,  
Like heroes every one,  
Toiling until the clumsy thing was done.  
It stood, at last, upright,  
As winter twilight darkened into night;  
The boys were tired out;  
Street lamps began to glimmer round about;  
And to his chilly fate  
Was left the snow-man, white and desolate.

Another morning broke;  
Gold-Locks awoke, Ted and the boys awoke;  
Still was the snow-man there,  
Awkward and ugly in the bitter air,  
With Gold-Locks' little shawl  
Across his shoulder flung, so red and small.

We never really knew  
Whose was this charity so tender, true,  
For in a pitying mood  
Some one had tried to warm him where he stood.  
We laughed aloud to see,  
And Gold-Locks blushed, but never a word said she.

See if you cannot arrange to have the horse's bridle kept in a warm place in the house, or else on cold, frosty days have the bits warmed before they are put into his mouth. A cold, frosty bit will take the skin off his tongue, and perhaps make it painful to eat anything for a week.

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—*Spurgeon*.



## Judging by Appearance.

Some years ago there arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed to have just sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of a needle for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other, and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This being, strange to the spectators, seemingly half-civilized, half savage, pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord and modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance to receive this uncouth form among his genteel visitors, but a few words whispered in his ear satisfied him; and the stranger took his place in the company, some shrugging their shoulders, some staring, some laughing outright. *Yet there was more in that one man than in the whole company.* He had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater than they, shall have been forgotten. From every hill-top and deep, shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits far up on the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, ornithologist.

## The Belle of the Ball.

There is far less vulgarity in cheap dress than in finery worn out of time and place. Real elegance shows itself not always in the quality of one's "dry goods," but in wise judgment about putting them on. Margery Dean, in her last book, describes the simplicity of some of the European ladies of rank, as follows:

"An American girl would have stood amazed at a fashionable lawn party which I once attended, where all the ladies were in the simplest of pretty calico and cotton dresses. Ladies whose family jewels would have stocked a shop, and whose inherited laces were of priceless value, wore in the streets dresses that the American girl would scorn to wear on the beach at Newport on a Sunday morning because of their simplicity.

"In Vienna I went with a young baroness to try on a dress which she was having made to wear to the afternoon ball to be given to the emperor's school for the education of officers' sons.

"She was twenty and had one million florins in her own right, and had been brought up with the emperor's children for a time, when her father had been aide-de-campe, and the jewels she had inherited and were to come to her had dazzled me when spread out for my seeing one day.

"I had fancied her dress to be something very elegant. Imagine my surprise when it proved to be a dainty cotton satine fifty cents a yard in America. But she was the belle of the ball."

**RESTORING FROZEN PEOPLE.**—Medical men have always differed as to whether the best treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or rapid application of heat. To settle the matter, Lapchinski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of twenty animals treated by the method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, fourteen perished; of twenty placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of twenty immediately put into a hot bath, all recovered.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

## **The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

### **Midwinter With the Invalids.**

On the last day of January we wended our way to the City Hospital. The slippery sidewalks and wintery breezes made us grateful for the comfortable refuge we found within it, and very few of the patients seemed disposed to exchange their warm quarters in the Wards, for the chilling blasts outside the Institution.

The severe weather of January has quite thoroughly tested the heating capacity of many of our furnaces, and doubtless there has been much suffering among the sick poor in our city, who, scantily supplied with fuel and sensitive to atmospheric changes, have found the past weeks very trying. How great a boon to such is the City Hospital.

It is pleasant, as we go through our public Wards, to notice the neatness and order that pervade them; to catch glimpses of the nurses, with their snow-white caps and aprons, as, with noiseless tread and gentle movements, they pass from couch to couch, comforting, soothing and ministering to the invalids, most of whom gratefully appreciate their tender care.

While we were in the lower Female Ward the attending physician made his daily visit, accompanied by the two house physicians and the supervising nurse. Two nurses, who had charge of the Ward and are members of the Training School, for Nurses joined them, and as the group passed from patient to patient, the physician gave his directions and imparted instruction, thus illustrating the advantages a hospital offers as a Training School, and also the benefits to the invalid from the skilful ministries of intelligent, trained

nurses. Our citizens outside the Hospital are beginning to appreciate the blessing of Trained Nurses, and the demand for them is sometimes greater than the supply.

No death has occurred the past month in the Male Medical Wards, where we found seventeen patients. Two of the were in the fever Ward, one convalescing the other still very sick. In the large Ward two were confined to their beds, one with sore limbs the other with rheumatism. No patient was very sick. There were four consumptives. While we were in this Ward the dinner bell rang, and those who were able went to the basement dining room, and the nurse and assistant prepared a table in the Ward, where fifteen men seemed very comfortable, as they partook of their noontide meal.

One man died in January in the Male Surgical Ward. He was frightfully injured by a buzz saw; had one of his lower limbs amputated, but survived but a few days. Mr. L., who, last month, was suffering from abscesses after the amputation of his limb, had been more unwell was again better, but feared another abscess was gathering. He appeared very patient and grateful for Hospital care. The nurse says he is a most uncomplaining sufferer. We were touched by his tender allusions to his mother, now residing in Vermont. Mr. C., who broke his limb by falling through the trestle work on the elevated track, was much better; he still wore splints, but hoped soon to be able to return home. The Italian boy, who was in the tent last year after his limb was amputated, had been troubled with abscesses, and was confined to his bed, but was gaining. The man found on Court street with a broken leg, was up, dressed and moving about in a rolling chair. A man who had slipped on the ice and broken both bones above the ankle, was made as comfortable as possible. The

cancer patient, who had also a sore foot, had gone home, his foot benefited by Hospital care. A patient, who had been operated upon for cataract, had taken cold in his eye and feared he should not regain his sight. Our Scotch friend, Mr. K., said he had a good deal of trouble from nightmare, but his face lighted up as he spoke of the peace and joy that filled his heart, and he took great delight in witnessing to the gracious presence of his Lord, who was ever near when he called upon Him. There were fourteen patients in this Ward.

In the Lying-In-Ward were three babies, three mothers, and three waiting patients.

Fifteen persons are receiving treatment in the Upper Female Ward, nine of whom were well enough to take their places at the Ward dinner table, and two little girls were eating together at a table in the hall. Mrs. McL. was up, sitting in a rocking chair, and more comfortable than when last we saw her. There were several consumptives, and some women were suffering from over-work. One of the consumptives spoke very thankfully of the care and kindness she had received from her nurse. No death has occurred the past month in this Ward.

In the Lower Female Wards there are nineteen patients. Many of these are persons afflicted with chronic diseases, who have long been inmates of the Hospital. Some of them are paralytics. The colored woman, with paralysis, is gaining; walks about the ward with the assistance of her crutch. The young lady with broken thigh was seated in an easy chair, and reported progress; said she could walk a little. The patient afflicted with asthma and bronchitis was breathing with a good deal of difficulty. Near her sat a sufferer from rheumatism. One woman had nervous difficulties; another had been carelessly knocked down on the ice by two men, a fortnight before, and broken both

bones of the arm, near the wrist; her arm was in splints, but doing well. A Hebrew patient, who had suffered acutely, was improving; as was also the occupant of the next cot, who was taking remedies to purify her blood. A Scotch woman with a sore limb, was improving. Mrs. D., who was rapidly convalescing, spoke most gratefully of the comfortable quarters she had occupied in the new Hall Pavilion when sick with erysipias.

### The Little Folks.

The children who for some time have been under Hospital treatment are, most of them, nearly well. The boy who had a lame side was acting as waiter at the dinner table of the patients in the Male Medical Ward, and he looked bright and happy. Mary Dolan, who had sore eyes, who occupies the Children's Cot, is almost well, and a plump, rosy little child she is. When last we saw her she was eating dinner with her playmate and friend, the Scotch girl, Marion, who has curved ancles. No operation has, as yet been performed on Marion, as her mother objected and the physicians were not sure that it would benefit her. She has had a pair of shoes made with very thick soles, and steel rods are to be put on the sides of them, and perhaps these will straighten her crooked limbs, yet we fear it will be long before she is cured. Carl Hammond, the Orphan Asylum boy, is greatly improved. He is a great pet and a very affectionate little fellow. He was sitting in Mrs. P.'s lap and said to her: "*I love you and Miss M. (his nurse) way up to God.*"

Alfred M. is a new patient who came to the Hospital the day before we visited it. He was a bright, manly little fellow, eight years old, and troubled with an enlargement of the liver. He had not been long enough in the Hospital to feel at home there, and was pleading with the

physicians to let him go home. The nurses had given him picture books and were striving to please him, but nothing is so attractive to a sick child as a tender mother.

### The Cot Fund.

The Infant Class in the First Baptist Church Sabbath School have sent us a donation of ten dollars for the Cot Fund. Are there not some other schools that will imitate their example?

### A Useful Donation.

Mrs. H. E. Perrine, 176 Franklin street, Buffalo, sends us nine yards of pillow case cotton, and Mr. Charles B. Hall, 260 Main street, Buffalo, twenty-four yards of two yards wide cotton "as a small donation to the Hall Pavilion." These gifts are very acceptable, as with our large number of patients, all of whom occupy separate beds, we need a great deal of bed linen, and pillow cases or sheets, made or unmade, are always useful.

### The Flower Mission.

Contributions to the Flower Mission should be sent on Saturday mornings to the "Guild Room" of St. Luke's Church, where the young ladies meet at ten o'clock. We gave the wrong direction last month, but hope no flowers have been lost by our error.

### Our Needs.

We have as yet received no response to our appeal for "infants' clothing, new or second-hand." We also need old cotton.

### Omission.

Mrs. Elias Wolff should have been credited with a donation of a fancy cake to the Hebrew table on Donation Days.

### Seeds.

We have just received from Mr. Joseph Harris an illustrated catalogue of Flower Garden and Flower Seeds for 1883. seeds are "warranted *fresh, pure and growers, or money refunded.*" Mr. H. practical farmer, and makes special offer to children under fifteen years of age. Send to Joseph Harris, Moseton Farm, Rochester, N. Y., for one of his free catalogues, and avail yourselves of his useful hints and liberal offers.

### Recapitulation.

Cash donations.....	\$ 5.67
Cash receipts from lunch tables.....	1.62
" " " fancy articles .....	75
	<hr/>
	\$8.05
Expenses of the donation.....	29
	<hr/>
Nett .....	\$ 7.76
Endowment Fund.....	2.00
Memorial Fund .....	10
Donations for Pavilion.....	60
Child's Cot Fund.....	42
Mite Boxes.....	19
	<hr/>
	\$11.07

### CASH DONATIONS IN JANUARY.

Mr. James E. Wolcott.....	\$ 1
Mr. W. S. Lee, London, England.....	1
Donation box .....	
Alert Hose Co No. 1. ....	1
Interest on mortgage for Child's Cot....	1

### DONATIONS ON ACCOUNT.

S. G. Palmers' account.....	\$
	<hr/>
HALL PAVILION.	
Mr. Harvey Hall's legacy.....	\$50
Donation from Mr. Edwin Hall, N. Y....	10
" " Mr. S. Dibble, N. Y. ....	5
Cash from Hospital Fund.....	6
	<hr/>
	\$71

### EXPENSES.

Carpenter work.....	\$ 554 15
Painting .....	69 60
Furniture, &c.....	90 10
	<hr/>
	\$71

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer

### ADDITIONAL CASH DONATIONS.

Mrs. Howard Osgood.....	\$
Miss Pierson, Salem.....	

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 10, 1883, of Bright's disease, Clarence H. Sweet, aged 63 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 22, 1883, from accident by buzz-saw, Levi Emery, aged 57 years.

## Donations

FOR JANUARY.

Mrs. Fowler—Pictorials, Old Cotton and Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. Dr. George Wanzer—Infant's clothing and old cotton.

Mrs. S. B. Perkins—Second-hand Clothing and Reading Matter.

Mrs. Alex. Thompson—Graphics.

Mrs. S. H. Terry—Reading Matter, Scientific Americans.

Miss Julia Adams—Reading Matter.

Old Cotton collected by Mrs. L. Dickinson, Genesee.

Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Three Dining Room Chairs.

Mrs. Pace—Infant's Clothing.

## Receipts for the Review,

JANUARY, 1883.

Mrs. M. B. Breck—By Mrs. S.W. Updike \$ 63  
 Mrs. W. J. Averell, Ogdensburg—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins ..... 50  
 H. Herman 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. Smith, Albion, 50 cents—By Mrs. M. A. Gilman 1 12  
 Mrs. L. H. Ailing, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 62 cents; Miss Bliss, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bly, 62 cents; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Cochrane, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred. Cook, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. Chester Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. E. K. Dyer, 62 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, 62 cents; Dr. Mallory, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. McAllister, 62 cents; Odenbach & Shale, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Street, 62 cents—By collector.... 13 02  
 W. B. Brown, New York, 50 cents; Mr. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. J. Rutherford, Newark, N. J., \$5 ; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cents; sale of papers, 10 cents—By Treasurer... 6 60

## 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.

## Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, annual offering ..... \$ 50  
 Walter B. Brown, New York City, 4th annual offering..... 50  
 Infant Class of the First Baptist Church 10 00

Receipts for the month... \$ 11 00  
 Previously acknowledged..... 2,463 52

Total receipts..... \$2,474 52

\$525.48 required to complete this endowment. Who will help?

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.

## Monthly Report.

1883. Jan. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 75  
 Received during month, .. 43  
 Births, ..... 2—120  
 Deaths ..... 2  
 Discharged, ..... 39— 41  
 Remaining Feb. 1st, 1883, ... 79

## Children's Department.

### A Nursery Song.

Very high in the pine tree the little turtle dove  
 Made a pretty little nursery to please her little love,  
 In the long shady branches of the dark pine tree,  
 How happy were the doves in their little nursery.  
 The young turtle doves never quarrelled in the nest,  
 For they dearly loved each other, tho' they loved their mother best.  
 "Coo," said the little doves; "coo," said she,  
 And they played together kindly, in the dark pine tree.  
 Is this nursery of yours, little sister, little brother,  
 Like the turtle doves' nest? Do you love one another?  
 Are you kind, are you gentle, as children ought to be?  
 Then the happiest of nests is your own nursery.  
 —[Child's Paper, 150 Nassau street, American Tract Society.]

# "Unto One of the Least."

From the *Nabliondatel*, a Russian journal, we take this anecdote of Garibaldi, heretofore unpublished. In 1865, writes one of his followers, he was at Caprera, a sterile little island, living in a poor cottage, with five or six devoted adherents.

One day two of these young men found on a neighboring island a Cretin of 18, almost idiotic, nearly naked and starving. They brought him to Caprera, where Garibaldi, with the tenderest care, fed, warmed him and gave him a home.

But what to do for clothes? The general himself had but trousers and a short jacket, and his followers were quite as poor. He had, however, a military costume which he kept as a souvenir of his last glorious campaign.

He took it down and looked at it regretfully. So much of the heroic endeavor and deed of his life was associated with it! Then he gave it to the poor Cretin. "Better comfort for Lucca than a useless souvenir!" he said.

He determined, in spite of remonstrance, to educate Lucca, to try if he could waken, not create, a soul in this dull brain. Every day for months he gave the idiot a lesson with untiring patience; and the letters were torture to the imbecile brain. Lucca would cry and plead every day to be let off.

"General," he said once, "unless you chop open my head, you will never get those letters inside of it." But without lessons he absorbed the spirit of patriotism, of affection and self-sacrifice which animated the little household.

When Garibaldi embarked to open the campaign of 1866, Lucca followed him, weeping, begging to go with him to fight for Italy.

"But you will be killed, my poor boy."

"Then in Paradise there will be no lessons!" said Lucca, joyfully.

The general laughed. "Come on, then," he said.

The poor Cretin wore a soldier's uniform now, and fought bravely through the winter. They were in the mountains of the Tyrol and desperate fighting was done to defend the gorges. On the morning of the battle of Monte Stelo, Lucca did not answer to the roll-call. The next day he was found dead in a narrow pass, with one of the enemy, against whom he

had evidently waged a long and desperate battle. A happy smile was on his face. "Such a triumphant smile," says the narrator, "as we used to see on his face when he had finished his lessons."

When King Victor Emmanuel at the close of the war sent to Garibaldi for the names of those who should be especially rewarded for personal bravery, he wrote first the list "Lucca Spano."

The silver medal was given by Garibaldi, himself, to his sister, a poor serving girl, who treasures it as her life-blood.

## Tim's Kit.

Warm hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, as shown by the following incident. A kit is a box of tools or whatever outfit is needed in any particular branch of business:

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Limp Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and hear him say: "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brass a hull box of blacking, a good stout brush and the outfit goes for two shillin's."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zackly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on 'skursion?" asked another. "Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money, and said: "I give you I kin write if you give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote the death notice. It went into the paper as he wrote it, but you might have seen it. He wrote:

DIED—Lital Ted—of scarlet fever, aged three yere. Funeral to-morrow gone up to Heavin; left won brother.

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered and he pointed to the counter and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he died!"

He hurried away home, but the next day he went to the boys, and they gathered around and talked. Tim had not



home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted boys.

Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,  
" Dr. MATHEWS.

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

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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,

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

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Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
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Six Months,..... 8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
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A Column contains eight Squares.

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TO NOTICE WHAT AN

## IMMENSE CROWD

Low Prices and Cheap Goods

Will call out. The excitement over the

## Hosiery Stock,

IS UNABATED. THE

## Sale of Fine Linens

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WITH THOUSANDS OF YARDS OF BLACK

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I shall place on sale several odd lots of the above named goods from my

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ON MY  
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AT VERY  
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**To Close Them Out at Once.**

The Goods are all of this Season's Purchase, the most Desirable Styles, and would be cheap at double the price we ask for them.

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79 and 81 EAST MAIN ST.

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Cor. West Main and Fitchhugh 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.

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**D. LEARY'S**  
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Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central Railroad Depot.  
**ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.**  
**(BROWN'S BACK.)**  
**Rochester, N. Y.**

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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.

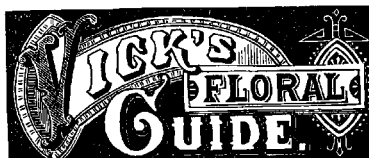
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Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch, on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed Black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.

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

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JOBBERS IN  
**PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK**  
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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. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1883.

No. 8.

## Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most ap-

proved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of a Board of Directors and a Board of Lady Managers. The officers of the Board of Directors are:

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Mortimer F. Reynolds,	Vice President.
Henry S. Hanford,	Sec'y and Treas.

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J. H. Brewster,	G. H. Perkins,
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Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Cor Sec'y.
Mrs. D. B. Beach,	Recording Sec'y.

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Mrs. A. D. Smith,	Miss A. Mumford,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Miss Anna Wild.

### Executive Committee.

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Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney.	

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John W. Whitbeck, M. D.

*tending Surgeons.*

H. F. Montgomery, M. D. David Little, M. D.  
H. H. Langworthy, M. D.

*Special.*

C. E. Rider, M. D., Ophthalmic and Au. Surgeon

*Resident Assistants.*

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*Matron.*

Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

*Recorder.*

Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

*Supervising Nurse.*

Miss L. A. Markham.

For the Hospital Review.

Queen Flora's Choir.

'Twas the night before Easter, and through the cold ground

Not a flower was stirring, not a bud to be found;  
But covered all close in their warm cozy bed,  
Each drowsily slept, nor lifted a head.

The birds had all met for their spring jubilee,  
And the woods gaily rang with their musical glee;

The trees whispered low, with a glad knowing air,  
Their hopes that Queen Flora now soon would be there.

And sure enough, soon from the far southern land  
Came the sweet floating sounds of a fairy like band.

A tiny brass horn and a little bass drum,  
With a shrill little fife, told that Flora had come.

A blue-bottled fly made the horn "fairly hum,"  
And a fat bumble-bee beat the little bass drum,  
While a lively young cricket performed on the fife,  
Making music as sweet as e'er heard in your life.

And now comes the car where sweetly serene,  
On an emerald throne sat the flowers' fair Queen;  
Two humming-birds drew her—two dainty bright things,  
That looked when they moved like a rainbow on wings

As onward they came with a soft summer breeze  
She nodded and smiled to the low-bowing trees:  
But vainly she looked for a welcoming flower,  
And her voice rang out clear with a magical power:

"Up crocus, up snow-drop, up cowslip and daisy;  
Up violet blue! What makes you so lazy?  
The sweet Easter chimes now soon will be heard,  
The glad matin bells of the new awakened world."

Then each little bud that loves early to rise,  
Threw back the warm cover and opened her eyes;  
And one little crocus, then others more bold  
Stuck out a green finger to see if 'twere cold.

"Oh, sisters," she cried, "Queen Flora has come  
Don't you hear the brass horn and the splendid bass drum?"

She is calling us now our voices to raise,  
To be ready to join in the Easter sweet praise."

And soon they were out in garments arrayed  
That good mother earth had secretly made,  
Awakening all sluggards with wee trumpet call  
And greeting old friends with, a good morning all.

Queen Flora passed on and joining her train  
The flowers sprang up over meadow and plain,  
The little brass band growing louder and clear,  
Till all the glad world seemed pausing to hear.

And what was the hymn that waked with the dawn,  
Thrilling Heaven and earth on the fair Easter morn?

'Twas a hymn of grand praise from Flora's full choir,  
To the great God above, rising higher and higher,  
Till angels enraptured, caught up the glad strain  
And echoed it back from their harp-strings again

An Easter Greeting.

All hail, ye blessed ones! all hail!  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voices.  
Lo it is I! My word can never fail,  
Earth is exalted; man, yea, flesh rejoices;  
Life riseth up from death; life from the grave  
Unconquered and unconquerable, I come to save,  
I, the Eternal One, the Life, the Word,  
All hail! ye holy ones who love your Lord

## Foreign Correspondence.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter, dated Jerusalem, Palestine, January, 1883, and written by a lady well known in Rochester :

## JERUSALEM.

Last week I failed to accomplish the usual budget. It has been a busy, and rainy time. A week of great blessing, as rains are much needed in Palestine at this season, that the ploughing may be done, and the crops set for the coming spring.

Again we approach the season of wild flowers, and long walks. We are becoming very expert as *climbers*, and the delight and enjoyment of our afternoon expeditions take away all sense of fatigue. Our last were to Gehenna and the Potter's Field by different routes. Below the hill lies the Valley of Hinnom, which is filled with graves hewn out of the solid rock. The ledges seemed formed by nature for the purpose. Gehenna is a large, vaulted chamber, the surface of which is covered with charred bones and ashes. The very roof, although immensely high, seems charred with fire.

The valley of Jehoshaphat crosses the valley of Hinnom, and above it rises the Mt. of Olives. The village of Siloam lies upon the side of Olivet, and in the valley is a beautiful garden spot, watered by the rill of Siloam. The whole of this part of the valley is under cultivation, by irrigation, and the shades of green, from the dark velvety hues to the brightest, are in wonderful contrast to the surrounding country. Such tints for water colors ! Such purple, hazy hills, such soft greys, such olive tones ! Of late there has come into my heart a love for this country which is indescribable ; unlike that which I have ever before felt for any spot on earth. If it is so beautiful now, in its desolation, what will it be when the Lord makes it to blossom as the rose ?"

We have certainly the finest climate here the year around, that I have ever imagined. The air is pure and exhilarating beyond description. We find that almost everything, which is needed, can be procured in Jerusalem. Good butter, which comes from Marseilles, is the most expensive article in house keeping. Servants' wages are five dollars per month, for a cook. For washing, ironing &c., a woman receives twenty-six cents per day. The chamberwork is done by men.

Goat skins are used almost entirely for carrying water ; the skin being left whole to the neck, and tied securely where severed from the hoofs. These skins are horrible looking things, and one's imagination must be pocketed, in order to drink out of them. This house being new, we were obliged to use water brought in skins, until the cisterns were filled.

We meet people here from all parts of the world. The view from our house (there is nothing like it in Jerusalem) is the excuse which the dragomen make for bringing travelers to see us. Our house is in the Mohammedan quarters, and we are the first Christians, who have lived among them, but we find them not only harmless but kind. As I am writing these words, a young Turk crosses the court, coming to call upon us. We became acquainted with him, through a child, on the street, and he afterwards invited us to his vineyard to eat grapes, and visit a most interesting tomb upon his grounds. Since then the most friendly relations have been established between his mother and sisters, and ourselves. At an entertainment, which we attended at the house, we saw the Turkish women in their fancy costumes, regaling themselves with pipes, dancing, &c.

I greatly enjoyed my little trip to Bethlehem. Mr. F.'s covered spring wagon created as much excitement on the road, and in the streets of Bethlehem, as would have been created at home by Barnum's entire caravan. Is it not wonderful that



in a city of forty thousand inhabitants, so many things should remain in almost their primitive condition! There is but one road leading from Jerusalem upon which wheels can by any possibility be used, and this one has been in existence but eight years. No vehicles are allowed within the city gates, unless by special permission for the use of some traveling Prince, or other grandee. In the country, about the city, for miles, can be seen great open cisterns with no railing, or protection of any sort, and it makes one shudder to look down into them, so immense are they and so cavernous. Large arches are to be seen on either side, but no limit perceptible. They are cut out of the solid rock, and the labor which must have been expended in Palestine upon cisterns and tombs alone is something incredible.

En route we visited Rachel's tomb which is in the hands of the Mohammedans who hold it in great reverence. The two pillars, at the lower part of the tomb, are perfect, but a structure has been built over the upper part to protect it. The birth place of our Savior is said to be under the church which is owned and used by Greeks and Latins. There is a new church just finished, under the same roof, and a Convent (Latin) where we took our dinner. The new church was to be consecrated the following day, and on our return at evening, we passed the Latin Patriarch going out to officiate; also the French Consul with attendants and four riders in advance, carrying silver headed *batons* of office. There is great state among the foreign Consuls here; and I can appreciate as never before, the position of our American representatives, whose salaries are so small that they must do without "fuss and feathers," and cannot, with any honor to their country, return the invitations of other representatives of foreign

powers, unless they have a private purse and choose to use it for the credit of their government.

M. W. L.

### Feet and Shoes.

The Swiss surgeons whose duty is to examine recruits for the Federal army are compelled to reject eight hundred every year for malformation of the feet, caused by badly fitting shoes. Col. Ziegler, the chief surgeon, in a paper on the evil effects of badly made shoes, read before the Hygienic Congress at Geneva, made several suggestions which should be pondered by all who are suffering from their feet:

The foot is in reality a bow, so elastic that at every step it contracts and expands, lengthens and shortens, and a line drawn through the center of the great toe intersects the heel.

But shoemakers, who are generally ignorant of the anatomy of the foot do not give room enough for the lateral extension of the great toe. They crib, cabin and confine it until it is forced against the other toes.

Hence arise frequent inflammations of the great toe, corns, ulcerations and sometimes veritable articular inflammation.

Another evil, which Col. Ziegler ascribes in great measure to bad shoeing, is flat-footedness, whereby the arch is converted into a straight line, and prolonged walking and marching rendered impossible.

Another cause of this defect is the habit of carrying heavy weights at an early age; but in most instances, Col. Ziegler contends, perfect shoes will restore the foot to its normal condition.

The first obstacle to a reform in the shape of shoes lies in the fact that it would involve a great expense in the shape of new lasts, an expense that shoemakers are naturally loth to incur. Fashion has also its lasts, and shoemakers consider themselves bound to conform to the prevailing mode.

A test of a perfect pair of shoes is that, when placed together, they should touch only at the toes and heels; the soles should follow the sinuosities of the feet, and to give room for their expansion should exceed them in length by fifteen or twenty millimetres.

The following beautiful poem appeared in *The Gospel Messenger* last May, over the signature of Henry W. Longfellow. The friend who sent it to us said it was written by Longfellow, after the death of his wife, but not published till after his own death. Another friend has placed in our hands a small pamphlet containing "*Via Solitaria*" and "Reconciliation," printed at Madison, Wis. In the introduction it is stated: The rather inaccurate form in which "*Via Solitaria*" has been recently republished, and widely diffused, in the newspaper press, has created a demand for correct copies. To meet that demand it is here reprinted under the writer's supervision, for private distribution only.

O. M. CONOVER.

MADISON, Wis., May 10, 1882.

### Via Solitaria.

O. M. CONOVER.

Alone I walk the peopled city,  
Where each seems happy with his own;  
O friends, I ask not for your pity—  
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,  
Though moved by loving airs of June;  
O birds, your sweet and piping voices  
Are out of tune!

In vain for me the elm tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;  
In vain the evening's starry marches  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers,  
Ye cannot greet those cordial eyes;  
They gaze on other fields than ours—  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,  
The blade is stolen from the sheath;  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,  
And therefore, life and health must crave,  
Though she who gave the world its beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from thee,  
And wait until, with glad thanksgiving  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station

Wherein apart a traveler stands—  
One absent long from home and nation,  
In other lands,—

And I, as he who stands and listens,  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
On yonder shore a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,  
And there—Oh, vision of delight!—  
I see a child and mother straying  
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,  
Stealing the treasures one by one,  
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest  
The parted—one.

June 1882.

### A Two-Year-Old Lawyer.

No man is lost while there is any love to plead for him—especially the love of little children. A New York paper has the following touching little incident:

Edward Griffin was in the Tombs Police Court yesterday, charged with being drunk and beating his wife. The wife pleaded for his release.

A child, two years of age made her way to the prisoner, who was her father, and begged him for a kiss.

The prisoner cried as he took the child up and kissed her. The three justices looked at one another and appeared to agree without speaking.

"Griffin," said Judge Patterson, "that child is the best lawyer that ever appeared in a criminal court to plead for a prisoner.

—We are inclined to believe that you are a good man when sober. Promise this court that you will stop drinking and never again raise your hand against your wife, and we will accept her appeal for you."

The prisoner promised and was discharged.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

### A Kiss For Mamma.

The car was already, the aeronaut saying  
 A few last words ere he sailed away  
 To the far, blue sky, where the sunbeams  
     straying  
 Made perfect the glorious summer day;  
 While thousands and thousands were gathering  
     nigh,  
 To wish him good journey, and bid him good by.  
 A wee little maid, with her sunny hair falling  
     Back from her beautiful, childish brow,  
 Sprang away from her nurse, her baby voice  
     calling:  
 "An' p'ease Mr. Man, may I do now?  
 I want to do up wiv' oo in 'e sky,  
 To find my own mamma an' tiss'er dood by."  
 He kissed the sweet face, while the tear drops  
     were shining  
 On many a cheek hardened with care:  
 He unclasped the arms round his neck fondly  
     twining,  
 And sailed from the little one standing there;  
 But a sweet voice rose to him clear and free,  
     "Tell mamma I's dood dirl, an' tiss'er fo' me

### A Timely Suggestion.

Much has been said and written lately of the good accomplished by the "Fresh Air Fund," "Children's Week," and other associations, by which poor city children are sent to the country for health and pleasure during the summer. But there is another side to the story—which an incident that occurred last winter illustrates.

A lady who had boarded during the summer of 1881 in a farm-house among the Virginia mountains became interested in a poor lad of fifteen, the son of her hostess, who was a hopeless invalid.

He lay upon a couch on the porch all day, to be carried to bed at night like a bundle of useless loose-hanging legs and arms, by his tired, overworked mother. He had a bright, intelligent face, but having never been able to go to school, knew little. His limbs were properly developed, but one-half of his body hung lifeless by the other.

"No. Jimmy had no disease," said his patient mother. "He was scared when he was a lump of a boy, and one-half of him died. I counted on him too much, I reckon, when my husband died, and God struck him to punish me for my sins."

Now the city visitor did not agree with this theology. She had a shrewd idea the disease was curable, but that it required skillful treatment. Winter, therefore, she brought Jimmy to her mother's home in New York and placed the boy in a hospital, where, gratuitously, the best skill was at his disposal.

He was cured; for two weeks he enjoyed the wonders of the town to which he was lighted, happy pair, and sent the boy with their lives forever after lighted with new ideas and hopes.

The cost to herself was but a few dollars, and some hours of time which otherwise she would have idled away. She had given the boy, as if born to her mother, to be her support. She had, with God's help, given him a body, instead of the corpse-like one which his soul had carried about.

Have none of the townspeople who visited the country last year found it a work to do in the present winter country for the poor in town is known paradise of pure air and sights, the city for the poor in town is a paradise of art, knowledge, and of improvement for mind and body equally unknown and more palatable. There are thousands of idle women on lonely farms, who have a fine picture or heard good music are patients who have been life-losers under the treatment of ignorant doctors, whom a skillful specialist could restore to health and happiness.

These country people have been opened their homes and hearts to the city this summer. Is there anything to be done in return?

Hold on to your heart when you associate with your company at you to join in their mirth, get revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it has more value than gold, high fashion and fashionable attire. Hold on to it for it will serve you well, and do throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue,—it is the price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, and are angry with you.

*The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1883.

**Hospital Notes**

On the last day of February we visited the Hospital, and found wards, halls and basement in perfect order. Our Matron has a happy faculty of conducting house cleaning without noise or confusion, and we think there are few private houses so uniformly neat and well regulated as our City Hospital.

The basement has lately undergone many changes; the old sewers have been removed, and the drainage entirely reconstructed, and now the work is completed, the floors relaid, and the ordinary routine of labor resumed.

We found the bright sunshine had attracted a number of the convalescents out of doors, who, tired by their long confinement, were glad once more to leave the Hospital Wards.

Eighteen persons were receiving treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. The sickest man was one who fell on the ice and broke two bones in his leg, and since then has been very sick with pleuro-pneumonia; he had partly recovered, when he had a relapse. A young man, whose arm had been sawed to the bone, was doing well when a severe hemorrhage from the radial artery put him back. A patient, who had been run over by a wagon, was very lame; no bones were broken, but he could scarcely move. Mr. L., who was injured while working on the elevated track, and whose left leg was amputated four months ago, has suffered a great deal since from abscesses on the stump, but is now doing finely. He was dressed and moving about in his rolling chair; he has crutches, but as yet has not used them much, as his right leg, which was bruised at the time of his accident, is still weak. He is one of the most

uncomplaining, grateful patients we have ever met, and his refined and gentlemanly bearing and great misfortune make him an object of much interest to all who visit the Ward. The man who broke his thigh-bone by falling through the trestle work of the elevated track, had recovered enough to go home. The Italian, whose limb was amputated, had recovered and left the Hospital. A young man, convalescing from measles, who, in a fit of delirium, cut his throat, and was afterwards brought to the Hospital, was doing well.

In the Upper Medical Ward there are twenty invalids. One typhoid fever patient was so far recovered that he had gone down street. One patient was suffering from an abscess after a surgical operation. The sickest man had diseased throat and lungs, and was also troubled with asthma. The occupant of the next cot had a diseased heart, and raised blood. Our Scotch friend, Mr. K., was not quite so well as usual, inclined to sleep a good deal. An eye patient gained very slowly. One man had died, probably from internal cancer.

In the Upper Female Ward there were twenty-two inmates, one of whom we felt would but little longer need Hospital care. Fanny T. had been a great sufferer, and was evidently near her end. She had an aneurism on her neck and also consumption, and although she appeared to be in a dying condition, she could not bear to have any one near her. Mrs. McL., who for years has had sore limbs, was more comfortable than she had been, and was undergoing a change in treatment. One woman with paralysis and another with sciatic rheumatism were improving.

There were five babies in the Lying-in-Ward during the month of February. At its close we found three babies and one waiting patient.

Twelve patients were under treatment in the Lower Female Ward. A number of these were suffering from chronic diseases. Mrs. P. had been quite sick for a fortnight. She and another patient were mending a coat for an inmate of one of the Male Wards. Mrs. B. looked bright and cheerful as she sat in her rolling chair eating her dinner. She has been quite a sufferer from rheumatism, and for years could not feed herself, not being able to raise her hand to her mouth, but by using a very long handled fork, made especially for her, she can feed herself, and this simple arrangement adds greatly to her comfort, and we would suggest the use of such a fork to any one similarly afflicted. Mrs. B. is a model of patience; the nurses say, a murmur never escapes her lips.

Two deaths have occurred the past month from erysipelas; one of these cases was that of an aged man who only lived twenty-four hours after he came to the Hospital; the other was that of a woman who had three hemorrhages, caused by the bursting of the radial artery.

A man was brought to the Hospital who had fallen in crossing a railroad track and caught his foot in a frog. Before he could remove it the cars ran over him, crushing one leg and one arm. Amputation was necessary, but while the physicians were operating upon him he died.

### **The Little Folks.**

When last we visited the Children's Cot, we found Mary, the little sore eyed girl, who now occupies it, and Marion, the Scotch girl, with curved ancles, who sleeps next to her, seated beside a small table that was placed between their cots, and they were all ready for their dinner. They looked very cozy and happy, and we judged they had no lack of appetite, for when the nurse brought each a plate of meat, potatoes, baked beans, and also

bread and milk, they wanted to know if they were not going to have pudding, and when she told them they were, they began to eat their first course with good relish. Mary is almost well, Marion is wearing stiff shoes, but no operation has been performed to straighten her curved ancles. Carl Hammond, who had an abscess in his side has gone home to his mother; and little Alfred M., who came a month ago with diseased liver, is almost well.

When we were at the Hospital directing the February Review, we had all these little folks around us part of the time. As we directed the papers, Alfred would take them and put them in a large clothes' basket and bring us a pile of papers to direct. He asked us to send one to his mother, and seemed quite pleased to think the postman would take a Hospital paper to her. Carl was a very quiet little boy. He has been sick so long that he has not the life and spirits of Alfred; he liked to sit in a big rocking chair and watch the ladies who were getting the papers ready to be mailed. Mary and Marion, full of fun and frolic, came in to let us see how they had rigged themselves up with some bits of finery they had found. The boy with diseased hip and the one with lame side are both improving. What a blessed thing it is that there is such a place for the children when they are sick. Sometimes they disturb the older patients, and we really need a Child's Hospital.

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

Interest on mortgage.....	\$ 15 00
Additional from Table at Festival....	1 25

Receipts for the month..	\$ 16 25
Previously acknowledged.....	2,474 52

Total receipts.....	\$2,490 77
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\$509.23 required to complete this endowment.  
Will not every boy and girl send us something?

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.

## In Memoriam.

MRS. SCOTT W. UPDIKE.

Death has again invaded our Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital, and suddenly taken from us, in the midst of her usefulness, one of our most efficient, zealous, and self-sacrificing fellow-laborers. For a number of years Mrs. Scott W. Updike has been identified with the interests of the City Hospital, and a member of its Board of Lady Managers, and never has this position been to her a sinecure. With tearful eyes and choked utterance, the Managers speak of their irreparable loss, as they recall the invaluable services and the tireless, unselfish spirit of their departed friend, whose tender sympathy was ever prompting her to generous deeds, and whose loving heart responded to every cry for help.

Mrs. Updike was also a prominent Manager of the Home for The Friendless, and an active member of the First Baptist Church. Her life beautifully illustrated the apostolic injunction: "*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*"

Mrs. Updike spent her girlhood in Connecticut, where she was born—March 3d, 1823. Her maiden name was Esther A. Tyrrell. When she first came to Rochester she made her home with her sister, Mrs. George Dawson, and about forty years since married Mr. Scott W. Updike, who survives her. She leaves one son, Scott W. Updike, Jr., and two daughters, Mrs. Louis S. Chapin and Mrs. J. H. Grant. During the recent illness of Mr. Dawson, she went to Albany, to minister to his comfort, and while attending his funeral contracted a severe cold that culminated in pneumonia. When first prostrated by sickness, she had premonitions of her departure, and made arrangements in reference to it. Her death occurred at Albany on the 7th inst., and her remains were brought to Rochester, and the funeral took place on the 11th of March.

She rests from her labors, but her memory will long be green in the hearts of the Managers of the Rochester City Hospital.

## Mr. William S. Falls.

We regret to state that the feeble health of Mr. Falls compels him to retire from active labor. He has sold out his business to Capt. J. F. O'Neil, who will in future print the Hospital Review. Mr. Falls has always printed this paper and felt a deep interest in the success of the Hospital. During the seven years we have edited the Review, our intercourse with him has always been most pleasant. His bearing has been uniformly courteous and gentlemanly, and we have often availed ourselves of his knowledge of the Scotch dialect. We trust that rest from his active labors will bring to him health and pleasure.

## The Wounded Italian.

Is there any body in Rochester who does not know the young Italian, Joseph Sandri? Perhaps there are a great many who know him better than they do his name. If we call him "*Peanut Joe*," we are sure there will be hosts of boys and girls, as well as many older persons, who will say: "We know him, for we have bought his peanuts many times, and they are first rate ones too." You will all be sorry to hear of the accident that laid him up during part of the month of February, and glad that he is out again. One night he accidentally threw down a loaded pistol; it went off and the ball entered his thigh. He was brought to the Hospital, had a private room there, and seemed very grateful for the kind care he received. The Surgeons could not find the ball and that still remains in his limb, but he was so much better that he went home after remaining a fortnight in the



Hospital. He has been in our city about five years; he is a very industrious, generous hearted man. While at the Hospital he one Sabbath attended the chapel service and had a dollar to put into the contribution plate, and when he found there was none passed around, gave it to the Matron for the poor of the Hospital. He prosecutes quite a thriving business, buying peanuts by the car load. He is the third Italian that has recently received Hospital treatment.

### Our Training School for Nurses.

No one can go through our Hospital and come in constant contact with our nurses, without realizing in some degree the blessings that are to come to the sick, in the Hospital and outside of it also, by the introduction of trained nurses. As we last went through the Wards, we said to one nurse: "Have you any interesting cases to report to us this month?" She quickly replied: "*They are all interesting to me;*" and with the strong desire manifested by our intelligent nurses to carry out the physicians' directions, and to help the sufferers, we are sure our Hospital patients have a better chance of recovery than many who are sick at their own homes. A private patient who had tracheotomy performed and a tube introduced, and who required constant care, spoke of the gentle manner in which the nurse removed and replaced the tube. The nurse who last month had charge of the Lying-In-Ward said to us: "You must come in and see one of my babies," as she took us to a little three-weeks old youngster, who weighed twelve pounds and had a large growth of dark hair, and looked as if he were about ready to challenge some one in a wrestling match. "Is he not a splendid baby? His mother has named him for me," said she. We have now thirteen nurses in the Training School beside the Supervising Nurse, and most of these seem deeply interested in their work.

### Graduating Exercises.

The first annual graduating exercises of the Training School for Nurses, connected with the Rochester City Hospital, were held at the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening March 29th, on which occasion there were addresses, presentation of diplomas, music, and other exercises.

Further notice will be given in daily papers.

All interested are invited to be present.

### The Sleigh Ride.

If you were to ask the children of the Hospital what they had enjoyed most this winter, we think each of them would answer: "*The sleigh ride Miss Hebburnus.*" Children who play out of doors occasionally get a ride in or behind a sleigh, hardly know what a treat it is to children who for weeks and months are confined to Hospital wards, to get out into the air, and spend an hour behind merry sleigh bells. A bright afternoon last month when the sleighing was at its height, our Matron, Miss Frances E. Hebburn, hired a large sleigh and took two of our older inmates of one of the female wards, one of whom had been ten years in the Hospital and never in a sleigh before, and six Hospital children, and gave them a most enjoyable sleigh ride. They were out nearly two hours and a happier company is seldom seen. Mr. L., who is very kind to the children, had invited some of them to take tea with his own children, and on Monday just before coming home stopped at his door to leave them there, but the sleigh was so fascinating that not one of them would leave it. We wish some of our friends who keep carriages would occasionally spare them for an hour, and treat the Hospital invalids to a ride. We are sure their thanks would be appreciated.



### The Brick Church Room.

Our friends of the Brick Church have recently fitted up the room they furnished some years since, for private patients, in the west mansard. It was occupied by a very sick private patient, so that we could not see the improvements. Our matron tells us it is in fine order, and the recent changes make it one of the most attractive rooms in the Hospital. The old upholstered chairs that were somewhat faded have been replaced by fancy willow ones. A new spring bed has been supplied, the mattresses made over, new blankets, spread, sheets, pillow cases, bright tidies, and fancy articles furnished, and the walls adorned with fine pictures among which is a copy of the Sistine Madonna

### Wanted.

We renew our petition for an *unabridged dictionary*. Who will supply us? We have received some infants' clothing, but are in great need of more. Old flannel is very acceptable, and old cotton is always in demand.

### Cash Donation.

Dr. David Little.....\$25 00  
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

### Donations

FOR FEBRUARY.

Mrs. Geo. Morse—Reading Matter.  
Mrs. Pace—Clothing for Infants.  
Mrs. L. S. Chapin—Second-hand Shirts.  
Mrs. L. Ely—Gentleman's wrapper and Shirts.  
Mrs. Dr. Little—Quantity Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. Alex. Thompson—Gentleman's Wrapper.  
Mrs. Page—Old cotton.  
Mrs. L. Reid—Graphics, Old Cotton and forty-five papers Flower seeds.  
Mrs. Abelard Reynolds—Reading Matter and Old cotton.  
Mrs A. W. Mudge—Graphics.  
Mrs. J. Earl Hulbert—A large quantity of Pictorial Papers.  
Miss A. Green—Caps for old Lady.  
Miss A. Mumford—Two doz. Hymn Books for Chapel and second hand Clothing.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 11, 1883 of cancer in stomach, James H. Forward, aged, 70 years,

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 20, 1883, of secondary hemorrhage, Mrs. Elnora A. Wood, aged 41 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 20, 1883, effect of rail-road accident, Charles E. Cook, aged 47 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 27, 1883, of erysipelas in arm, Hewitt G. Cram, aged 82 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 28, 1883, of consumption and aneurism, Mrs. Fanny Truesdill, aged 32 years 7 months.

At Albany, March 7, 1883, of pneumonia, Mrs. Esther A., wife of Scott W. Updike, aged 60 years.

### Receipts for the Review,

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Mrs. A. B. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass.—By Mrs. S. H. Terry.....\$ 50  
Mrs. J. Kalbfleisch, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Perkins, 62 cents; Joseph Sandri, 62 cents; Mrs. Harriet True, 62 cents; —By Mrs. M. A. Gilman..... 2 48  
Mrs. H. Briar, Coldwater, 50 cents; Mrs. C. C. Beaman, Coldwater, 50 cents; Miss D. Cossett, 62 cents; Mrs. R. L. Field, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Miss M. Hotto, Gates, 50 cents; Miss K. Patten, 65 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Mrs. Clarke Woodworth, 62 cents; By Miss Pixley..... 5 25  
Miss Athearn, 50 cents; Mrs. H. U. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Isbister, 50 cents, Mrs. A. Aug. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. A. H. Porter, \$1.00; Miss E. J. Townsend, \$1.50; Mrs. M. Wells, 50 cents; Mrs. H. L. Ware, 50 cents; (all Niagara Falls); Miss Spencer, New York, 50 cents; By Miss Athearn, Niagara Falls..... 6 00  
Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. S. S. Avery, 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. Bottom, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 63 cents; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, 62 cents; Miss Butts, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Cauffman, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cents; Miss Dunlap, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Miss C. Gardiner, \$1.25, Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Mrs. Clarke Johnston, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62

cents; Mrs. H. B. Knapp, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; Mrs. H. McQuatters, 62 cents; Mrs. Jane McDonald, 62 cents; Mrs. O. W. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; M. F. Reynolds, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Rothschilds, 62 cents; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62 cents; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. Jas. Vick, 62 cents; Mrs. E. K. Warren, 62 cents; By Collector ..... 21 11  
Edward Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 63 cents; Mrs. H. Frost, Melrose Highlands, Mass. 62 cents; Mrs. P. L. Frost, for Mrs. L. B. Cast, Little Falls, Minn., 50 cents; Mrs. Judge Gould, Brighton, \$1.50; Hamilton & Mathews, Adv. \$5; Mrs. E. Loop, 62 cents; Miss E. Mitchell, Cleveland, Ohio, \$1. By Treasurer ... 10 49

### Monthly Report.

1883. Feb. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 79  
Received during month, .. 40  
Births, ..... 3—122  
Deaths, ..... 5  
Discharged, ..... 32  
Remaining March 1st, 1883, 85—122

### Blocked His Own Way.

"I would like to get a situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir," said a sixteen-year old lad to a gentleman, not long since.

"I might give you a place, but you carry such a bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir—nearly everybody smokes, now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice; and if you have not money, your love for cigars might make you steal." No boy who smokes can get employment in my shop."

Many a boy blocks up his own way by contracting habits of smoking, swearing, and other vices, who might otherwise rise to a high and noble position.

A little boy called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey: "Good-bye, papa. I love you thirty miles long." A little sister quickly added: "Good-bye, dear papa. You will never ride to the end of my love."

### Better than Beauty.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

One summer morning not long ago, I sat in the crowded waiting-room of a passenger station on the line of the picturesque Connecticut River Railroad, and looked idly and speculatively at the little assembly who were awaiting the arrival of their respective trains.

There were perhaps thirty ladies present. A gay, richly dressed group *en route* for a lawn party in an adjoining town were making the room resound with the merry chat. A bevy of school girls, as fresh and sweet as the bouquets of wild daisies they had just gathered, were chattering like black birds as they stood in the cool breeze that blew in through the open west window. A stately dame, wrapped in an ample traveling cloak, reclined in an arm-chair, and there was the usual promiscuous crowd of commonplace girls in turban hats, and tired, nervous, anxious women in alapaca dresses.

In one corner sat a carefully-dressed, sweet-faced, elderly woman, with a satchel, a bundel, a band-box, a rose-bush, with the root done up in a damp paper, and a small cat in a wicker basket.

I wish every one of the boys, and the girls, especially, would bear in mind that there is no one so plain of face that they may not cultivate the grace of a meek and quiet spirit, which will show itself in a sweet, placid expression of countenance. And let them not forget that the world is made better by the light of cheerful, pleasant faces as well as by kindly words and benevolent deeds.

### What though to-day

Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason  
For His strange dealings through the trial season.

### Trust and obey:

In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.

There degrees of mining speculation—  
Positive mine; comparative miner; superlative., minus.—*Baptist Weekly.*

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient, "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid, and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.  
*George Elliot.*

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

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

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

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

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I shall place on sale several odd lots of the above named goods from my

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XVI Interest dividends shall be made quarterly, at the rate of Four Per Cent, per annum on all sums of Five Dollars and upwards 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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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 16, 1883.

No. 9.

## FIRST ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

### Training School for Nurses.

The first annual exercises of the Training School for Nurses were held in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on Saturday evening, March 31st. The house was well filled, and the exercises throughout were exceedingly interesting. Most of the members of the School were present, occupying the front seats on the west side of the chapel.

After a piano solo by Herve D. Wilkins and prayer by Rev. C. E. Robinson, D. D., a quartette, "Summer Eve," by Miss Alling, Mrs. Stedman, Mrs. Satterlee and Mrs. Bartholomay, Dr. William S. Ely delivered the following address:

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** What I have to say to you in no sense merits being termed an address. I consented to speak very briefly regarding the occasion which has brought us together. In one sense it is a novel one. Rochester, with its many commencements and graduating exercises of University, Seminary and Academy, has never before been invited to attend the anniversary of a Training School for Nurses. Indeed, it is only within a few years, that the systematic training of persons for the duties of nursing has been undertaken. The reform, for as such we must regard it, has resulted partly from altered views of medical practice which are based on the conviction that many diseases tend to spontaneous recovery, when patients are placed under favorable

conditions for the operation of natural restorative influences, and partly from dissatisfaction with the results of placing the sick in the hands of those who are often inexperienced.

The old conception of the doctor, which made him merely the bearer of drugs to the patient, has to a great extent, faded away. Many of us now believe that the size of the physician's medicine case may be in reverse ratio to his skill, insight and intelligence—that sunlight, air, cleanliness, quiet, and diet are among our most valuable remedial measures, and that the cure of patients is in a large degree simply—as the word implies—the care of patients. Side by side with this changing view of the operation of the disease, and the function of the doctor, has grown up an appreciation of intelligent nursing, not only for those forms of acute sickness which require little or no medicine, but for all varieties of disease and injury. Nursing has thus been raised to the dignity of a profession, second only in importance to the work of the physician, and often more necessary. Not unfrequently the physician can do but little, and the nurse must do everything for the sick person. Two years ago last summer, the expediency of educating nurses for their work was impressed upon the Medical Staff and the Lady Managers of our Hospital. The plan had been tried elsewhere, and with most gratifying success. It was felt that our Hospital owed to the community the duty of making its advantages for the training of nurses available. This school then had its inception, and to-night we meet to mark by these exercises the completion of the first regular period of in-



struction, by the pupils who are about to receive their diplomas. Of five others who entered the school with those now to graduate, four withdrew finding the work too difficult, or other claims more pressing, and one, who gave promise of great usefulness, died of disease contracted in the line of her duty. The pupils at present in the school number fourteen. It may surprise many, that two years can be employed in the acquisition of the knowledge which a nurse should possess, but we have not found that the time is too long. Besides daily bedside instruction and practical training, eighty lectures have been given by members of the Medical Staff on subjects connected with the work of the nurse. To these lectures I can only refer briefly and in part. They have related to the elements of anatomy and physiology—to the counting of the pulse and respiration, the use of the fever thermometer, the secretions, the administering of injections, the use of medicines, and the various modes of relieving pain, the preparation of food, the care of patients during and after confinement, baths and attention to the skin, the application and dressing of blisters, the preparation of poultices, the care of patients before, during and after operations, the care of surgical instruments, the preparation and application of bandages, the nursing of contagious diseases and typhoid fever, the care of the eye when diseased, and after operations, the nursing of sick children, hemorrhages, ventilation, disinfection, poisons, artificial respirations, massage, Swedish movements, passive motions, laying out of a dead body, etc. In addition to the foregoing, a nurses' diet kitchen has been established, where nurses are taught cooking for the sick, and where they are obliged to serve for a month, devoting their time exclusively to the preparation of articles of diet. Still further, we have endeavored to cultivate the faculty of observation, and to make it of practical value, by requiring the nurses to keep written records in cases in the intervals of the physician's visits, so that he could the better understand the condition of the patient during his absence. Each nurse has also served on night duty for two months or more, and furnished a daily written report of the condition of the patients and of the services she has rendered. Du-

ring the night the entire care of all of the patients in the Hospital has devolved upon one or two night nurses. In such ways as these it has been our endeavor to develop the pupil's capacity for appreciating the condition of different patients, and contributing to their relief in a manner that would be impossible to those who did not possess such training. From time to time some of the more advanced pupils have been sent out to nurse in private families, and as far as we can learn have given satisfaction. The establishment of the Training School has proved an inestimable advantage to the Hospital. It has given us tact, refinement and skill in the case of public and private patients. For the training in question we have thus far admitted only women. It has been universally conceded that women are especially fitted for the duties of the sick room. While the advisability of their undertaking the work of doctors, lawyers and preachers is not fully settled, there has never been any doubt as to their superiority in ministering to the sick, suffering and dying. Of the whole number who have applied, only about one in three have been accepted as pupils in the school. The aim has been to admit only those who were healthy, intelligent, refined and conscientious, the lack of any of these qualifications being deemed a sufficient cause for rejection.

I have thus tried to explain very briefly, to those of you who need any explanation, the origin of our school, and the nature of the work carried on therein. It has very materially increased the expenses of the hospital. We look forward, confidently, to such a growing appreciation of its importance as shall lead our friends to endow it liberally. For you must remember that this is only a training school, the pupils' life work lies beyond, perhaps among you and those who are dear to you. We expect that our graduates will soon be doing a beneficent work in private homes about us, earning for themselves the esteem of the community and an honorable living, and we trust that their employers will always have reason to be thankful to the Hospital which has sent them forth. We are certainly using our very best efforts to make them in every way worthy of your confidence and respect. One of them—Miss Markham—has already been appointed our supervising

nurse and has charge of the pupils, under the direction of the Lady Managers and the Medical Staff. This school has been duly incorporated by the Legislature. Similar objects in other cities have been liberally remembered by the benevolent, and we feel sure that Rochester will not be backward in its recognition and support of a work so dignified, so ennobling, so essential as that contemplated, and now being carried on by the Training School for Nurses in the Rochester City Hospital.

After another piano solo by Prof. Herve D. Wilkins, three of the members of the graduating class read appropriate essays. The subject of Miss Emma Dickenson's was, "Moral, Intellectual and Physical Culture"; that of Miss M. A. Campell, "The Qualities Desirable in a Nurse." Miss L. A. Markham was the valedictorian of the pioneer graduating class. The essays were followed by the "Song of the Triton" by the quartette, and Dr. H. F. Montgomery delivered the following address to the graduating class :

**YOUNG LADIES :** It is my pleasant task to hand to you these testimonials of the faithful and satisfactory manner in which you have for two years performed your duties as pupils in the Training School for nurses, of the Rochester City Hospital. You are now about to leave its fostering care and to go forth alone on your mission of mercy. Like the soldier going forth to battle, you are about to encounter perils quite equal to his. You will be exposed day after day to contact with the most malignant and fatal diseases. As the physician goes without hesitation to meet these dangers, so must you. To refuse would bring dishonor on yourselves, and discredit on your calling.

Again at the bedside of your sick patient, you will be asked to render services of the most disagreeable, and under other circumstances, menial character. Remember that the comfort and even life of your patient requires that such service should be rendered, cheerfully, tenderly, and without a murmur, and also remember that you only, by your training and experience can properly perform such service. Humanity requires it and it is honorable labor. You cannot decline it without bringing

discredit upon the institution from which you graduate. Faithfully then performing your duty, you will have the sympathy and support of the Trustees, the Lady Managers, and the Medical Officers of the Hospital and you will be a blessing to mankind

At the close of the address Dr. Montgomery awarded the diplomas and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Henry Anstice, D. D.

A pleasant feature in the exercises of the evening was the presentation of the floral offerings to each of the graduates. These were not mere formal gifts, but the tributes of grateful hearts for professional services rendered in time of sickness. One of these came from a youth who had been tenderly cared for through typhoid fever. Another was in memory of a beloved mother, whose pathway to the dark valley had been cheered by the gentle ministries of her untiring nurse.

Among the audience was a Hospital patient, who, accompanied and assisted by one of the House Physicians of the Hospital, after a long confinement following the amputation of a limb, had for the second time left the Hospital, and expressed, by his presence, his deep interest in the School that had trained the nurses who had so faithfully cared for him.

### **An Engraved Diamond.**

A gentleman, in London, possessed a diamond set in a ring, which was kept for many years in the treasury of the Royal Emperor of Hindostan. It is one of the very few known diamonds, that are cut or engraved, and it is supposed that the work upon it, owing to the extreme hardness of the stone, must have cost years of incessant labor. The engraving is believed to be by a Persian artist; it is a monogram composed of two Arabic words interlocked together, making up the invocation "O Ali!" The date of the work is supposed to be A. D. 1200.

Visits should be short, like a winter's day; lest you're troublesome, hasten away.

### Dinna Chide

Ah! dinna chide the mither!  
 Ye may na hae her lang;  
 Her voice, abune your baby rest,  
 Sae softly crooned the sang;  
 She thoct ye ne'er a burden,  
 She greeted you wi' joy,  
 An' heart an' hand in carin' ye  
 Foun' still their dear employ.

Her han, has lost its cunnin',  
 It's tremblin' now and slow,  
 But her heart is leal an' lovin',  
 As it was lang ago!

An' though her strength may wither,  
 An' faint her pulses beat,  
 Nane will be like the mither,  
 Sae steadfast, true an' sweet!

Ye maun revere the mither,  
 Feeble, an' auld, an' gray;  
 The shinin' ones are helpin' her  
 Adoon her evenin' way!

Her bairns wha' waif her yonder,  
 Her gude mon gone before;  
 She wearies—can ye wonder?  
 To win to that braw shore!

Ah! dinna chide the mither!  
 O lip, be slow to say  
 A word to vex the gentle heart  
 Wha watched your childhood's day!

Ay, rin to heed the tender voice  
 Wha crooned the cradle sang!  
 An' dinna chide the mither, sin'  
 Ye may na hae her lang!

### Foreign Correspondence.

We are again permitted to make extracts from a private letter, written by a lady well known in our city.

#### JERUSALEM.

Did I write you of our visit to the Mosque of Omar? It is built over the rock upon which Abraham offered up Isaac, which is immense, and lies bare in the centre of the Mosque. Nothing within the enclosure impressed me so much as the stables of Solomon, containing stalls innumerable, all cut out of the solid rock, in which holes are drilled for passing through the bridles, for securing the camels, horses, and donkeys of his majesty's retinue.

Last Sunday we were invited to attend a Greek service at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is claimed for this church that it stands on the site of the crucifixion and tomb of our Savior. The edifice which is very grand, is divided between Armenians, Latins, Greeks, Copts and Syrians; all having altars and portions of the main floor. There is great jealousy between the different orders, resulting now and then in a fight. Several formidable looking Turkish soldiers, with breech-loaders, were drawn up before the main entrance. Near the door, sat the usual guard of fat, shiny Turks, with the hookahs, and pot of coffee on a charcoal burner. The Greek Patriarch is a large burley, bearded man, who wore such an amount of toggery, in the procession, that I imagined life must be somewhat of silver and gold burden to him. The Latin Patriarch is a man calculated to impress one as a man of mind, and intense-ness of purpose. He was preaching in Arabic, so we could not judge of his save by the outward appearance.

In the court of the Greek Convent, we saw one hundred and fifty pilgrims who had just arrived from Cyprus. They were paying in their offerings to the convent. I was struck with the brightness and intelligence of their faces. The Russians are the least intelligent looking people I have ever seen. There are thousands of them here, and at Easter the crowd is immense.

Great numbers of aged Jews have come from all parts of the world to die in Jerusalem, the beloved city. On the steamer Apollo was a large company of them among the steerage passengers. The Jewish New Year day occurred on the 1st and we went to see them at their devotions. Great tears dropped upon their Bibles which were all worn beyond any book I have ever seen. One of the saddest scenes I have ever witnessed was at the Jewish Wailing Place, which they frequent every

Friday. They were gathered there, of all ages and conditions. The tears of the aged fell freely upon their Talmuds, and in fervency of spirit they stopped again and again, to kiss the wall which is worn away by this contact.

During one of the feasts of the Virgin, we went with Hafiz Effendi, our Turkish friend, to the tomb of the Virgin. It was a beautiful night, the air balmy, and the scene wonderfully picturesque and effective. Temporary booths were placed about the grounds, which were lighted with torches, and gay with Eastern costumes. After leaving the Chapel or Grotto, we seated ourselves upon a stone wall skirting the road, and amused ourselves by watching those around us. At a booth just below us, two Arabs were selling pickles, marrow, &c., and it was very funny to see the bargaining and the haggling for cheaper rates; and then the gobbling up of the sour wares as though they were the most delicious things in the world. In this country *haggling* is the all important business of life. The rule is for the sellers to charge about six times what they are willing to take, and then to fly into passions innumerable, until language is exhausted, and at last to kiss, and compliment each other profusely, the buyer carrying off his booty.

Last week we dined at a Turkish house in real oriental style, seated upon mats and cushions; the table being only a foot and a half high. In the centre was a lamb, roasted whole. Around the outside of the table were dishes of rice, in various preparations, and other vegetables. We were furnished no plates, but spoons, out of courtesy to us. Bread answers the purpose of plates. The host is a Colonel in the army. His wife, a beautiful Circassian, was bought for him, by his father, when the children were nine years of age. He is on duty at Hebron, and we have promised to visit them there. We were invited to two other Turkish houses upon

the same day. At one of them we dined; at the other were entertained with various sweets, drinks of pomegranate juice, coffee, &c. These people are very simple, and thoroughly kind and hospitable in their habits.

I have just received a sweet farewell letter from Mrs. L. W., who returns to Constantinople. I was much interested in her views of the Mahometans, and their life in Turkey. She finds them, as we have done, very different from the generally received opinions regarding them and their principles.

L. M. W.

### The Wounded Ox.

There are many imitations of the parable of the Good Samaritan. Some of them are good and others are tolerable; but none equals the simplicity and tenderness of the original. The following from the *Detroit Free Press*, aims to teach the parable's lesson in the dialect of the nineteenth century. We don't exactly like its cynical moral,—it only expresses a half truth,—but the parable itself is both readable and instructive:

An ox who was one day passing along the highway fell and broke his leg. In a short time along came the horse, who halted and called out:

"Merey on me! but what has happened?"

"I have broken my leg."

"Too bad! I assure you that you have my heart-felt sympathies."

When the horse had disappeared along came the mule and inquired—

"How now, my old friend—what's the trouble?"

"Broken my leg."

"Dear me, but that's unfortunate! You were always an honest, hard-working ox, and I am deeply grieved that this accident has come upon you."

The mule pursued his way, and the next animal to stop was the hog.

"Hello! What does this mean?" he grunted, as he checked his pace.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that possible! It isn't six months ago that you had a lame shoulder, and to have this misfortune come upon you is enough to discourage the best ox in the

world. If you don't recover from it, always remember that you have my warmest sympathies."

After the hog came the goat, who halted at a safe distance and called out—

"Anything contagious?"

"No; I have broken my leg."

"Oh, that's it! Sure it's broken?"

"Yes."

"And you'll probably be laid up for months, even if the master don't knock you on the head and make beef of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, and if you happen to get well I shall be highly delighted."

The goat had passed out of sight when along came the rhinoceros on his way to the pool.

"Hello! What's up now?" he asked, as he looked over the bank.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that so? Well, I never even had an introduction to you, nor heard your name spoken, but here goes to help you. I'll get you up, help you home, and see you through as far as I can. It is sufficient for me that you are in distress and need help. Have you no friends?"

"Oh yes. They have all extended their heartfelt sympathies, but left me lying in the ditch."

"Sympathy, my friend," said the rhinoceros, as he aided the ox to stand up, "sympathy sticks in the ear and lets the stomach starve. Depend upon your friends no longer than they can depend upon you. Come now—here we go!"

### John Randolph in Congress.

Ben Perley Poore contributes to the April *Century* an anecdotal, richly illustrated, paper on "The Capitol at Washington," from which we quote the following:

The despot of the debates for many years was the eccentric John Randolph, who would ride on horseback from his lodgings in Georgetown to the Capitol and enter the House, wearing a fur cap with a large visor, a heavy great-coat over a suit of Virginia homespun, and white-topped boots with jingling silver spurs. Striding down the main aisle, followed by his brace of pointer-dogs, he would stop

liberately, place his cap, his gloves, and his riding-whip, listening meanwhile to the debate. If he took any interest in it, he would begin to speak at the first opportunity, without any regard to what had previously been said. After he had uttered a few sentences (and had drank a glass of porter, which an assistant door-keeper had ordered to bring whenever he rose to speak), his tall, meager form would writhe with passion; his long bony index finger would be pointed at those on whom he poured his wrath; and the expression of his beardless, high-checked, and sallow countenance would give additional force to the brilliant and beautiful sentence which he would rapidly utter, full of stinging witticism and angry sarcasm. So distinct was his enunciation, that his shrill voice could be heard in every part of the hall; his words were select and strictly grammatical, and the arrangement of his remarks was always harmonious and effective.

Randolph, having had a dinner-table difficulty with Willis Alston, of North Carolina, never let pass an opportunity for alluding to him in the most bitter and contemptuous manner. Alston, enraged one day by some language used by Randolph in debate, said, as the representatives were leaving the hall, and Randolph was passing him; "The puppy has still some respect shown him." Whether the allusion referred to Randolph or to one of his pointer-dogs, which was following him, was afterward a question, but Randolph immediately began beating Alston over the head with the handle of his heavy riding-whip, inflicting several wounds. The next day the Grand Jury, which was in session, indicted Randolph for a breach of the peace, but the court allowed him to offer the remark about the puppy as evidence in extenuation, and inflicted a fine of twenty dollars. \* \* \*

During the debate on the Missouri question, Mr. Philemon Beecher, a native of Connecticut who had emigrated to Ohio and had been there elected a representative, became somewhat impatient as his dinner-hour approached, and at last, when Randolph made a somewhat lengthy pause, moved "the previous question." The Speaker said, "The gentleman from Virginia has the floor," and Randolph proceeded, to be again interrupted when

demand for "the previous question;" nor was it long before the demand was made for the third time. Randolph could stand it no longer, but said, in a voice as shrill as the cry of a peacock: "Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands, a man of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few moments construct that which, with the pressure of the finger and thumb, will cry 'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' With less ingenuity and with inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question! previous question!'" and, as he spoke, Randolph pointed with his attenuated index-finger at Beecher, who did not attempt a reply.

### Look Over It.

It is said that John Wesley was once walking along the road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over, which a cow was looking. "Do you know," said Wesley, "why the cow looks *over* that wall?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look *through* it; and that is what you must do with your troubles; look *over* and *above* them."

Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—George Macdonald.

### Buttons.

Where do they come from? Very few are made in America, and then by machinery. Glass buttons are made mostly in Bohemia, much of the work being done by children who earn ten cents a day, while men earn from forty to fifty cents. Pearl buttons come almost entirely from Vienna, and the all-important shirt button is manufactured in Birmingham, Eng., where nearly all the metal buttons are made. But the two cities that export the largest number of these useful articles are Paris and Vienna. The trade in New York amounted last year to more than three and a half million dollars.

### Shut In.

Shut in, shut in from the ceaseless din  
Of the restless world, its want and sin;  
Shut in from its turmoil, care, and strife,  
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,  
With the dull companionship of pain:  
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,  
And bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with the dreams of the days gone by,  
With buried joys that were born to die;  
Shut in with the hopes that have lost their zest  
And have but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,  
Patience and Love, all pain to meet,  
With Faith that can suffer and stand and wait,  
And lean on the promises strong and great.

Shut in with Christ! O wonderful thought,  
Shut in with the peace His sufferings brought;  
Shut in with the Love that wields the rod:  
O company blest! Shut in with God!

### The Schoolmaster of Our Republic

"When our republic rose, Noah Webster became its schoolmaster. There had never been a great nation with a universal language without dialects. The Yorkshireman can not now talk with a man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Apennines, drives his goat home at evening, over hills that look down on six provinces, none of whose dialects he can speak. Here, five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. Around every fireside, and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Noah Webster's Spelling Book and Dictionaries. He has done for us more than Alfred did for England, or Cadmus for Greece. His books have educated three generations. They are forever multiplying his innumerable army of thinkers, who will transmit his name from age to age. Only two men have stood on the New World, whose fame is so sure to last—Columbus, its discoverer, and Washington, its saviour. Webster is, and will be its great teacher; and these three make our trinity of fame."

The Sun never repents of the good he does; nor does he ever demand a recompense.



## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 16, 1883.

### The Hospital Inmates.

April, the *opening* month, had not proved a right to its name, when on its third day we visited the invalids. Snow banks on the lawns and wintry breezes abounded, though Easter had come and gone.

Fourteen patients were receiving treatment in the Male Medical Ward, one of whom was confined to his bed with an abscess. A paralytic patient was rapidly recovering. There was no case of fever; one man had softening of the brain, another a diseased heart, and several had diseased lungs. "I have a nice lot of patients," said the nurse, "and I enjoy my work."

There were twenty invalids in the Male Surgical Ward. No death had occurred during the month. The young man who had injured his arm with a saw was almost well. Mr. L. was using his crutches and, with the assistance of Dr. Davis, had gone to the exercises of the graduating class of nurses the previous Saturday evening, and received no injury by so doing.

Twelve patients were in the Lower Female Wards. One had died. Miss C., who for several months had been confined to her cot by a broken thigh, and who had partially recovered, had unfortunately broken it again in the same place, and was on her back with weights attached to her limb. She was attended by a sweet-voiced, gentle looking nurse, who spoke of the great patience manifested by the invalid. Ann, who for years has been in the Hospital, slipped and hurt her knee when coming out of church Easter evening. She had suffered a good deal of pain, but seemed most grateful for Hospital care. "Dr. Davis," she said, "has done every-

thing for me, he could not do more."

There were eighteen under treatment in the Upper Female Ward. One had consumption, and one who had been with rheumatism for seventeen years after being four days in the Hospital. A patient was recovering from pneumonia, another had diseased eyes, another had granulation of the eyelids, inflammation of the cornea, but was improving under Dr. Rider's treatment.

In the Lying-In Ward four babies had been born in nine days. One of them lived but a few days. We found four mothers and three babies.

The following is the form of Docket issued to the Nurses at the recent commencement exercises:

### ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL (Cut of Hospital.)

#### TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

This is to certify that.....has successfully issued and satisfactorily completed the prescribed course of Instruction for the first term of two years, at the Training School for Nurses of the Rochester City Hospital, and has upon examination satisfactory evidence of her qualifications as a Nurse. Given at the City of Rochester, New York, this.....day of.....in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty....

Signed by the President of the Board of Trustees, Secretary, Executive Committee of Lady Managers, Medical and Surgical Staff, and bearing the seal of the Hospital.


The Graduating Exercises of our Training School for Nurses, to which so much space is given in this issue of the Review, have called renewed attention to this part of our Hospital work. As stated in the address printed elsewhere, the Training School has added materially to our expenses, and we hope that the suggestion that it should receive special recog-



tions, will be acted on by some of our friends. There is no higher mission than that of a nurse properly fitted and trained for her work.

### Thanks.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital would gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Herve D. Wilkins, Mrs. Stedman, Mrs. Satterlee, Mrs. Bartholamay, and Miss Alling, for their musical services which were so acceptable on the evening of the recent Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses, and to all others who in any way contributed to the interest of the occasion.

 The day of the annual exercises of the Training School for Nurses, a number of persons who had been cared for by the graduates received, at the Hospital, floral gifts in testimony of gratitude for professional services.

### Improvements.

Mr. Daniel W. Powers, who loves to do liberal things, has been painting and fitting up very handsomely three rooms in the East Mansard for a private patient; he has also painted the walls and wood-work of the East Mansard hall and bath room, and carpeted them. They look very inviting.

The first Baptist Church have been recovering the upholstered furniture in the parlor, that was originally donated by them.

### The Little Folks.

Thomas H., the boy with diseased hip, who has long been at the Hospital, has gone home greatly improved. Alfred has also left. Mamie and Marion still remain. We found them playing with their dolls beside the children's cot.

Our hearts ached for a little girl of fifteen, Caty H., who was occupying the

Hall Pavillion. Six weeks before while out at service, when carrying a pan of ashes to empty it, she had set fire to her clothes and burned her limb fearfully. For a large space below and above the knee the whole skin had come off, and the physicians were thinking of grafting some skin upon it. She looks very pale and feeble.

As we left the Hospital a paralyzed child of six years was brought into it.

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

In memory of E. A. U.,—Entered into Rest March 7th, 1883.....	\$ 5 00
Edith and Bertie Scales' Easter offering..	50
Easter offering, St. Luke's Church, in memory of Katie.....	20 00
Easter offering in memory of Mr. William Kidd, from Mrs. Kidd.....	10 00
Miss Florence Tompkins' Easter offering in memory of her mother.....	5 00
Bennie and Bessie Weaver's Mite Box	2 00

Receipts since last report..	\$ 42 50
Previously acknowledged.....	2,490 77

Total receipts.....\$2,533 27

Who will help raise \$466.73 to complete this needed endowment?

### The Cot Fund.

Among the memorial Easter offerings to our Cot Fund, we notice one from a wife for her husband; another, from a daughter for her mother; a third, from a mother for her daughter; and a fourth, from a friend for one of the beloved Managers of the City Hospital. We are pleased to find Easter gifts also from little girls. We hope this year to complete our Endowment Fund. Let all our friends lend a helping hand.

### An Easter Memorial.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Morgan sent a beautiful floral star and a bunch of Calla lilies as an Easter offering to St. Peter's Church, as a memorial of their little boy, now safe in the upper fold. When the church services were ended, at the request of Judge and Mrs. Morgan, these were sent to the children at the City Hospital.

Those who miss the pattering of busy feet, and have vacant chairs in their own nurseries, are drawn out in sympathy for the sick children who cannot be tenderly cared for in their own home.

### Receipts for the Review.

MARCH, 1883.

Mrs. Chas. Achilles—By Mrs. Dr. Strong	\$ 62
Mrs. E. I. Clark—By Mrs. Nathaniel T. Rochester	82
Mrs. R. Foster, Oswego, 50 cents; Miss A. Smith, Jacksonville, Florida, 50 cents—By Mrs. M. A. Gilman	1 00
Mrs. M. Gillard, 62 cents; Mrs. Ira Wilder, Charlotte, 50 cents—By Mrs. S. H. Terry	1 12
Mrs. Hosford, 50 cents; Mrs. A. D. Keeney, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Page, 50 cents; Mrs. E. M. Read, 50 cents; Mrs. R. S. Tuttle, 50 cents, Perry—By Miss Mamie Read	2 50
Mrs. M. W. Cooke, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Daves, \$1.24; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Sahlberg, 62 cents—By Collector	3 10
Alling & Cory, \$5.00; S. Dunn, \$5.00; Howe & Rogers \$5.00; Mechanics' Savings Bank, \$15.00; D. Palmer, \$5.00; C. F. Paine & Co., \$5.00; Smith, Perkins & Co, \$5.00; M. V. Beemer, \$5.00; A. W. Mudge, \$5.00; Joseph Schleyer, \$5.00; Woodbury, Morse & Co., \$5.00; C. B. Woodworth & Sons, \$5.00; advertisements—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews	70 00
Miss R. M. Booth, Vergennes, Vermont, \$1.25; Miss Ella Coslow, Caledonia, 50 cents; W. S. Falls, for Mrs. Edmonson, Newmarket, C. W., \$1.50; Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 63 cents; Mrs. E. Ray, 62 cents—By Treasurer	4 50

### Donations

Mrs. Reid—Old cotton.
Mr. J. Brackett—Old cotton.
Mrs. Day—Old cotton.
Mrs. Guile—Old cotton.
Mrs. Lawrence—Old cotton.
Mrs. Weaver and friend—old cotton.
Mrs. Robinson—Second hand slippers.
Mrs. A. E. Brewster—Reading matter.
Mrs. H. E. Hamilton—Reading matter.
Mrs. Ira Bellows—Second hand clothing.
Mrs. O. J. Hayden—Second hand clothing.
A. W. Mudge—Graphics.
Book Club, by Misses Griffith—Nine books.
Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Reading matter.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 5, of enlargement of the heart, Mrs. Harriett Nowell, of Riga, aged 56.

March 16, 1883, of cirrhosis of kidneys, Miss Mary Danforth, of New York, aged 42.

March 19, 1883, of consumption, Henry Siddell, aged 39.

March 20, 1883, of senile decay, Dr. James S. Monroe, aged 83.

March 26, 1883, infant daughter of Frederick and Carrie Hutchings, aged 5 days.

March 31, 1883, of consumption, Margaret Kelly, aged 40.

### Monthly Report.

1883. March 1, No. Patients in Hospital, .....	85
Received during month, ..	40
Births, .....	5—130
Deaths, .....	6
Discharged, .....	34
Remaining April 1st, 1883, 90—	90

### Children's Department.

#### Why Some Birds Hop and Others Walk.

A little bird sat on the twig of a tree,  
And swinging and singing as glad as could be,  
And shaking his tail, and smoothing his dress,  
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,  
He flew down the street and went hopping along,  
This way and that way with both little feet,  
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!  
And tell me the reason you go with a hop.  
Why don't you walk, as boys do, and men,  
One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop;  
And he laughed, and he laughed as he never would stop;  
And he said: "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,  
And some birds that hop, and some birds that

"Use your eyes, little boy; watch closely and see

What little birds hop, both feet just like me,  
And what little birds walk, like the duck and the hen,

And when you know that you'll know more than some men.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk;

Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;

Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can walk;

One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

"But most little birds who can sing you a song  
Are so small that their legs are not very strong

To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things,—  
that's why

They hop with both feet.\* Little boy, good by."

\*The exceptions to the above rule are rare. The rule is generally correct, and so simple, as to be easily remembered.—*J. L. Barnes, in March Wide Awake.*

### Children's Work.

In December of last year, the editors of a magazine for children in London advertised their willingness to receive contributions of dolls, playthings, colored pictures or story-books from their little readers, and to distribute them among the children hospitals or asylums in England. The contributions, it is said, amounted to many thousands.

Last summer a large proportion of the sums sent to the *New York Tribune* as a Fresh Air Fund, with which the poor and sickly little ones of New York were taken to the seaside or mountains, was the gift of other children. They emptied their little savings-banks; held miniature fairs; gave exhibitions to each other, and so raised the three dollars necessary to take some poor waif out of the stifling heat and foul air, and give it a breath of new life in the sweet country.

The healthful influence on the poor child who received the gift was no greater than on the child who gave it.

Throughout the country the system is gaining favor of inducing children to combine and to exert themselves to help other little ones less fortunate than themselves.

One little club of school-girls raised last winter money enough to give the son of an Apache chief three years' tuition in

Carlisle. On the one hand there was the busy, happy efforts of a few energetic girls, and on the other, a human being lifted from ignorance and heathenism to civilization and a knowledge of his relations to a beneficent God, with all the immeasurable sequences of good that follow the example of such a life in a savage community.

### How Queen Bess Ate.

A reader of Kenilworth is apt to grow enthusiastic over the days of "good Queen Bess" and her brilliant court. If, however, he wishes to know how thoroughly Scott's magic pen has bewildered him, let him read any history which reveals the system in which the Queen and her court lived. He would be surprised to find that such were her surroundings that few of the laboring class of to-day would endure them.

The serving was of the roughest kind. Huge joints of meat were brought to the table on the roasting spits. The carver held the meat with one hand while he cut it with the other, and the guests helped themselves with their fingers. After eating what they wished, they threw the remnants to the dogs and cats under the table.

There were no forks with which to take up the meat and no plates to hold it. Huge slices of bread served for plates, and were called trenchers. These became soaked with gravy, and were often eaten with relish; if left, they were gathered in a basket and given to the poor.

The furnishing of the immense palaces corresponded with the rudeness of the tables. The rooms were large and lofty, but uncarpeted, with floors covered with nothing better than rushes.

The furniture was scanty, indicating little taste in style or execution, and the great rooms looked bare and cheerless. The homes of New England mechanics to-day are far more comfortable than the palace of the great English Queen.

Yet they did a great deal of good work in those days of rude living. It was the brilliant age of English literature and statesmanship. There was much "high thinking" then, showing that mental and moral causes are more operative on men than physical causes.

## Crow vs Crow.

There may be nothing in a name when it stands alone, but there is often much amusement in the association of several names. For instance: there was a trial last fall at Newark, N. J., which stood on the docket as Crow vs Crow.

A gentleman by the name of Crow, a resident of Newark, left his wife and struck out for the wilds of Montana. After living there a few months, he applied to the territorial court for a divorce from Mrs. Crow on the ground of cruelty. The court would not listen to his appeal, but bade him go to New Jersey and there seek redress for his grievances.

When the trial came on in Newark, Mr. Crow preferred to act as his own counsel. The principal witnesses brought on by the plaintiff were named respectfully, Daw, Linnet and Thrush. The defendant's counsel was a lawyer by the name of Howell. But the stenographer who took down the testimony was an Englishman, who persisted in addressing him as Mr. "Owl."

The case created no little merriment in the court at the time, and it was remarked that the only thing needed to complete this strange combination of names, was to have had Vice-Chancellor Bird preside.

Who shows the world in flattery's glass

Is one shrewd elf;

He is a fool who looks therein

To see himself.

Nothing brings more pain than too much pleasure; nothing more bondage than too much liberty.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry. He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee; they never can thrive who spend their time in beer houses, and in gaming houses.

God helps those that help themselves. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.

A company has been formed for introducing "levelling berths" into steamships, which it is claimed will prevent sea-

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEW

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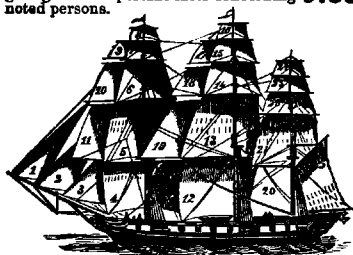
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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1883.

No. 10.

## Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most ap-

proved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of a Board of Directors and a Board of Lady Managers. The officers of the Board of Directors are:

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Miss L. A. Markham.

# The Day is Done.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wing of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.  
I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist;  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist;  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.  
Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day:  
Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.  
For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.  
Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet,  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice;  
And lend to the rhymes of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

# Foreign Correspondence.

We are again permitted to make ex-  
tracts from a private letter, written by a  
lady well known in our city.

JERUSALEM.

Since I wrote you last, I have had a  
new line of experiences, in the confine-  
ment and death of a young Arab woman,  
Rose, the wife of one of our servants.

The cabalistic performances of the old  
Arab midwife were a revelation of what  
these poor creatures suffer and have suffered  
for ages, in their ignorance and barbar-  
ism.

\* \* \* \* \*

When at length all this unnecessary cru-  
elty was at an end, the poor girl was allowed  
to lie down, her arms folded across her  
breast, the nurse pow-wowng over her in  
the most mysterious manner, pressing the  
girl's head between her hands, up and  
down, and sideways, as though moulding  
it. All this while the baby lay on the  
stone floor. I took the little thing and  
dressed it. Rose begged that it might es-  
cape the packing in coarse salt, which is  
the custom here; but after I left the house  
it was undressed and put into the salt.  
When I went again to wash it, I found  
the poor little thing almost skinned. It  
is against the rule to unpack babies be-

fore the third day. This process is supposed to harden and fit them for change of climate.

For some days we hoped our dear Rose would escape serious ill effects, but, suddenly, alarming symptoms set in, and she was called home almost without suffering. The Lord was so gracious to her in this respect that her death seems to me like a dream. Her trust was all in Him, and she passed away in perfect peace and joy.

The simplicity of the faith of some of these Arabs, in our employ, is beautiful. The humble, painstaking life of Christ, the great Example, held up before them, is seized upon, and they give themselves up to the *living* of that life, which is, of all things in this world, most rare. The daily prayers of Rose for her husband were most solemn and touching. He had been greatly incensed that the baby was not a boy, and his rebellious spirit had grieved Rose greatly, but all this gave her no care in her dying hour. She asked that the baby might be brought to her, and died in perfect assurance that the Lord would care for it.

Since then her prayers have been answered in a marvelous manner, for George, or Jairus, as he is called in Arabic, at once threw off his fear of the Arabs and Greeks, and asked that the baby should be dedicated to the Lord, with its mother's name, at the funeral, beside her coffin. This was done and Rose was laid to rest in the American cemetery, on Mt. Zion. The rain poured in torrents, there were no spectators abroad, otherwise the Greeks would have claimed the body, but the funeral procession passed through the city without molestation.

Little Rose was cared for until the Lord opened a place for her in the home and heart of Miss J., at Bethlehem, who is in charge of the Arab Mission. She took it to bring up as her own. On New Year's day two ladies riding on donkeys carried it to Bethlehem.

There are some remarkably handsome young babies among the Jews who came from Southern India. They are of the tribe of Gad. Among them is a poor cripple, all drawn up by disease, but with a wonderfully sweet, expressive face. We found him sitting upon a mattress with only a thin cotton covering. We came home and made him a warm "comfortable." The messenger who took it at evening found him drawn up in a little heap fast asleep. He covered him and left without waking the youth. The poor little fellow awoke during the night, and feeling the soft covering thought an angel had brought it. He supports himself by writing in Hebrew and Arabic, and his penmanship is most wonderful. These Jews belong to quite a superior class, and their faces indicate great refinement and cultivation. Their Rabbi came to spend some hours with us, having an interpreter with him. He stated his conviction that these are beyond all question Messianic days. When asked for his grounds for this belief, he replied, that they were many, from openings of prophecies to calculations that had come down to them for centuries. These people have suffered so much that they seem to have lost all bigotry and self-righteousness, and are filled with devotion and love to God.

L. M. W.

Aunt Esther was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but then, aunty, the old hen always goes with them."

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look sunshiny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

**Transmitted Faults.**

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that  
spoil the vines: for our vines have tender  
grapes."—Cant. 2: 15.

LITTLE foxes spoiling  
The beloved vine  
Trusted to my tending  
By the One divine;  
Little foxes, wherefore  
Have ye entrance found  
To the vine so precious,  
Growing in my ground?

Have ye leaped the fences?  
Have ye climbed the wall?  
Were there tiny openings?  
Ye are very small;

And ye can creep slyly  
Through a crevice space;  
But I thought I closed up  
Every open space.

And I watched by daylight  
And I watched by night;  
For the vine that you're spoiling  
Is my heart's delight,

I have kept the earth-worm  
From its precious root;  
I have trimmed its branches,  
But it bears no fruit!

For the little foxes  
Have assailed the vine  
Trusted to my tending  
By the One divine;  
But though I've been faithful  
Since its birthday morn,  
They were in the garden  
When the babe was born.

For they are the failings  
That I could not see  
When they were my failings,  
When they dwelt in me;  
Little faults unheeded  
That I now despise,  
For my baby took them  
With my hair and eyes.

And I chide her often,  
For I know I must,  
But I do it always  
Bowed down to the dust,  
With a face all crimsoned  
With a burning blush,  
And an inward whisper  
That I cannot hush.

O my father, pity!  
Pity and forgive;  
Slay the little foxes  
I allowed to live,  
Till they left the larger  
For the smaller vine;  
Till they touched the dear life,  
Dearer far than mine.

O my Father, hear me,  
Make my darling thine!  
Though I am so human,  
Make her all divine;  
Slay the little foxes,  
That both vines may be  
Laden with fruit worthy  
To be offered thee.

**"Somethin'."**

"Say, Mike, how much ye took?"

"Big pile! Seven shiners, five r  
Tell ye what, Pat, I've had luck this d

"Ought to treat a feller, then. Se  
ty-five's a heap! Savin', ye see, Pat."

"What be it for?"

"Somethin'."

"You al'a's are a sayin' that. C  
ye tell? What be ye so tight for?"

"Somethin'."

"Go 'long wid ye, ye tight-fisted  
peen. Don't want nothin' of nobody  
can't tell nothin'."

"Jest what I was going to do, me aw  
tempered lad."

The two newsboys separate. A  
turns into an alley, and goes whist  
along as though the "somethin'" wa  
exceedingly pleasant thing to think ab  
We will follow Mike. To do this,  
must be quick, for he dodges this way  
that, increasing his speed at every s  
As he nears an old, dingy, brick tepen  
house in a filthy alley, he breaks in  
run, clears the tottering steps at a bo  
springs up the rickety stairs, stopp  
only when he reaches a tiny room up  
der the roof. Here he takes a rusty  
from his pocket, and unlocks the d  
The moment he enters, two arms are at  
his neck, and a sweet voice says:

"Mikey dear, the sun looked in to-  
I saw him a little bit."

"O Molly darlit, is 't true! Your  
be growing better, certain. Can ye  
me, Molly?"

The poor, almost sightless eyes  
raised to see the rough, ragged boy

dear to the little sister's heart. As Mike looks eagerly into the upturned face, he sees a large tear slowly gather, then roll silently down the face dearer to him than anything else on earth. He knows too well what it means, without the grieved look about the pretty mouth. He puts his arms about her, and kisses the trembling lips almost with a mother's tenderness. When he can command his own voice, he says:

"Never mind, Molly darlet; I'm making heaps of money. I'll be ready to take ye to the big doctor's, soon. Never ye fret, Molly; ye'll see me some day."

Mike leads Molly carefully to a small chair—the only one in the room—then he prepares supper. A box turned bottom upward serves as a table. In a smaller one, covered with an old newspaper, are their dishes. For Molly's sake, this big, rough boy is learning neatness and gentleness, you see. For her sake he will keep stains from soul as well as body. Mike spreads a clean paper over the box for a table-cloth. Upon this he places two cracked plates, a white mug, a tin dipper, and a battered knife. The white mug of course is little Molly's. He cuts two generous slices from a loaf of bread, pours a little milk into the white mug, then leads Molly to the table. His own seat is an old box. After tasting her milk, Molly says:

"Taste, Mikey, it's so good!"

"No; drink it all, Molly. Ye need it. Boys don't need nothin' but water. They grows on water."

He smacks his lips as he drains the dipper. Beginning to clear the table, he says, "Ye may be a lady, and I'll wait on ye." After Mike has washed the dishes—for he washes them as well as he can in cold water—he draws Molly's chair up to his box, and sits so that he can hold her hand; then he tells her for the hundredth time just how much money he has saved, and how much more he must have before the "somethin'" he mentioned to Pat takes place.

"Them big doctors wont look at ye without tin dollars, they say. And I'll have it soon, Molly darlet, never ye fear. I've eight now, and good luck for a couple o' weeks longer 'll do it, sure."

"S'pose I'll ever see good, Mikey?"

"Them doctors 'll give ye new eyes if

ye'll pay 'em enough. Don't ye fret, Molly."

"No, for mother said I'd see her sure when I got to heaven. That'll be good, wont it, Mikey?"

"Ye're agoing to see her, I say," cries Mike, almost fiercely.

Molly makes no reply, save to lay her curly head on her brother's knee. Soon she is asleep, and Mike lays her tenderly on a little bed in one corner, after which he stretches himself upon the bare floor in another corner, and silence reigns in Mike's humble home.

Several weeks after this, Mike emerges from the dingy alley with an unusual light in his eyes. He is leading Molly with one hand; the other tightly clasps a roll of bills. He picks his way very carefully till he reaches a fashionable street. Now he eagerly examines every door-plate. Almost all have Doctor before the name. Suddenly he stops, reads a name over two or three times, then leads Molly up the granite steps, saying in a half whisper "Here 'tis! Here's the big doctor!" Such is his excitement that his cheek pales and his hand trembles as he rings the bell. He waits a long, long time, as it seems to him, before the door slowly opens.

"Be Doctor Tracy in?" he inquired in rather an unsteady voice.

"Not for such as you!" is the cross reply.

"Molly's blind!" cries Mike desperately, springing forward to prevent the shutting of the door. The servant here catches sight of Molly. Something in the sweet, pleading face leads him to say "Come in, then. Perhaps the doctor 'll see you. There's the door." With this he leaves them.

Mike knocks at the richly panelled door. This time he has not long to wait. It is opened so suddenly that he starts back when a rather cross-looking man in dressing-gown and slippers appears.

"What's wanted?" he gruffly asks.

For a moment the poor boy cannot speak. At last he holds out the money, saying:

"Here's tin dollars! Will ye fix Molly's eyes?"

The doctor appears ready to refuse, but Molly's face touches his heart also. He swings open the door, and motions Mike to enter. The boy does so, and stands

bewildered in the middle of the elegant room. A white hand is laid very gently on Molly's yellow hair. As the keen eyes search her face, the frown disappears, and it is an exceedingly pleasant voice which says:

"Come to the window, sis."

Seating her in a chair facing the window, he examines her eyes long and carefully. Mike begins to think he is never going to speak again. At last he hears "Can you see my hand?"

"Where is it?"

"Right before your eyes."

"I can't see nothin' but a bit o' light."

Turning abruptly to Mike, he says:

"She must go to the hospital; I'll get her in."

"Will she see bime-by?"

"Yes; very simple case."

"Here's the money."

"Keep it yourself, boy. I don't want it. Has she no mother?"

"No, sir; I be all."

"Well, come to-morrow morning, and I'll attend to your sister."

"Can I go with Molly?"

"No," is on the doctor's lips, but the way Molly clings to her brother's hand changes it to "I'll see."

"What be I goin' to do with this?" Mike again holds out the money.

The doctor smiles now. "Why, buy something for Molly—oranges, grapes, and such things. Yes, and picture-books, too. Expect she'll need them soon."

Mike tries to thank him, but is cut short by "Here, boy, run away; I'm busy."

A month passes. One pleasant day, Mike with a radiant face leads little Molly out of the hospital. Her face is no longer sad. Her blue eyes are as bright as Mike's own. "Somethin'" has been done.

"O Mikey! see them flowers in the winder! Everything be so pretty!"

"Nothin' so pretty as them two blue eyes I sees," replies Mike fondly.

Two happier children cannot be found in the whole city than those who now climb to the bare cheerless room up under the roof of the old tenement house. Only one thing adorns it—a few flowers in Molly's white mug. Mike has spent his last cent upon these.

"O you did it, 'cause I was comin' home!"

Little Molly's tone was ample reward for Mike. "Some day I'll take ye out to the country, so you can see plenty grass and flowers, Molly darlet." No kisses are his reward.

LAURA LORING

### Scott's "Rebecca."

To identify the original of a favorite character in fiction is always a satisfactory task. It is interesting to American readers Scott's charming "Ivanhoe," perhaps the best of all the famous "Waverley Novels" to know that the model of his "Rebecca," the heroine of the story, was an American girl.

Rebecca Gratz was a beautiful Jewish daughter of a rich Hebrew merchant of Philadelphia, who had many admirers.

The young man to whom she gave her heart was not a Jew, and the fidelity both to their religious faith proved a hopeless obstacle to their marriage. Rebecca suffered much from this separation and remained single all her life, devoting her time and money to charity and good works.

She founded the Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia and a Mission Sunday School for Hebrew children, and was also one of the founders of the Female Benevolent Society, the Foster Home and several other philanthropic institutions. She died the ripe old age of eighty-eight. The *Century* for last September (which publishes her portrait as she was in her youth) says:

Among the most welcome guests at the Gratz mansion was Washington Irving, and there were peculiar reasons why he loved to visit the beautiful Rebecca. Not only for his own sake, but because he had been the dearest friend of his old love, Matilda Hoffman, who died at the age of eighteen.

In 1817, Irving visited Abbotsford and was warmly received by Sir Walter Scott in his forty-seventh year. The American and the Scotch writers became very intimate, and during their many long talks Irving told Scott of the Philadelphia Jewess, and how she had turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of her heart for the sake of her religion. Scott was immensely interested, because the young woman possessed rare beauty and intelligence.



At the time he was thinking out the plot of *Ivanhoe*, but had not begun to write the story. It struck him with great force that a self-sacrificing Jewess would make a strong heroine for the work, and he borrowed the Philadelphia Rebecca, even to the name.

The first copy of *Ivanhoe* that came from the press he sent to Irving, and asked him how he liked the portrait. Miss Gratz knew that she was the original of the character, but she did not like to talk about it, and when asked generally turned the subject to something less personal.

This bit of unwritten literary history is contributed to *The Century* by Gratz Van Rensselaer, a kinsman of Rebecca, for one of the Gratz family married a Christian, Dr. Schuyler, a surgeon in the Revolutionary War and a friend of Gen. Washington.

### A Source of Influence.

In accounting for the success of the late Thurlow Weed as a politician, stress has been laid upon his knowledge of human nature, his tact in managing men and his fertility in devising expedients. But the *Christian Union* publishes an anecdote which shows that personal influence, due to generous treatment of enemies and forgiveness of injuries, had quite as much to do with his success as his shrewdness. It says:

Mr. Edwin Crosswell was the editor of the *Albany Argus* and the manager of the Democratic party; Mr. Weed was the editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* and the manager of the Whig party.

They were political foes; the party strife was hot; the papers were rivals and the conflict easily degenerated from a purely political strife to a bitter personal quarrel. The two men never spoke.

While the battle was at its hottest, the failure of the City Bank bankrupted Mr. Crosswell, and threatened seriously to embarrass him, if not absolutely to drive him from his position as the controlling spirit of the *Argus*.

Mr. Weed learned the facts, and started out on the evening of the day to Mr. Crosswell's house.

He walked back and forth in front of the house for nearly half an hour before he could make up his mind to execute his

impulse; then he rang the bell, went in, and when Mr. Crosswell came down to meet him, walked up to him, extending both his hands, and saying:

"Mr. Crosswell, I hear that you are in trouble. Let us bury the past. I have come to you as a friend, to offer you anything I have, or anything I can do. Trust in me; lean on me."

And he went out, and in a short time raised from among his own and Mr. Crosswell's friends the sum of twenty thousand dollars, enough to put him on his feet again. Such acts of Christian chivalry in political strife are rare; too rare to be left unknown and unhonored.

### The Praise of Good Doctors.

A SONG BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

The best of all the pill-box crew,  
Since ever time began,  
Are the doctors who have made most to do  
With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again  
And praise them as I can;  
There's Dr. Diet,  
And Dr. Quiet,  
And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue,  
'I know you well,' says he:  
"Your stomach is poor and your liver is sprung.  
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist  
And he gravely shakes his head.  
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist  
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me  
Of all the pill-box crew!  
For he smiles and says, as he fobs his fee;  
"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,  
And at ten I go to bed,  
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat;  
For thus have the doctors said!

And so I count them up again,  
And praise them as I can;  
There's Dr. Diet,  
And Dr. Quiet,  
And Dr. Merryman!

**The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1883.

**Hospital Notes.**

The bright sunshine gladdened us, as, on the last day of April, we wended our way to the City Hospital. The rake and the spade were putting the hospital lawns in order, and the sound of saw and hammer reported progress in the building of a new pavilion, northeast of the Hall Pavilion. The trees were still brown and leafless, and spring seemed vainly striving to assert her sway. Two tents had been erected, but they were tenantless, as the wintry breezes made them too cold for the invalids.

The Hall Pavilion was occupied by a man whose hand and wrist had been crushed while coupling cars; he had been thrown down and had a cut of about six inches long on his right leg, and had sustained other injuries. Amputation of the arm had been necessary, and he had suffered from erysipelas, but was then gaining.

Our first visit inside the Hospital was to the Diet Kitchen, where one of the nurses was making delicacies for the sick. She had mutton broth, chicken broth, beef tea, farina gruel, boiled rice, codfish and milk, corn starch, and a drink made from Irish moss. Everything looked well cooked, and neatness pervaded her department, and also the neighboring kitchens, and indeed every part of the Hospital.

In one of the kitchens we saw some nice custard and apple pies that had just been taken from the oven, and a meat pie that was ready to be baked; beef soup, roast veal, sweetbread, kale, potatoes, lettuce, and tapioca pudding, were being prepared for the on coming dinner, and thirty loaves of bread had been baked.

Nineteen patients were under treatment in the male Surgical Ward.—one man afflicted with an abscess had died during the month. Six men were confined to their cots. One of them, a man of seventy-six years of age, had just been brought in. He was walking on the trestle work of the elevated railroad track, and was struck by a caboose, had a wound on his head, and was elsewhere injured, but was apparently quite comfortable. An Italian had been accidentally shot a week before in the knee, he had an apparatus from which cold water was constantly dropping upon the wound, and the inflammation had subsided, and he was doing well. In a cot near by was a man who ten years before had been injured, had long been confined to his bed, and had gradually lost the use of his limbs. One patient had an eruption that had come upon him when recovering, from malarial fever. A Russian whose arm had been caught by a cog-wheel had partially recovered. Another Russian with a tumor had left. A German, who had cut his finger nearly off with a spade, was improving and would not lose his finger. Mr. L. who has long been in the Hospital, whose left leg was amputated some months since, had suffered a partial paralysis of the right arm, caused by using his crutches too much. He is a fine penman and this new affliction is a great trial to him, as it deprives him for a time of the use of his hand.

In the Male Medical Ward one man had died of pneumonia on the third day after his arrival at the hospital. He was quite aged and his condition was hopeless when he was brought to the institution. One patient who had had pneumonia was convalescing. A man with diseased heart, who had had several hemorrhages, was very sick and at times obliged to sit up at night in a chair. Three patients had diseased lungs, one man had suffered much from salt-rheum and been made blind by it, another had paralysis.

We were quite pleased in this Ward with the neatness, order, and systematic arrangement of the medicine closet which is kept locked, and only opened when medicines are to be given. The anodynes, liquors, medicines to be given before meals, those to be given afterwards, &c., were each placed in separate rows. In a drawer beneath were mustard leaves, wafers, and glass tubes connected with flexible rubber tubes, through which liquids could be taken much more conveniently than through straight tubes, when a person was in a recumbent position. There were eighteen patients in this ward.

There were eighteen receiving treatment in the Upper Female Ward. No death had occurred during the month, and no patient was very low. There were paralytics and consumptives in this ward, one person had chronic ulcer, another diseased spine.

In the Lying-in-Ward were five women and two babies.

In the Lower Female Ward there were fifteen inmates, no death had occurred. About half the patients were in the ward dining-room, the others were eating their dinners from trays sent them in the ward. One girl had a bad face caused by injury received when teeth were extracted. Ann who had injured herself by a fall was improving. One woman had recovered from an overdose of laudanum, another had an ugly wound on her temple, caused by a cut from a china vessel that had been thrown at her. Miss C. who had twice broken her thigh bone was improving, the weights were removed, but she was still in bed. One very aged woman was confined to her cot with rheumatism. There are just now a great many nations represented in the Hospital. We have Russians, Italians, Swiss, Scotch, Germans, Irish, English and Americans.

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Please send us some old cotton.

### The Young Folks.

The little girl with sore eyes who has so long occupied the Children's Cot is still in the Hospital, and her Scotch friend with curved ancles is her constant companion. The girl who was so badly burnt is still confined to her bed. She is expecting to be removed to a tent on the lawn, south of the Hospital, as soon as the weather is warm enough to allow this. The skin is forming over some portions of the burnt surface, but it will be long before she is well. It is for such children as these that we ask you to endow our Cot, and we hope this year you will complete the endowment fund.

How much we need a Child's Hospital!

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### A Parlor Organ.

Soon after the Hospital was opened, the ladies of the Third Ward donated a parlor organ, which has done good service in the Hospital chapel. Music forms quite an attractive feature in the Sabbath worship in the Hospital, and our old organ is so worn out that it is not fit for use and cannot be repaired. Who will donate us another?

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### Our Wants.

We need more infants' clothing, and old cotton is always acceptable. New or second hand night dresses are often called for. Some of the poor sick people who come to us have no change of clothing and must be supplied from the Hospital Wardrobe.

The young ladies of the Flower Mission visit us every Saturday, and we need some receptacles for their flowers. Glasses that hold about a gill of water, that are heavy enough not to be easily upset, are the best for Hospital use. We believe glasses that are made for ale, as large at the top as the bottom, are the kind most adapted to our needs.

Fresh vegetables, fruits of every kind, canned or fresh, can always find consumers at the Hospital.

### Extensive Art Gallery.

Next to the Bible, no book is more useful than Webster's Dictionary. The Unabridged is an *extensive art-gallery* containing over three thousand engravings, representing almost every animal, insect, reptile, implement, plants, etc., which we know anything about. It is a vast library, giving information on almost every mentionable subject. It indeed has been well remarked that it is the most remarkable *compendium of human knowledge* in our language. The value of its ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS, the pictures in Webster under the 12 words, *Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Mouldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships*, (pages 1164 and 1219) *Steam Engines, Timbers*, define 343 words and terms far better than can be defined in words.

### St. Nicholas for May.

"*Mike and I*" is the title to a very suggestive and interesting article contributed this month to St. NICHOLAS, by one of Rochester's daughters, *Rose Lattimore Alling*. Mike is a microscope, and Mrs. Alling indicates how it can be made a very entertaining and instructive companion for leisure hours.

Frank Beard, in "*Chalk Talk*," gives some illustrations and hints that if acted upon will afford good indoor amusement for the young folks, and stimulate their inventive and artistic talents.

### Dorcas Work.

Some of our young friends busied themselves during Lent in making sheets and infant's clothing for the Hospital. Miss Macy's sewing class was composed of Misses Cozzens, Roby, McVean, Bush and Macy, and the Lenten Sewing Society of

Misses Reynolds, Hawks, Hart, Hoyt, Watson, Mrs. E. E. Brewster and Mrs. S. F. Jenkins, Jr. They all worked for the Hospital.

As we go to press we hear of the death of Mrs. W. Barron Williams, too late for extended notice in this paper.

### Monthly Report.

1883. April 1, No. Patients in Hospital, .....	90
Received during month, ..	43
Births, .....	2—135
Deaths, .....	5
Discharged, .....	42
Remaining April 1st, 1883, 88—135	

### Donations

C. J. Robinson—One tub apple butter.  
 Miss Dunlap—Household and kitchen utensils.  
 Mr. R. K. Lawrence—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.  
 Mr. Alex. Thompson—Several pounds tobacco.  
 Mr. James Backus—Forty clay pipes.  
 Mrs. Danforth—Quantity bottles.  
 Mrs. Huntington—Gentleman's dressing gown, baby's clothing, &c.  
 Mrs. C. M. Lee—London Graphics and Illustrated News.  
 Master J. H. Brewster—Youth's Companion.  
 Master J. M. Fiske—Harper's Young People.  
 Mrs. Dr. Little, Mrs. S. H. Perkins, Miss Mumford, Mrs. Clarence De Puy—Second hand clothing.  
 Mrs. E. N. Buell—Old cotton.

### Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 11th, James Bred, of Otisco, aged 37.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 11th, of pleuro pneumonia, Mrs. Angelina Wales.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 11th, from fractured skull, John Wesley Ashbaugh, aged 29.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 21st, of pleuro pneumonia, James S. Graham.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 28th, from exhaustion, infant son of Mrs. Glosser.

# Contributions to Children's Oot Fund.

Mothers' meeting of St. Luke's Church—	
By Mrs. N. T. Rochester .....	\$ 11 00
Mrs. H. I. Lawrence, New York city .....	5 00
From the "children on Katie's birthday,"	
May 3d.....	5 00
Receipts for the month .....	21 00
Previously acknowledged.....	2,533 27
Total receipts .....	\$2,554 27

# Receipts for the Review.

APRIL, 1883.

Mrs. Julia A. Stevens—By Mrs. William Ptkin.....	62
Mrs. Chas. McLouth, Palmyra—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	50
Mrs. S. M. Bentley, 50 cents; Ernest Spencer, Loughboro, Ontario, 50 cents; Mrs. B. W. Williams, \$1.25—By Mrs. M. E. Gilman.....	2 25
Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cents; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 62 cents; Mrs. D. C. Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Harris, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Keyes, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Leighton, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Medbery, \$1; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 62 cents; Miss Martha Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Powers, 62 cents; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Wilder, 62 cents; Mrs. S. L. Brewster 62 cents—By collector.....	10 30
Mrs. W. Y. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Hough, Washington, D. C., \$2; Mr. G. T. Palmer, East Avon, 4 subs., \$4.50; Miss M. Smith, West Avon, \$1; Mrs. Sidney VanAuken, Oswego, 50 cents —By Treasurer.....	8 62

# Pussy Willow.

Oh, you pussy willow! Pretty little thing,  
Coming with the sunshine of the early spring!  
Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know,  
Where it is you come from, how it is you grow?  
Now, my little girlie, if you'll look at me.  
And my little sisters, I am sure you'll see  
Tiny, tiny houses, out of which we peep  
When we first are waking from our winter's sleep,  
This is where we come from. How is it we grow.  
I will try, my girlie, now to let you know:  
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads  
And we lightly move us in our little beds—  
Find the world so lovely, as we look about,  
That we each day move a little further out;  
And when warmer breezes of the spring-time  
blow,  
Then we little pussies all to catkins grow.

—Ella Gardner in St. Nicholas.

# A Liberal Thanksgiving Dinner.

Dickens has painted no more pathetic picture than that in which he depicted little Oliver Twist timidly going to the workhouse master and with bowl in hand pleading, "Please, sir, I want more." All sympathize with the pangs of hunger, but the picture of plenty does not call forth as lively feelings. Yet it is pleasant to look upon such a picture as the following, and realize that the inmates of all public institutions are not as niggardly fed as were those in the English work-houses of Dickens' day. The author of "Round the World Letters," in a newspaper article, describes a well-selected larder:

One of the pets of Ohio, and the pride of Dayton, is the Soldier's Home, little more than three miles from the city. At the close of the late war the government found itself in receipt of a very large sum of money from uncalled-for bounties and back pay.

It was resolved that that money should be used for the class of men who in reality owned it, and that by it homes for disabled soldiers should be built and carried on.

Of the three thus established, this at Dayton is much the largest. It is no tiny settlement, no simple company of half-fed soldiers in dull camp life.

It is nearly dinner-time; let us slip in where the busy cooks are at work. What a sniff of roasting meat as some of the oven-doors are opened!

Only one thousand six hundred pounds of beef are being cooked for this one meal, with sixteen bushels of potatoes, and see the tubs of gravy and five hundred pounds of nice light bread, all sliced, and soup, savory and rich, only five hundred and fifty gallons for this one meal.

"And do you give the men puddings?" we ask.

"Oh, yes; and once a week a good piece of real home pie."

"What did they eat for breakfast?" our housekeeping curiosity suggests.

Smilingly the steward replied, "Only one hundred and twenty pounds of coffee and about eleven hundred pounds of mackerel, and six hundred pounds of biscuit and sixteen bushels of potatoes, and two hundred pounds of butter.

"On Easter morning they ate twelve thousand eggs, with sixteen hundred

pounds of ham, and fifteen barrels of flour are used every day. Of course, madam, you understand this kitchen is only for the comparatively well soldiers, the convalescents and sick men are fed from the diet-kitchen."

"And what about Thanksgiving Day? Can you give the soldiers a taste of turkey?"

"Yes, indeed; last year we roasted for the boys here two thousand pounds of turkey and had for the first course six hundred and fifty gallons of good oyster soup and a taste of venison all round, and then a nice dessert.

"We give the boys strawberries and other things in season, a good taste, twice, at least."

But it was time to dish up the dinner for the table full. Eleven hundred sit down at a time, and the room is filled three times for each meal.

Said our guide, as we left the kitchen, "There are three hundred and sixty in the hospital and a score or two in the insane ward, the whole number on the grounds being nearly four thousand."

### A Brave Act.

The Iowa Legislature has lately given a gold medal and \$200 to Kate Shelley, a girl fifteen years old who lives near Des Moines. Close by her home a railroad bridge crosses a deep gorge, and one night it was caried away in a furious storm. Kate remembered that an express train was soon due, and she started to the nearest station a mile distant. On her way she had to cross another railroad bridge, and the wind was so violent she could not stand. Her lantern was blown out, so she was obliged to crawl on her hands and knees across the timbers, but reached the station just in season to give the warning, though she fainted immediately.

A new use has been discovered for potatoes. They can be converted into a substance resembling celluloid by peeling them, and after soaking in water impregnated with eight parts sulphuric acid, drying and pressing between sheets of blotting paper. In France pipes are made of this substance, scarcely distinguishable from meerschaum. By subjecting the mass to great pressure, billiard balls can be made of it, rivalling ivory in hardness.

"Prayer is the pitcher that fetcheth water from the brook wherewith to water the herbs; break the pitcher, and it will fetch no water, and for want of water the garden will wither."—*John Bunyan*.

The realization of God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation. It is that which sustains us, consoles us, and calms us.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " DR. MATHEWS.

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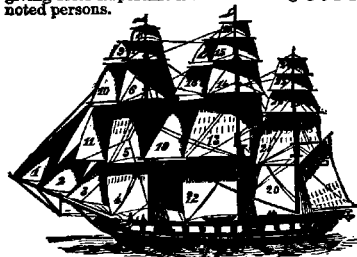
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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1883.

No. 11

## Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most ap-

proved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of a Board of Directors and a Board of Lady Managers.

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**A Legend of St. Thomas.**

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

It is an Eastern story,  
 That to a distant land  
 A sovereign thought to travel,  
 And thus he left command:

He called to him his steward  
 Upon that journey's eve,  
 And said, "Behold the treasure  
 That in thy hand I leave,

"Take and build a wondrous palace,  
 To spread abroad my fame,  
 That in islet, bay, and the ocean,  
 Men may tremble at my name.

"Let me find thee in thy duty,  
 When I come to seek my own.  
 And serve me as thou servest  
 Thy God, the Virgin's Son."

So the King said, and departed ;  
 But when he came again  
 There rose no stately palace  
 Upon the palmy plain.

Yet the treasury was empty ;  
 Gone was the glittering store,  
 For lo! the gold and silver  
 Had been given to the poor.

Into a darksome dungeon  
 The steward then was cast,  
 And his day of pride and power  
 Seemed vanished with the past.

But in a glorious vision,  
 His Lord stood by his side,  
 And showed again the piercings  
 By which on earth He died.

"Be not faithless, but believing,"  
 Again he seemed to say,  
 "And till the end of all things  
 I will be with you always."

The King, too, had a vision  
 And again he clasped the hand  
 Of a brother who had left him  
 To join the spirit band.

Said the spirit, "up in Heaven,  
 There are wonders to behold;  
 A palace there awaits thee  
 That was builded with thy gold.

Yea, 'tis all laid up in Heaven,  
 Thy great and glittering store  
 Was lent unto thy Maker,  
 For 'twas given to the poor."

—[*Christian at Work.*]

**At the Prison Gate.**

"Passing the State's prison in Wethersfield on foot, one spring morning, thirty years ago," said an old gentleman recently, one of the prison commissioners of the State of Connecticut, "I saw the gate open, a man come out, and the gate close again. The man looked pale and worn and sad. He stood by the gate in the broad May sunshine in a perplexed, undecided way, and I noticed that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked up and down the street, up at the sky, and then stood with bowed head.

"Where now, my friend?" I asked, cheerfully.

"I don't know, good sir," replied the man, sadly. "I was just thinking that I would throw my hat straight up into the air, and go the way the wind blew it. I would rather go back into the prison, but they won't have me, now that I have worked out my sentence. They won't have me there, and I don't suppose they will have me anywhere," he went on, in a broken voice, "but I have got to be somewhere. I don't know what will become of me: foresight isn't as good as hindsight, sir."

"I am walking to Hartford; take passage with me," I said.

"You won't care to be seen in such company, he replied, looking at me in

ply. 'Perhaps you don't understand that I have just worked out a sentence at the State's prison here.'

'Understand,' I said. 'We are all going to come along and we will talk it over and decide as we go what to do for you.'

'It is a lovely warm day. We walked out and talked a good deal, or rather my companion talked, and I encouraged him so. He answered my questions, clutching hungrily at my ready ear. He was very free to talk of his sins, and said at last, as I smiled at his important disclosure:

'I have never one of my failings, I tell anything, I tell all. That is why I came to get into prison. Had I been honest, I should have gone free; but my conscience, my heart, full of pent-up sin, have been a mass of corruption.

'And that he had made shoes in which I had never had a trade before,' I think if I had I would not have fallen into error. Had I had a legitimate way of getting a living, I would not have been tempted as I was. I have a right to begin on now, however. I ought to get that away with me, as well as my memory and lasting disgrace.' 'I don't know the fact of your being in prison, but the crime that carried you there lies the sin,' I said.

'Those who are not found out in disgrace,' he replied bitterly, 'sigh, and, I hastened to say: I know a man here in the city who can help you. He is a large shoemaker, and I am sure he will make you as a favor to me, even if you do not really need a man.'

'More I thought about it, the more I felt that my friend would take me to his manufactory.

'I was in your place, I said, as we walked through the city, 'I would not lisp a word about having been in prison.'

'The poor fellow stopped short and looked at me. The hopeful look dropped from his face, his eyes filled with tears, and he said, in a broken voice:

'I have been very kind, but I had to tell you good-by, sir. I cannot live with you. I promised my God last night, that was so dark at first, but now it is light, that last, when Jesus came to me, that I would be true whatever became of me, and I will keep my word.'

'Forgive me for tempting you at the outset,' I said. 'Come on.'

'I saw my friend, and told him the whole story. He had a little talk with my man, and made a bargain with him. That night, just at the hour for the shop to close, we three went into the work-room.

'Here is a poor fellow who was discharged this morning from the Connecticut State's prison,' said the proprietor. 'I am going to give him a start in life by taking him into the shop; he will begin work to-morrow.'

'There were indignant glances among the men, and one spoke up hastily:

'I shall leave if he stays. I will not work with a jail-bird.'

'Very well,' said the employer, 'any one who wishes to leave can bring in a bill of his time in the morning.'

'Only one man, the man who had constituted himself spokesman, left.

'Ten years later that discharged convict was the owner of that manufactory, and the man who would not work with a 'jail-bird,' was one of the journeymen. As I said to begin with, that was thirty years ago. The man whom I met at the prison door is now a senator in the legislature of one of our New England States. He said to me the other day:

'I tremble when I think what the result might have been had an evil instead of a good friend met me outside of the prison door.'—*Annie A. Preston, in Advocate and Guardian.*

### A True Servant who Became a Brave Master.

BY THE REV. WM. SCOTT.

In Holland, where the Rhine flows into the sea, there lived in 1666, an admiral who understood the sea as well as a general does the land. His name was Michael Hadrian Ruyter—a name honored by every true Hollander. He was born at Vliessingen, in 1607. His parents were poor people and wished to train their son to a trade; but he longed to venture upon the sea and to become a sailor.

Accordingly, he sailed on a ship which traded with Morocco. The merchant, who followed the good old maxim "Your own eyes are better than another's glasses," himself sailed with the ship, and soon

found that the sailor, Ruyter, was very useful, and, what was more important, a true man. He, therefore, trusted him in many ways in which it is not usual to trust a ship boy.

Once, when the annual fair at Morocco was near, the merchant became so sick that he could not make the voyage to Africa. He resolved: "I will trust to no one but Ruyter the ship's cargo, which I will send to the market of Morocco."

Then he summoned him to his presence, and said: "Michael, you see how I am situated. I cannot go to Morocco. My book-keeper is an old man. What, think you, should I do?"

"Send another trusty man, Mynheer," said Ruyter.

"Right!" cried the merchant. "But whom shall I send?"

"That you must know better than I, Mynheer," was Ruyter's reply.

"It is an important business," said the merchant.

"I know it is," said Ruyter.

"Hear!" continued the merchant. "You must undertake the business. You shall be my supercargo." (Thus he is called who has charge of merchandise sent by the sea.)

So it was arranged. Ruyter received clothing and pay suited to his rank. The sailors looked surprised when their young comrade came on board as supercargo; but they thought: "The merchant is no fool, and he has chosen the right man." This was soon very evident. The ship sailed away, landed at Morocco, and Ruyter arranged in the market-place his goods, which consisted of fine woolen cloths.

There ruled in Morocco at that time a Bey, or prince, with despotic power. The property and lives of all the subjects were at his disposal and also of all who came into the country for the purpose of trade. There was neither right nor justice. No man's head rested very firmly between his shoulders.

One beautiful morning the Bey himself, with a long retinue of courtiers, came and stood before Ruyter's booth. He examined the cloth, and a piece of superior quality pleased him greatly.

"What is the cost?" asked he.

Ruyter named the price his master had fixed.

The Bey offered half of it.

"I am not a cheat," said Ruyter, asks half more than the thing is that he can, at last, take half of what was asked for it. The price is fixed. But it is not my own property. I am on my master's servant."

All this was lawful; but in Morocco there was no law. Everybody was alarmed except Ruyter, as they saw the angry face of the Bey.

"Do you not know," says the Bey, "I am the master of your life?"

"I know that well, Herr Bey," said Ruyter; "but I know also that I have asked over much, and that I have a great interest in my master, to care for his interest, and not to think of myself."

I will do until death, and you shall have the cloth not a penny cheaper. Do you are willing to answer for before?"

The merchants when they heard these words were full of fear. "Good-bye, Ruyter," thought they; "You will never see another sunrise."

They were mistaken. The Bey looked upon the handsome young man with greedy eyes. All waited for the brief command, "Off with his head!" but he said, "I will give you until to-morrow for a decision. If you do not in that time of your mind, make your will."

Then he went away. Ruyter put up the cloth in its place and began to wait upon his customers.

Now arose an uproar among the merchants. "For heaven's sake give him the cloth," cried they. "If he cuts off his head—and he will do it as sure as a live—then your life and all your money, goods, and the ship besides, are lost. And what shall become of us? Give him but a trifle—and save the rest of yourself."

"I am in God's hand," said Ruyter. "He who is not true in small things shall he be true in great things? My master loses through me a penny I am a faithful servant. I shall not yield my hair."

On the following morning Ruyter was in his booth. The Bey approached, looks grimly at Ruyter. Behind him walked one who was clothed in garments red as blood and had a broadsword in his hand. The people of Morocco kneed and shunned him as fire. He was a public executioner. The Bey paused before Ruyter's booth, and, looking at



cries out, "Have you as yet come to a conclusion?"

"No," said Ruyter. "I shall give the matter a penny less than I asked yesterday."

"If you wish my life, take it; but die with a clear conscience, and as a servant of my master."

The people held their breath, for the man in the red garment examined the hilt of his sword and smiled like a demon in his bloody work.

On the face of the Bey changes and only becomes clear and bright. "By the sword of the prophet," cries he, (and this is the highest oath of a Turk) thou noble soul. A truer servant I have never met, and would to God I had such another."

Then he turned to his attendant and said: "Take this Christian for a slave."

To Ruyter he said: "Give me a sword, Christian thou shalt be my slave."

He threw a purse of gold on the table and said: "It is thou who believe, as much as thou hast. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor as a memorial of thy fidelity."

Ruyter returned to Holland with large wealth; but he said nothing of this occurrence to his master, who learned it first from others.

This was the beginning of Ruyter's fortune. He soon became the captain of his master's ship, and, after his master's death, he entered the naval service of Holland. He rose rapidly and attained the highest rank, that of Admiral, and won many victories over the fleets of his country.

From one may learn that out of the world there is a path to the highest place, by knowledge, fidelity, honesty, and the fear of God. The way is closed to the wicked. It stands evermore wide open to the good! Whoever will, whoever has a heart in his breast. From on high reaches an unseen hand to help.

### Dore's Struggles.

The celebrated French artist Gustave Dore had a hard struggle to gain reputation and wealth—bread. A writer in an English magazine describes how Dore "awoke one morning and found himself famous:"

"One night after the *soiree* we strolled along the boulevards and walked crowded as you can only on these straight, wide boulevards, and he told the history of his life.

He had been obliged to borrow money to be able to get his illustrated "Dante" in print, and when he had spent fifteen thousand francs, for which he had engaged himself for thirty thousand, he had to borrow again at one hundred and fifty per cent. to finish the edition.

At last, when he took the work to Halchette's that great publisher told him, "My dear sir, for twenty-four years have I been a publisher, and I have never made a mistake—this is a failure, thrown-away money I would not take it at ten francs apiece."

Dore said,—

"After so much sacrifice and patient suffering, convinced that I must succeed, to hear an experienced man like Halchette say this was frightful, anyhow, being set-up and engraved, I got ten copies bound and asked Halchette on my own account to exhibit them at his depot.

"Barely two days had passed when I received the following note: *Victoire, arrivez—je suis un âne!*' ('Victory, come quickly—I am a donkey!')

"The work had an immediate and great success. we had one hundred copies quickly bound, and from that moment the success of this and all my other illustrated works was guaranteed."

### Kisses on Interest.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn expression upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two.

"Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the

rough old world. And then the midnight kisses, with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet, if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

### Lace and Its Varieties.

Lace is, undoubtedly, the most beautiful fabric which a woman wears; it is at once the most delicate and artistic. The knowledge of good lace, or what is known in common parlance as "real lace"—in other words, to be able to detect lace made by hand from that which is produced by machinery, is an intuitive gift among the fair sex. Lace derives its name from the Latin word *lacinia*, signifying the hem or fringe of a garment.

The productions of the needle and pillow have been valued and patronized from time immemorial, not only by all those whose means permitted such costly acquisitions, but by the highest institutions of civilized lands—the Church and State. Embroidery, doubtless, preceded lace-making; throughout the Old Testament, we have frequent mention of embroidered curtains of fine twined linen, wrought with needlework, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubim of cunning work, of "rich tapestry," of "raiment of needlework," all showing that the Jews held the art in high estimation. The Greeks and Egyptians, and even nations far removed

from civilization, were cunning in handicraft. As a source of wealth has largely influenced state policy, even with silk. The value of the finest lace when wrought in points is enormously exceeding that of precious stones; other art it is said, is capable of bringing about such an extraordinary increase in value from a material worth as little as in the unwrought state. The early records of this art are lost in the mists of antiquity, but there is no doubt that man was its originator.

Lace is divided into point and guipure, and consists of two parts—the "ground" and the "flower" pattern, or "guipure." There are various "grounds," and various places which are not worked upon the ground at all. Such are the points of Venice, Spain, and most of the guipures; and these the flowers are connected by interlacing threads, overcast, and sometimes edged over with pearl loops. The Venetian lace, which has been famous for ever, came into fashion about 1625. Its stitch lost since the eighteenth century, says one writer, has recently been rediscovered by Madame Basset, to whom were accorded letters patent exclusive control of her discovery for five years. The number and variety of laces produced by the Venetians in their early days are endless. Facility of design, and lowered the facility of production; for regular lines and geometric patterns were relaxed into elegant flowing designs, and the tradition relating the origin of that patternless, informal guipure, *à la Venise*, *par excellence*, is called *point de Venise*, so romantic that we linger to quote it.

A sailor-youth, bound for the South Seas, brought home for his betrothed a bunch of that pretty coraline, known to the unlearned as mermaids' lace. The girl, a worker in points, struck by the graceful nature of the seaweed, with its small white knots united, as it were, "bridges," imitated it with her needle after several unsuccessful trials, producing that delicate guipure, which before had become the taste of all Europe. "Bridges" is the French term for those unworked threads which are called by our lacemakers "pearlties."

Genoa was also renowned for "point" which came into general use throughout Europe about the middle of the seveneenth century. They were all the work of

pillow, of home-spun threads brought from foreign countries.

It is disputed whether Spain learnt the art from Italian or from Moorish sources; but, be that as it may, Spanish point was much prized, and there was an immense consumption of it in its own country for ecclesiastical purposes.

That pillow-lace was first made in the Low Countries there is the evidence of contemporary paintings to confirm, as, in an altar-piece, painted by Quentin Matsys, 1495, a girl is represented making lace on a pillow, with a drawer similar to that now in use. France, Germany, and England have all learned the art of lace-making from Flanders. It forms an abundant source of national wealth to Belgium. The trade now flourishes as in the most palmy days of the Netherlands, for we learn that 150,000 women are engaged in the manufacture. It is painful to contemplate how injurious the work is to the eyesight; many of the women employed in it are almost blind before they attain to thirty years of age.

### **Pigeons' Love.**

A writer in the *Scottish Naturalist* tells a story of a pigeon which illustrates the truth of the saying that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and the high power of instinct prompted by parental love. Two pigeons had built their nest in the top story of the dove-cote, and had hatched their young, which came out of the egg about the middle of March, 1876. On the 16th day of March a very severe storm of snow and snow-drift set in at dusk. It must be noticed that the door of the dove-cote looked to the northwest, from whence the storm was coming, so that the snow blew right into the portal where the young pigeons were lying, only a few days old.

The storm was very severe—so much so that it was thought to be the hardest that had happened for many years, and the young brood would have no doubt perished but for the happy expedient that the father of the young pigeons adopted. He stood in the door-way with his tail spread out to the storm, and the wings in a fluttering position, evidently with the intention of stopping the draught, so as to shelter his naked offspring, and there he stood for hours with the snow thick upon his back and tail, breaking the intensity of the cold. But for this the young must have died.

### **A Woman's Question.**

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do you know that you have asked for the costliest thing

Ever made by the hand above—

A woman's heart and a woman's life

And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for the priceless thing

As a child might ask for a toy?

Demanding what others have died to win,

With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,

Man-like you have questioned me—

Now stand at the bar of a woman's soul

Until I shall question thee.

You require that your mutton shall always be hot,

Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;

I require your heart to be true as God's stars,

And as pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;

I require a far better thing;

A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts,

I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home;

A man that the maker, God,

Shall look upon as He did the first,

And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade

From my soft young cheek one day;

Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,

As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

O your heart an ocean so strong and deep

I may launch my all on its tide?

A loving woman finds a heaven or hell

In the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,

All things that a man should be;

If you give this all, I would stake my life

To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook

You can hire with little to pay;

But a woman's heart and a woman's life

Are not to be won that way.

Man-like is to fall into sin,

Friend-like is to dwell therein,

Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,

God-like is it all sin to leave.

—[*Fredrick von Logan*]

## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1883.

### **The Invalids.**

Surrounded by the soft verdure of the early summer, fanned by fragrant breezes from "orchards sweet with apple-bloom," and the opening buds of the lilac and horse-chestnut, we wended our way on the fourth of June from our lakeside cottage to the city. How we longed to trail after us these rural charms, to refresh the inmates of the City Hospital, eight of whom we found enjoying and appropriating the hospital lawn. A new pavilion, a little north-east of the Hall Pavilion, and very much resembling it, was approaching completion. This is erected by some of the Hospital physicians, and is designed for patients who require isolation. It has two apartments in addition to the closets, and is well ventilated and airy.

As we entered the north door of the Hospital we caught sight of the city ambulance, at the opposite entrance. It had just brought thither a man who had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. He had been found weltering in blood, in his bed-room in Front street, by his landlady. He was too far gone for medical skill to avail him when he reached the Hospital, and he survived but a short time. As we waited in the reception room his lifeless remains were borne to the morgue, and soon a coroner's inquest was held on his body. He had twice been an inmate of the City Hospital and been treated for diseased lungs.

Mrs. Gilman, the Hospital Recorder, told us that the death rate had been unusually large, as on the 31st of May one man died eight hours after he was brought to the Hospital, another aged man, found in a greatly exhausted state, had lived only twelve hours after his arrival. A moth-

er had given birth to a still born infant and the death of the suicide was the first within a few days.

We found no inmates in the Wards very low. All who were able were posed to enjoy out of doors the June shine, and those who could not leave Wards appreciated the cessation of May showers.

In the Male Surgical Ward we saw a young Italian who had accidentally shot in the knee; the ball had been found and removed, but the youth was still confined to his cot. Mr. L. was away from the Hospital much of the time in pleasant weather, but his arm was somewhat paralyzed from the pressure of his crutch and he could not yet use it freely in writing. A German who two weeks before had been brought in with a fractured leg was doing well, but his limb was in splints. An aged man with bronchitis was improving slowly and greatly enjoyed the reading which the library furnished him. He seemed fearful of exhausting the supply. A man 82 years of age, afflicted with chronic disease, bad chills and an acute attack, from which he was convalescing. A new patient, a diseased heart.

Most of the fifteen occupants of the Male Medical Ward were on the lawn; found only six in the Ward, one of whom was quite sick with pneumonia, and was convalescing from the same disease. Two patients had bronchial troubles.

In the Lying-in-Ward there was one inmate.

There were ten under treatment in the Upper Female Ward. One patient died in this ward the same day she was brought to the Hospital, one was suffering from diseased lungs, another from leucæmia. Most of the other inmates had chronic diseases.

Fourteen were occupying the Lower Female Wards. Miss C. who had

broken her thigh appeared to be suffering acutely, and we trusted that patience would be given her to bear her long continued trials. Another woman occupying a cot near by complained of past pain, and her face indicated she had been long in the furnace of affliction. Mary D. who has a curvature of the spine, looked brighter than we had seen her for a long while, and was moving about in her rolling chair. One patient had an internal tumor, another a carbuncle on the wrist. The young girl who was so badly burnt was slowly gaining, and said she suffered but little comparatively now when her wounds were dressed.

### Our Young Folks.

The little girl with sore eyes, who has so long occupied the Children's Cot has gone home cured, and the little Scotch girl with curved ankles is soon to leave, as her mother feels unwilling to have her undergo a surgical operation, the result of which would be somewhat doubtful.

Another little girl, Nellie Lytle, has been about two weeks in the Hospital. She is a sweet, patient child, five years old. She has a very pale face and is a great pet in the Ward. Two months ago she fell and cut her knee, then she had erysipelas; and now her whole limb from above the knee is inflamed and swollen and is poulticed. We hope little Nellie will soon be cured, for it is hard for a little child like her to be confined to her bed, but it is a great mercy, if she must suffer, that there are kind nurses to take care of her.

The little boy, Robert L., from the Orphan Asylum, who fell and broke his leg, is gaining, but as both bones were broken his case requires a good deal of care and he finds it hard work to keep still so long.

It gives us great pleasure to know that the children in our city who are well and have happy homes do not forget the sick Hospital children. Three of them. Isabel

Humphrey, and Jennie and Helen Osgood, brought in four dollars for the Cot Fund, which they had made by ten cent admissions to a tableaux party. This year we must complete our endowment fund, and we want every child who has ever helped us to remember us again, and those who have not yet contributed must be sure and do something for us this year.

### Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Friends in Geneseo, by Mr. Dickinson,	\$1 35
Previously acknowledged.....	2,554 27
Total receipts.....	\$2,555 62

### Contents of Mite Boxes.

No. 247.....	\$ 42
232.....	77
" 300.....	14
" 257.....	1 40
" 425.....	54
" 255.....	56
" 324.....	1 18
" 421.....	1 50
" 402.....	1 00
" 233.....	46
" 283.....	34
" 213.....	1 61
Number erased.....	2 45
" 393.....	36
" 347.....	36
" 373.....	4 36
" 368.....	04
" 244.....	49
" 360.....	03
" 363.....	24

### Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

Our new dictionary is a treasure-house of knowledge, and the nurses in our Training School say it is a great help to them in their studies. The Supervising Nurse says she is perfectly delighted with it, finds it most useful, and the appendix contains most valuable information. It should find a place in every family, as it stimulates everybody in the acquirement of knowledge.

**In Memoriam.**

MRS. W. BARRON WILLIAMS.

Again we are called upon to record the eath of another member of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital, one who from her girlhood has been associated with the sick and suffering, who delighted to relieve the afflicted, and whose wise counsels and helping hand have blessed almost every beneficent organization in our city.

Mrs. W. Barron Williams was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Matthew Brown, early settlers of Rochester. Her mother was one of the organizers of the Female Charitable Society, and she early inducted her daughter into the duties of a visitor of this Association, and as Visitor or Directress Mrs. Williams has ever since been connected with this charity. We well recall her presence at a recent meeting of its board of Managers, and the unabated zeal she manifest in the deliberations for the relief of the sick poor. During and after our late civil war Mrs. Williams took a deep interest in the sick and wounded soldiers, visited them in both the City and St. Mary's Hospitals, and was for a long period at the head of the Sanitary Commission of this county, going every day to the rooms of this Association, and laboring with her hands and her heart to advance its interests.

For fourteen years Mrs. Williams has been a member of the Board of Managers of the City Hospital, and how untiring were her labors at our Donation Festivals, even when her gray hairs might have exempted her from active service.

Mrs. Williams was also at one time President of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, and Manager and Vice-President of the Industrial School. She was also officially associated with the Home for the Friendless and a visitor to the Tenant

Her executive ability secured for her a position as Female Inspector for the Custom House at Charlotte.

She has ceased from her active earthly labors, but the memory of her loving deeds abides, and we trust her mantle will fall on some worthy successors, who will as judiciously labor for the needy in our city, as did our departed friend.

To her afflicted family we tender our hearty sympathy.

**New Books.**

We are especially grateful for the donation of choice books to our Hospital Library. Lively, entertaining reading is peculiarly acceptable to the invalids.

**Receipts for the Review.**

MAY, 1883.

Mrs. D. B. Duffield, Detroit, Mich—	
By Mrs. Dr. Strong.....	\$ 50
Mrs. Horace Bush—By Mrs. S. H. Terry	62
Mrs. R. U. Sherman, New Hartford, 50	
cents; Mrs. John Smith, 63 cents;	
Miss Bella M. Smith, 62 cents—	
By Mrs. M. E. Gilman.....	1 75
Mr. W. L. Hill, St. Louis, Missouri—	
By Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	3 00
E. H. Cook & Co.; D. Deavenport, E.S.	
Ettenheimer, Sherlock & Sloan, Union	
Clothing Co., each \$5.00 for adv—	
By Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	25 00
Jacob Anderson, 62 cents; J. T. Andrews,	
62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bennett,	
62 cents; Mrs. Curtis Clark, 62 cents;	
Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. J.	
Castleman, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm.	
Corning, 62 cents; Mrs. George G.	
Clarkson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Frick,	
62 cents; Mr. M. Filon, 62 cents;	
Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, 75 cents; Mrs.	
Ann Hoyt, 62 cents; Miss F. Hook-	
er, 62 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62	
cents; Mrs. Thomas Knowles, 62	
cents; Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, 62 cts;	
Mrs. D. McArthur, 50 cents; Mrs. J.	
H. Martindale, \$1.25; Mrs. Dr.	
Mandeville, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm.	
Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Parsons,	
62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Parsons, 62	
cents; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62 cents;	
Rev. Peter Ritter, 62 cents; Mrs.	
H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Mrs. H.	
T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G.	
Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall,	
62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Wallace, 62	
cents; Mrs. Dr. Wanzer, 62 cents—	
collector.....	19 24
Miss M. J. Daniell, 62 cents; Mrs. W.	



## Died.

Died at Rochester City Hospital, May 3d 1883, of acute cistitis, Francis Bortells, aged 77.

Died at Rochester City Hospital, May 7th 1883, of Apoplexy, Abram V. Denio, aged 60.

Died at Rochester City Hospital, May 8, 1883, of disease of the heart, William Girvin, aged 27.

Died at Rochester City Hospital, May 31st, of disease of lungs, Mrs. Hannah A. D. Alward, aged 59.

At Rochester, May 5th, 1883, Mrs. W. Barron Williams.

## Monthly Report.

1883. May 1, No. Patients in Hos-	
pital, .....	88
Received during month, ..	39
Births, .....	0—127
Deaths, .....	4
Discharged, .....	40
Remaining June 1st, 1883, 83—127	

## Donations

MAY, 1883.

Mrs. G. F. Danforth—Flowers.

Mrs. A. A. Whitbeck—One Pair Blankets for Child's Cot—new.

Mrs. Ellwanger—Second hand Clothing and Flowers.

Mrs. H. C. Riggs—Second hand Clothing and flowers.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Second hand Clothing.

Mrs. Goss—Second Hand Clothing.

Ladies of Geneseo, by Mrs. Dickinson—Second hand Under Clothing and old Cotton.

Mrs. Pixley—Old Cotton.

Mrs. J. Whitbeck—Old Cotton.

Mrs. S. B. Roby—Old Cotton.

Mrs. Arthur Robinson—Old Cotton and Second hand Clothing.

Mrs. J. O. Hall, Old Cotton and reading matter.

Mrs. Dr. Hovey, Old Linen.

Mrs. S. H. Terry—Second hand Clothing and Scientific Americans.

Chas. E. Fitch—150 Choice Books.

Mrs. L. D. Ely—4 Choice Books.

Rochester Book Club—6 Choice Books.

Scrantom & Wetmore—22 Choice Books.

Mrs. Wm. Alling—11 Choice Books.

Mrs. C. F. Smith—10 Choice Books.

Mrs. W. D. Ellwanger—7 Choice Books.

Mrs. M. H. Merriman, set Dolls' Furniture

## The Sparrow.

I am only a little sparrow—  
A bird of low degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—  
It is very plain, I know,  
With never a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show;

But it keeps me warm in the winter,  
And it shields me from the rain:  
Were it bordered with gold and purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
I neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet;  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;  
All over the world we are found;  
But our Heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;  
Though weak, we are never afraid;  
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth  
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
I light on many a spray;  
I have no chart or compass,  
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,  
Wherever I happen to be;  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm will come to me.

—[Happy Hours.]

Fruit and vegetables are already acceptable at the Hospital.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prbsept 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; Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, 125 East ave.



### Kindliness a Beautifier.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own home. The soul takes precedence of the body and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure, and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

It is impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result.

There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics, which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks, as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm.

But more powerful still than any of these, as a beautifier of the person, is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a fair temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose which grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a prevailing, prevailing kindness of the heart.—*Home Journal*.

Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck and yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a lookout which the helmsman on deck cannot get. So prayer sends the soul aloft lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism befog us, and gives us a chance to see which way to steer.—*[Spurgeon.]*

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

### THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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

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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.

**James F. O'Neil, 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,.... 13 00
Six Months,..... 8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

### CARPETINGS.

HOWE & ROGERS are offering a complete assortment of all the new and choice designs of the season, of Scotch and American axminsters, Wiltons, moquette, velvets, bords and tapestry Brussels, three ply, Ingrains, hennips, rugs, matings, mats, oil cloths, linoleum, etc. Carpet purchasers will find at their store much the largest and choicest stock to select from, and all at the lowest market prices, at 37 state street.

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### HARDWARE AND CUTLERY

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

### PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWERS,

Ice Cream, Freezers, Refrigerators, Water Coolers, Oil Stoves, &c.

27 EXCHANGE ST.

### An Old, Old Question.

A spirit that from earth had just departed  
Lingered a moment on its upward way,  
And, looking back, saw, as though broken  
hearted,

Its friends and kindred weeping o'er its clay.  
It seems they loved me dearly, Had I known it  
My life had been much happier," it said.

"Why only at our parting have they shown it—  
Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?"

—[Margaret Eyttinge, in *Harper's Magazine*.

S. ROSENBLATT.

GEO. J. OAKS

**S. ROSENBLATT & CO.**

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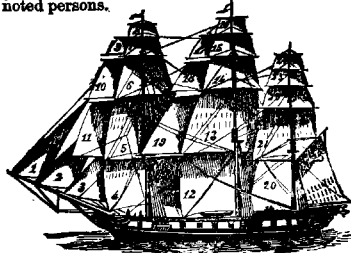
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On page 1164 see the above picture of **SHIP**  
and names of the **25 SAILS**,—showing the  
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It is the best practical English Dictionary  
extant.—*London Quarterly Review*.

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G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

[Established in 1834.]

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JOBBERS IN

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THE LARGEST IN THE STATE.

**BURKE, FITZSIMONS,**  
**HONE & CO.**

HAVE JUST OPENED THEIR SPRING  
STOCK OF

**BUTTONS,**

A MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT.

Also their stock of

**New Shades**

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Sewing, Knitting, Etching

And Embroidery Silks,

Linen Thread,

Spool Cotton,

Dress Braids, Floss,

English Needles and Pins,

Marking Cottons,

Flannel Bindings,

Linen Bobbins and Tapes,

WITH A FULL LINE OF

Fancy Soaps from the Best Makers,

ALL AT NEW PRICES.

**Main & St. Paul Sts.**

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—OF—

## Gloves and Lace Mitts.

I shall place on sale several odd lots of the above named goods from my

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ON MY  
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AT VERY  
ATTRACTIVE PRICES,  
To Close Them Out at Once.

The Goods are all of this Season's Purchase, the most Desirable Styles, and would be cheap at double the price we ask for them.

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79 and 81 EAST MAIN ST.

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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 a fractional parts of a dollar. Such dividends shall be payable on the twentieth days of June and December, and 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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(BROWN'S BACK.)  
Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

Grape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid SHAWLS, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also,

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

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

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



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Dealer in

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GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

Butter and Cheese a Specialty,  
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Worstds, &c., 64 State Street, and 2 and 4 Mar-  
ket Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
my '73

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Watches, Jewelry,  
**DIAMONDS,**  
CLOCKS  
AND  
BRONZES,  
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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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**Dyeing and Scouring Establishment,**  
Office 111 W. Main St., Rochester.  
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REFITTED and remodeled. We guarantee the same  
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Lace Curtains is one of our specialties. Orders left  
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SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

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Sole Agents for the Celebrated BOREL & COUR-  
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**Iron, Steel, &c.**  
80 STATE and 41, 43 and 47 MILL STREETS,  
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Interest dividends will be made semi-annually, on the first days of June and December, at such rates as the earnings of the previous six month will justify, but not exceeding four per cent. per annum, on all deposits of five dollars and upwards, to the full amount allowed by law, which shall have been deposited six months previous to the said first days of June, and December; and in the same proportion on all such sums as shall have been deposited three months previous to those first days. Deposits made on or before the tenth days of June and December, or the third days of March and September shall be entitled to interest from the first days of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.

E. H. COOK & CO..

## PLUMBING,

Steam Warming and Gas Fitting.

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TO 21, 23, 25 MILL ST.

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

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Jan. '67

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OIL DRAWING. PORCELAIN AND CHINA DECORATION.  
WAX FLOWERS. DECORATIVE ART.  
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Manufacturers of

## PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS,

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 W. Main St., Rochester, N.Y.  
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Makes a Specialty of

## BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS.

THE TALL BUILDING.

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Importers of

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Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Lamps, &c.

85 EAST MAIN STREET.

Don't forget our *BARGAIN COUNTER*.  
GEO. B. WATKINS, Manager.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Bulk Oysters,

Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Clams, Scallops,

PICKLED PIGS FEET, TONGUE, TRIPE,

76 FRONT ST., Rochester, N. Y.

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

VOL. XIX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 16, 1883.

No. 12

## Mrs. June's Prospectus.

Mrs. June is ready for school,  
Presents her kind regard,  
And for all her measurrs and rule  
Refers to the following

### CARD.

To parents and friends : Mrs. June.  
Of the firm of Summer and Sun,  
Announces the opening of her school,  
Established in the year one.

An unlimited number received ;  
There is nothing at all to pay ;  
All that is asked is a merry heart,  
And time enough to be gay.

The Junior class will bring,  
In lieu of all supplies,  
Eight little fingers and two little thumbs  
For the making of pretty sand-pies.

The Senior class, a mouth  
For strawberries and cream,  
A nose apiece for a rose apiece,  
And a tendency to dream.

The lectures are thus arranged :  
Professor Cherry Tree  
Will lecture to the Climbing class,  
Terms of instruction—free.

Professor De-Forest Spring  
Will take the class on Drink ;  
And the class in Titillation,  
Sage Mr. Bobolink.

Young Mr. Ox-Eye Daisy  
Will demonstrate each day  
On Botany, on native plants,  
And the properties of hay.

Miss Nature, the class in Fun  
(A charming class to teach) ;  
And the Swinging class and the Bird-Nest class  
Miss Hickory and Miss Beech.

And the Sleepy class at night,  
And the dinner class at noon,  
And the Fat and Laugh and Roses class.  
They fall to Mrs. June.

And she hopes her little friends  
Will be punctual as tae sun ;  
For the term, alas ! is very short,  
And she wants them every one.

## Full Possession.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"No, I don't see it at all. Of course I am a Christian, and mean to live like one; but this being so particular about little things, is downright fanaticism. 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' you know; there are some things that have nothing to do with religion, and in those I shall exercise the right of a human being, and do as I please."

"I don't seek to control you, dearest—I never did, even when you were a child except for your own good; but I wish I could make you see how untenable this position of yours is. You gave yourself to Christ when you became a Christian, did you not—not a part of yourself, but all?"

"Certainly. but language must be interpreted according to common sense; by myself I meant my soul, the spiritual nature which he died to save."

"But you meant to honor him in outward life, did you not?"

"Of course. Have you seen me do anything to dishonor him. Tell me honestly, mother; I would not willingly disgrace my profession."

"I believe not; and therefore would gladly lead you to see the significance of

the words: 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do *all* to the glory of God.'

"It can't mean just that. How can his glory be effected by our choice of beef or poultry, oatmeal or plum-cake?"

"Only as the one or the other is most conducive to the perfect health and purity of the body which you have given him. But how about those private indulgences, which you say you feel as though you ought to give up, and yet do not—those unpleasant tasks, which look like duties, but which you cannot make up your mind to undertake? How about the leisure time, now devoted solely to self-pleasing, the talents used only for self-gratification, the money spent as the whim of the moment may direct? I don't want to be harsh, daughter, but I wish you would think a little of what I have said."

About a month after this conversation, Marcia came in to have "a talk with mother." She despoiled the baby of his furs and wraps, deposited him in "mother's" arms, and then sat down for a chat.

"Well, dear, how does the housekeeping get along? Does the new house suit?"

"Yes! it's very nice. But, oh! mother, only think. We hired it from Mr. Black—hired the whole house of course—and he has crammed two rooms with his furniture, locked them and carried off the key. I have never seen the inside of those rooms at all."

"Are they important rooms—parlors or front bed-rooms?"

"Oh, no; my husband could not stand that, but would break the contract immediately. One is the garret, and the other is a sort of store-room, back of the kitchen. I don't know that we absolutely need the room, but still I never pass those closed doors without feeling that the house is not really ours. Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"Yes, dear, something very like it. Suppose for a moment that your landlord, whenever he came to those closed rooms, went all through the house, inspecting and finding fault with your arrangements,—suppose he insisted on placing furniture where he chose, appointing the meal hours, and directing the servants. And suppose, when you remonstrated, he should say: 'These are minor matters; they

don't come into the conditions of the lease; I have a right to my own way about them.' Would you feel much like the mistress of the house? Would you consider the man as fulfilling a contract?"

"No; but the supposition is absurd."

"Wait a moment. God asks for your heart as the temple, the dwelling-place, the house of his Holy Spirit, and you profess to have given it to him; but you keep some corner chambers, unimportant ones you think them, to which you never give him the right of entrance. They are full of the lumber of your own opinions, inclinations and plans, which, on the whole, you had rather he should not see. More than this, you endeavor to plan your daily life without reference to his wishes, and sometimes find fault with such of his arrangements as you cannot reverse. Is he really in possession? Are you fulfilling your part of the contract?"

"Oh, mother!" said Marcia, taking the baby, which had growed restless, and beginning to walk the floor with it. "I see a little what you mean; what can I do about it?"

"When that little blossom was born, and you had that long illness, was it any comfort to you to have me come and keep house?"

"Comfort! Indeed it was. I never gave a thought to anything in the house, but lay still and got well."

"Yes! I remember, you never gave an order; you never worried about anything; you gave me all the keys, and never once complained or found fault with any of my arrangements; you did exactly as I told you to, or you would never have got well."

"How could I help it? You loved me; you knew better than I did; and I *trusted* you."

"So trust God, dearest; open to him all the dark chambers; let him take thence all that in purpose or character is simply *your own*. Give him full control; seek his pleasure in the little details of life—there is no little or great in human affairs to him; obey his minutest directions; and never murmur when his will crosses yours."

"But how may one always know his will?"

"Those who live nearest to him, who love him most, and trust him most fully, are quickest to recognize his voice. As a practical rule, I would say: the moment



a thing seems wrong to you, stop doing it; the moment any action appears to be a duty, perform it, without pausing to consider your inclination or your ability. He will take care of the latter; and cultivate the habit of giving a cheerful assent to every arrangement he makes for your life, whether it pleases your *taste* nor not. 'So shall he whose right it is have full possession of his temple; so shall he who stands knocking without come in and sup with you; so shall Christ fulfill his promise, and he and his Father come to make their abode with you forever more.'"—*N. Y. Ob.*

### Developing a Boy's Brain.

A teacher had charge of a school in a country town early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study, and showed no interest in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his study, and detentions after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect.

One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to questions in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and espying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A lecture struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day.

"Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and calling some of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits.

They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings, and feet of the little crea-

ture, so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked and how it ate, and many things which were entirely new to the teacher, so that when he had finished she said: "Thank you! You have given us a real lesson in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but his mother thought he was wasting time.

The teacher wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted by this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him and a world of wonders opened to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined. Soon he understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.

### Bellevue School for Nurses.

The tenth annual report of this earliest training-school for nurses in this country is a record of deep interest. We have so often alluded to the work done here that it is needless to give any extended description. It will surprise no one that it has grown steadily in extent and favor.

The last graduating class consisted of twenty ladies, representing eight States, New Brunswick and Ireland. The whole number graduated in ten years has been one hundred and sixty-eight. Of these twenty-four are employed in hospital work, one hundred and eleven in private nursing, six are district nurses among the poor, and nearly all the rest are in one way or another making good use of the training so carefully given them. Three have gone to Rome, to do duty in the new hospital started by Rev. R. J. Nevin, for the comfort of American and English travelers,

It is impossible to estimate too highly the work of these nurses. Next in importance to that of the physician is the work of the nurse, and to the lack of skill and intelligence here many a precious life falls a sacrifice. The seven hundred applications for the services of these educated nurses in the last year prove the public appreciation of their value. And more like that of Christ a work cannot be, than that done by the missionary nurses, who all day long labor among the poorest homes, caring for all household needs as well as for the sick, in many cases struggling against hopeless destitution and hopeless ignorance.

The rules for the government of nurses are most wise and comprehensive. One cannot fail to note the careful charge "not to increase in any way the expense of the families" employing them, and to "hold sacred the knowledge which, to a certain extent, they must obtain of the private affairs of such households or individuals as they may attend."

### Sunshine and Sleep.

Sleepless people—and they are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength to their weak backs, and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate: they may be blooming and strong; and the sunlight will be potent influence in this transformation.

If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no trial, there could be no hope. Hope, faith, and love are weapons, and weapons imply

### Teach Me to Live.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—  
Gently and silently to pass away—  
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye  
And waken in the realms of glorious day

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live  
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life  
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give  
And make me more than conqueror  
in strife.

Teach me to live! Thy purpose to fulfill;  
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine  
Each day renew, remould this stubborn will  
Closer around Thee my heart's affections  
twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,  
But use the time remaining to me yet;  
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before  
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,  
But in thy service hand and heart employ  
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully;  
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! my early cross to bear,  
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its weight  
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near  
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest day

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee  
Looking from earth and earthly things  
Let me not falter, but untiringly  
Press on and gain new strength and  
each day.

Teach me to live! with kind words for all  
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom  
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call  
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home

### Caged Birds.

Never let a birdcage hang in a place  
where the gas is alight, unless it is  
tionally well-ventilated; the air near  
ceiling is always the most impure at  
Set the cage on the ground, and you  
find the bird's health improve. As  
gas has been alight some time, put  
own head near the ceiling; and see  
you would like to sleep in such an  
phere.

Consider how much more you oft  
fer from anger and grief, than from

### Fashionable Slang.

Here is a scene, which most readers will recognize, taken literally from American life. Two young girls meet on the street—one accompanied by a young gentleman of her own age.

"Why, Emily! I did not expect to meet you! How lovely!"

They kiss.

"Oh perfectly *splendid!* I just came home last night."

"How lovely! You had a splendid time?"

"Oh it was just *perfect!* We went as far as the mountains!"

"Mountains! Oh, *How* delightful!"

"Yes, *awfully* nice! I rode on the engine!"

"How lovely!"

"Yes, just *splendid.*" You are coming to Laura's this evening?"

"Oh yes. It *will* be lovely! You are coming?"

"Oh yes."

"How *perfect!*

"Oh yes, *lovely!* Good-by, dear."

"Good-by *dear.*" They kiss again, to the delectation of a policeman, two grinning shopmen and half a dozen boys.

Now it will be supposed that these were coarse girls, belonging to the less refined or vulgar class. Not at all. They were the educated daughters of men prominent for scholardship and intellect. They have been reared in homes where they were surrounded by all the influences of refinement and intelligence.

More than this Emily is a girl who, in her own home, is shrewd, sensible and womanly. Her companion, alone with mother and brothers, is noted for her good, plain sense and quiet manners.

Why should these girls, then, suddenly fall into lisp and giggle, and silly hyperbole which are unnatural to them? Simply because a young man was present, and because the instinct is strong in many girls to produce the impression of enthusiastic vivacity and sweetness upon every man they meet.

Now no young man, unless he is absolutely silly, is deceived by this gurgling affectation. Indeed, few men or women are deceived by any affectation whatever.

The use of exaggerated adjectives, repeated *ad nauseam*, without regard to sense, is peculiarly American. It is charitable to suppose that it is unconsciously ac-

quired, and that the victims to it are ignorant of the effect of the perpetual babbling reiteration of one or two unhappy words.

We would advise the young girls who read the *Companion* to write down their conversation for an hour, and to judge of it fairly. They may measurably hear themselves as others hear them, and the result, if not pleasant, will be wholesome. — *Youths' Companion.*

### "Christian Cripples."

Some are without *arms*, they have never helped any one over rugged places in life. Some are without *feet*, they have never gone an inch out of the way to serve others. Some are *voiceless*, they have never, even by a word, encouraged any one who was cast down. Some are *deaf*, they have never listened to the voice of suffering. Some are without *hearts*, they do not know what sympathy and generous feelings are. What an appearance a procession of such characters would make, if they could be seen as they are, on the street.

### Grumblers.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners, and to find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are true peacemakers, and worth regiments of growlers.

No cloud across the sun,  
But passes at the last, and gives us back  
The face of God once more.—*Kingsley.*

## *The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 16, 1883.

### Hospital Notes.

Sometimes, as we linger in the City Hospital, we long to bring our readers with us, that they, with their own eyes, may witness the blessed ministries wrought within it. We think that hearts and purses would be opened to meet and remove the embarrassments and emergencies that often perplex those who manage this Institution, whose hands are often crippled for lack of means.

Children are now occupying quite a prominent place in the Wards, and each month we feel impressed with the necessity of a Children's Ward or Hospital.

Our Training School for Nurses is also increasing our Work of Usefulness and calls for a corresponding means of support.

Our new Pavilion just erected by three of our Medical Staff, Dr. W. S. Ely, Dr. E. V. Stoddard, and Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, is completed, furnished, and ready to receive patients requiring isolation.

Carpenters are now busy utilizing the spare room in the cupola of the Hospital, converting it into sleeping apartments, which command extensive views of the city and its environs.

Private patients, who occupy rooms in the Mansard, have recently expressed their grateful appreciation of services rendered them, and it is most gratifying to witness the improvement of many of those who seek refuge in the City Hospital.

One of our House Physicians, Dr. Davis, has for several weeks been

suffering acutely from a felon, and has feared he might lose his thumb but he hopes now to save it.

### The Invalids.

On the last day of June we visit the City Hospital, and it was rather tantalizing to go there empty-handed when our pathway lay beside hillside gay with the scarlet wood lilies, and delicate wild morning glories. Our wishes did not stop the steam car that bore us onward, and for the nonce we would gladly have exchanged it for "one horse shay," such as we use to enjoy in New England, and from which we could have alighted and gathered woodland treasures for the invalids. They, however, were not forgotten, for fair young hands have been busy making bouquets from cultivated flowers, and members of the Flower Mission left fragrant gifts that were welcomed by the Ward inmates.

Within the Male Surgical Ward nineteen are receiving treatment. Pedro, the Italian who was accidentally shot near the knee, has had the ball, and a portion of his pantaloons that was carried with it, removed from his limb, and is now so far recovered that he goes about with a crutch and cane. Mr. S., from Syracuse, who three months since had his arm injured by the cars, so that amputation below the elbow was necessary, and who since has had erysipelas, is so well that he soon leaves the Hospital. The Surgeon came to examine his wound and we were pleased to see how tenderly and handily the nurse washed and prepared it for examination, she then dressed with adhesive plasters, which she cut off the appropriate size, heated over

spirit lamp, and then placed around the wound. A colored man, a paralytic was improving. A youth was suffering with a swollen limb. A German who broke his leg below the knee, sits up most of the day. An aged man who had been some time in the Hospital had for some days been feverish. An aged and feeble man had been brought in to the Hospital while suffering from a fit. No patient was very low. The last death was that of a man who attempted suicide by cutting his throat, and only lived a short time after reaching the Hospital.

There were seventeen patients in the Male Medical Ward; four of them were suffering from diseased lungs. A pneumonia patient who had been very sick was convalescing. An Italian had had a bad attack of rheumatism, but would probably be well enough to leave in a few days. A youth had suffered a great deal from inflammatory rheumatism. A man with chronic bronchitis, for three weeks had been kept on a milk diet, but he had improved and appeared to be recovering. Our Scotch friend, Mr. K., who has long been in the Hospital had gone home to his daughter. There has been a great deal of rheumatism in this Ward of late.

No death had occurred in the Female Upper Ward and but three of the thirteen patients were confined to their cots. An aged woman of eighty-four years was quite helpless, not able to walk.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found only one baby and one mother.

Fifteen patients are being treated in the Lower Female Ward. No death has occurred during the month. Most

of the patients were doing well. Miss C., who has so long suffered from a broken thigh was still on her back, and needs more than most of the sufferers the grain of patience, to bear her long continued trials. A few days after this, death released her from her sufferings.

A kind friend had taken six of the inmates of the Ward out to ride and they had enjoyed this greatly. Our sympathies were drawn out towards a woman from Pittsford, whose motherly heart was burdened because she had been obliged to leave three children, one a nursing infant, to come to the Hospital, where an operation had been performed. Kind friends were caring for the little ones, but the mother could not forget them. She expressed great gratitude for the kindness she had received. She said: "We country people have never known what a lovely Institution this is. I have been so kindly treated, and the physicians and nurses have treated me so well, this place seems almost a heaven."

#### **The Little Folks.**

When are we going to have a Children's Hospital? There are many reasons why it is not well for the little folks to occupy the same Wards with adults. They are often noisy and troublesome. Sometimes they learn things from older patients of which they should be ignorant. We hope the day is not far distant when we can gather them into Wards by themselves, or have a Hospital for them. We have plenty of ground room but we want the building.

In the Male Surgical Ward we found two little children; the one

Robert L., nine years old, from the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum. He broke his leg sometime since, but he is doing well, he sits in a chair and the splints are removed, but the Dr. does not allow him to walk even with a crutch or cane. He was looking out of the window and trying to amuse himself, but Dr. L. told him he must be very careful and not try to walk yet or he might, if he did so, have a crooked limb. The other child was a little girl from Syracuse, ten years old, though she was so small she did not look more than six or seven years of age. She had a skin disease, and had taken so much medicine that she had not grown as other children do. Her father had been three months in the Hospital, after having his arm cut off, and before he left he sent for his little daughter to see if the Hospital physicians could not help her.

In the Male Medical Ward an Italian boy, eight years old, had died of quick consumption. His mother died in Italy. He came to this country with his father, who greatly mourns the loss of his little boy.

In the Female Cross Ward is a girl, who, months ago, while carrying out a pan of hot ashes set fire to her clothes and burnt herself so badly that she still suffers a good deal from it. We found her on her cot though she now often sits in her chair. She had fancy work beside her and often tries to amuse herself with that, but still it is often hard for her to bear her long confinement. Twice a week her wounds are dressed and this is not as painful now as it was at first.

Another girl fifteen years old has diabetes and this has made her almost blind. She comes from the country,

and as she is away from home, a little sister of hers is staying in Rochester, but spends almost every day with her. She is not allowed food like other children, but among other things takes a kind of bread made of flour from which the starch has been removed.

Dr. L. said to us the other day, "In your next paper you must tell about little Nellie in the Lower Female Ward, for it is very interesting to see a little child only five years old, away from father, mother, brothers and sisters and so happy as she is. She came very near losing her leg but I think we can save it." We went to see little Nellie, the pet of the Lower Female Ward. We found her in a rolling chair bolstered up with pillows; her leg from above the knee to the foot and a portion of that bandaged, but the inflammation that had threatened to destroy the limb was almost gone, and Nellie was full of fun and frolic. In reply to our questions she said: "I am not going home at all, I don't know where my home is. I like Mrs. P. because she gave me three oranges. I am going to give her ten kisses." She was very happy because she had been out on the lawn. Someone had brought a hand organ and monkey where she could see them, and this amused her greatly, and she was going to have strawberries for supper.

We have been telling you about the sick children and we are happy to know they have kind friends who remember them. Misses Josephine Ballestier, Berenice and Gertrude Perkins have each made a beautiful scrap book for the children, and Mrs. Charles E. Fitch sent as a gift from her children, a very nice baby's crib with pillow,




mattress, blankets, sheets, pillow-cases, &c., and her children are to keep this furnished. We shall call this a *Nest Egg for the Child's Hospital*. Now dear children during your summer vacation, earn money in some way, so that this year you can on or before Donation Day contribute to our endowment fund, which will then we trust be completed. Send us your pennies and your dollars, and help us raise this year enough to complete our endowment fund.

#### Donations.

We are indebted to Mrs. Campbell, of Cherry Valley, for a valuable contribution to our library, the entire set of Scribner's Magazine bound. This will be very interesting reading for our patients. Mrs. John C. Nash and Mrs. J. H. Martindale have also contributed featherbeds, which when made into pillows will supply a long felt want.

#### Our Diet Kitchen.

We found Miss H. busy in the Diet Kitchen. Her morning's work included, Graham and Indian meal mush, oatmeal, beef juice, beef tea, chicken broth, farina gruel, farina mush, farina pudding and chocolate, custard, picked up codfish, and fricasee chicken. She also showed us some gluten bread made the previous day.

 Old bed quilts are greatly needed to protect our mattresses. We would suggest that in some of the sewing societies in our neighboring villages, persons procure factory and cotton batting and quilt them together. These can easily be washed and are greatly needed.

#### Death of Otis N. Wilcox

Mr. Otis N. Wilcox, an old resident of this city, died at the City Hospital of pleuro-pneumonia on the evening of July 5th.

He was a native of Rhode Island, being born at Tiverton in that State, December 12, 1816. When four years old he removed with his parents to Mendon, in this county.

The oldest son of a large family, he experienced his full share of the labor and hardship incident to farm life in Western New York fifty years ago. When about twenty-eight years of age he engaged in selling fruit trees, being one of the first agents sent out from Rochester for that purpose. He traveled extensively in the New England States and Canada for ten years, dealing in trees finally on his own account. He conducted this business with the energy he has always displayed, and so laid the foundation of a fortune.

About twenty-five years ago he settled permanently in this city, where he up to the time of his last illness was actively engaged in business.

Mr. Wilcox was a man of quiet and regular habits, unassuming in manner and obliging and courteous to every one. He paid strict attention to business, and his industry, honesty, firmness and business skill led to unusual success. For many years he was known to our citizens as a financier of much ability, and all who knew him had full confidence in his honor and integrity.

About ten days before his death he was removed from his home to the City Hospital for treatment, and while here he made a will, now admitted to probate, in which, among other bequests, he gave a legacy of \$1,000 to the Hospital.

Mr. Wilcox leaves one son, the only survivor of the family.



### Bereavement.

Our hearts go out in tender sympathy for one of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, who, in her childless home, is just now tasting the first, bitter fruits of widowhood. The recent death of Mr. Nathaniel T. Rochester, one of our most venerable and highly respected citizens, has brought desolation to the beloved companion, who for long years of wedded life has brightened his pathway.

Within the Wards of our City Hospital at the bedside of the sick and suffering, Mrs. R. has been wont to offer the consolation of our Christian religion, and we trust in her hour of deep sorrow the cup she has ministered to others may be pressed to her own lips, and that hid in the Lord's pavilion, the blessed Comforter may be her abiding guest.

### Flowers.

Flowers are always welcomed by the invalid. The Flower Mission bring offerings every Saturday morning, and every Saturday evening, Mrs. Henry Moore brings a box of pansies made into button-hole bouquets. They are very acceptable.

### Thoughtful and Kind.

Mrs. Holiday, of Tremont street, the sister of a Hospital patient, very frequently goes to the Hospital with a two-seated vehicle and fills it with such patients as are well enough to enjoy a ride. The other day she brought another lady with a similar establishment, and the two carriages filled with patients were driven into the country, and after a delightful ride the patients returned laden with daisies. Miss Maggie Van Tyne has also taken out invalids in her pony phaeton. As we have no "Fresh Air Fund" to draw upon, we shall be glad if our citizens who keep horses and carriages will occasionally use

them, for the benefit of those who are shut up for months in Hospital Wards. We assure them such acts will be very acceptable and refreshing to the invalid.

### Died.

Died at Rochester City Hospital June 3d, 1883, of old age, Patrick Carr, aged 93.

Died at Rochester City Hospital June 4th, 1883, by suicide, Nicholas C. Weber, aged 49.

Died at Rochester City Hospital June 21, 1883, of consumption, Dominico Salvatore di Veto, aged 8.

### Donations

JUNE, 1883.

Mrs. G. H. Perkins—21 Choice Books.  
Mrs. B. R. Lawrence—19 Choice Books.  
Mrs. Judge Campbell—22 Bound Vol. of Scribner's Monthly.  
Mrs. Gen. Martindale—One Feather Bed.  
Mrs. J. C. Nash—One Feather Bed.  
Mrs. C. G. Starkweather—Two Pillows.  
Mrs. Chas. E. Fitch—Baby's Crib, with pillow, mattress, blankets, sheets, cases, &c.  
Miss Mumford—35 Quarts Can Fruit.  
Mrs. Chas. E. Fitch—Second hand Clothing.  
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Second hand Clothing.  
C. S. Davis—Second hand Clothing.  
Mrs. Taylor—Picture Papers.  
Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Picture Papers.  
Mrs. J. C. Nash—Reading matter.  
Misses Perkins—Each a beautiful Scrap Book.  
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Reading matter.  
Mrs. J. C. Nash—Reading matter.  
Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Reading matter.  
Miss Orphelia Eaton—Old Cotton.  
Mr. Mudge—Graphics.

### Receipts for the Review.

JUNE, 1883.

Mrs. J. O. Hall—By Mrs. Gilman.....	\$	63
Mrs. G. W. Almy, Brooklyn—By Miss Pagie Ward.....		59
E. B. Booth & Son, K. P. Shedd, H. Likely & Co., Osgood & Bingham, S. Rosenblatt & Co., each \$5.00 for advertisement ; Mrs. W. S. Osgood 62 cents—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....		25 62
Mrs. W. B. Douglass, 65 cents ; Mrs. R. Johnston, \$1.00 ; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 65 cents ; Mrs. S. O. Smith. 65 cents—By Treasurer.....		2 95

## Children's Cot Fund.

Interest on mortgage.....	\$ 15 09
Mabel Humphrey, Jennie and Helen Osgood.....	4 00

Receipts for the month....	\$ 19 00
Previously acknowledged.....	2,555 62

Total receipts.....\$2,574 62

## Monthly Report.

1883. June 1, No. Patients in Hospital,.....	83
Received during month, ..	61
Births,.....	1—145
Deaths.....	3
Discharged.....	51
Remaining July 1st, 1883, 91—	145

## The July Century.

The striking portrait of John Brown in the *July Century*, and "Recollections of John Brown's Raid," by ex-Congressman Boteler, of Virginia, who was a spectator of the skirmish at Harper's Ferry and expresses the Southern attitude toward Brown; and Frank B. Sanborn's "Comments of a Radical Abolitionist" on the foregoing, lends unusual interest to the number. Both articles contain new and important information. This portrait shows John Brown in the prime of life before he grew his patriarchal beard; it is after Woodman's painting and engraved by Cole. The widow of John Brown, and John G. Whitier, have expressed their satisfaction with the original portrait in notes which are printed in "Open Lesters" of the same number. Another important contribution to the history of the John Brown era is General Stone's paper on "Washington on the Eve of the War." This officer, now better known as Stone Pasha of the Egyptian army, was a colonel in the United States Army, in 1861, and organized the District of Columbia militia for the defense of the Capital. He writes out of his special knowledge of the dangers that threatened the Capital in the few weeks preceding Lincoln's inauguration. The overthrow of the Philadelphia Ring by "Philadelphia Committee of One Hundred" affords E. V. Smalley a topic for a short essay on municipal reform.

## St. Nicholas for July

Will be a memorable number on account of a carefully written and wonderfully illustrated article on the "Brooklyn Bridge." Charles Barnard, who is equally known as a writer on scientific subjects, and as a story-teller for children,

and who has watched the growth of the marvelous structure from its beginning, and photographed it from every possible point of view, furnishes the text, and the pictures are by G. W. Edwards and W. Taber. The diagrams are numerous and the descriptions accurate and popular. The frontispiece, "The lifting of the Fog," is by Edwards, and shows the great bridge dimly seen through the rifts of the mist.

## Visitors.

"Let me in," said the sunbeam,  
As it flickered through the wood  
And found a tiny hillock  
Where some purple violets stood  
"Let me in to bring you light and warmth,  
I'll do you only good,  
Let me in," said the sunbeam,  
As it flickered through the wood.  
"Let me in," said the raindrop,  
As it gently pattered down  
On the dry grass of a garden,  
In the hot and dusty town.  
"Let me in to the rootlets  
That are growing parched and brown;  
"Let me in," said the raindrop,  
As it gently pattered down.  
"Let Me in," says God's Spirit  
In accents soft and low,  
To human hearts made cold and hard  
By sinfulness and woe—  
"Let Me in, for I will bring you joy  
That angels cannot know;  
Let Me in," said God's Spirit  
In accents soft and low.  
O blessed rain and sunshine,  
Could grass and flowers find voice,  
How gladly would they greet you,  
And how they would rejoice!  
And shall the hearts of mortals  
Refuse a welcoming word  
To the "still, small voice" that tells them  
Of the coming of their Lord?

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. David Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. C. E. Rider, 60 S. Fitzhugh street; Dr. William S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 26 South Washington Street; Dr. John W. Whitbeck, East ave., corner Union Street.

### Seeking a Poet's Autograph.

One day, during Mr. Longfellow's last sickness, as several little children were passing his gate, they were told that their poet-friend was soon to die. "Let's walk softly by," said a little boy, "and not make a noise."

The incident indicates the place the poet held in their hearts. He loved those whom some one calls "the little people of God," and no other poet ever had so many lovers among them as he who wrote

"O little feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary thinking of your road!"

The following incident shows how readily children approached their genial friend, knowing that they were heartily received:

A bright little lad was shown into the room, he was very young, perhaps seven years of age, and held in his hand a newly bound volume,

His manner suggested foreign breeding, as he bowed with marionette gravity to every one in the room, and then stood still as if at a loss how to proceed.

Longfellow looked up smilingly, and his great love of children was evident in the mildness of his speech.

"Good morning, my lad," said he. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Professor Longfellow?" answered the boy hesitatingly.

"Yes," replied the poet. "What is it? Come here."

"This is my birthday," said the boy, excitedly, "and I have come to ask you to put your autograph in my new album. Mother just gave it to me, and she thought I might ask you."

"What is your name?" asked the poet.

"I am named for you," answered the boy, looking up shyly; "and my father works in the college."

—That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient, "Do something for somebody." It is one if given to many so-called sick people would prove an effectual cure. "Do something for somebody." Fancied aches and pains would vanish in the joy of giving pleasure to others, and they would learn the true happiness of living.—*Methodist Recorder*.

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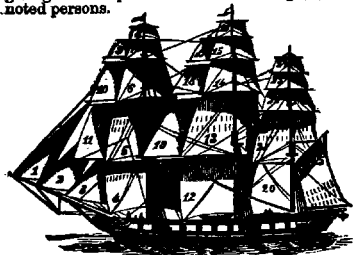
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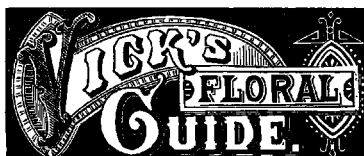
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