

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1865.

No. 1.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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Tribute to a Brave Soldier.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:—I send the accompanying letter to the *Review*, but I feel that it should not be published without a word of explanation. It was received by my brother, Lt. Col. D——, who forwarded it to me as the most gratifying testimonial an officer could receive: and it is published, at this time, entirely without his knowledge.

There are many reasons why we should both prefer keeping it for our private satisfaction, but I am sure my brother would agree with me, that it is right to set these aside for the sake of the brave Sergeant for whose gratification it was written, and who so patiently "endured unto the end," since I agree with him that no occasion should be lost to rescue the individuality of the soldiers who have composed the rank and file of the army, and whose gallantry and subordination have formed the well

tempered weapon by which the glorious end has been wrought.

I speak for my brother with the more assurance, since, when this letter first reached me, I wrote for permission to have it published, and received the reply:

"Yes, if you can find a paper subscribed for in Heaven, that the poor fellow may know he is remembered and beloved."

I am sure my brother would be most happy, if, through your paper, he could convey to the friends of Willis Sager, an expression of his sympathy with the living, as well as his appreciation of the dead.

Very truly,

M. A. D.

N. Y. MILITARY STATE AGENCY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 23, 1865.

COL. DOOLITTLE:—If I am trespassing upon precious time, you will forgive me, out of regard for the one for whom I am writing: Sergt. Willis Sager, Co. E, 188th Regt. N. Y. Vols.

Through him I have learned to believe you an earnest, true, and *manly man*. The love and reverence you have inspired in his brave, and seemingly noble and pure young heart, must presuppose the possession of those qualities.

To-day, in an interim of his severe sufferings, as he was telling me of the battle in which he fell, and his eyes were flashing with the recollection of the "fierce charge they made," he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! but wern't our Colonel a splendid little fellow? He told us not to run until *he* did, and we would come out all right.

And I found it so, I wonder if he was wounded? I liked him so much; and I have not heard a word from my regiment since I was hit; I would bear another operation to know the Colonel is unhurt, and still leads the boys."

The eager, longing face awakened a sudden purpose, and I said "Willis, shall I write your commander, telling him of your condition, and asking him to give you some tidings of his own welfare?" A wistful, incredulous glance was the only reply. I suggested, if Col. Doolittle is the man you represent, he will both understand and appreciate your solicitude. "Then write him! I shall be so glad to know he is all safe. God bless the little fellow!"

As you perhaps know, Sergt. Sager was wounded in the fight before Petersburg. He was brought to Douglas Hospital, April 5th. When I first saw him, I thought I never saw a brighter, more cheerful, pain-defying face. Since then, he has undergone three operations, all of them severe in the extreme! During each he relied entirely upon his own fortitude; none of the usual remedies for alleviating pain being given him. And now, low as he is, he bears his terrible sufferings with scarce a lip-quiver. When I left him this afternoon, I did not suppose his case a hopeless one; but thought to see the Surgeon, and obtain his exact opinion of Sergt. Sager. I was surprised and inexpressibly grieved, when he informed me—"without doubt the brave boy must die! Death is the rule, though not always the sure consequence of a wound like his, and operations are exhausting. I can give you no hope; yet I pray he may live, for he is a noble and promising boy."

I write these little incidents, thinking they may interest you, and hoping they will hasten the words of cheer and comfort you will send one who must have borne a part—rather, claimed a place, in your affections, and who can so truly appreciate your own praiseworthy qualities.

You will, Col. Doolittle, if I understand you, allow little or no time to elapse before you send the strengthening words and assurances of esteem, even confidence, which your young friend so craves. Yet give him no knowledge of his danger—his faith in his ultimate recovery is his only chance.

Direct to Douglas Hospital, or better, to the N. Y. Military State Agency, and I will see that Sergt. Sager immediately re-

ceives the evidence of your consideration and kindness. Very respectfully,
C. A. ANDERSON.

COL. DOOLITTLE,
Commanding 188th Regt. N. Y. Vols.

Our Boys are Coming Home.

Thank God, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing!
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us;
Our boys are coming home!

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy bells' ringing
Bring peace and freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe the yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
And now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O! mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O! sister, proudly doting
The victories he has won!
O! maiden, softly humming
The love song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—O! keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all:
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!

O! sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome;
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

Letter from Boston.

The following letter, from one of the earnest friends of our Hospital, although not intended for publication, will, we are sure, be perused with interest by our readers—especially that portion of it which refers to the Home for Discharged Soldiers:

25 HARRISON AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 10, 1865. }

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:—Here I am, still in Boston, where I have been over three weeks. Have you ever been in this city? If not, I can assure you there are many attractions in and about it, that will well repay a visit.

The streets are a curiosity and a puzzle to every stranger. How they were ever laid out, I have not yet solved. So narrow, so crooked, so winding, one cannot tell where they will find themselves after a short walk; but, having been so long here, and with so many things to see, I am beginning to learn my way around. There are so many places of historic interest—as Bunker Hill, with its massive monument; Washington's Head Quarters (where now resides Henry W. Longfellow, whose name and verse are familiar to all); Dorchester Heights, &c. &c.—its beautiful Cemeteries—Mt. Auburn, Forest Hill, Mt. Hope, and others; its Institutions, reformatory and benevolent—as the Farm School, House of Correction, &c., and the Home for Aged Women—also one for Aged Men; its Colleges, its Hospitals—Massachusetts General Hospital, and the new City Hospital; its Soldier's Rest, and the Home for Discharged Soldiers—all so attractive, and have afforded me so much gratification in my visit, that I would like to tell you all about them—but think I will not impose upon you such a burden—though I cannot refrain from speaking to you of the Home for Discharged Soldiers. This is the third year since this noble institution was first opened for our sick and wounded soldiers, since which time there have been received within its walls, and kindly nursed and

cared for, over 2290 of these suffering, disabled boys. The question which was asked, "What shall be done for our disabled braves?" in the article in the July *Review*, is here, in a measure, answered by Massachusetts.

Here is provided for them a Home, in every sense of the word. "A Home, (as article 2d of the Constitution reads), conducted on religious principles;" and morning and evening blessings are invoked, and thanks returned for the mercies granted. On Sunday, divine service is held in the chapel, and every inmate is required to be present, unless prevented by sickness. Of course, the effect of this is felt through every part of the Home—producing order, regularity, and a reverence for sacred duties, which tells in the conduct of every man. Before each meal a blessing is asked, and all the proprieties of a Christian home observed—each inmate aiding, so far as he is able, in the labors necessary in such an institution. The average number during the past year was eighty inmates—while the greatest number was 138, and the total number receiving medical treatment was 800.

Dr. Sheldon and Dr. Lamson, and, for a part of the year, Dr. Greene, give, alternately, their services in this department. It was my privilege to meet the former, Dr. Sheldon, in his visitation; and his gentle words, his kind manner, as he passed from bed to bed, plainly evinced the large heart which beat within; prompting not only thus gratuitously to give his attentions to the sick and suffering soldiers, but I learned he had also furnished one ward, and also lately donated one hundred dollars. This Home, like our City Hospital, was commenced by private beneficence, but the State gave, the first two years, \$10,000 each year, while for the third, it has increased the sum to \$20,000.

The Superintendent and Matron seem highly qualified for their positions.

I was invited to visit every part of the

Home, and I can but bear testimony to its neat and home-like appearance. The new made bread, looking so nice and tempting, had just been taken from the oven—the potatoes and beets were being prepared for dinner—while in an entry sat half a dozen soldiers, stemming half a bushel of currants—and the clean white cloths in the laundry told of the care which was bestowed in every part. Here were soldiers, some of whom had lost a leg, some an arm; one, both a leg and an arm; one, crazed by starvation and suffering in a southern prison; one, whose eyes were both destroyed in battle—and he must forever grope in darkness here—(God grant him light in that world, “where there shall be no night and they need no candle, neither light of the sun”); one, unable to walk, but was provided with a chair to wheel himself around; one, in the last stages of consumption, in whom I became interested—and but yesterday I heard he had passed away. He had no other home on earth, and was grateful for this—but as I sat beside his bed, I too felt thankful that he was so kindly cared for here—but spoke to him of a brighter home—a Mansion in Heaven, that Jesus had gone to prepare in his Father’s house; little thinking that so soon he was to exchange this temporary for his eternal home. But I must stop, lest I should weary you—though I must say this Home is controlled by a Board of managers, composed of gentlemen and ladies. Tuesday and Friday are the visiting days—and the ladies go and spend the day, mend the garments for the men, entertain the visitors, and have a nice pleasant time—taking their baskets of edibles, as if on a picnic, and spreading their table in their sewing room.

But this is not all I have seen in Boston—for I have visited the grand Organ—and heard its sweet music, wrought out by those who had a perfect mastery over this immense instrument. More than this, I have

seen the beautiful harbor, dotted with islands for miles and miles, as the steamer bore us on its waters to Nahant.

This island is a favored spot for retirement for the citizens of Boston, who, shunning the more frequented watering places, as Saratoga, Newport, &c., find here the rest and quiet they so much need, as well as the invigorating breeze, wafted from the great Atlantic, to their lovely summer homes, with their beautiful lawns and flowers. Here Professor Agassiz, Longfellow, Gen. Fremont, and many others, have homes—though the Professor and Gen. Fremont are not here this year—the former having gone, with a number of young men, on a geological tour, I think, to South America. I saw Mr. Longfellow on his piazza, enjoying some book. The ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, were enjoying themselves finely, bathing; and as the tide came in, we would almost think them lost as it washed over them. The surf-bathing at Nahant is very fine, though I should prefer Chelsea Beach, until I became a little more accustomed to it. At Nahant, I saw the traps set for catching lobsters, and this all being new to me, was very interesting. To-day, I have visited the New England Glass Manufactory.

With much love,

Yours truly,

C. E. M.

For the Hospital Review.

Written for Mrs. Bronson,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF HER
DAUGHTER, AUGUST 3d, 1864.

Yes, just one year in Heaven, sweet Annie—
I, crushed, 'neath the cypress shade weeping,
And sipping life from a broken cup, Annie,
Whilst you with angels your vigils are keeping.

God saw a gem too costly for me, Annie,
He knew that my setting was far too cheap
For a diamond so rich and rare, dear Annie,
So in Heaven He set you a jewel to keep.

Pity, pity! your desolate mother, sweet Annie;
Reach down from your highest heights to bless
This tired heart and weary head, dear Annie,
Prove to me your angelhood and give me rest.

My soul in its agony cries, sweet Annie,
 For the child that's grown so far from reach;
 For one that was once my darling, Annie,
 But now stoops even her mother to teach.

The strings of my heart were breaking, Annie,
 When you, my flower, were plucked away;
 Five links then in the chain were severed, Annie,
 And could I, must I agonize thus, and stay?

Ah! for days and days, my precious Annie,
 The thread of life was well nigh broken;
 Listening, I heard the rustling of the river, Annie,
 Saw you beckoning from the heights in token.

Now, as I look from the river of time, Annie,
 And think how near the margin I then stood:
 In my blindness and darkness, I murmur, Annie,
 And long to be with you, and nearer to God.

But I must live on for the rest, Annie,
 And silence these longings for Heaven;
 You, in your glory, must stoop, my Annie,
 And strengthen these steps so wearily taken.

Help me to trample on wrong, dear Annie;
 Gird me with strength in reaching the goal,
 Where home-light rays are undimmed, Annie;
 Help me to find a love that never grows cold.

Be thou our key-note of harmony, dear Annie,
 And weave us a new rhythm of higher melody,
 Vibrating at home, and re-vibrating in Heaven,
 Annie,
 Till angels and arch-angels echo the glad sym-
 phony. F.
 Rochester, August 3, 1865.

From the New York Observer.

JOHN MASON'S RETURN.

BY MRS. S. S. ROBBINS.

There was not a finer looking soldier in Company D, than John Mason, on the morning they left the Station at R., en route for the front. As they passed through the main street of the village, old Mr. Bower hobbled on his cane to the door, and singling John, by his martial bearing, from the rest, he held his hand out to him and said, in his quavering voice—

"You'll never disgrace the Stars and Stripes, John Mason."

"So help me God, never," John replied.

The clear tones rang down through rank and file, clarion-tongued. Moistened eyes turned with a gleam of pride upon the tall young soldier who uttered them. Fainting hearts, weak from what might be the last parting with those they loved, gathered new life and courage, and from the hundred men, as from one voice, went back those words,

"So help us God, never—never."

And on they went to the front—firmest where death-shots rattled fastest; true to the Stars and Stripes, even though their fealty was bought with the blood of their best. Bravest among all was John Mason, first as common soldier, and then on and up, until he led the corps in which he had so valiantly served; and often to the village of R. came glorious tidings of him, which made his townsmen look almost with veneration on the quiet little wife, and the children he had left behind. There was none of them, however, that knew that there was just as much of true heroism in this gentle being as in the soldier of whom they were so proud.

"Don't worry about the children or mother, John; I'll do my best for them all." These were her farewell words to him; words quietly and hopefully spoken, no ear but God's catching the under swell of the bursting, beating heart, and so for two long years he had fought valiantly for his country in the field, and she had fought as valiantly at home for him, and for the old flag at home, fraught with fears and anxieties, with long, sleepless nights, nights when she could not rest, for battles were pending, and her thoughts and prayers were fluttering, like white-robed angels, round the soldier's bivouac; she had fought sickness, even hunger and the need of clothing and warmth for the dear old mother and his little ones. But her courage never flagged until after one great battle, when the letters which had been her only joy and solace suddenly ceased. Captain Mason had been seen through the fight, leading on his men in the very jaws of death, and then had disappeared, but his body was not identified among the slain. He was probably buried unnoticed in a nameless grave, or had been taken prisoner. This last had hope in it for many months, and then the dread silence seemed to those at home like the silence which the grave alone brings. The old mother closed her dimmed eyes wearily, oh! so wearily. "If I could only see him once, just once before I go." No, not here, not until in the clear vision of eternal youth, you shall both stand together before the great white throne. Little Johnny, his father's namesake, and dearest pet of all, with the same blue eye, and the same brown curls, grew weary too, and folded his tiny hands together, for the last time praying to the dear heavenly Father

for the lost earthly, one. "Don't cry, mamma, I will bring him back soon;" and the little feet trod that pathway from whence there is no return. And then the soldier's wife watched these two graves now green, then brown, then green again, and no word of him, whom she no longer doubted, was walking with those lost ones, in the streets of the New Jerusalem. But she never forgot her promise to him: "I will do my best." She had done a "best" which was registered for her on those annals where the deeds of the good and brave are so fully written out.

At last there came a line, written on soiled and crumpled paper, but joy of joys, in his well known hand. The story has been told over and over again, with us, so many times, during the past four years; why repeat it? The husband had been taken prisoner, had been carried to Andersonville, and only now been exchanged. He was paroled, and would be at home soon. "I hope (the letter read), in the next train after you have read this." And so it was; the letter scarcely finished, when the tall figure darkened the doorway. Those who had followed him home fell back, and John Mason and his wife were alone together.

That meeting is sacred to them. A week after his return, those who saw Mrs. Mason noticed a look of anxiety upon her face, which it had not borne through even those dreadful years of separation: what could it mean? John had come back, pale and emaciated, but still with firm health, and was already beginning to "gain surpassingly," the lookers-on said. He had not fallen into bad habits, for his was a nature that trod such things under his feet; but still there was the worn, anxious look, wearing day by day deep furrows into his wife's thin face. At last the dreadful truth began to be whispered about, "John Mason's mind is affected." Not insane, that would have been almost a mercy, for there then would have been hope of cure; but the dread was idiocy. Dr. Bates said, "There was softening of the brain."

Yes, it was too true. Bearing up with cheerful heroism against the untold horrors of that prison life, depriving himself of rest, that he might minister to the sick and dying, going without his food, to put the scanty morsel into starving lips, dragging his stiffening limbs from the warm

corner of his hardly earned fire, that he might give his place to a greater sufferer; all this, and much, very much more, had John Mason done, and all, too, with such a brave, patient heart. It was no wonder that as days, and weeks, and months passed by, and no cheering ray came upon his darkness, that the tension was too great for even his strong brain, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, but surely, the nervous system became shattered, and the finer chords which hold by so subtle a grasp the life of our life, gave way.

He had come home; here was the stalwart arm, the broad, manly chest, the great heart beating on its useless mission; but the eye looked out duller and duller on his wife, on his children, on that dearly loved, longed for home.

"Dreadful! worse than death," the kind neighbors said, and everywhere the heart-broken wife found comfort and consolation; nay more, substantial aid, unknown to her before.

This is but one of many similar scenes with which the present summer shall fill many a town and village in our land.

They are coming back to us, these brave disbanded soldiers, scarred and mutilated, crippled in body, crippled in mind. They will bring long trains of physical disease, and the seeds of death—they will bring, worse still, moral diseases, and the sure sentence of moral death. Andersonville!—blot upon the page of nations, which neither time nor repentance can ever wash away. Dead men, dying men, idiots, insane wrecks of humanity; memories of battles lost and won; all the records of this fearful christ, this baptism of blood with which we have bought union and freedom, let them plead with us for the returning soldier. Give him a place in your heart—give him a large place in your charities. Take care of him till the smoke and dust of war passes away from his dimmed vision. It is our legacy, left us by the great struggle; and as we acquit ourselves in this trust, so may we receive the blessing of Him whose blessing we have so earnestly invoked in the midst of war.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to a man who was extending his jaws frightfully, as he was about to draw his tooth, "as I intend to stand outside."

Dead among the Living.

Dead—though over his beautiful eyes
Nor coffin-lid nor the grave-sod lies.
Dead—though he wears his living smile,
And his step falls firm as it fell erewhile.
Dead—though his lips of "bearded bloom"
Never have gathered the dust of the tomb.
Lost—though his footsteps do not roam,
And he wanders not from his olden home.
Dead to the loftier life of hope,
That once was his in its glorious scope;
To the radiant promise of earlier years,
Dead, and bemoaned with passionate tears.

Lost forever out of the arms
That gladly would shield him from earthly harms;
Out of the heart that fain would brave
All things to save him, yet could not save.

DEAD WHILE HE LIVETH! God pity us all,
Who thus o'er the living must spread the pall;
Who watch the slow ravage of sin's deep blight,
And never can bury our dead out of sight!
O, pitiful God! who to beauty and bloom
Yearly dost waken the earth from its tomb,
Strong to deliver and mighty to save—
QUICKEN THIS SOUL IN ITS LIVING GRAVE!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1865.

The New Year.

We cannot enter upon our new year as we so fervently wished, with our list of subscribers *doubled*—but our agents are at work we see, and with determined effort on the part of each subscriber, it might yet be accomplished before the month closes. Shall it be? This is the time of all others, as we would again remind our agents and readers, for procuring new names, and also for renewing subscriptions for the year to come. We enter upon a new volume full of the bright hopes and encouragements with which the success of the *Review* the past year has inspired—and full too of confidence in the blessed work which our Hospital is accomplishing. Our labors have not lessened, but increased in magnitude and importance since a year

ago. We plead before you to-day, dear readers, no less than we did then, for the *soldiers*. The war, thank God, is ended, but sorrow and suffering and sickness have not ended. It is for our sick and maimed, our wounded soldiers, that still we plead—and not only for them, but for their families deprived of their natural protectors, and in the hour of sickness and destitution, cast upon us for care and relief. The war has fearfully multiplied the cases of suffering everywhere. Our disabled soldiers and their families, and the widows and orphans of our fallen braves, have a special claim upon our care. It is no charity, no beneficence which we ask for them—and which we are each called upon to bestow—it is a *debt* we owe them—a debt which, to the end of our longest lives, we can never repay. Let our Hospital be forever the home of the disabled soldier—and here too, when smitten with disease, let his wife and children feel that they have a right to come also. We are amazed at the questions sometimes asked us—if our Hospital work and our *Review* work, will not be ended soon. Dear friends, the work has only begun! As we have previously told you—before even one note of this terrible war had sounded, there was felt throughout our city, an urgent need of this Hospital. Year after year, the Charitable Society, in its visits among the sick and dying, made loud and piteous appeals for its completion—and the Home of the Friendless, not erected nor designed for the care of the sick, felt daily its want and its help. Everywhere, and from every heart, actively interested in the weal and woes of others, there went up the cry for the Hospital—and surely after the wreck and ruin of these last four fearful years, do we need it *less* now than then? Has not rather the necessity for its mission and the sphere of its labors everywhere increased? But we are sure that it will require no argument on our part to prove to our readers, the importance just now of our Hospital work—we but ask you to come up

vigorously and nobly to our help as you have done the past year. Especially, we ask your sympathy and your exertions in behalf of our *Review*. We regard it in many respects as our most effectual aid. It has already accomplished much for our Hospital, and we want it to be permitted to do much more. No pains will be spared to render it readable and acceptable in the family circle; but its first aim and purpose will be to make known the wants of our Hospital—to acquaint its readers with its daily history—and to plead its cause. No one, we believe, can read this little sheet attentively from month to month, without becoming interested in this work. So, friends and agents, what we want most is, for you to widen its circulation, and to extend its list of readers. Now is the special time for this work—do not delay!

To SUBSCRIBERS.—The August number of the *Review* will be mailed as usual to all names now upon our list, and the paper will continue to be sent until we receive directions to the contrary. Those wishing to discontinue (although we fervently trust there are none such,) will therefore please give us prompt notice.

Death of Another of our Soldiers.

In our April number will be found a notice of the first marriage published in our *Review*, and of the first wedding at our Hospital. In the same number some of our readers may recall a pleasant and interesting account of the ceremony, furnished by a correspondent who was invited to be present on the joyous occasion. How gay—how bright the column reads, as we turn back to the page. What happy hopes filled to overflowing then two loving hearts! But alas! what changes a few short months and even days can bring. That bride is to-day a widow! To-day, following so closely upon the record of those holy plighted vows of Levi Lawrence and Anna Sullivan—we have another register to make. Levi Lawrence is dead! He died

on the 17th of July, after a brief illness of six days, of inflammation of the bowels. He had gone to Holley, on a visit to his mother, when he was seized with this sudden and fatal illness. He was one of our best soldiers—faithful, kind, earnest in all his duties—a great favorite in the Hospital, and beloved by all. He was conscious only at intervals in his last illness, and during his wanderings, he was talking constantly of the Hospital, and busy accomplishing its errands. His wife was a former inmate of the Hospital. Deepest sympathy is felt for her at this time of her sudden and overwhelming sorrow. His father died only a few weeks previous, so that upon his mother's heart and over his early fire-side circle, a double shadow has fallen.

A Handsome Donation.

We are indebted to the efforts of our "beloved physician," Dr. H. W. Dean, for a set of very superior surgical instruments, including a handsome black-walnut case. The following is a list furnished us by Dr. Dean, of the contributions procured by him for this purpose:

John Adams,	\$100 00
W. N. Sage,	10 00
C. C. Morse,	10 00
E. Pancost,	10 00
O. Sage,	25 00

Dr. Dean will please accept the special thanks of the Ladies, not only for the interest and perseverance he has shown in providing our Hospital with so fine a case of instruments, but for his own generous donation to the same. Messrs. Adams, Pancost, &c. &c., and all who contributed so generously to this object, will also please accept our grateful acknowledgements. The case of instruments is a donation of which our Hospital may well be proud.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

A Word more to Our Little Agents.

Shall we scold or shall we coax! Now, we do not like to scold, at least scold *you*—but we are afraid you have not paid the attention you ought, and which we thought you would, to the hint we gave you last month. We have not heard from so many of you as we hoped. We will not, however, judge too hastily. It may be that the reason you have delayed is, that you have been so busy in lengthening out your lists, and have made them so long that you could not get all the names copied and forwarded before. If so, you may be very sure we will not scold. But if this was not the reason, then you must allow us to remind you, that now is the time—to look over your lists—see what additions you can make to them—collect the subscriptions from your new and your old subscribers, and forward them to us without delay. Let us see who will do the most for us.

A Beautiful Note.

The following beautiful note accompanied the quilt, "Red, White and Blue," and "the Silent Comforter," mentioned in the list of donations, "for a soldier who had fought for his country:"

ROCHESTER, July 29, 1865.

TO THE LADIES OF THE HOSPITAL:—Speeches and presentations having become every day affairs, we six little girls have agreed just to let our offering "speak for itself;" only we would like to ask that it always cover some brave soldier who has fought for the "red, white and blue;" and then we would like him to know that though little fingers have united the magical colors, there have been stitched in, many large thoughts for his comfort.

You will see that we do not approve of RUNNING, but have done our work, like the soldiers, "OVER AND OVER."

We shall always love you the more for this little thing that we have done for your comfort, and feel that we, too, have an interest in the blessed Hospital work.

Your grateful little friends,

BLOSSOM BUELL, JENNIE LEE,
MARY PERKINS, MARY WATSON,
JEANIE CLEMENT, ELLA CLEMENT.

FEATHERS, AGAIN.—We are pleased to be able to acknowledge the receipt of some more feathers. Ladies' Aid Society, No. 1, will please accept our thanks for seventeen pounds—and Mrs. Dr. Fenn, for one pillow.

THE NEW WING.—We find *one* donation for our new Wing this month, for which we are duly thankful—but we should have been better pleased to have found several such—of course.

THE QUILTS.—The quilts, we are glad to see, keep coming in. Among them, we notice several from our young friends—one from Spencerport—one from West Bloomfield—two from the "Busy Bees" of East Henrietta, besides the "Red, White and Blue," already mentioned.

LINT AND BANDAGES.—We are gratified to find so many responses to our appeal for lint and bandages. From Hattie Hays, we see from the list—we have "two packages of excellent lint"—from Grandma Denison, some bandages—and from the Eighth Ward Ladies' Aid Society, and from the Young Ladies' Christian Commission, both lint and bandages.

Fanny and Ella Colburn will please accept our thanks for two more new subscribers. Fanny and Ella are among our most faithful little agents. Scarcely a month passes without some addition to our list from them.

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

LIST OF SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, RECEIVED INTO THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,
From July 1st to August 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	FROM WHENCE ADMITTED.
July 5,	Lyman Odell,	Priv.	E,	16th N. Y. H. Art.	Canandaigua, Ontario County, N. Y.	On furlough, from City Point, Va.
" 9,	Vincent J. Harrison,	"	A,	8th " Vol. Cav.	Williamsburg, King's Co., Long Island,	From Muster Out Camp, Rochester, N. Y.
" 30,	Amos Jones,	"	A,	1st " "	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	" " "

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from July 1st to August 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TO WHERE TRANSFERRED.
July 1,	Hiram Crouse,	Priv.	B,	9th N. Y. H. Art.	Conquest, Cayuga County, N. Y.	Camp Muster Out, Rochester, New York.
" 6,	Henry R. Abell,	"	F,	63d " " Vol. Inf.	Oneonta, Otsego County, N. Y.	General Hospital, Albany,
	William Ballard,	"	A,	50th " " Eng.	Lapier, Cortland County, N. Y.	" " "
	John Cehler,	Corp.	G,	140th " " Inf.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " "
	Lyman Dennick,	Sergt.	C,	185th " " "	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	" " "
	George C. Henry,	Priv.	B,	14th " H. Art.	Carlton, Orleans County, N. Y.	" " "
	George Heal,	"	M,	2d " Vol. Cav.	Carysville, Genesee County, N. Y.	" " "
	William Jasper,	"	—	56th " " Inf.	Walkertown, Canada.	" " "
	James H. Moore,	Sergt.	H,	102d " " "	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " "
	John Ruloff,	Priv.	I,	76th " " "	Conquest, Cayuga County, N. Y.	" " "
	George Singler,	"	G,	151st " " "	Clarendon, Orleans County, N. Y.	" " "
	Benjamin Simpson,	"	L,	5th " " Cav.	Miriah, Essex County, N. Y.	" " "
	Leander Seely,	"	E,	118th " " Inf.	Black Brook, Clinton County, N. Y.	" " "
	John R. Stone,	"	A,	5th " " Cav.	Crown Point, Essex County, N. Y.	" " "
	Rufus Randall,	"	G,	118th " " Inf.	Balton, Warren County, N. Y.	" " "
	John Gill,	"	F,	113th " " "	West Walworth, Wayne County, N. Y.	Muster Out Camp, Rochester, N. Y.
	Patrick O'Brien,	"	—	22d " " Cav.	Canada West.	General Hospital, Albany, N. Y.
July 7,	Levi M. Lawrence,	"	G,	151st " " Inf.	Holly, Orleans County, N. Y.	Muster Out Camp, Rochester N. Y.
" 8,	Daniel Connelly,	Corp,	B,	164th " " "	Somerset, Niagara County, N. Y.	Discharged from Service.
" 10,	John H. Burch,	Priv.	I,	9th " H. Art.	Springport, Cayuga County, N. Y.	" " "
	Gabriel Ranger,	"	I,	122d " Vol. Inf.	Salina, Onondaga County, N. Y.	" " "
	Charles Travers,	"	C,	111th " " "	Montezuma, Cayuga County, N. Y.	" " "
	Putnam Barber,	"	G,	150th Pa. " "	Ceres, McKean County, Pa.	Muster Out Camp, Rochester, New York.
	Ely R. Dusenbery,	"	C,	4th N. Y. H. Art.	Webster, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " "
	Walter Fairfield,	"	—	8th " Vol. Cav.	Gaines, Orleans County, N. Y.	" " "
	William Gormau,	"	—	26th " " Bat.	Norton's Mills, Ontario County, N. Y.	General Hospital, Albany, New York.
	Francis W. Lawrence,	"	C,	91st " " Inf.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	" " "
	Lyman Odell,	"	D,	16th " H. Art.	Canandaigua, Ontario County, N. Y.	" " "
July 12,	Franklin Amsden,	Priv.	B,	8th N. Y. Vol. Cav.	Honeoye Falls, Monroe County, N. Y.	Discharged from Service.
	Zachary Taylor,	"	D,	88th " " Inf.	Mapeterville, Dutchess County, N. Y.	" " "

July 14,	Horse Washburn,	I,	9th	"	Cav.	Westfield, Chautauque County, N. Y.	"	"	Muster Out Camp, Rochester, New York.
"	Vincent J. Harrison,	A,	8th	"	"	Williamsburg, Kings County, L. Island.	"	"	"
July 13,	Henry C. Roberts,	G,	151st	"	"	Wilson, Niagara County, N. Y.	"	"	"
"	Lazarus Newman,	A,	149th	"	"	Syracuse, Onondaga County, N. Y.	"	"	Discharged from Service.
July 14,	Constant Newman,	D,	149th	"	"	Haston's Centre, "	"	"	"
"	Theon Ainsworth,	G,	1st	"	S. S.	Hamlin, Monroe County, N. Y.	"	"	Muster Out Camp, Rochester, New York.
"	Talman F. Baker,	D,	9th	"	H. Art.	Lyon, Wayne County, N. Y.	"	"	"
"	Saunders T. Carroll,	H,	8th	"	Vol. Cav.	East Bloomfield, Ontario County, N. Y.	"	"	"
"	James A. Freeland,	E,	100th	"	"	Allegany, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.	"	"	"
"	John Hewitt,	D,	8th	"	H. Art.	Alexander, Genesee County, N. Y.	"	"	"
July 15,	William H. Kearney,	I,	10th	"	Vol. Cav.	Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.	"	"	"
"	Murray Kellogg,	B,	14th	"	H. Art.	"	"	"	Discharged from Service.
"	Warren Nichols,	H,	16th	"	Vol. Cav.	Lorraine, Jefferson County, N. Y.	"	"	"
"	Benjamin Allen,	H,	114th	"	"	Deryter, Madison County, N. Y.	"	"	"
"	George A. Barnett,	F,	122d	"	"	Marcellus, Onondaga County, N. Y.	"	"	General Hospital, Albany, New York.
"	John Shorts,	C,	150th Pa.	"	"	Toxville, Crawford County, Penn.	"	"	Muster Out Camp, Rochester, New York.
"	Aaron H. Wood,	H,	2d N. Y.	H. Art.	"	Peach River, Jefferson County, N. Y.	"	"	Regiment, Elmira, New York.
July 21,	William E. Webster,	Sergt.	1st	"	Ind. Bat.	Auburn, Cayuga County, N. Y.	"	"	General Hospital, Albany, New York.
"	William H. Pratt,	Priv.	140th	"	Vol. Inf.	Oswego, Oswego County, N. Y.	"	"	General Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.
"	Adam Primm,	"	2d	"	M. Rifles.	Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.	"	"	Discharged from Service.
"	Henry Zeigemuss,	"	1st	"	Vol. Drag.	Danville, Livingston County, N. Y.	"	"	"

Cash Donations for July.

North Fitzhugh Street Children's Bazaar, \$65.35
 Donations for the Flag, 1.06

List of Donations to the Hospital for July, 1865.

Little Girls of West Bloomfield—1 Quilt.
 Little Girls of Spencerport, (omitted in June)—
 1 Quilt, 32 Handkerchiefs, 4 rolls of Bandages.
 Eighth Ward Ladies' Aid Society—Bandages.
 Young Ladies' Christian Commission—1 Cotton
 Shirt, 26 Flannel Shirts, 1 piece of Cotton Cloth,
 and Bandages—By Miss Coraell & Miss Cavan.
 Soldiers' Busy Bee Society, East Henrietta—Two
 Quilts.
 Ladies' Aid Society, No. 1—3 Comfortables, 17 lbs.
 of Feathers—By Mrs. A. S. Lapham.
 Miss Hattie Hays—2 packages of excellent Lint.
 Alling Brothers—1 ton of Coal.
 Mrs. Thomas H. Rochester—a good supply of
 most excellent Bisquit, every Wednesday, which
 are very acceptable.
 Grandma Denison—package of Lint.
 Mrs. S. A. Hibbard—1 bottle of Catsup.
 Mrs. William Curtis—2 lots of Cucumbers.
 Mrs. Dr. Fenn—1 Feather Pillow, 1 Pin Cushion,
 bundle of Rags.
 Mrs. Loop—1 Quilt.
 Mrs. H. L. Fish—some nice Ice Cream for the
 Fourth of July, and an excellent Pie for the
 family table.
 Mrs. Sam'l Williams, Perinton—Biscuit and Cook-
 ies. Miss Jennie Williams—1 Cake for Mrs.
 Williams.
 Mr. Colburn—Basket of Apples.
 One Quilt, (red, white and blue,) and one SILENT
 COMFORTER, "for a Soldier who had fought for
 his country," from Misses Blossom Buell, Jen-
 nie Lee, Mary Perkins, Mary Watson, Jennie
 Clement and Ella Clement.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,
 FROM JULY 15 TO AUGUST 15, 1865.

A. L. Hendrick, Clyde,	\$ 50
Mrs. Jacob Howe,	50
Mrs. Clement, 2 copies,	1 00
Mr. Witherspoon, advertisement,	5 00
Mrs. Gen. Martindale, Mrs. Wilkins—By	
Mrs. Danforth,	1 00
Mrs. G. W. Allen, Mrs. Dayton S. Morgan, Brockport—By Mrs. Allen,	1 00
Miss Nelly C. Adams, Brooklyn—By Miss Phelps,	50
Mrs. Fanny Roderick, East Pembroke—By Lilly Hammond,	50
Mrs. Henry Phelps, Mrs. C. M. Crittenden, Mrs. R. S. Field, Mrs. Purdy, S. B. Boby, Mrs. S. B. Hamilton,	3 00
Mrs. Judge Wells, Mrs. S. H. Wells, Penn Yan—By Maggie Hamilton,	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Colburn, Mrs. William Gilles—By Fanny and Ella Colburn,	1 00

Superintendent's Report for July.

July 1,	Citizen Patients in Hospital,	34
	Received during the month,	14—48
	Discharged,	9
Aug. 1,	Number remaining,	39
July 1,	Soldiers in Hospital,	58
	Received during the month,	3—61
	Discharged and transferred,	50
	Died,	1—51
Aug. 1,	Soldiers remaining,	10
	Citizen Patients,	39
Aug. 1,	Total remaining,	49

Children's Department.

The Old Squire at the Old Hall.

The Hall itself, they called it the Hall, was more like a castle than a Hall, and some parts of it were very ancient; and being of different styles of architecture, according to the taste of its several occupants, it presented a singular appearance, although it was a noble pile of buildings. Inside there were lofty rooms, with large old glass windows, long narrow passages, and almost innumerable dark closets; besides a place called the "Keep" with a stone bench, and iron chains firmly fixed in the wall, and a grated window so closely barred that the sun could scarcely peep through, and a massive oaken door, thickly studded with iron nails; but, happily, not used as a place of confinement now.

But the place of all places was the Picture Gallery. First there was the likeness of one of the stalwart barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede, in 1215. Then followed the portrait of his son, a delicate looking youth, who died before his father; and so on, father and son, in almost regular succession, for several generations, attired according to the different periods in which they lived—from the mail clad barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth, to the fantastic court costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The Squire himself was an elderly man, and somewhat eccentric in his habits.

At one time the old gentleman wanted a boy to attend on him and wait at table; for he was very fond of young people. Now you may suppose there would be plenty of applications for the situation; but the Squire was a shrewd man, and as he greatly disliked idle curiosity in boys, he would not engage any one until he had been subjected to a trial; for he would say—"A lad who will look into a drawer may be tempted to take something from it, and a boy who will steal a penny may steal a pound."

It was on a Monday morning that five lads, dressed very neatly, and looking as clean as soap and water could make them, made their appearance at the Hall, and applied for the situation. The old gentleman had a room prepared for them in such a manner that if they meddled with anything he would be aware of it.

First George Sykes was sent into the room, and told to wait a short time. For a little while he was very quiet and looked about him; but there were so many things that at last he got up to peep at them. On the table was placed a dish cover, and George sadly wanted to know what was under it, yet he felt afraid of lifting it up. But his curiosity mastered him. At last he lifted up the cover. This turned out to be a sad affair, for under it were placed a quantity of feathers, part of which, drawn up by the current of air, flew about the room; and George, putting down the cover hastily, puffed the rest of them off the table. What was to be done? He began to pick up the feathers one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in the next room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, came in, to the great fright of George, who was dismissed as a lad not suitable to the situation.

The room was re-arranged, and Joe Turner was the next one shown into it. He was told, as before, to wait a little. He sat still for a short time, but being of a restless disposition, he was soon tired, and wished for the Squire to come in. At last he thought he would look at the pictures, and was about half-way across the room, when he fancied he heard a foot-step, and hastily retreated to his seat. However, it proved a false alarm, and he once more arose. After looking at the pictures, his attention was directed to a little round box on the table, with a screw top to it. He took it in his hand and wondered what it contained—without doubt, something very curious, for it was the only article then on the table. At last he unscrewed the top, when out bounced an artificial snake full a yard long, and fell on his arm! Joe started back and uttered a scream, which brought the Squire to his elbow. There stood Joe, with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the ground. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, "one snake in a house is quite sufficient; therefore the sooner you are gone the better." He then ordered him out of the room, after the other.

Jera Smith was the third shown into the room. He had already been turned away from two situations for petty thefts, so you may be sure it was not long before he had looked at the pictures and opened a book which now lay on the table; and being of a bold resolute temper, he would not have

hesitated opening every cupboard and drawer in the room, if he could have done so without being found out. However, he noticed a drawer in the table, and soon made up his mind to peep inside of it; but no sooner had he laid hold of the knob than he sat a bell ringing under the table, which was connected with the drawer by a wire. The old gentleman answered the summons, and entered the room. Jem was so startled at the ringing of the bell that he looked as if he might be knocked down with a feather. The Squire wished to know, as he had rung, if he wanted anything. But Jem could give no answer, and he too was sent about his business very quickly.

Tom Jones was next ushered in. He sat still for so long a time that the old gentleman began to think he was the one who would be very likely to suit him; but he was disappointed. Close to where he sat was a closet, the door of which was partly open. Tom had already looked in, but nothing had attracted his attention, being unable to see much inside it. Fastened to the top of the door was a string, the other end of which was tied to a stopper of a small barrel of shot; and at the bottom of the closet was a large tin pan. Now in opening the door wider, the string pulled the stopper out of the barrel, and out rushed the shot at a tremendous rate, and falling on the tin pan made such a clatter that Tom was half-frightened out of his senses. The old gentleman soon appeared, and as Tom had opened one door, he soon opened another, and told him never to show himself there again.

Harry Clark was the fifth and last, and though he waited in the room nearly half an hour he never stirred from his seat. Harry had eyes in his head as well as the rest of them, but had more integrity in his heart, and the consequence was he was engaged by the old Squire at the Hall. The confidence placed him was very great, and was never abused. Some years after he followed his good old master to the grave, who, for his upright conduct in his service, left him a handsome legacy.

Read this, ye busy meddling young people, and imitate the good example of Harry Clark.

A MORNING PRAYER.

My waking thoughts I raise to Thee,
Who through the night hast guarded me;
Keep me this day from every ill,
And help me, Lord, to do Thy will.

The Foolish Chicken.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too;
About it white daisies and butterflies grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the
ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it
round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
And feast on the green water-weeds that grew
there;
Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat.

One day a young chicken who lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out;
Now standing tall upward, now diving below,
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
"I've really a great mind to venture in there;
My mother's oft told me, I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

"Ducks have feathers and wings, and so have I
too,
And my feet—what's the reason that they will
not do?

Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are
round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"So why should not I swim as well as a duck?
Suppose that I venture, and even try my luck;
For," said she, spite all that her mother had taught
her,
"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
And found that her dear mother's cautions were
true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned her-
self round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled, the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died.

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on her
back,
And by their grave looks it was very apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that
thy days may be long upon the land which
the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The Three Sieves.

"Oh, mamma! cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard. I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three sieves"

"What does that mean, mamma?" said Blanche.

"I will explain it, dear. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Parry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story; and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales on her? In the next place, though you cannot prove it is true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

Then, dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking, and strive more and more to imitate the meekness of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.

" L. A. BUTLER, Peary Centre.

" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.

" MARY W. DAVIS, "

Mrs. C. F. SPENNER, "

" J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.

HAMMOND, East Rush.

" PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.

" J. CHASE, Perinton.

" S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.

" CHARLES FORD, Clyde.

Miss ADA MILLER, "

" C. M. SEOR, Macedon.

JULIA M'CHEENNY, Spencerport.

LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.

Mrs. C. THATCHER, Webster.

The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

Miscellaneous.

How Mr. Beecher Lost his Boots.

The following is in Henry Ward Beecher's best vein:

The difference between 7 and 8 is not very great; only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience, and dignity. Thus, at Buffalo, my boots were set out at night to be blacked. In the morning, no boots were there, though all the neighboring rooms had been served. I rang, I rang twice. "A pretty hotel—nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet." The waiter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man in his stocking feet, in the third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw frowsy chambermaids; saw, afar off, the master of the coal scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with my boots. A German servant at length came, round and ruddy-faced, very kind and good-natured, honest and stupid. He informed me that a gentleman had already taken boots No. 78 (my number). He would hunt him up; thought he was at breakfasting. Here was a new vexation. Who was the man who had taken my number and gone for my boots? Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic and staccato messengers to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped in it, of course. In winter, cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was quarter past eight; train at nine, no boots and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandal rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over last night's spree.

It was very annoying. Reached the office and expressed my mind. First, the clerk rang the bell three times furiously, then ran forth himself, met the German boots, who had boots 79 in his hand, narrow and long, thinking, perhaps, I could wear them. Who knows but 97 had my boots? Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among the bystanders. It was likely that I would have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way, thought I, I should look at room 77's boots. Behold, they were mine! There was the broken pull-straps; the patch on the right side, and the very shape of my toe—infallible signs! The fellow had marked them 77, and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does, that loses temper. But boots on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I moralized upon that infirmity that puts a man's peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written seventy-eight, I had been a good-natured man looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote seventy-seven, and I fumed, saw only my own falls, and spent the day in Buffalo!

Are not most of the pets and rubs of life such as this? Few men could afford, to-morrow, to review the things that vexed them yesterday. We boast of being free, yet every man permits the most arrant trifles to rule and ride him. A man that is vexed and angry, turns the worst part of himself into sight, and exhibits himself in buffoon's coat and fool's cap, and walks forth to be jeered! And yet one's temper does worse by him than that. And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day! I wonder whether these sage reflections will make me patient and quiet the next time my boots are misplaced.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begins on his part, the kindness begins on ours.

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON,
- MARY PERKINS,
- FANNY and ELLA GOLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, HENRietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- GARRIE NEFF,
- H. F. VICKERY, "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW, "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

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JULIUS S. MUNSON,
MRS. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,
April, 1865—1y Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,
A. S. MANN,
Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865. H. D. MANN.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,
(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st.
Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium

Sewing Machine,

With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of **LINEN THREAD** upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,

54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,

March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express. Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,
Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

SMITH & PERKINS, WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1865.

tf

THE MORNING LIGHT,

THE

PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

THE Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 20th, 1864, after a thorough examination of the said other base burners in operation and on trial, fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the First Premium on the "Prince of Base Burning" as the best base burning, self feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by

SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.

17 and 19 Great Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by

WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,

26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan. 1865

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865.

ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms. Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day.

These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

HART & REYNOLDS,
Main Street.

Rochester, January, 1865.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1865.

No. 2.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS
" MALTY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 53.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

We Met and Parted Long Ago.

BY ERNEST HOVEN.

Weeks, to months and years have grown,
And many a changeful hour has been,
Since we met and parted long ago.

What matters now the long embrace,
The clinging hands dissevered,
When we met and parted long ago?

No shadow on thy pathway rests,
No torturing vision mocks thee;
Though we met and parted long ago.

As glad for me the days have passed,
As bright the years have been;
As though we never parted long ago.

No pleading from the buried past,
No whisper of the might have been;
Though we met and parted long ago.

Our souls dissevered long before,
But scorned a slighter union;
And we met, and parted long ago.

For the Hospital Review.

"Little Sunshine."

So we call her. She is a tiny, fairy creature—have you ever seen her? with soft and silken baby-curls—tinged with the purest gold of the sunshine, tumbling all wild and merry over the fairest and sweetest of baby-brows—and which seem, as we watch her at her play, to form a sort of halo of light and glory around her bright little head. Her cheeks have just the velvety touch and hue of a rose-leaf—and if you never saw such a baby, we can give you no possible idea of the witchery of those small dimpled hands and feet. Her eyes—how can we tell you of such eyes—so soft—so clear—into which no shadow has ever fallen—and full only of the love and the blue of heaven.

It is a sad, a darkened house into which this "Little Sunshine" has strayed. The shadow of Death and of Change hangs heavily over it, and the silent and empty rooms are all haunted rooms—haunted with the forms—the voices—the foot-falls—of those we see no more. Very desolate—very still is the old house, once so full of life, and ringing with the love and laughter of lips that are silent now, and the footsteps of those who come no more. Of all who once gathered around the fire-side, how few remain! Three, in a distant clime—far from the roof-tree, and its sweet safe rest and shelter are toiling wearily—and seeking through many broken hopes the fortune which still beckons—but de-

ceives—and the “better times”—which never come. Three are sleeping in the village church-yard, and to their peace alone there comes no disquietude.

Now and then the gloom over the old house seems too heavy to be borne, and the very air stifed and oppressive with its weight. The walls seem to echo and cry out with the emptiness and the desolation, and even the soft sweet breath from the garden and the grape-vine steals chillily through the closed shutters, and seems to sigh and to moan as if in pain. But that tiny, rosy, laughing sunshiny creature in white—creeping over the carpets and trying to pull herself up by the curtains and by the chairs, does not feel the gloom nor the shadow. She finds mirth in all things. She clutches after the sunbeams that flit about her, and tries to gather them up in her baby-fingers. Heavy and sad is the mother's heart—heavy and sad for the many sorrows that have early fallen—and yet heavier and sadder for her fears—and for the new and yet darker cloud which now hangs threateningly over her. But her bitterest tears are pretty playthings to “Little Sunshine.” She reaches after them and tries to pick them up as they fall, as she would so many glittering pearls or diamonds, and her blue eyes look up so wonderingly, so wistfully, so roguishly too, that even those tears change for the moment into smiles. And he—the weary invalid father—seeking in vain in a distant city the return of health—writes sadly and longingly—yet oh, so tenderly—“How is ‘Little Sunshine?’” “God bless my ‘Little Sunshine!’”!

So all over that dim and haunted house, and over all those weary aching hearts—the night is not all darkness. With all the memories which grieve—with all the losses which sadden—and with all the fears which shadow—there is yet this one pure, living gleam of light. Thank God for “Little Sunshine!”

T. C. A.

Rochester, May, 1862.

A Woman's Waiting.

Under the apple-tree blossoms, in May,
We sat and watched as the sun went down;
Behind us, the road stretched back to the east,
On through the meadows to Danbury town.

Silent we sat, for our hearts were full;
Silently watched the reddening sky,
And saw the clouds across the west
Like the phantoms of ships sail silently.

Robert had come with a story to tell,
I knew it before he had said a word.
It looked from his eye and it shadowed his face.
He was going to march with his Twenty-third.

We had been neighbors from childhood up—
Gone to school by the self-same way;
Climbed the same steep woodland paths;
Knelt in the same old church to pray.

We had wandered together, boy and girl,
Where wild flowers grew and the wild grapes
Tasted the sweetness of summer days [hung;
When hearts are true, and life is young.

But never a love-word had crossed his lips,
Never a hint of pledge or vow,
Until, as the sun went down that night,
His tremulous kisses touched my brow.

“Jenny,” he said, “I've a work to do
For God and my country, and the right—
True hearts, strong arms, are needed now,
I dare not stay away from the fight.

“Will you give me a pledge to cheer me on?
A hope to look forward to by-and-by?
Will you wait for me, Jenny, till I come back?”
“I will wait,” I answered, “until I die.”

The May moon rose as we walked that night
Back through the meadows to Danbury town,
And one star rose and shone by her side—
Calmly and sweetly they both looked down.

The scent of blossoms was in the air;
The sky was blue, and the eve was bright;
And Robert said, as he walked by my side,
“Old Danbury town is fair to-night.

“I shall think of it, Jenny, when far away—
Placid and still 'neath the moon as now.
I shall see it, darling, in many a dream,
And you with the moonlight on your brow.”

No matter what else were his parting words—
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good-by.

I did not weep—I tried to be brave—

I watched him until he was out of sight—
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.

Blind and helpless I slid to the ground,
And lay with the night-dews on my hair,
Till the moon was down and the dawn was up,
And the fresh May morn rose clear and fair.

He was taken and I was left—
Left to wait and to watch and pray—
Until there came a message over the wires,
Chilling the air of the August day.

Killed in a skirmish eight or ten—
Wounded and helpless as many more.
All of them our Connecticut men—
From the little town of Danbury, four.

But I only saw a single name—
Of one who was all the world to me.
I promised to wait for him till I died—
Oh God! Oh Heaven! How long will it be?

What Then?

"What then? Why then another pilgrim song;
And then a hush of rest divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage, (ah! me, so long!)
And then a brook just where it most is wanted.

"What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and
thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

"What then? The wailing of the midnight wind;
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water-cruise to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

"What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sor-
row;
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, I will answer for the morrow!

"What then? For all my sins His pardoning
grace;
For all my wants and woes, His loving kindness;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face;
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blind-
ness.

"What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then a deep and darkly-rolling river;
And then a flood of light—a seraph hymn—
And God's own smile forever and forever!"—
Selected.

Hospital Incidents.

A venerable Quaker lady, who for three years has been traversing our land, visiting hospitals and camps, and alleviating the sufferings of our soldiers wherever found, preached to a very large audience in this city one evening, and in the course of her truly eloquent and thrilling remarks, stated that while for two hundred years war had been discountenanced by their sect, they believed that if war was ever justifiable, it was so in the present struggle. She related many touching incidents illustrative of the power of the Christian faith in sustaining suffering and dying soldiers. One incident was as follows:

While in Nashville, Tenn. she approached the bedside of a youth who, in his delirium, talked of nothing but the battle-field; the attendants told her it would be useless to address him upon the subject of religion, as nothing intelligible could be gathered from his ravings; his knapsack, clothing, and everything had been lost upon the field, and he could not tell where he was from, his regiment, or even his name, and must die in a very few hours, unknown and perhaps unwept. The lady remembered that there was a name that would sometimes recall the wandering mind and give peace and comfort to the dying, even when a mother's tender voice had failed, and stooping by his side she gently whispered:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lay my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there;"

when the sufferer opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Mother, I knew you would come!" and again closed his eyes. She repeated another stanza of this beautiful hymn, when he looked up in her face and calmly said, "Mother, I am going to Jesus," and sunk back in death.

Another case was that of a little drummer boy, who had recognized no one since his fall, and had given little evidence of consciousness; he was very near his end, and she whispered in his ear:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"—

when the countenance of the brave youth brightened up, and he followed with the second stanza of this immortal song, saying his mother had taught him that hymn, and he had often sung it in the Sunday School, and, after a few minutes' conversation, he

expressed a hope in the Saviour, and fell asleep, to wake no more in earthly scenes.

Time will never record the many deeds of Christian love which these good people are constantly performing in their quiet, simple way, but eternity will show a quiet as brilliant as the crown they seek. Opposed to both war and oppression, they see that the latter can only be overthrown by the former; and while unwilling to surrender their peculiar views, are heartily with us in the desire that both rebellion and slavery may be overthrown.

The Lost Furlough.

A soldier in the General Hospital at Washington had a telegram from home that his wife was lying very low and wanted to see him. He was wounded in the foot, and still very lame; but he got a furlough, and started for Maine. Before reaching Philadelphia, he put his hand in his pocket, and both his furlough and transportation papers were *gone*,—stolen! A transportation paper is an order from government to the railways to put the man through at government cost. Both *gone*! What was the poor soldier to do? He had no means to go on; besides, what was still worse, he was liable to be seized as a deserter, nor had he any proof to show to the contrary. Of course, there was nothing to do but go back to Washington, with small chance of getting another furlough. How could he give up his journey? And with his face homeward, home never seemed dearer. His sick wife, too,—would not the disappointment kill her? Poor fellow! when the train stopped at the station at Philadelphia, he jumped out, feeling very sad.

Presently, his foot trod on something, which, stooping down, he picked up and found to be a wrapper containing—what do you think? The furlough and transportation paper of another man,—a man that he recollected to have seen in the same hospital with himself. What should he do? seek out the man and return him his papers, or *use them himself*, and hurry on home? That is what a man with him advised him by all means to do. "You found them," said the man. "None of the conductors know that it is not your name. It is your only chance of getting home at all. You are a *fool* if you don't." That, you see, is the devil's counsel, and he likes to make a fair show. Would the poor heart-

aching soldier be proof against it? He had held on to his principles, just as he would have held on to his musket if the enemy had undertaken to twist it out of his hands, for two years of camp life; but could his longing for home stand against that? His wife's last words when he left home seemed to shine in his face. "Let me hear that you are killed, or that you have died by the way, only *don't* let me hear that you have ever done what is wrong. I am willing to give you up for your country, only *don't lose your principles*." He thought, too, of his praying mother, and he felt he dared not go home and look them in the face unless he went in an *honest* way.

"*Never*," cried he, "*never* will I go home under a false name." So he hobbled round, sought out the owner, and gave him his papers; then he went to the rooms of the Sanitary Commission and told his troubles. Friends were found, who telegraphed to Washington to get word that a furlough and transportation paper had been furnished him, so that the Adjutant-General could give him a paper which would save him from being seized as a deserter. The relief-agent gave him ten dollars and tickets to their different "Homes," where he could be taken kind care of along the way without charge or cost. And the poor soldier went on, not afraid to look every man in the face. Honesty is the best policy as well as the best principle; for "to the *up-right* light ariseth in darkness."

Praying for Rain.

We heard a dozen men complain
When Wednesday it began to rain;
Just as before, when it was dry,
They mourned a drouth with many a sigh;
And seemed most strangely to forget
That water generally is wet!
If all men's prayers were heard together,
The world would have the *queerest* weather.

"My mill stands still—O for some rain!"
"My grain is down!—Ye clouds, refrain!"
"My corn is parched!"—Ah! Susan's bonnet
Don't let a drop of water on it!"
"Oh! not to-day, our washing's out!"
"Roll up, ye clouds, I go for trout!"
"The hen's come off, the brood is drowned!"
"Ah! let it pour! my boat's aground!"

So, 'mid the murmurs of the world,
The clouds, like banners, are unfurled;
The rains descend, the bow is bent,
The sky smiles clear, God's azure tent;
Sweet springs and robins sing together,
And, rain or shine, 'tis pleasaut weather;
The sower's hopeful seed is flung,
And harvest songs are always sung.

Marked Articles.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a home-spun blanket, worn, but washed as clean as snow, was pinned a bit of paper, which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich, (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed-quilt was pinned a card, saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers."

On a pair of woolen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark; "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I had; I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give, but I haven't."

On some eye-shades were marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the *dear old flag* that you are all fighting under."

"CAME HOME AS GOOD AS WE WENT."

—"When my brother and I went away to the war," said a young Western soldier who had fought at Stone river and Chattanooga under Rosecrans, at Chattanooga under Grant, and had made the great march under Sherman, "we promised mother to come home as good as we went, and we'll do so, too: we have not learned to smoke, or chew, or drink, or play at cards. I guess she'll be glad to see us back again safe and sound."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1865.

Rochester Fruits and Vegetables.


They are celebrated the world over. Far and near we hear echoed the praises of our "Garden City," and of the abundance and deliciousness of its fruits and vegetables. It is a beautiful sight as we walk thro' our streets at this time, to see the overflowing baskets and tempting varieties which greet us on every side—and the abundance is everywhere. Farther out in the country, fine orchards and gardens are groaning under the weight of their golden treasures. But with all the profusion, they are not cheap—at least the fruits are not. Never, we believe, have the prices of all kinds of fruit ranged so high as at the present season. Now, we have a large number of invalids in our Hospital, to whom these fine peaches and pears—these luscious clusters of grapes—these melons, &c. &c.—would be such a luxury, and so refreshing—but the present prices have placed them quite beyond their reach. We said there was an abundance everywhere—but this was a mistake. There is no abundance at our Hospital—no abundance in our list of donations. What a mockery the loads of fresh fruits and vegetables which pass daily the windows of the Hospital must be to those within, pining in vain for a taste of them. Now, kind friends in the country and in the city too, please read over our list this month, and tell us if you think it is the very longest and the very best you can give us, and all that we deserve. While enjoying your fill of the rich bounties of Providence, are our soldiers—our sick—our weary invalids—to have no share, or so very meagre a share? But the fault lies, we are sure, not so much in your want of generosity or of sympathy, as in your want of consideration, or ignorance, it may be. If you *knew* and *thought about it*, how very acceptable a few apples, or fruit of any


kind—a few potatoes, or beets, or tomatoes, or cucumbers, or the very least thing from your gardens or orchards, would be—you would bring an abundance—we know you would.

Acknowledgment to our Friends and Agents.

We have been much gratified this month at the responses we have received and continue to receive from our agents. Nearly all have been very prompt in forwarding their lists, and have evinced not only a determination to keep their numbers full, but have succeeded in procuring additions to them. Then we have been especially encouraged by the interest and effort which several of our friends, not hitherto in our list of agents, have been manifesting in our behalf. Subscriptions have been cordially renewed and new names obtained for us—one lady from Scottsburg sending us seven, others from various places, two, three, four, &c. This is very encouraging. All who have responded thus promptly and faithfully to the appeals for *The Review*, will please accept our hearty thanks—and those who have delayed to do so, will, we trust, feel the importance of sending in their returns as early as possible.

MORE LINT AND BANDAGES.—We are requested, notwithstanding the kind supplies received last month, to ask for yet *more lint and bandages*. Rags for this purpose will always be acceptable at the Hospital, and especially so just now.

 Maggie Hamilton, one of our little agents, will please accept our thanks for five subscriptions this month—four from her old subscribers and one a new name. We are glad to find *one* of our little agents at work, and we hear of others who have not forgotten us.

 Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

Our Hospital.

This institution has now been in operation eighteen months—during which time there have been five hundred and sixteen persons received for medical and surgical treatment. Of this number, four hundred and seventy-one have been discharged, while the comparatively small number of twelve have died.

The soldiers, who for the past fourteen months have here received care and attention, which they can never forget, or for which they will never cease to be grateful, have now been discharged from service, or transferred to some other point, thus leaving ample accommodations for the reception of other patients.

The Hospital is now in excellent order—the Wing being nearly completed—the main building thoroughly renovated, and a number of rooms handsomely furnished for private patients. No effort or expense has been, or will be spared, to make the Hospital all that can be desired, for those who being absent from home and the tender, loving care of friends, in their affliction, may wish to avail themselves of its benefits.

The beauty of its location, and its airy and well ventilated apartments, commend themselves to all; while the neatness of the wards and home-like appearance of the different rooms, cannot fail to impress those who visit them.

The Hospital has no endowment, and consequently must for the present, as it has for the past, be sustained by the donations of the benevolent, who feel it a privilege to aid in relieving the sufferings of the sick and destitute; and it is hoped that a class of patients, for whom there is, as yet, no provision made by state, county, or city, will not be overlooked. We mean the discharged soldiers, many of whom, from sickness and wounds, will be forever unable to obtain a livelihood, while those who are granted a pension, so small is the sum, will not have sufficient to support

them in health, to say nothing of care in sickness.

Our doors should be open to these, who will ever bear the marks of this struggle, which has brought to us the blessings of peace; and we trust that those who have so generously given to the soldier boys when this terrible war was raging, will not now forget their sufferings and sacrifices, but will ever remember that while life lasts we owe them obligations which we can never repay.

Then let not our contributions cease for the Hospital, for here we have, and so long as there is a sick and suffering one, we hope to have, if not soldiers, those who have been soldiers, as well as other destitute persons, to whom we hope to be able to furnish the needed comforts that may aid in their restoration to health, and blot from their minds some portion of their life-long sorrow.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

Another Remembrance from Little Monty.

Little Monty has been away all summer, but we are very glad to find on his return that he has not forgotten us. We were much gratified this morning at the following note, received by us from his mamma :

DEAR MRS. M.—Monty takes to you 52 cents, his savings during the time we have been away. Of course it is for the Hospital.

In great haste, MRS. M. B.

OUR "REVIEW" IN SCOTLAND. — A young lady in Perth, Scotland, in writing to her cousin in this city, says, "You do not know how much I prize that interesting and truly praiseworthy paper, *The Hospital Review*. I intend to have the first volume bound."

Any subscriber to *The Hospital Review*, having the January and February numbers, which they do not care to retain, will confer a favor by sending them to Drawer 53, Rochester P. O.

Correspondence.

M. C. will please accept our cordial thanks :

EAST GROVELAND, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. M.—It has been a long time since I have sent you any new names for "The Review," but during the interval I have not forgotten you nor the soldiers; and to-day I send you four new names, together with the renewals of some of the former subscribers. I think most of them will be willing to renew their subscriptions. I have not yet been able to see them all.

Enclosed please find two dollars and fifty cents, and as soon as I can collect the remainder, it shall be sent to you, and I hope soon to add new names and the remainder of the funds.

Sincerely your friend, M. C.

Another Encouraging Response.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPT. 14, 1865.

MRS. W. H. P.—*Madam*—I beg to enclose herein two dollars, and will thank you to send two copies of your paper, one to Mrs. S. M. Spencer, and the other to Miss Frankie B. Ross Lewin, both at Rochester.

Should the enclosed not be sufficient, enough will be promptly added to make up amount.

Very respectfully, W. H. R. L.

FAIRPORT, Aug. 13, 1865.

MRS. P.—At last I have my list of subscribers in this place arranged for the coming year.

I am sorry to report three discontinuances, and but one new subscriber, although all are pleased with the paper.

I will state that I removed from my former place of residence last spring, to this place, consequently, I shall not be able to see subscribers in the former locality, but have requested a young lady in the place, (Miss Mary Brown,) to attend to the matter, which I presume she will do. Respectfully yours, Mrs. J. CHASE.

We trust our new agent, Miss Brown, may prove as successful and efficient as Mrs. Chase.

Cash Donations for August.

Contents of Donation box,	\$ 0 22
Deduction on Ioe bill by Mr. E. L. Thomas, ..	77
Miss Lilly Hammond, Rush, for the West Wing,	50
Contributions for the Flag,	2 97
Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS, Treas.	

List of Donations to the Hospital for August, 1865.

Ladies' Aid Society of South Perinton—By Miss B. C. Hoag, 11 Housewives, 3 boxes of Black Pepper, 2 boxes of Cayenne Pepper, half a pound of Green Tea, 1 pair Socks, 4 Cotton Shirts.

Mrs. Marcus Jewell—A lot of Books and an Accordian.

List of Sick and Wounded Soldiers, received into the Rochester City Hospital, from August 1st to September 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	FROM
Aug. 12.	William B. Lockwood,			22d Cavalry,	Valparaiso, Ind.	
	George Warren,			" "	Berlin, N. Y.	

Soldiers Transferred from the Hospital, from August 1st to September 1st, 1865.

DATE.	NAME.	RANK.	CO.	REG'T.	RESIDENCE.	TRANSFERRED TO
Aug. 12.	Henry Zeigenfuss,	Priv. B,	1st N. Y. Drag.		Dansville, N. Y.	Disch'd from Serv.
5.	William S. Mockford,	Corp. A,	140th N. Y. Vol.		Brockport,	Albany Gen. Hosp.
12.	William Irwin,	Sergt. D,	140th "		Rochester,	Disch'd from Serv.
5.	John Dormer,	Corp. A,	22d " Cav.		Rochester,	Albany Gen. Hosp.
12.	Francis Irwin,	Sergt. K,	140th " Vol.		Rochester,	Disch'd from Serv.
	John R. Stiles,	Priv. G,	148th "		Canandaigua,	" " "
	William A. Van Etten,	Corp. G,	147th "		Oswego,	" " "
	John T. White,	Priv. E,	140th "		Rochester,	" " "
5.	Marion Roberts,	"	24th " Cav.		Rochester,	" " "
18.	George Warren,	"	22d "		Valparaiso, Ind.	" " "

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM AUGUST 15 TO SEPT. 15, 1865.

Milton Budlong, Scottsville—By Mrs. Strang,	\$ 0 50
Miss Fanny Hooker, Mrs. S. Wright, East Kendall—By Mrs. Arner,	1 00
Mrs. A. C. Hill, Mrs. J. Chadwick, Mrs. H. P. Wilber, Miss Minnie Hall, Mrs. D. G. Holmes—By Mrs. J. Chase, Fairport,	2 50
Mrs. T. P. Cummings—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	0 50
Dr. French,—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,	0 50
Mrs. Allen Rice, Boston, Mass.; H. R. Smith, Vicksburg, Miss.; Miss M. E. Paul, Boston; Mrs. M. M. Mathews—By Mrs. Mathews,	2 00
Mrs. J. S. Orton, Mrs. H. G. Baker, Mrs. J. B. Adams—By Mrs. Adams, Geneseo, Advertisement,	4 00
Mrs. E. D. Smith, Mrs. I. E. Sheldon, New York—By Mrs. Smith,	1 00
Montdella Shumway, East Pembroke; Mrs. Sarah A. Patterson, West Henrietta; Miss Parsonson—By Mr. Williams,	1 50
Mrs. B. H. Hill, Mrs. M. B. King, Miss E. A. C. Hayes, Mrs. G. W. Parsons, Miss Frank H. Wood, Bell M. Smith—By Miss Emma Hayes,	3 00
Mrs. Jacob Bean, Mrs. John Wilhelm, Miss Sarah Allen, Miss Whitman, A. B. Roberts, N. S. Roberts, M. F. Roberts, Daniel Mack, Charles E. Swick, Scottsburgh; Mrs. Mary E. Casey, Livonia Station—By Miss Phebe Whitman, Scottsburgh,	5 00
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—By Maggie Hamilton,	50
Mrs. N. Hayward—By Mrs. Arner,	50
Mrs. Chas. Hendershot, Miss Emma Gamble, Miss Esther McKelvey, Mrs. H. K. Steele, Honeoye Falls; Mrs. E. S. Carroll, East Groveland—By Miss M. Culbertson, Groveland,	2 50
Mrs. Brown, Mrs. J. Howe, S. M. Spencer, Miss Frankie Ross Lewin—By Mrs. Perkins,	3 00

Superintendent's Report for August.

Aug. 1.	Citizen Patients in Hospital,	39
	Received during the month,	51—50
	Discharged " "	11
	Remaining, Sept. 1st,	39
Aug. 1.	Number of Soldiers in Hospital,	30
	Received during the month,	2—12
	Discharged " "	11
	Remaining, Sept. 1st,	1
	Citizen Patients,	39
	Total,	40

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Hospital Review:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.
- " HAMMOND, East Rush.
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Mrs. S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
- " CHARLES FORD, Clyde
- Miss ADA MILLER "
- " C. M. SECOR, Macedon.
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburgh.

The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

Children's Department.

At Night.

The little weary winged bees
 Give up their honeyed quest,
 And all the little singing birds
 Fly home and go to rest.

The butterflies fold up at last
 Their shining golden gowns,
 And daisies, in their wee white cups,
 Sleep on the dewy downs.

The cattle with their tinkling bells,
 Come home across the wold,
 And you're the only little lamb
 That's left without the fold.

Then come, my pretty one, 'tis time
 Thou, too, shouldst find thy rest;
 The violet's eyes, as blue as thine,
 Droop on each dewy breast.

And butter-cups adown the lane
 Are folded from the dark,
 And they'll be earlier out than you,
 And hear the first brown lark.

Then haste, before the stars climb up
 The blue wall of the skies,
 For, sure you would not let them see
 Such drooping little eyes.

Fear not the shadow, for God keeps
 Awake through all the night;
 To make our sleep more sweet and calm,
 He takes away the light.

Now, sing your pretty evening hymn,
 And say your sweet prayer, too.
 Asleep! ah, well, the angels will
 Finish the hymn for you.

—Home Journal.

THE INFANT VOYAGERS.

The bright glow of a summer evening sunset was shed over the sea-shore of a small fishing village in a beautiful part of the coast of Devonshire. Boats lay moored all along the sandy beach, here and there, a few paces apart, studding the long bay as it stretched in a semi-circle for nearly a mile, bordered by the red cliffs, which jutted out to the east, in a rocky point.

The whole fishing population of the village seemed gathered to one spot, where they were busily engaged in watching the landing of a *seine* ("a large net,") which it was supposed contained a great haul of

mackerel. And even the few gentry, or casual visitors who were drawn to this retired spot, were sitting or lounging near the net, waiting for the hauling-in to be accomplished, and speculating upon the numbers of fish likely to be landed.

Three children were to be seen on the very opposite side of the bay, playing in and about a small boat, which was laying a little over on one side, moored by its anchor, just below high water mark. The eldest, a girl of eight years old, was intently reading a book, seated inside the boat; whilst every now and then she lifted her eyes to watch the movements of her little sister, a baby of two, who was building sand-hills; or filling her tiny hands with the dry sand, and throwing it up in the air. The third, a boy of five years of age, was digging a deep hole with his wooden spade, round the spot where the anchor was loosely resting in the sandy beach.

"Esther, Esther," lisped the little one, "lift me up; I want to come into the boat with you."

Esther leaned down her sweet face and kissed the little one as she lifted her into the boat.

"Come, Chubby, and sit here, and I'll tell you a pretty story out of the book I'm reading," said Esther.

"Let me come too, Esther," said Tommy. The boy, as he threw down his spade and sprang in after his sister, seated himself astride on one of the seats. "Now, sister, tell us one of your stories."

The fair child loosened the strings of her white sun-bonnet to catch some of the evening breeze, which was springing up after the hot August day, and curling the crisp little waves which were breaking upon the shore. The story she told them seemed very interesting to the little ones, for they gazed lovingly and quietly into Esther's eyes, and forgot all but the sound of her gentle voice, until suddenly she stopped; and exclaimed,—

"Why, Tommy, we are floating! Take hold of Chubby while I push back with the oar."

Tommy sprang forward, nearly swinging over the small boat, and seized Chubby, who instantly set up a loud scream.

"O, Tommy, Tommy! there are no oars here; they are on the beach," cried Esther. "What shall we do?"

"I will take care of you," said Tommy,

stoutly; "don't mind, father will be sure to see us."

"No no, he won't, he won't Tommy," said Esther; "he's at the seine, ever so far away; and we are going away out to sea so fast."

"I will shout to him," said Tommy, in a faltering voice. "I am sure he will hear;" and he hallooed to the utmost pitch of his childish voice.

But the sound was borne away upon the waters, and never reached the knot of men who were gathered together at the distant part of the beach, looking like a small dark patch upon the sand.

"Esther, can't we hold up something for a flag for them to see?" said Tommy, "What have we got? O, here's Chubby's pinny, let's try that at least;" and Chubby held up her fat arms to let Esther take off her pinafore, opening her large eyes, a little frightened at Esther's pale face, but seeing little danger in being out at sea in her father's boat.

But they held up the tiny flag and shouted in vain. The receding tide was carrying them fast from the land. The sun had just set, and the August twilight was shortening, while the breeze freshened around the three hapless children, as in their rudderless oarless bark, the night closed over them.

Tommy at last broke down, and burst into violent sobs; while poor little Chubby only fretted, saying,—

"I am so hungry; take me home to mother, dear Esther, let Chubby go home to supper."

Esther nestled the little one closely into her bosom, and tried to cheer Tommy, who clung also to her, starting as the boat rose and sank with the increasing swell.

"O, Esther," said he, "I was a naughty boy last night. I ate up the cake mother told me to take to Chubby. I should not like to be drowned now. Do you think we shall ever get safe home?"

"God can take care of us, Tommy," said Esther, in a solemn voice. "Let us ask him now; shall we?"

And the two childish voices joined in murmuring a simple, faithful supplication to Him who said to the waves, "Peace, be still," and they obeyed Him.

Then calmed and comforted, and exhausted by crying, Tommy sank down close to Esther, and slept. Chubby's big eyes had long closed, and her infant face was rest-

ing in perfect repose on her sister's loving arms.

But Esther slept not. Her eyes were raised to the dark vault of heaven above her head, and as she watched the bright stars of the summer night, twinkling one by one, and seeming to move as the motion of the waves carried the boat onward, he felt no fear. She trusted in the love of Him who had made those bright and beautiful stars; she placed herself and her dear little brother and sister in His hands. And though now and then large, silent tears coursed each other down her cheeks, they were caused by a thought of the sorrow of the dear mother at home, waiting and longing hopelessly for her children's return. It was a hard struggle as the night drew on, and the boat tossed to and fro upon the waves; but still she sought to comfort herself in the thought of God's care. Many were the prayers she offered that for Christ's sake, who loved the little children, He would preserve them in their fearful peril.

The haul was a large one, and it was long before the fishermen had made a just division of the spoil. Many fish were cried round the village for sale before the men returned to their homes for the night. Esther Sedgewick, the children's mother, had prepared their evening meal. The little round table was covered with a neat white table-cloth, and three little basins, in gradations of size, were placed upon it, filled with bread. The milk was standing ready warmed upon the hob, whilst something more savory was steaming in a pot, ready for the tired fisherman's supper. The kind wife was leaning down to lift the pot from the fire, when her husband's well-known step was heard on the threshold.

"Why, Thomas, I thought you were never coming. How came you to keep the children out so late? It's quite dark."

"The children! Why I thought they were at home in bed long ago. They've not been near the seine at all."

The mother started up, and looked in her husband's face. A thrill of dread ran through her frame; she hoped he was joking; but no; his face said he was in earnest. She rushed to the door.

"Don't be frightened, mother," said he. "They're safe enough down on the beach, I'll be bound—waiting for me, perhaps."

But he left his supper untasted, and hur-

ried down after his wife to the beach, every moment fear and undefined horror seizing their poor hearts, and almost paralyzing them. The poor parents came at last upon Tommy's spade, and the hole dug round the anchor, which was still left in the sand where Tommy had untied it from the rope which was secured to the boat. The boat was gone. There lay the oars, and the truth flashed upon the father at once.

"They must have drifted out to sea," said he, in a hoarse, hollow voice. "God have mercy on the poor innocents!"

A wail of anguish was all that burst from the mother's lips. She thought that even then she might be childless.

The neighbors were soon aroused, and deep and hearty was the sympathy excited for the poor little helpless ones on the broad waters. Seven boats were immediately pushed off in search of the lost ones, and it was agreed that the women on shore should collect a heap of firewood, and if one of the boats returned successful in their search, they should at once set fire to it as a signal of recall to those who were still out. As the last boat was being pushed off, a rough-looking sailor turned to his son, saying—

"Jem, have you got the grappling-irons? May be we shall want them. They'll capsize on the rocky point if they've got into the eddy, and the tide will leave the bodies among the low rocks."

"Ay, ay, father," was all Jem's answer; but the mother's ear, quickened by fear, had heard it all, and a deep groan escaped her.

She sat and watched. She had hardly hope enough left to add to the heap of faggots the woman were bringing; she sat silent and almost unheeded: she to whom the lighting of that fire was to bring life or death. She heard the neighbors talking, but she scarcely knew what they said.

"Poor Mrs. Sedgewick!" said one; "'tis a sad thing for her. Such sweet, pretty children, too!"

And so they went on talking as the hours passed wearily on, and no boats returned, and no other sound was heard but the beating of the waves against the shore, and the gurgling of the pebbles as they receded.

"Where's the matches, Martha?" said one old woman who was sitting by the heap of wood. "It's getting mortal cold. I must light my pipe."

There was some wrangling and disputing among the women, then a scream and a soufflé, and then poor Mrs. Sedgewick was roused from her dreamy stupor, by seeing the fire crackling and blazing beside her: that signal fire which was to recall the men from their search! In vain they tried to stifle the flames, which, fanned by the night-breeze, were rising high, and casting a red glare around. It was in vain that the almost frantic mother dipped water from the sea at her feet to quench the false signal. But it was too late; after a while the sound of oars upon the distant water was heard. They approached nearer and nearer, till the boats touched the shore, and each man sprang out, hoping that the signal had been one of joyous recall, and that the innocent causes of their anxiety had been brought home by one more successful than himself.

Six boats touched the shore. The last of the six contained the poor broken-hearted father. His wife's look told him, as he stepped heavily out of the boat, that the search had, as yet, been fruitless, and he brushed away a tear as he saw her imploring, hopeless eyes fixed on him.

"Ah, Esther, poor soul," said he, "we must not give it up yet; we must start again. Cheer up, my woman!"

But her sigh was turned almost into a groan as he turned from her to the group of men who were standing a little apart, consulting as to what should be done next.

The grey streaks of dawn were showing themselves on the horizon, as the friendly fishermen were setting themselves to renew the search. The seventh boat had not come in, but a faint speck was seen in the far, far distance. It is coming nearer, and faces are turned toward it with expectation, with something like hope. It is approaching: still distant, but increasing in size and distinctness. The poor mother dared not look, for she knew that the seventh boat contained Jem and his father, and she pictured to herself the reason of his detention. He had, she thought, gone to the rocky point, and had thus been hidden from the false signal fire. Perhaps with those grappling-irons he had brought back the lifeless bodies of her children. How could she bear to see them? She hid her face, she even covered her ears; but she could not still the throbbing of her aching heart.

The boat came nearer—nearer. The regular rise and fall of the oars seemed

never-ending. It was difficult to distinguish the figures in the dim light of the early morning, and yet there were figures,—yes, more than two. The oars were unshipped as the boat touched the shore, and Jem's father sprang out, bearing a tender burden in his arms, little Chubby, red and rosy as ever, holding out her arms, and saying,—

"I come back again, father, I be!

Tommy followed, carried on Jem's back, while he led Esther, pale and trembling, and wet with spray, to her mother's side.

O, how sweet were the choking tears of joy which wetted the face of the fair child, as she was clasped in an embrace which seemed as if it would never end! How Tommy cried and laughed by turns as he told about the cake he had eaten! And how was little Esther's faith strengthened! How great her confidence in her heavenly Father's love, who had answered the prayer of his feeble child, and brought her in safety to her earthly parents once again, though danger and even death seemed to be inevitable.—*Sunday at Home.*

Miscellaneous.

What Mania-a-potu Is.

The reporter of the Philadelphia Press, relates the following :

A well-dressed young man stepped into the Central Station on Monday afternoon, to enter a complaint. He appeared to be perfectly sane, but it was not long before we came to the conclusion that we stood in the presence of a man who was laboring under an attack of mania-a-potu. "Sir," said he, "I am very much annoyed by the Reading Railroad Company; they have caused to be laid a double-track from the cellar of my house to the roof; one track goes up one side of my bed, and down on the other side. They run the cars all night; just as I get into a doze, a locomotive whizzes by, blowing the steam-whistle and ringing the bell; last night, sir, one of the locomotives flew off the track, leaped across my bed to the other track, and the engineer grinned at me like a devil. The passengers all looked like devils, some with horns, and some with no horns at all; each devil carried a canary-bird, which seemed to sing like a steam-whistle." Here the informant paused.

"Well, sir, your complaint is just; we have already taken measures to have the railroad tracks removed from your house, so that you can sleep without being disturbed," was our reply.

The man seemed to be grateful that such a course had been taken, and as he arose to depart, he said, "Sir, I wish you would remove that worm from my shoulder; only a little while ago I pulled one out of my forehead, and threw it on the pavement; just as I was about to put my foot on it, nearly a hundred ran up my leg, and I suppose this is one of them."

We removed the imaginary worm, whereupon he exclaimed, "Why, there are more of them." "Wait a moment," said we; a brush was obtained and properly used.—The man, evidently a gentleman, returned his thanks for our kindness, and suddenly left the office. He was a stranger. What became of him we know not, but we thought the whole scene a first-class temperance lecture.

The way you always Stopped.

A Vermont paper tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could collect his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (all the other passengers having sought *terra firma*), with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summersault over the seat in front, and her bandbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt, why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed, and several others severely injured." "La, me; I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped!"

"I mourn for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to Gen. Sheridan. "So you ought, you scoundrel," replied Sheridan, "for nobody has bled her more than you have."

Boy Lost.

He had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on. Had a habit of whistling and liked to ask questions. Was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has such an orderly put away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut papers upon the floor; of tumbled down card-houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows, and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks, and trumpets. I want to see crumbles on the carpets, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about; I want to see candy-making, and corn-popping; and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslin; yet these things used to fret me once.

They say—"Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for." But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or mainsails, and then to hem the same; I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles; I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful always to be at liberty to go to concerts, lectures, and parties; no confinement for you.

But I want confinement; I want to listen for the school bell in the morning; to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch, from the window, nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, and paints of all colors; I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

* * * * *

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, bosomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am unwilling to tire him.

He stoutly declares he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with gay stripes at the side, and asks me if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boys' militia. He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail, (it was the end of the piece,) and the name on the stern—Lucy Low—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off and she has grown to be a tall handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat. Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. My little one is lost, and my big one will soon be. Oh! if he were a little tired boy in a long white night gown, lying in a little crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing his curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids drop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I had only my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I could bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boy. I wonder if they know they are living their best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.

"My Father's Cummin'."

A young urchin, before the new act, was employed to sweep the chimney of a house in Macclesfield, and having ascended to the "summit of his profession" took a survey. This completed, he prepared to descend, but, mistaking the flue, he found himself, on his landing, in the office of a limb of the law, whose meditations were put to flight. The sensation of both parties it is impossible to describe—the boy, terrified lest he

should be punished, stood riveted to the spot, and the lawyer, struck dumb, started from his seat the very image of horror, but spoke not. Sooty, however, soon found a tongue, and in accents which only increased the terrors of the man of law, cried out, "My father's cummin' directly." This was enough. The presence of such an equivocal being, so introduced, unnerved his heart; with one bound the affrighted lawyer flew down stairs, and sought refuge in the street from the enemy.—*London paper.*

An Impatient Jurymen.

An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, gives the following as authentic:

You are fond of cracking jokes at the expense of Arkansas; now here is one in your State absolutely true. I got it from an eye witness:

The District Court in one of your Northern parishes was in session; 'twas the first day of the Court—time, after dinner.—Lawyers and others had dined, and were sitting out before the hotel, when a long, lank, unsophisticated countrymen came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked—

"Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this Court; I want to go home; I left Betsey a looking out."

"Ah!" said one of the lawyers, "and pray what detains you at Court?"

"Why, sir," said the countryman, "I am fetched here as a jury, and they say if I go home they will have to find me, and mout'n do that as I live a good piece."

"What jury are you on?" asked the lawyer.

"What jury?"

"Yes, what jury; grand or traverse?"

"Grand or travis, jury? Dad-fetched if I know."

"Well," said the lawyer, "did the judge charge you?"

"Well, Squire, the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses over the crowd, gin us a talk; but I don't know if he charged anything or not."

The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the Sheriff called the Court.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Fr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
Three Months,..... 2 00	One Third Column,.... 12 00
Six Months,..... 3 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 25 00

1A Column contains eight Squares.

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, " "
- MARY PERKINS, " "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- CARRIE NEFF, " "
- H. F. VICKERY, " "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW, " "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.

Advertisements.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

NO. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,

Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER, E. N. BUELL.

Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,
 A. S. MANN,
 H. D. MANN.

Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of reasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,

(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st.
 Rochester, March 15, 1865.

Election Notice.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—COUNTY OF MONROE
Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and annexed thereto, that the Board of Supervisors of the County of Monroe will be held in this County on the 20th day of November, at the Court House in the City of Monroe, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing the officers named in the annexed Notice to be elected.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, July, 29th 1885.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

THE Notice is hereby given, that the General Election to be held in this State on the 20th day of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

- A Secretary of State, in the place of Chauncey M. Depew.
 - A Comptroller, in the place of Tunis Robinson.
 - A Treasurer, in the place of George W. Schuyler.
 - An Assessor General, in the place of John C. Conner.
 - A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William B. Taylor.
 - A Canal Commissioner, in the place of William I. Skinner.
 - A Director of State Prisons, in the place of Gaylord J. Clark.
 - A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Eliam Denio.
 - A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Frederick A. Halliday.
 - All officers terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- Also, a Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of John B. Morgan, who will be elected, and the term of office will expire on the first day of December, 1886.
- Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Thomas A. Conner, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- Also, a Justice for the 23rd Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

- Three Members of Assembly.
 - A District Attorney, in the place of William H. Bowman.
 - Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Benjamin S. Whitehead and Nelson Van Orman.
 - Two Coroners, in the place of Tunis V. P. Fulis and Henry M. Treat.
- All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chapter 825 of Laws of 1885, a copy of which is printed in the annexed Notice, and to provide the means of paying bounties authorized by law, and of reimbursing municipalities for bounties paid by them in pursuance of law by creating a state debt for that purpose; and to submit to the people the question of creating such debt, and to repeal said sections of chapter twenty-nine of the Laws of eighteen hundred and sixty-five for instructions in regard to regard to their duties under said act.

CHAP. 825.

AN ACT to provide the means of paying bounties authorized by law, and of reimbursing municipalities for bounties paid by them in pursuance of law by creating a state debt for that purpose; and to submit to the people the question of creating such debt, and to repeal said sections of chapter twenty-nine of the Laws of eighteen hundred and sixty-five.

Passed April 17th, 1885, three-fifths being present.
The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. To provide the means of paying all bounties authorized by law to be paid by this state to volunteer, drafted men or substitutes, and to provide the means of reimbursing municipalities for bounties paid by them to volunteers, drafted men or substitutes, so far as the bounties so paid by them are authorized by a law of this state, to be reimbursed or refunded to them, a debt of this state is hereby created, and authorized to be contracted, with which shall be the single object of paying, reimbursing and refunding the said bounties.

§ 2. The debt hereby created and authorized to be contracted shall not exceed the sum of thirty million dollars, and there shall be imposed, levied and assessed upon the taxable property of this state, a direct annual tax to pay the interest on the said debt as such interest falls due, with a said direct annual tax shall be sufficient to pay the interest on the said debt, and to create a sinking fund for the payment of said debt, there shall also be imposed, levied and assessed upon the taxable

property of this state a direct annual tax to pay, and sufficient to pay in the space of five years from the time of the passage of this act, the whole of the debt or to be contracted under and by the provisions of this act.

§ 3. To obtain the money necessary for the purposes aforesaid by this act, the comptroller is authorized to issue the bonds of this state, in such sums as shall seem meet to him, with coupons thereunto attached for the payment of the interest on such bonds, at a rate not exceeding seven per centum, per annum, to be paid yearly on the first days of July and January, in each year, until the interest thereon is payable at such place in the City of New York as shall seem meet to him, and the whole principal shall be payable at such place in New York, city as the comptroller shall determine in twelve years from the passage of this act. The bonds to be issued by the comptroller, under the provisions of this act, shall be disposed of by the comptroller as follows: First, he shall, as soon as he receives the approval of his act by the people, cause at par to be held for any of the revenue bonds of this state which, under the provisions of any law of this state, shall have been theretofore issued by him to raise money for the payment of the same, or which in the first section of this act, or to reimburse or refund to cities, counties or towns, the bounties paid by them as specified in the first section of this act, or any of the funds authorized by this act, or shall equate in amount the revenue bonds of this state, which shall have theretofore been issued by him as aforesaid. Second, he shall then, as he may consider the bonds authorized to be issued by this act, but the disposition of them or any of them, and the price for their sale, for the same, shall be open to the highest bidder, and award the same to the highest bidder, at a rate not less than par, which awarding and disposition shall be according to the provisions of law now existing.

§ 4. This act shall be submitted to the people at the next general election to be held in this state. The inspectors of election on the different election districts in this state shall provide at each poll, on said election day, a copy of a ballot form for the use of the electors, as herein provided; and each of every elector of this state may present a ballot, which shall be a paper ticket on which shall be printed or written, or partly written and partly printed, one of the following forms, namely: "For the purpose of creating a state debt to pay bounties," or "to gain the state a debt to create a state debt to pay bounties." The said ballots shall be so folded as to conceal the contents of the ballot, and shall be enclosed in a relation to be done as follows:

§ 5. After finally closing the polls of each election, the inspectors thereof shall immediately, and without adjournment, proceed to count and canvass the ballots given in relation to the proposed law in the same manner as they are by law required to canvass the ballots given for governor, and the canvass shall be done in writing, and in words at full length, the whole number of votes given "for the act to create a state debt," and the whole number of votes given "to create a state debt," and certify and subscribe the same, and cause the copies hereof to be made, certified and delivered, as prescribed by law in respect to the canvass of votes given at an election for governor. And all the provisions of law in relation to elections, other than for military and naval officers, shall apply to the submission to the people hereof provided for.

§ 6. The secretary of state shall with all convenient dispatch after this act shall receive the approval of the governor, cause the same to be struck off and printed upon slips in such numbers as shall be sufficient to supply the different officers of this state concerned in notifying or holding elections, or in canvassing the votes, and shall transmit the same to such officers.

§ 7. This act shall become a law when it is ratified by the people in pursuance of the constitution and the provisions thereof.

§ 8. Section eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen of chapter twenty-nine of the laws of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, are hereby repealed.

You are, without delay, to deliver a copy of the above notice to the Supervisor of Towns of the several townships in your county; and also to cause a copy of said notice to be published in all the newspapers printed in your county, to be in each week until the election.

Yours respectfully,
GRADUATE Y. M. DEPEW,
Secretary of State.

MUNSON MUSICAL INSTITUTE
BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,
No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y.

Music ONLY, is Taught in this Institution.
Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular.
JULIUS S. MUNSON,
MRS. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,
April, 1865—1y Principals.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium Sewing Machine,
With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS
Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing
AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express. Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,
Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GELMAN H. PERKINS.
[Established in 1836.]
Jan. 1865. tf

**THE MORNING LIGHT,
THE
PRINCE OF BASE BURNING
STOVES.**

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

THE Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 20th, 1864, after a thorough examination of this and other base burners in operation and on trial, fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the First Premium on the "MORNING LIGHT" as the best base burning, self-feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by
SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.,
17 and 19 Green Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by
WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,
26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan. 1865.

**S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,
DEALERS IN**

**Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,
Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Jan. 1865. ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms. Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day. These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Bathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

HART & REYNOLDS,
Rochester, January, 1865. Main Street.

**JOHN SCHLEIER,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
Jan. 15, 1865.**

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 16, 1865.

No. 3.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

A Soldier from Bingen.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A Soldier of the Legion

Lay dying in Algiers:

There was lack of woman's nursing,

There was dearth of woman's tears:

But a comrade stood beside him

While his life-blood ebbed away,

And bent with pitying glances

To hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered

As he took his comrade's hand,

And he said:—"I never more shall see

My own, my native land.

Take a message and a token

To some distant friends of mine,

For I was born at Bingen—

At Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions,

When they meet and crowd around

To hear my mournful story,

In the pleasant vineyard ground—

That we fought the battle bravely;

And when the day was done,

Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale

Beneath the setting sun;

And 'midst the dead and dying

Were some grown old in wars;

The death-wounds on their gallant breasts,

The last of many scars:

But some were young, and suddenly

Beheld life's morn decline:

And one had come from Bingen,

From Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons

Shall comfort her old age;

For I was like a truant bird

That thought his home a cage:

For my father was a soldier,

And even when a child

My heart leaped up to hear him tell

Of struggles fierce and wild.

And when he died and left us

To divide his scanty hoard,

I let them take what'er they would,

But kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it

Where the bright light used to shine,

On the cottage-wall at Bingen—

Calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me,

And sob, with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again

With glad and gallant tread:

But to look upon them proudly

With calm and steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier too,

And not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love,

I ask her, in my name,

To listen to him kindly

Without regret or shame—

And to hang the old sword in its place—

My father's sword, and mine

For the honor of old Bingen—

Dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's *another*—not a sister—
 In the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment
 That sparkled in her eye.
 Too innocent for coquetry—
 Too fond for idle scorning—
 O, friend! I think the lightest heart
 Makes, sometimes, heaviest mourning.
 Tell her, the last night of my life—
 (For, ere this moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain,
 My soul be out of prison)—
 I dreamed I stood with her and saw
 The yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along;
 I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing,
 And the chorus sweet and clear.
 And down the pleasant river,
 And up the slanting hill,
 The echoing horns resounded
 Through the evening calm and still.
 And her glad blue eyes were on me
 As we passed, with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore,
 And well-remembered walk.
 And her little hands lay lightly,
 Confidingly, in mine—
 But we'll meet no more on Bingen,
 Loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse;
 His grasp was childish weak;
 His eyes put on a dying look;
 He sighed, and ceased to speak;
 His comrade bent to listen,
 But the spark of life had fled;
 And the soldier of the Legion,
 In a foreign land, was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly,
 And calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field,
 With bloody corpses strown—
 Yes, calmly on the dreadful scene,
 Her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen—
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Are you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but I am going there," was the reply. This world is the shadow; heaven is the reality.

Action of the Grand Jury.

To the Editress of the *Hospital Review* :

Should not this note of warning from our Grand Jury, have a prominent place in the *Hospital Review*—that it may reach all who read its pages? Those who have interested themselves for our soldiers, in the hospitals, or on the field of action, during the past few years, feel and know too painfully and too well its truthfulness—when their efforts for their temporal and spiritual good have been blasted by the maddening, soul-destroying draught, which is permitted to be dealt to all, by licensed dealers in this deadly traffic. It will be well if this investigation, even now, after so much crime and misery and taxation, has overwhelmed us, if our men will rouse themselves, and find some remedy, though beset by difficulties, which will in a measure drive this curse from our land, and save, not only our husbands and our sons, but their defenceless wives and children, from the inheritance of the drunkard. "Be not deceived—nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

To the Court and the People of the County :

The Grand Jury, which has this day closed a long, diligent and painful investigation of the violations of law and humanity, have been so impressed at every step of their proceedings, that intoxicating liquors were the impelling cause of crime, that it was made my duty by a unanimous vote, to communicate to the Court, the public authorities and the people of the county, that with scarcely an exception, the sixty odd persons complained of were the habitual or occasional victims of dissipation; and of the fifty odd persons indicted, the evidence indicates in each case that the commission of crime was preceded by the degradation of intemperance. So uniformly was this true, that the nature of the crime complained of, or its degree of depravity, indicated with reasonable certainty the ravages that dissipation had made in the manhood of its victims. The young man just entering upon the course of ruin, manifested his beginning by profanity, assaults, brawls and riots. Those further descended, appeared in arson, larceny, and

like crimes, until reaching the last degree of degradation, where the total wreck of humanity is made manifest in the crime of murder, and murder so unnatural that humanity shrinks from its contemplation. A medical examination disclosed the undigested milk of a mother's bosom in the stomach of her child, that had just perished by her own hands. This mother had just poisoned the fountains of life in the cup of dissipation. Humanity struggled nobly but fruitlessly against the triumphs of dissipation.

The temptation to which our returned soldiers are exposed by the sinks of dissipation that lure and beguile them at every turn, is most alarming, and demands the best as well as the most kindly efforts of every good citizen. The Grand Jury feel it to be their duty to admonish this class of young men not to tarnish the noble deeds they have done for their country, by failing in their duty as citizens. To secure the past the future must be consistent. The first duty of a soldier is obedience to authority, and it is the citizen's paramount duty to obey the civil law.

The Grand Jury present the facts as they appeared, well knowing that all remedies are beset by difficulties.

Respectfully submitted,

AARON ERICKSON, Foreman.

Indian Summer.

Like a soft regret of the atmosphere, the Indian Summer lingers over the dead Autumn. Very sweet, like the smile that looks a radiant farewell to the happy soul departed, from the lips of one dead, is this hushed Sabbath of the Summer. Not dreary and not sad, but with a joy that seems sorrow, and a sorrow that seems joy, do we regard it, this lovely time when Nature, breathless and pale, like a long watchful mother, stoops over and kisses, asleep, her dearest flower-children for the last time. All the air seems filled and thrilled with a hushed and breathless tenderness; all the heavens appear to look radiant with a closer embracing sympathy for the earth—all the earth is still and voiceless. The lighted aisles of the forest no longer ring with joy worshippers—the birds have left the boughs haunted only by last year's nests, and ghosts of their bird-homes.

Why do we call this after-dream of our Northern seasons the Indian Summer?

Would it be idle to dream that the year is haunted with a regret, each Autumn-come, for the races of its old religion who lived in the grander seasons which we have trampled out—grand with their untouched forest glooms, and their wild valleys, and the far sea-like gleam of their prairies, and the pure currents of their rivers, and the holy silence of their hills? Only in America, we believe, does this after-summer bloom; and here it seems, like the race it remembers, to be slowly moving "farther West;" for its visits are neither so long nor so marked, many who have come down from the pioneer days have assured us, as they were years ago. Is this ghost of the vanished summers gradually becoming exorcised by the locomotive and the Yankee whistle, by the "march of empire" and the "march of mind?" Are its "star-dials hinting of the morn'?"

But we are now bathed in its haunting presence, and, under its strange influence, have times and distances mingled. The town-clock is over our shoulder (though its luminous face is veiled in a golden dream-veil), and yet, how many squares away! And the golden cross on the Cathedral yonder, is a butterfly fluttering out of sight. Everything shimmers and glitters; an omnibus looks like the chariot of Phebus, and its driver has a shining face like Apollo. The veriest dray-horse has trappings of gold and silver:

"The near afar off seems, the distant nigh;

The Now, a dream; the Past, reality."

and, we imagine, the fire-eaters are intoxicated, "and hail fellows, well met" with us in Indian Summer air.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Power of Goodness.

John Kant, (not the German philosopher of that name) was professor and Doctor of Divinity at Cracow. He was a pious, holy man, with a spirit peculiarly gentle and guileless, and he at all times would have preferred to suffer injustice rather than to exercise it. For many years he had conscientiously followed his duties as spiritual teacher of the place to which he had been appointed by God. His head was covered with the snows of age, when he was seized with an ardent desire to revisit the scenes of his youth in his native country, Silesia. The journey appeared fraught with peril to one at this advanced age; but he set his affairs in order, and started on the way, commending himself to the care of God.

He rode slowly along, attired in his black robe, with long beard and hair, according to the fashion of the time. Thus he pursued his way through the gloomy woods of Poland, which scarcely a sunbeam could pierce; but there was a light in his soul, for God's Holy Spirit irradiated it.

One evening as he thus journeyed along, holding communion with God, and taking no heed of objects beside him, on reaching an opening in the thick forest, a trampling noise was suddenly heard, and he was instantly surrounded by figures, some on horseback and some on foot. Knives and swords glittered in the moonlight, and the pious man saw that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers. Scarcely conscious of what passed, he alighted from his horse, and offered his property to the gang. He gave them a purse filled with silver coins, unclasped the gold chain from his neck, took the gold lace from his cap, drew a ring from his finger, and took from his pocket his book of prayer, which was clasped with silver. Not till he had yielded all he possessed, and seen his horse led away, did Kant intercede for his life.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief, threateningly. "Have you no more money?"

In his alarm and terror, the trembling doctor answered that he had given them every coin in his possession; and on receiving this assurance, he was allowed to proceed on his journey.

Quickly he hastened onward, rejoicing at his escape, when suddenly his hand felt something hard in the hem of his robe. It was his gold, which having been stitched within the lining of his dress, had thus escaped discovery. The good man in his alarm, had forgotten this secret store. His heart, therefore, again beat with joy, for the money would bear him home to his friends and kindred, and he saw rest and shelter in prospect, instead of a long and painful wandering, with the necessity of begging his way. But his conscience was a peculiarly tender one, and he suddenly stopped to listen to its voice. It cried in disturbing tones, "Tell not a lie! Tell not a lie!" These words burned in his heart. Joy, kindred, home, all were forgotten. Some writers on moral philosophy, have held that promises made under such circumstances are not binding, and few men certainly would have been troubled with scruples on the occasion. But Kant did not stop to

reason. He hastily retraced his steps, and entering into the midst of the robbers, who were still in the same place, said meekly: "I have told you what is not true, but it was not intentionally; fear and anxiety confused me; therefore pardon me."

With these words he held forth the glittering gold; but, to his surprise, not one of the robbers would take it. A strange feeling was at work in their hearts. They could not laugh at the holy man. "Thou shalt not steal," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, one went and brought him back his purse; another restored the book of prayer, while still another led his horse towards him and helped him to remount it. They then unitedly entreated his blessing; and solemnly giving it, the holy man continued his way, lifting up his heart in gratitude to God, who brought him in safety to the end of his journey.

Before Vicksburg—May 16, 1863.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

[The war has called out nothing more vivid in pictorial-poetical form than this little piece which we copy from the *Atlantic Monthly*; for September. It is a living poem.]

When Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
And bombshells tumbled in their smoky gyre,
And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed;
Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stiffing his tears, he limped his chief to meet;
But when he paused, and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright, young blood.
Shocked at his doleful case,
Sherman cried "Halt! front face!
Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"
"A drummer, Sir:—Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send
Some cartridges: our men are out;
And the foe press on." "But, my little friend!"
"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
Oh, for the love of heaven,
Send to my Colonel, General dear!"
"But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop,
Angels might envy, dimmed his eye,
As the boy, toiling toward the hill's hard top,

Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry
 Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!
 We'll win the battle yet!
 But let our soldiers have some more,
 More cartridges, Sir,—calibre fifty-four!"

An Affecting Scene.

On a recent afternoon an old man, cane in hand, was passing along the south side of Washington street, near the corner of Catherine, in this village. He was jogging along, apparently in deep meditation. On the other side of the street was a returned soldier, who, observing the old gentleman, started across towards him, accosting him as Mr. Wright. The old man did not appear to hear the soldier, until he was overtaken and saluted with a "How do you do, Mr. Wright?"

The old man half hesitatingly reached forward his hand, which was heartily grasped by the soldier, and peered intently into his face, and replied:

"Well, I declare you have got the start of me this time."

"You ought to know me," said the soldier; "I used to work for you."

"When?" asked the old man,

"Before the war," said the soldier.

"Are you sure?" inquired Mr. Wright.

"Where do I live, and what is my name?"

"At Briar Hill, and your name is—Wright," said the soldier.

"Well, this is strange; how long did you work for me?" the old man inquired.

"A good many years," was the response.

"And yet I don't recognize you. What is your name?"

"Albert Wright," said the soldier.

At this announcement the old man dropped his cane, and fell upon the soldier's breast, exclaiming:

"My God? is this my son Albert?"

The scene which followed is beyond description. The son embraced the father. Both wept tears of joy. The old man danced with delight, and in his terpsichorean feats, cut a pigeon wing—double chassa—half right and left—do-se-do—alaman left—and balance all, in a style which indicated that he had quite forgotten his age and infirmities, and exclaimed, as he wound up his delightful performance, "wouldn't the old woman give her eyes to know this?" For some minutes the two men indulged in these immoderate exhibitions of love and affection, and then went off together.—*Ogdensburg Journal.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 16, 1865.

The Coming Winter.

Winter is drawing near. We have already had this fact impressed upon us by the long cold rains, and the general damp and chill and dreariness, stealing over our streets and houses. The beautiful summer is over—the golden autumn lingers, but the cold weather has already come, and it will be bitter cold bye and bye. It is the time when careful house-wives are preparing their winter stores, and when the long campaign of pickling and canning and preserving, is about ended. How many, in laying up their supplies, have had a thought of our Hospital, our sick soldiers and our invalids? We have a large household to be provided with care and comforts this winter, and have our friends ever asked themselves how all this was to be done? Notwithstanding the departure of our soldiers, we have still a large family to be provided for. The soldiers are not all gone—several sick and invalid ones remain with us, and the number of citizen patients brought to us is constantly increasing, as will be the case for months to come. Readers, come and see for yourselves, the work in which we are engaged, and in which we invite your co-operation. Visit our Hospital and its inmates, and we are sure your interest and sympathy will be moved toward us. Here, in passing through the wards, you will find a soldier wasted with consumption, and from whom the government still cruelly, as it seems to us, withholds his bounty. Here is another soldier suffering from asthma, contracted while lying in the Virginia swamps—and so on—in every face you meet—you may read some story of suffering. Reader, the inmates of this Hospital are *your* care and *ours*. Let us be faithful to our charge. Let us each do all we can for their comfort, for their relief; and let us bear them especially in mind, now that the winter is drawing so near.

Our Paper.

On the whole, we feel quite encouraged with the receipts this month for our *Review*. A few, it is true—we are very sorry to say it—have discontinued, but the number has been more than filled with new subscribers, and our agents are still busy at work on every side. Subscribers who have delayed sending their remittances, either to us or to our agents, will, we trust, allow us once more to remind them of the importance of giving this matter immediate attention, as this is already the third month of our new year. The expense of publishing the *Review*, is so very great, that we need *all* the encouragement and assistance from our friends and agents which they can possibly give us. Let everybody try this month and see how much they can do for us, and how many new names they can send us.

Our List of Donations.

We must confess that we feel a little disappointment this month at our list of donations. After our long appeal last month, we did expect a longer list at this time. Still we are very thankful for all we have received and, for that barrel of apples especially. Now we do not know as it is of any use to say more—we do not know as we *can* say more than we have upon this point—but with our abundant harvest—our overflowing orchards, and gardens, and markets, it does seem as if we might have a little longer list of donations. Potatoes, beets, turnips, onions, vegetables of all kinds and fruits, donated in ever so small quantities, would be very acceptable—and a little remembrance from each would so soon swell our list. Quinces and pears, we understand, are unusually abundant everywhere. Who will bring us quinces and pears, and who will bring us another barrel of apples?

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 We are gratified to find so many responses to our call for lint and bandages. Donors will please accept our thanks.

The Quilts.

The quilts, we are happy to find, keep coming in. We have received another the past month, from that dear busy little group of girls in our city, who have already sent us five. The group numbers seven we believe, and we think they have done splendidly for us. We wish we knew how to express to them how very much pleased we are with their efforts, and how very grateful we are—but our words fail—they will have to imagine all we would like to say, if we only could. We notice also, in the list of donations, a quilt from Mrs. S. C. Hoadley. So they keep coming in, and “the more the merrier.” We have not counted our quilts very lately, but we think we must almost have reached the *seventieth*—but no one need fear of our getting too many. The long, cold winter is coming on, when we shall need them all, and then the new Wing is coming on too—when we shall need *another seventy*.

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 OUR LITTLE AGENTS.—We are glad to find that our little agents have been doing so well this month. Our friend Linda, has been busy, as she ever is, and has sent us four subscribers. “Minnie,” too, has been at work, we see—and has sent us nine. Where are the rest of our little agents, both in city and country? We want to hear from them all.


Delicacies for the Sick.

Are our friends weary of this constant appeal for delicacies for our sick? We receive so many kind remembrances of this description, it may seem a little strange that we should thus ever be in need of them—but it is nevertheless true. When, however, our own dear ones at home are sick, we expect (do we not,) to give them delicacies every day? We do not expect to give our sick at the Hospital, delicacies every day, but we would like very much occasionally to give them a taste of something nice, something they could relish,

and which might tempt their feeble, failing appetites—and yet to be able even occasionally to do this, requires a very large supply. An ordinary sized bowl or tumbler of jelly, could only be divided among six—and seven bowls would only go round among our present number of invalids. Delicacies we cannot buy—but we can beg for them, as you see—and so we do over and over again—for must our suffering ones do without them? Let each one bear in mind this want of our Hospital. We do not ask for large individual donations, but let each one bring us something.

“Give me Roses!”

How universal is the love of flowers, and how soothing and potent often, their charms in a sick room! We were struck with this not long since, in the case of a man very ill in our Hospital, with typhoid fever. In the ravings of delirium, he would beg with wild earnestness—“Oh give me roses, sweet roses”! Little attention was paid at first to his request, as it was supposed that his mind would soon wander to some other object—but he continued to ask for them, and at last repeated his demands so peremptorily, that the house was searched for flowers, and a bouquet was brought to him. He seized it with avidity—inhaled its fragrance over and over again with passionate fervor—exclaiming as he did so—“O, here is what will cure me—roses, sweet roses!” The next day he was better, and he attributed the change entirely to the flowers. We do not know as we can warrant “sweet roses” as a sure cure for every case of typhoid fever—but we do know that their presence in a sick room is very cheering and inspiring—and we know too that they are very good for the heart-ache.

 The Hospital will be open from 2 till 5, P. M., on Tuesdays and Fridays only, for the reception of citizens. Visitors from the country, and relatives of the inmates, will be admitted at all times.

For the Hospital Review.

“A Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.”

Where can we look for more touching incidents and scenes than are and have been exhibited in the hospitals all over our land? Our own is not destitute of much to awaken the tenderest feelings of the heart. Not long since, Eddie R. was brought to the Hospital, sick with fever: he was a canal boy. How quickly we picture to ourselves one an adept in sin and iniquity, young in years but old in vice, with nothing to attract. But it was not so with Eddie: his sad, but pleasant face; his gentle, thankful manner, as he began to recover, awakened a deep interest in him. A few questions drew from him his story. A mother long dead, but not forgotten; a father in the war—when he last heard, a prisoner at Belle Isle; induced by another boy to leave his home in Michigan. “Grandmother told him it was a bad place,” but he felt confident that he could resist the temptations; there was no reason why he should swear and forget God because others had: but the same sad tale of yielding to bad influence. God followed this child of a pious mother, and sent sickness to bring him to himself. At his request, a letter was written to his sister, to tell her of his illness. Not many days elapsed, when a boy under fourteen, found his way early to the City Hospital to look for Eddie. It needed no words to tell that he was a brother. He was in a store in D., went home to grandmother's Saturday evening, and heard of Eddie's sickness, asked an elder brother for money, for he “must go and see Eddie.” Not many could have witnessed with dry eyes the meeting between these boys, (separated more than a year) as clasped in each other's arms, with tears and sobs the younger questioned the elder as to whether it was well with him—had he been to church. “I have been sick, I could not go.” “Oh! but before then?” The truth had to be told, and it was received and communicated

with tears. But it was evident there was something more on Charlie's mind—it could be kept back no longer. "Eddie, you remember Mr. —, the blacksmith, who went to the war? Well, he has come back, but our father is dead!" "Our father dead!" "Yes, Eddie, he died in prison more than a year ago." Then came a fresh burst of grief, and their tears flowed together. Charlie wanted E. to go back with him, but his condition would not permit, so C. must return as his time had expired, and Eddie is to go home as soon as able. He will never go on the canal again, but find steady employment, fully resolved, by God's help, to lead a new life. Well may the dying mother trust her children to God, for He is faithful who has promised "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

"Her prayer is heard—it is traced above
In the glowing light of a mother's love—
And now, when at rest in her silent grave,
That prayer shall have power to guard and to save."

R.

Correspondence.

A friend in Avon writes: "As we read your welcome paper, we feel deeply interested in your success, and my daughter Emily has obtained five new subscribers for the 'Review.' If convenient, please let the year commence with the August No. Enclosed, please find the amount, two dollars and fifty cents."

From Mrs. P., of Spencerport, we have received the following: "You will find enclosed, fifty cents, for your valuable papers. I intended to have sent sooner, but have neglected it."

List of Donations to the Hospital for September, 1865.

Mrs. Knapp, 1 basket of Apples.
Mrs. E. M. Parsons, Tomatoes twice.
Mrs. S. C. Hoadley, 1 Bed Quilt.
Mrs. Craig, Tomatoes.
Mrs. Cornell, Lint.
Mrs. H. S. Draper, Pears and Grapes.
Mrs. T. H. Rochester, Biscuit every Wednesday during the month.
Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 1 barrel of Apples.
A Friend, a roll of Old Cloths, for bandages.
Deduction on bill for mason work, by Mr. Block, \$1 81.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM SEPT. 15 TO OCT. 15, 1865.

Mrs. Wm. N. Sage, Mrs. J. M. Winslow, Mrs. Bronson, Miss E. Hall—By Linda Bronson,	\$ 2 00
Mrs. L. A. Lovell—By Miss Allgood,	0 50
Mrs. G. E. Mumford, Miss Angie Mumford, Dr. F. V. Hayden, J. E. Fitch, Mrs. C. Dewey, C. A. Dewey, A. H. Cole, Mrs. D. C. Alling, Mrs. Sam'l Hamilton, Miss A. Green, Miss Shelton; Mrs. J. B. Parmalee, Spencerport—By Mrs. Perkins..	6 00
Miss L. A. Butler, Perry Centre,	0 75
Mrs. G. H. Perkins, Mrs. Thos. Hawks, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. J. F. Bush, Mrs. E. T. Smith, Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, Mrs. E. M. Day, Mrs. A. G. Bristol, Rev. E. R. Beadle, Philadelphia—By Miss Mary Perkins,	4 50
Donation by a Friend,	1 50
Mrs. H. S. Draper, Mrs. O. D. Grosvenor—By Mr. Williams,	1 00
Miss Lottie Root, Chili Center; Miss A. McGuire, Avon; Miss Hattie Lacey, Miss Lottie Morton, Miss M. H. VanZandt—By Miss Emily Winans,	2 50
Mrs. E. Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mrs. G. W. Campbell, Miss Agnes Pomeroy, Mrs. B. B. Whittlesey, Miss F. Pomeroy—By Miss Fanny Pomeroy,	2 50
Alva Rice, Mrs. W. W. Carr; Advertising—By Mrs. Mathews,	6 00
Mrs. Evans, Montpelier, Vt.—By Mrs. Yale,	0 50
C. P. Dewey, Esq., New York,	0 50
Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	0 50

Superintendent's Report for September.

Sept. 1st. Patients in Hospital,	39
Received during the month,	22—61
Discharged,	14
Died,	2—16
Oct. 1st. Total remaining,	45
Soldiers in Hospital during the month, ..	5

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

MISS MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.

L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.

" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.

" MARY W. DAVIS, "

MRS. C. F. SPENCER, "

" J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.

" HAMMOND, East Rush.

" PHERE D. HAVENPORT, Lockport.

MISS MARY BROWN, Perinton.

MRS. S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.

" CHARLES FORD, Clyde

MISS ADA MILLER "

" C. M. SECOR, Macedon.

" JULIA M'WHINSNEY, Spencerport.

" LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.

MISS PHERE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.

Married.

At the residence of Dr. Mathews, Thursday Evening, September 21st, 1865, by Rev. Dr. Claxton, ALBERT A. MILLER, formerly of Mack's Battery, to Miss MARY KING, all of Rochester.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Thursday, Sept. 27th, of Consumption, after a lingering illness, GEORGE JONES, aged about 20 years.

He was a discharged soldier, having enlisted, with a number of other boys, from the House of Refuge, in a Volunteer Regiment. His remains were interred in Mount Hope, in that portion set apart for the burial of those who so freely offered their lives for their country in her years of peril.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sunday night, Sept. 24th, WILLIAM H. YOUNG.

This lad was brought to the Hospital from a canal boat, by Dr. Stoddard, who had been called to visit him, having been severely injured by a horse. He was in a very destitute and sad condition, and though kindly nursed and cared for, died before morning. His remains were taken by the Coroner. It is not known where he belonged.

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Our Kittens.

My dear little children, I want to tell you about our family of kittens. A few years ago, about five or six, (I do not remember which,) one evening there came to our door a very nice kitty. She seemed to have lost her home, and wanted to find another. We took the friendless stranger in and gave her a hearty welcome, for in our home we all love kittens—I mean nice ones; and we soon found her to be one of that kind. We often wish we knew who her former friends were, and we wonder if they do not feel sad about her loss. We named her "Tabby." She is tri-colored, or, as some call them, tortoise-shell. We think she belongs to the "royal family" of cats, she is so clean and tidy in all her ways, and takes such nice, kind care of her baby kittens. We lived in Rochester during the

flood, and we thought, among other losses, we had lost our "Tabby"—for she was gone two days or more, when as the door was opened on the evening of the third day, she walked in very quietly, much to our joy, and jumped into my lap, as if anxious to tell us of her trials during the time—but we can only know but little, as she never tells any very long stories.

She has six kittens—the oldest we call "Guerrilla"—for he was always rather fiery in his disposition, disposed to be warlike, and sometimes guilty of depredations which were not very becoming, and very unlike his mother. He is rather more promising now that he has become a little older, and gaining some wisdom, for he was a year old the fourth day of last August. The next oldest we call "Baby." He does not resemble his brother very much, except in looks, for he is a gentle, winning little creature, and though there are four other younger ones, we still call him "Baby." He will be a year old next April; and now let me tell you of these four other little wee kitties. They are only five weeks old today. One is like its mother, tortoise-shell, two buff and white, while the fourth is inclined to be grey, though not from old age, and you would be delighted to see them running about the room, or playing on the grass. Tabby is very proud of them, and when she wants them taken to any place, she takes one in her mouth, and then asks us in her way, to bring the rest.

Last week we had very rainy weather, and rather cold, and they were in their bed in the storm-house, or entry, and we supposed very contented—but Tabby was not satisfied that they should stay where it was cold and damp, so she, with one in her mouth, jumped through the window, and was soon at the front door asking admittance. When it was opened, there she stood with little "Buff!" In she came, and her master, who is very fond of pets, got the rest and placed them by the kitchen stove, where they spent the night on their

carpet, so warm and cosy, to the great satisfaction of Tabby. Some mornings early, she will jump on the bed and mew for us to bring the kitties to her, and no mother could ever be happier than she is when they are all by her. It is a pretty sight to see these little things get their dinner. They have not quite learned table etiquette yet, but often step into the plate or saucer, so anxious are they for their milk, which they enjoy very much. Yesterday morning, what do you think they had for breakfast? Why, Tabby, who wishes her children to be "useful as well as ornamental," had caught a large rat—as large as the kittens themselves—and was teaching them to eat it, so that bye and bye they will learn to catch mice for their own breakfasts. We do not expect to keep these kittens long, for as soon as Tabby teaches them how to behave properly, and to earn their own living, for she is very faithful to them, we expect one to go to Buffalo to reside, while the others will remain in the city, but with friends, who will kindly care for them. We could tell you many more things about these little pets, but do not wish to tire you, and will only say, we are very happy to shew them to our little friends who come to see us; and though there are seven of these, we have other pets of which we may write you at another time.

AUNT.

October 9th, 1865.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The attention of a little girl having been called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, whilst just below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother, "See, Willie, these little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart."—Prov. 3: iii.

"He that scatters thorns, let him not go barefoot."

Lily's Ball.

Lily gave a party;
And her little playmates all,
Gaily dressed, came in their best,
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia,
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snow-drop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest,
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonnette.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup;
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good bye!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon, or a single star,
Was shining overhead
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

—Boston Post.

From the N. W. Christian Advocate.

The Little White Angel.

Some children stood in a group about the door of the village school-house one lovely summer day.

They were all talking pleasantly together, from Kline the son of the rich and proud Hoffmeister, to the little blue-eyed Carl, the only child of a poor baker.

The school-house door opened, and Master Friedrich himself appeared, and cried in a cherry hearty voice,

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

And now they entered and took their seats, and were quite still while the good

master read a short chapter in the Book of books, and then reverently kneeling, prayed that the dear Saviour would guide them in his teachings, and bless them, and send his Holy Spirit to watch over them all.

School began, the thumb-worn books were brought out, the lazy boys began to sigh and frown, and wish impatiently for the recess, and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented, when, as if by magic, they found themselves listening to the pleasant voice of Master Friedrich, and actually understanding their lessons—so clear and simple were his explanations, and the time for recess came, to their great astonishment, long before they expected.

When the studies were over, the master drew from his desk a box, and whilst the children gathered around he opened it, and drew out charming little white and pink sea shells, pretty pictures, and many other beautiful things, which he gave to the children, with loving words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little porcelain statuette of an angel. She stood—so fair, so pure—with her small, white hands folded her breast, and her eyes uplifted, that the children gazed enchanted.

“O, the dear angel—the beautiful angel!” cried they all. “Wilt thou give it to me, Master Friedrich?”

But the good master smiled and said:

“The little angel is too lovely to be given to any boy who is not good and true of heart. We shall presently see who shall deserve her. He who brings to me to-morrow the brightest thing on the earth shall have the angel.”

At this the children looked at each other, as if wondering what the master might mean. But he said no more, and they went home thoughtful.

The next day after the lessons (which had now become so pleasant) were finished, the children clustered around the master to show him what they had brought.

Some of the smaller ones had picked up sparkling stones on the road, and as they laid them in the sunlight, they were sure they must be something bright and precious.

Some had polished up a shilling till it shone like a crown, one brought a watch crystal which his father had given him, and which he considered a wonder of transparent brightness: and Kline, the rich Hoffmeister's son, had brought a paste buckle,

made to imitate diamonds, than which in his opinion, nothing could be brighter.

All these things were placed on the master's desk, side by side. The shilling shone away famously, the pebbles and the watch crystal did their best, but Kline's buckle was the bravest of all.

“Ah! mine is the brightest!” shouted Kline, clapping his hands.

“But where is little Carl?” said Master Friedrich, “he ran out just now.”

All eyes were turned to the door, when presently in rushed Carl, breathless. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a poor little snow-white dove. Some crimson drops upon the downy breast showed that it was wounded.

“O, master,” cried Carl, “I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor little white dove. Some cruel boys were tormenting it, and I caught it up quickly and ran here. O, I fear it will die.”

Even as he spoke, the dove's soft eyes grew filmy, it nestled closer in Carl's neck, then gave a faint cry, dropped its little head and died.

Carl sank on his knees beside his master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the poor dove's broken wing two tears, large and bright.

The master took the dead dove from his hands, and laid it tenderly down on the desk with the bright things, then raising Carl, he softly said—“My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a *tender, pitying tear.*”

The boys were silent for a moment, for they felt that the master had decided that Carl had rightly won the angel; then Kline cried out.

“My master, thou didst not fairly explain to us. I pray thee give us another trial.”

“Yes, dear master,” said Max, “give us another trial.”

“What sayest thou, Carl?” said master Friedrich.

“Yes, dear master,” answered the generous boy.

The good master smiled thoughtfully, and his eyes rested for a moment lovingly upon Carl, then glancing around he said:

“He who brings me the loveliest thing on earth to-morrow, shall have the angel.”

The children clapped their hands and departed satisfied.

After school, the next day, Kline was the first to run up stairs to Master Friedrich,

and lay upon his desk what he considered the loveliest thing in the whole world, his new soldier cap, with the long scarlet feather and bright golden tassel.

Max came next, and placed beside the cap a small silver watch, his last birthday gift, with a bright steel watch chain attached. Otto brought a great picture book, just sent him by his god-mother; Rudolph a tiny marble vase, richly sculptured; and so on, untill a still more motley collection than that before lay upon Master Friedrich's desk.

Then poor little Carl stepped modestly up, and placed in the master's hand a pure white lily.

The rich perfume filled the room, and bending over the flower, inhaling the delicious fragrance, the master softly said—"My children, the blessed word of God says, 'Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' Carl has rightly chosen."

But murmurs arose; the children were not satisfied, and again they asked for another trial.

And, as before, good Master Friedrich inquired:

"What sayest thou, Carl?" and he answered as before, with generous haste, "Yes, dear master."

"Now, this is the last time," said the master, "and he who brings me the *best thing on earth* shall have the angel."

The very best thing on earth is plum cake," cried Kline, on the third day, as he walked up to the desk, bearing a large cake richly frosted, with a wreath of sugar roses round the edge—this he placed triumphantly before the master, sure of the prize.

"Nay thou art wrong this time, Kline," said Max, "I asked my father what was the best thing on earth, and he gave me this golden guildler—the prize is mine."

"Ah! but my father said that the very best thing was a good glass of *Remish wine*," cried Otto, "and I have brought a bottle of it thirty years old—the prize is surely mine."

So they went on till all had placed their offering before the master.

"And thou, Carl," said he, "what hast thou brought which thou think'st the best on earth?"

A crimson flush rose to the little boy's forehead, and coming softly forward, he took from his breast a *small worn testament*, pressed it to his lips, and then reverently

laid it down with the rest, as he said in a low sweet voice, "My mother, dear master, says that God's precious Testament is far beyond all earthly possessions."

"'Tis thine, my Carl!" cried the master, snatching the boy to his breast. "The white angel is thine! for there is nothing in the wide world half so precious as the blessed words of Christ"—and he placed the angel in the hands of the trembling boy.

Miscellaneous.

Old Gordon and his Laddies.

John Gordon, who died a few years ago, near Turiff, Banffshire, was reputed to have attained the remarkable age of 132 years. Most travelers in that part called at his cottage, and among the visitors one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable looking man employed in knitting hose, with "So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age!" "It will be my grandfather ye're seeking. I'm only seventy-three. Ye'll find him round the corner o' the house." On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man! I doubt not you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." "What's your wull, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "Oh, ye'll be wanting *my father*, I reckon; He's i' the yaird there." The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming "The Battle of Harland." "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you: indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one at your advanced age." "It is," replied John: "but I'm thankfu' that I'm able for't as the *laddies*, pur things, are no very stout now."—*Scotch Paper.*

A FREEDMAN WHO HAS BEEN TAUGHT TO READ THE PAPERS.—The Raleigh, (N. C.) Progress mentions the following little incident as occurring in the streets of that city a few days since:

Army Chaplain—"My young colored friend, can you read?"

Contraband—"Yes, sah."

Army Chaplain—"Glad to hear it. Shall I give you a paper?"

Contraband—"Sertain, massa, if you please."

Army Chaplain—"Very good. What paper would you choose?"

Contraband—"Well massa, If you chews, I'll take a paper of terbacker."

The chaplain looked at the contraband, and the contraband at the chaplain; then the latter sighed, and passed on.

A Search for Happiness.

A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore the body to health, and give happiness to the mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly satisfied with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the directions given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony, he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative. "Then" said the seeker of happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you may exchange shirts with me, that by this means I may also become contented and happy." "Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, "but—." "Nay, refuse me not," replied the man of wealth, "for any sum thou namest shall be thine." "I seek not thy wealth" said the cobbler, "but—but—." "But what?" "But—the truth is—I have no shirt!"

A Western wag remarks that he has seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike that they couldn't be told apart.

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing, or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little indefinite attentions" and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions" in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away the time, when it was not convenient to hunt, and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a broach that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprang from her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "now me ready to be courted again."

An Ingenious Bootblack.

The street bootblacks are one of the "institutions" of New York, as well as of some other large cities. You see them on the sidewalks, in and around the hotels, and frequently on the ferry-boats. They carry a box containing their "kit of implements," the brushes, blacking-boxes, &c. This is suspended by a strap over the shoulders, and when a customer nods assent to their generally polite invitation, "Black yer boots?" or "Shine up, sir?" they quickly set down their box for your feet to rest on, drop upon their knees on the pavement, and work as rapidly as possible, so as not to detain their patrons. They first turn up the pants, to keep them from being soiled, then with one brush they clean the boots, with another applying the blacking, and with two others, one in each hand, polish away. They return a "thank ye" for the half dime, or dime, given for their labor. These boys are generally so polite and so industrious that we rather like them, and sometimes take "a shine up," just to see them work, and to chat with the smart little fellows. Here is a case illustrating their ingenuity:

A well-dressed man, standing at a hotel door, not long since, was hailed by one of them with the usual question:

"Shine up, sir?"

"What do you charge for blacking boots?" asked the man, who was somewhat noted for stinginess.

"Five cents," was the reply.

"Too much, too much; I'll give you three cents," said the man.

"All right," said the youngster, and at it he went with might and main, and very soon had one boot shining like a mirror; but instead of commencing on the other he began to pack up his brushes.

"You haven't finished!" exclaimed the man.

"Never mind," replied the bootblack, with a twinkle of his eye, "I won't charge you for anything I've done; there comes a customer who pays."

The man glanced at the shining boot, then at the other, which was rusty and besprinkled with mud, thought of the ridiculous figure he would make with one polished boot, and amid the laughter of the bystanders, agreed to give the sharp boy ten cents to finish the job, which he did in double-quick time, and with great pleasure.

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
- MARY PERKINS, "
- FANNY and ELLA GOLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- CARRIE NEFF, "
- H. F. VICKERY, "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall,
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW, "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.

Hospital Notices.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr Mathews.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean attendant physician.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

Advertisements.

GEORGE MCKAY,
PAINTER & GLAZIER,
CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.

**Walls Whitened or Tinted,
AND PAINTING DONE,**

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner.
All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention.
Oct. 1865.

**ROCHESTER
WATER LIME & PLASTER MILLS.**

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers,
MUNGER'S SLIP, REAR OF 117 BUFFALO STREET,
Oct. '65. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**MUNSON MUSICAL INSTITUTE
BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,
No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y.**

Music ONLY, is Taught in this Institution.
Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular.

JULIUS S. MUNSON,
Mrs. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,
April, 1865—ly *Principals.*

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,
A. S. MANN,
Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865. H. D. MANN.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Referring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,
(Late Case & Mann), 37 & 39 State at
Rochester, March 15, 1865.

Election Notice.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE - COUNTY OF MONROE
Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (7th.) 1885, at which election the officers named in the annexed Notice will be elected.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, July 29th 1885.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR: Notice is hereby given, that the General Election to be held in this State on the 7th day of November next, succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:
A Secretary of State, in the place of Chauncey M. Depew.

A Comptroller, in the place of Rufus Robinson;
A Treasurer, in the place of Geo. W. Schuyler;
An Attorney General, in the place of John C. Cochrane;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William B. Taylor;
A Canal Commissioner in the place of William I. Skinner;

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Gaylord J. Clarke;
A Judge of the Court of Appeals in the place of Hiram Denio.

A Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals in the place of Frederick A. Wallard.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of John B. Foxworth, who was appointed to the said vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Henry B. Selden, whose term (for which he was elected) expires on the thirty-first day of December, 1871.

Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Thomas A. Olin, whose term of office will expire on the last of December next.

Also, a Senator for the Eleventh Senate District, composing the county of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Three Members of Assembly;
A District Attorney, in the place of Willm H. Bowman;
Two Justices of the Peace, in the place of Benjamin S. Welch and Samuel A. Worth;

Two Coroners, in the place of Tunis V. P. Pullis and Henry C. Treat;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chapter 325 of the Laws of 1885, a copy of which is printed herewith, entitled "An act to provide the means of paying bounties authorized by law, and of reimbursing municipalities for bounties paid by them in pursuance of law by creating a state debt for that purpose; and to submit to the people the question of creating such debt, and to repeal certain sections of chapter two hundred and sixty-five of the Laws of 1883, in relation to the same."

Passed April 14th, 1885; three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. To provide the means of paying all bounties authorized by law to be paid by this state to volunteers, drafted men or substitutes, and to provide the means of reimbursing cities, counties and towns, or boards of health, for the amount of bounties, drafted men or substitutes so far as the bounty so paid by the state is authorized by law to be reimbursed or refunded to them, do enact as follows: That the debt hereby authorized to be contracted, which debt shall be for the single object of paying, reimbursing and refunding the said bounties.

§ 2. The debt hereby created and authorized to be contracted shall not exceed the sum of thirty million dollars, and there shall be imposed, levied and assessed upon the taxable property of this state, a direct annual tax, to pay the interest on the said debt as such interest shall accrue, with said direct annual tax shall be a sufficient power, authority and sanction to create a sinking and for the payment of said debt, there shall also be imposed, levied and assessed upon the taxable property of this state, a direct annual tax to pay, and sufficient to pay, in the space of twelve years from the time of the passage of this act, the whole of the debt hereby authorized and contracted under and by the provisions of this act.

§ 3. To obtain the money necessary for the purpose contemplated by this act, the comptroller is authorized to issue the bonds of the state in such amounts as shall seem meet to him, with interest payable as such bonds shall be issued, on the first day of January, at a rate not exceeding seven per centum, per annum, biennially on the first days of July and January, in each year, until the interest thereon is payable in full by the city of New York, which shall be met by him, and the whole principal shall be payable in such place in New York city as the comptroller shall determine in twelve years from the passage of this act. The bonds to be issued by the comptroller under the provisions of this act, shall be imposed, and by the comptroller as follows: First, he shall, as soon as may be after the approval of this act by the people, issue in part to the holders of any of the revenue bonds of this state which, under the provisions of any law of this state, shall have been then issued by him, to raise moneys for the payment of the bounties specified in the first section of this act, or to reimburse or refund to cities, counties or towns the bounties paid by them as specified in the first section of this act, so much of the bonds authorized by this act as shall equal in amount the revenue bonds of this state which shall have heretofore been issued by him as aforesaid. Second, he shall then, as the remainder of the bonds authorized to be issued by him, set apart, and shall advertise for their sale, advertise for proposals for the same, and shall open the proposals and award the same to the highest bidder, at a rate not less than that which advertising and disposition shall be according to the provisions of law now existing.

§ 4. This act shall be submitted to the people at the next general election to be held in this state. The inspectors of election on the different election districts in this state shall provide at each polling place, and election day, a box in the usual form, for the reception of the ballots herein provided; and each and every elector of this state may present a ballot, which shall be a paper ticket on which shall be printed, or written, or partly written and partly printed, one of the following forms, namely: "For the act to create a state debt to pay bounties," or "Against the act to create a state debt to pay bounties." The said ballots shall be so folded as to conceal the contents of the ballot, and shall be endorsed: "Act in relation to bounties."

§ 5. After finally closing the polls of each election, the inspectors thereof shall, immediately, and without adjournment, proceed to count and canvass the ballots given in relation to the proposed act in the same manner as they are by law required to canvass the ballots given for governor, and thereupon shall set down in writing, and in words as full as possible, the whole number of votes given for the act to create a state debt, and the whole number of votes given "Against the act to create a state debt," and certify and subscribe the same, and cause the copies thereof to be made, certified and delivered, as prescribed by law in respect to the canvass of votes given at an election for governor. And all the provisions of law in relation to elections, other than for military and town officers, shall apply to the submission to the people herein provided for.

§ 6. The secretary of state shall with all convenient dispatch, after this act shall receive the approval of the governor, cause the same to be struck off and printed upon slips in such numbers as shall be sufficient to supply the different officers of this state concerned in holding or holding elections, or in canvassing the votes, and shall transmit the same to such officers.

§ 7. This act shall become a law when it is ratified by the people in pursuance of the constitution and the provisions thereof.

§ 8. Section eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen of chapter twenty-nine of the laws of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, are hereby repealed.

For a copy, without delay, of a true and correct copy of the above notice to the Supervisor or one of the Assessors of each town or ward in your county, and also to cause a copy of said notice to be published in all the newspapers printed in your county once in each week until the election. Yours respectfully,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
Secretary of State.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }

CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,

Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER, E. N. BUELL,
Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON
Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium
Sewing Machine,

With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express. Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,
Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y

SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.
[Established in 1826.]
Jan. 1865. tf

THE MORNING LIGHT,
THE
PRINCE OF BASE BURNING
STOVES.

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

THE Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 20th, 1864, after a thorough examination of the said other base burners in operation and on trial fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM to the "MORNING LIGHT" as the best base burning, self feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by

SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.,
17 and 19 Green Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by

WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,

Jan. 1865.

26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,
DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865.

ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms. Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day. These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

HART & REYNOLDS,
Rochester, January, 1865. Main Street.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1865.

No. 4.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS
" MALTYBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 53.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You suggested, in a recent conversation, that it was desirable to have in our "Review," some brief comment on a verse of God's word, which would be applicable to our sick and suffering ones at the Hospital. I enclose you some thoughts that came with power to my own soul when in the deep waters of sorrow. It was a profitable exercise to me, to take a text and write out the comforting and instructing thought which the Holy Spirit presented to my mind. If you think they will be useful, use them:

"Remember thy word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." Psalms 119: 49. Does God forget? The mother may forget her child, but the Lord thy God will not forget thee. But yet we have the privilege of going to our Father, and telling Him of these gracious words

of promise which we are trusting in, and we know that He will hear, and in His time, answer. God's words of promise are for His servants. Let us examine well whether we are of the number. If we are not, He has given us no ground to trust. What a foundation on which to rest—*God's word!* Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word shall not fail. And what may we trust on this word? All that we have, all that we are, and all that we hope to be. Though darkness and sorrow now cloud thy sky, hope in His word. At even-tide, it shall be light.

"The Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 7: 17. Who this Lamb of God is, the Scriptures declare, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Jesus, the Shepherd Lamb, shall feed His own flock, gathered out of every land; they who in this world of sin encompassed with infirmities; cast down with trials; endeavored daily to follow Him, shall now be lead by Him; their thirst after righteousness shall be quenched at the living fountains—and God shall wipe away all tears. *Here*, we have so much to weep for—sin in ourselves, and in those we love—sorrow, pain and death, and the many other causes that make the tear start while on earth, will all have passed away. Oh! for grace so to follow Christ here that He shall lead us hereafter. R.

By the Alma River.

BY MISS MULOCH.

Willie, fold your little hands;
 Let it drop that soldier toy;
 Look where father's picture stands—
 Father, who here kissed his boy
 Not two months since—father kind,
 Who this night may—never mind
 Mother's sobs, my little dear,
 Call aloud that he may hear;
 Who is God of battles, say,
 "Oh, keep father safe this day
 By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child; never heed
 Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
 Right of nations or of creed,
 Chance poised victory's blood work;
 Any flag in the wind may roll
 On thy heights, Sebastopol;
 Willie, all to you and me
 Is that spot, where'er it be,
 Where he stands,—no other word!
 God sure the child's prayer heard,—
 By the Alma River."

Willie, listen to the bells
 Ringing through the town to day,
 That's for victory. Ah, no knells
 For the many swept away—
 Hundreds—Thousands! Let us weep,
 We may need not—just to keep
 Reason steady, in my brain
 Till the morning comes again;
 Till the third dread morning tell
 Who they were that fought and fell
 By the Alma River.

Come we'll lay us down, my child;
 Poor the bed is, poor and hard,
 Yet thy father, far exiled,
 Sleeps upon the open sward
 Dreaming of us two at home;
 Or beneath the starry dome
 Digs out trenches in the dark
 Where he buries—Willie, mark—
 Where he buries those who died
 Fighting bravely at his side
 By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
 God will keep us, O my boy;
 He will make the dull hours creep
 Faster, and send news of joy,
 When I need not shrink to meet
 Those dread placards in the street,
 Which for weeks will glastly stare
 In some eyes,—Child say thy prayer,
 Once again; a different one;
 Say, "O God, thy will be done
 By the Alma River."

The spirit of Christ sweetly calms the soul of a suffering believer, not by taking away all sense of pain, but by overcoming it by a sense of his love.

Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

Heroism.

The gallantry of our men in the assault upon Mission Ridge is attested by hundreds of incidents which came to the knowledge of the Commission workers as they toiled in the wake of the army. A few of these may be recited here. A soldier fallen in the difficult ascent, and lying with a shattered shoulder, thus urged forward two comrades who had halted to carry him to the rear:—"I'm of no account; don't stop for me; for God's sake, push right up with the boys;" and on they pressed, leaving him in his bloody vestments, more royal and grand than kingly purple.

At another place, a Colonel, toiling up the mountain, encountered two brothers, one wounded unto death, the other bending anxiously over him. The Colonel, not seeing at first the fallen man, ordered the other to move on.

"But this is my brother," he said, with a sob in his voice.

The poor dying fellow on the ground rallied in an instant:

"Yes, that's right, George; go on, go on!"

George, turning a sad look on the dying brother, clasped his musket and crowded on, fighting bravely until the summit was reached. Then, hurrying back, he knelt again over the prostrate brother, but he was dead; in the tumult of the battle his discharge had come, and calmly, gladly he had been mustered out and gone home.

At the first line of rifle pits, in the grand advance of our columns, the Colonel of the Forty-first Ohio regiment fell terribly wounded. A General rode up as he fell, exclaiming:

"I hope you are not badly wounded?"

The Colonel only said, "Do you think we'll make it, General?"

"I do," the General replied.

"Then said the gallant fellow, with a smile, "I'm satisfied; I can stand this."

And there, perfectly content, he remained while the battle throbbed and beat along the hills, with the shouts of the ascending heroes, "speaking to him comfortably" now and then through the din.

A child, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is!" Was ever a question more truthfully or touchingly answered?

A Skeptical Collegian.

"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Does thee believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes, for though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see them?" "No." Does thee believe thee has any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

I Shall be Satisfied.

Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters

Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
I shall be satisfied—but O! not here.

Not here! where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roly.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longings—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O! what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where all my wandering ending,
I then shall see Thee, and "be satisfied."
—*Congregationalist.*

The Indian summer is nature's sober second thought, and to us, the sweetest of all her thinkings.

A good word is an easy obligation; not to speak ill requires only your silence.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1866.

Our Hospital.

Our Hospital is now, as will be seen from the Report of our Secretary, undergoing a thorough renovation; and being refitted for the reception of patients. The wards and private rooms, so beautifully furnished by the different churches of our city, at the opening of our Hospital—but which, for more than a year, have been occupied by our soldiers, are now, that they have left, being restored to their original design—and the whole building wears a new aspect. The few soldiers who remain, still share, as they must ever, our tenderest care and sympathy—but we can all most heartily rejoice that the cruel necessity no longer remains for our Hospital to be filled, as it has been, with the sick and wounded of our armies. We miss our soldiers—for they were, and must ever be, dear to us; but we rejoice that so many have now been restored to their homes; and we rejoice still more that the war can add no new victims—no more sufferers to our number. This is the blessing of our restored peace. Let us thank God for it.

Our Hospital now begins anew its original work of caring for the sick of our city and adjacent towns. Situated on one of our finest avenues—surrounded with pleasant grounds—its rooms high and light and airy—and commanding extensive views of the city and environs—it offers, we think, unusual attractions to private patients, and to invalids far and near.

That Short List of Donations!

Just look at it! Why, in this fruit-growing, garden-growing region in and about Rochester, it ought at least to fill two columns! We are out of all patience with it, for being so small—and, because with all our coaxing and begging and scolding, we cannot make it grow. What can be the

asleep than he began to dream. He dreamed that a great many birds, and beasts, and insects, were humming and singing around him, and that they were all busied in some sort of way. On a tall tree just above him, he thought he saw a monkey swinging by his tail to and fro, with his arms folded, and looking as if he was half asleep. The monkey looked very much like him.

Buzz, buzz, buzz, went a bee, close to his ear. "What makes you so merry, Mr. Bee?" said the little boy. The bee never turned to look at him, but dived deep into the bell of a flower and licked out all the honey; then he came out, and dived into another flower, singing all the time. "What makes you so merry, Mr. Bee?" called out Robert. "Because I've got something to do," said the bee. "I have to visit a thousand flowers this afternoon; I have to go to my hive and back a score of times; I have honey to put in my cells, and wax to make, and a great deal to do." And hum, hum, buzz, buzz, the bee put his head into another flower. "But you seem so merry, Mr. Bee," said Robert. "That is because I have plenty to do," said the bee, and he flew away out of sight.

Then the boy walked on till he came to a wood, and he sat down on a grassy bank. He had not sat long, however, before he felt a pinch on his leg; he looked, and saw an ant. "Go away, you idle boy," said the ant. "See what mischief you have done; you are breaking down our city walls, and destroying our dwellings. Why do you not work as we do? Look at us!"

So the boy looked, and saw a great number of ants; some bringing small grains and seeds up the steep bank, some scooping out the ground, some pushing, some pulling—but all busy.

"Why, how you do work," said Robert. "Yes," said the ant, "winter will come, you know; besides we are never so happy as when we are at work—that is the greatest pleasure we have. Our fathers and mothers work, our little ones work, we all

work here; there is nobody idle." "Then, if you are so fond of work, you may work by yourselves," said Robert; so he walked away and set himself down upon a little hillock.

Presently he felt the ground shaken under him, and he heard a slight noise in the earth. A little animal peeped from the turf close by. "Hallo," said Robert, "what is your name?"

"My name is Mole," said the little animal; "I'm very busy just now, and cannot stop to talk. You will oblige me by moving a little; you are in my way, and I cannot do my work."

"Work, again!" said Robert. "Yes, I have my castle to build—a great many trenches to place round it—a number of galleries to construct, with various outlets, that I may not be caught by my enemies. I have plenty to do; but the more I have to do, the happier I am; so you go along."

Robert moved off, for he began to be ashamed of himself, and as he walked under the trees, he felt something pass over his eyes. It was the long thread of a spider that had just begun to form its web. The spider was suspended from the branch of the tree. "Little boy," said the spider, "cannot you find anything better to do than to come and spoil my work?" "Work, again!" said Robert. "Yes," said the spider, "I should be sorry to live without work; and if you will stop a minute, I will show you how I make my web." So saying, he passed his threads from bough to bough; formed it in one place, and tied it in another; now tightened it, and made it secure in its weaker parts, and at last gave it a shake to see that it was firm. "There," said he, "that work is done, and now for a fat fly for supper."

"*Work!* do not talk of work to me," said Robert, "I came out to play." "Play, play," said the spider, "I never heard of such a thing." Robert was glad to get away from the spider, and said, "you are an ugly looking thing," and left him.

He had not gone far, however, before he saw a beautiful bird with a little twig in his bill. "Bird," said he, "I want to speak to you." "I have no time," said the bird; "I am busy; I have my nest to build."

Presently a rabbit trept from the under-wood with some dried grass in his mouth. "Bunny, bunny," called Robert. "I cannot stop," said the rabbit, "I am very busy."

Well, thought the little boy, everything seems ill-natured, and won't play with me. I will go to the wind. I have often heard it called the idle wind. "Stop," said the wind, with a violent gust in his face, "I am not so idle as you think me." "Not idle! Why, what do you do, I should like to know." "I am just going to turn a few hundred mills between this and the sea coast, and then I have a thousand ships to send to port. Besides this, I disperse, as I go along, a variety of seeds. I have also to carry the clouds from one place to another, and then I exercise the trees and plants. I do not like to see anything idle."

"Well," said Robert, "I am tired talking to all these things, and if it were not for the nice, bright sunshine, I should think everything was busy—that seems as careless as myself. How it dances in the brook?"

"Not so fast, little boy," said a beam of the sun, "I have millions of plants to bring out of the earth, fruits to ripen, and seeds to perfect. I am the least idle of anything. I go from world to world, from clime to clime. Playing in the brook! It is true I dance and sparkle on the waters, but it is because I am happy. You thought I was only playing in the brook, but I was busy bringing to perfection water plants and young fish. I am never idle, and to show you I am not, I'll just take the skin off your nose."

So saying, the hot, mid-day sun, which had all this time been scorching Robert, raised a very fine blister on the bridge of his nose. Robert jumped up, and behold it was a dream. Yes, all a dream, except

the last part of it. The sun had taken the skin off his nose, but he had been taught a lesson which he would not forget.

He went home, and as he walked on he came to the conclusion that everything had some work to perform—something to do; that nothing seemed to live for itself alone; that the idle are sure to get into mischief. He went home therefore, made up for lost time, mastered the multiplication table and the Latin grammar, and ever afterwards was happier with something to do.

A True Story.

"Father is late," said the watching boy;
"I'll run through the wood to meet him,
For I love to see his smile of joy
When his little son comes to greet him.

"I'll take his axe from his weary hands,
And lay it over my shoulder;
I'll go to the clearing, and help him too,
When I am a few years older."

The boy set out through the forest dim—
There were prowlers watching his feet—
But the wild beasts waked no fears in him,
He would soon his father meet.

On, on he walked, till his little feet
Ached, and were growing weary;
"I'll rest," said he, "on this mossy seat,
For the way is long and dreary.

"I cannot bear the woodman's axe,
So I think their work is done,
And father will surely pass this way,
For other there is none."

He sat him down on a tall tree's root,
To watch for his father's coming;
But soon a mist came over his eyes,
And his ears heard only a humming.

And down he dropped by the tall tree's foot,
Never thinking of fear or joy;
And a kind little whirlwind heaped the leaves
All over the sleeping boy.

The father turned his weary feet
Towards his home in joy; [there
And he thought of the welcome awaiting him
And he thought of his darling boy.

He cast his eyes upon the ground,
And close by the side of the way;
He stopped to note a strange little mound,
Heaped up of leaves so gay.

He passed along, then turned—impelled
By a thought both strange and wild—
He cast the varied spread aside,
And saw his sleeping child.

He raised him gently in his arms,
And in his place he laid
A log of wood, and covered it o'er
With the leaves of the forest glade.

Then he withdrew to a sheltered spot,
For he heard a fearful howl,
And soon the wolves came creeping out
And round the mound they prowled.

As they cast the light gay leaves aside,
And their glaring eyes were seen,
The father strained his child to his breast,
As he thought of what might have been!

Then he homeward strode, but the boy slept on,
As over the ground they flew;
Of the danger threatened he nothing dreamed,
Of the rescue he nothing knew.

And the father's feet never stopped or stayed
Till he passed the forest wild,
And said, as he sunk on his own door stone,
"Thank God, I've saved my child!"

A Dead Boy and His Dogs.

"Ireneus," in his "Letters under the Trees," in the New York Observer, says:

"Rarely have I been more tenderly touched than by a letter just received from a gentleman in a distant State. He writes, and I will let him tell the sad story in his own words:"

"On the morning of the 15th of June, I had a brave and gallant boy, just fourteen years old, but when night cast her shadow over the earth, death had left his dread foot-prints upon our hearth stone, and Barkley slept, only as the dead sleep. He went forth, his young heart dancing with life and joy, intending to spend the day hunting through the grand old woods surrounding our homestead, but not returning at night fall, search was made, and some twelve hours later his body was discovered, faithfully guarded by two loving dogs. He had been killed instantly by an accidental shot, passing from time to eternity in the twinkling of an eye, the corpse showing that not a muscle had moved after the dread blow had been received. His brave dogs guarded his body throughout the night, and exhibited something more than instinct when his corpse was discovered. They quietly permitted two cousins of Barkley, who first discovered the body, to approach and lay their hands upon the brow of their dead master, but when these cousins retired to make known the sad accident, would permit neither them or any one else to approach, nor could they be driven away by threats or

entreaties, until an old family servant was sent for, and by caresses soothed and led them away. For several nights succeeding, these dogs returned and guarded the fatal spot.

"My son, a short time previous to his death, had read a little book called the 'Newsboy,' and was much interested in the trials of that houseless and homeless class in your city, and as he had a small square in my garden which he was cultivating himself, and spoke often of the money he would realize from the growth of the same, I now send you, as a gift from my dead child to the Newsboy's Home, ten dollars: the proceeds of his own labor!

"Will you be kind enough to place it in the hands of the proper recipient, with a loving word from one who can no longer sympathize in the sorrows and troubles of the poor newsboy?
Yours truly."

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Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

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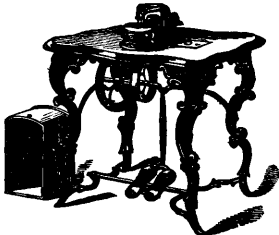
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JULIUS S. MUNSON,

Mrs. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,

April, 1865—1y

Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,

A. S. MANN,

H. D. MANN.

Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

" I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1865.

No. 5.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Old Democrat Building, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

The Little Hand.

Way beyond the shining river,
In that far-off happy land,
Dwells my love, I sometimes see her
Beckon with her little hand,
Calling me as oft she called me,
E'er the angels came that night,
And within their white wings folded,
Took my darling out of sight.

Years go on, still I am waiting,
Day and-night, and night and day,
And that little hand is guiding
Through the darkness of my way.
What have I to fear of evil,
Angel-eyes are watching o'er,
And that little hand shall lead me,
Till I reach the other shore?

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

Such is the blessing of a benevolent heart, that, let the world frown as it will, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness, since it can rejoice in the prosperity of others.

God never summons us to any trial, without holding in reserve for us, in the riches of His mercy, all the strength of which we shall have need.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Psalm 42 : 1. The wounded deer, as he flees from his pursuers, longs for some brook where he may slake his thirst, and perchance renew his strength—so longs and pants the christian for the refreshing streams of thy grace, O God. In the struggle with sin, inbred sin—in conflict with the world, what desire so strong as to be near God—to grow more and more in the image of the blessed Redeemer. Truly there is none to be desired in comparison with *Thee*. How, even the tenderest whom we hope to meet on high, sink into the back-ground, as we think of meeting Him "whom not having seen, we love, and in whom though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable." Increase, oh Lord, our longing after holiness and our strivings against sin.

"Blessed be the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of my supplication." Ps. 28 : 6. Who is there that has waited on the Lord, who cannot with David, say, "He hath heard the voice of my supplication." Is he not the same yesterday, to-day and forever! Therefore call upon Him; pour out your supplication before Him; His ear is not heavy that He cannot hear. God every where encourages us to

come to Him. He delights in mercy. Shall He who spared not His own Son withhold *any* good thing from those who, fearing and loving Him, strive to keep His commandments? Oh! for grace always to trust and ever bless His name.

“I am the way and the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.” John 14: 6. Jesus Christ the Son of God, who was in the beginning with God, has declared Himself the only way—to what? To safety—to happiness. He has gone to prepare a place for all who come to God by Him. His word is the precious truth by which we learn the way. Once in it, if we turn not from it, we shall have the life—*immortal life*, which Jesus brought to light.

“Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.”

R.

Skipper Ben.

Sailing away!

Losing the breath of the shores in May,—
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
And a skipper's eyes with a mist was blind;
For thoughts rush up on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fogland dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night

He watches the gleam of the lessening light,
Fixed on the dangerous island height
That bars the harbor he loves from sight;
And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a sleepless night among the spectres grim,
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!

Here's the bank where the fishermen go!
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below;
And skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple trees,
And the two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,

And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour,
“Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!”
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain

Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,
Pierces the mem'ry, cruel and vain!
Under his blossomy apple trees
That whisper and sway in the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing at him.

How they went down

Never was known in the still old town;
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night;
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon light,
That shone on a woman, sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,

Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells;
But the wearing wash of a life-long woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go;
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him. LUCY LARCOM.

The Workingman's Rebuke.

He set his empty kettle on the table,
and threw himself on the homely lounge.
He was a laboring man, his face brown
with exposure, his hands hard with toil.
All day long he had been out in the sun
upon the top of the house, slating the roof.
Sometimes his head was giddy, and his
back weak, but he strengthened himself
with thoughts of home and the treasures
there. And now at the sound of his feet,
at the sound of his voice, dimples break
over smooth red cheeks, and loving fingers
play with his curls. He shuts his eyes to
frame the picture in his heart—the picture
of his wife getting supper—the picture of
the quiet and comeliness of the room—the
picture of his prattling baby. He feels
the coming cool of evening, and all these

things comfort him, yet he is not quite grateful—not wholly happy; for to-day, while busy at his work, he saw another picture that made him envious: rich Sam. Marlowe, riding out with his wife and child—a handsome trio; Sam. portly, contented and smiling, his wife with a dainty color in her cheek, and rich garments folded about her.

"He and I were boys together," thought that poor man, bending to his work again, "and see how Providence has blessed him, though he began with almost nothing. Now he keeps horses and a carriage, lives in a beautiful house, has married a fortune, and with plenty of leisure, can bring up his one boy just as I have longed to do my Tom. I, by marrying early and poor, have brought burdens upon Mary's shoulders that must be hard to bear. Five little ones, and I only a day laborer yet!" and he sighed wearily. All day the heavy heart never left him, and his fellow-laborers wondered what had come over their usually merry friend; now he had brought that shadow home with him—the phantom horse and rider, the envy and the care.

"My Mary is a handsomer woman than his wife," he muttered, nursing his misery, "and yet she never knows rest. As for taking her out for a drive"—he ended the sentence with a bitter laugh.

Moments passed, during which the cloud grew thicker, heavier. A neighbor passing by told of a strange disease that had lately appeared in their midst; the doctor called it diphtheria, she said, and it was a terrible and fatal sickness. Then the door shut, the voice faded away, but the something dreary did not pass from the man's heart.

Suddenly there was a sound of alarm in the bright kitchen; "Harry, come here."

He arose slowly, and passed the door of the plain little parlor. His wife held their babe in her arms; the other children were gathered, anxiously looking on.

"What can be the matter with him?" cried Mary; "he seemed well enough till now. But his lips are blue, and suddenly he has ceased to play, and hear how he draws his breath! Harry, he is very sick; you must go for the doctor."

Harry started at once; little Hebert was his idol—a most beautiful and attractive child, winning and loving—a very angel in the humble home. It was not long before the physician w

bert was very ill; the terrible sickness was upon him in its most fearful form. All that night they ministered to him in agony, for they felt that in such struggles the frail little flower would soon be broken from the stalk, though shielded by their tenderest care. And alas! when the morning broke in unclouded brightness, the sweet face of the babe was set towards it, but it saw no light; the little spirit had gone to its upper home, and left the house desolate.

Then came the sad duties—the little body to be dressed, and kissed, and lingered over for the last time—the darkened room—the flowers brought by loving hands to wreath about the forehead, and place within the slender baby fingers; and so they carried and left him in a lowlier bed than he had ever known, returning to find another child in the power of the dread destroyer.

How long a time elapsed no one knew in that household, for the hours passed by unheeded; but death came again and again, and Harry and his wife stood in their lone home desolate. The strong man was bowed to the earth with agony. For a time his reason was threatened. He accused God, he heaped curses on himself.

"I was envious of another," he cried, "and see how God has smitten me! O give me back my children! Only give me back the blessings of my eyes, the jewels of my heart, and I'll toil like a slave—not only through the burning hours of day, but into the blackness and chill of midnight! I would live on a crust—I ask not even for comforts—but give me my children, Lord, for I am bereft!"

His wife, in the midst of her own grief, tried to comfort him; but he would not listen to reason. He saw only through the crowding earth, black with damp, and horribly alive with insect vitality, the beautiful brows of his five little children, hidden away from him for ever and for ever.

While this cruel sorrow was still fresh upon him, came a letter post-marked "England." His wife opened it, and learned that an uncle of whom they had heard nothing for years, had died within a few months, and left her husband his heir.

Over the five graves of his little children a treasure of gold was ready to be poured. Harry listened with a stony glance. What was wealth to him now? Oh, for one lov-

now—rather give me a few feet of earth beside my children. Heap up the gold, and put my little Bertie beside it, living; only for one hour let me feel his dear lips pressed to mine, and for that choice I would barter every dollar. O for poverty, blessed poverty, with my children!"

A strong hand came on his shoulder; it seemed to hold him with a vice-like grasp.

"I say, Harry, do you know you're fast asleep in the draught?"

Bewildered, up into the thick-bearded face of the speaker the day-laborer gazed.

"Well, haven't you a word of welcome for your brother? What do you see with those wild eyes of yours? Is the man crazy?"

For Harry had flung himself upon his knees, and with strong cries thanked God again and again. Then he sprang up, and wrung the hand of his sailor brother—ran past him, caught his wife and kissed her, and gathered his babies about him, held them all to his strong, loving heart, while great tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, as his wife looked on wondering, frightened, he cried in a choking voice—

"I dreamed they were *all* dead, Mary, *all* dead—and I thank God that it was only a dreadful dream. Never, never shall I be envious again. Oh, Mary, to see them as they lay there"—and again he covered their smiling lips with kisses, sobbing in his joy.

And that was the way the repining husband and father was led to give up "envy and all uncharitableness." Truly, sometimes the Spirit doth come to instruct us in our dreams.—*Home Monthly*.

The River Path.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine
showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh chill with dew,
O, Father,—let thy light break through!"

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

"So let the eyes that fail on earth,
On thy eternal hills look forth;

"And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below."

A Chinese Fable.

The following discourse, by a converted Chinese tailor, with reference to the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity, is worth preserving:

"A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning, and utterly unable to move." Confucius walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to get in there! Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groaned the man.

said, 'Poor fellow, I am very much pained to see you there; I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you, and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless, and unable to rise.

"Next the Saviour came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, 'Go and sin no more.'"

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1865.

The Closing Year.

This is a solemn season—and these are solemn days now passing, even with all the gayety and with all the buoyant expectations surrounding them. How busy—how thronged the streets—the shops—and how brightly and beautifully the windows are all gleaming, and how eager and sunshiny the faces we meet. It is just before Christmas, as no one need be told. The fact is written on every face—on every window-pane. Holidays are close at hand. Soon the record of the old year will be closed—soon its brief history all told—

"The year is weary,
The year is old,
And the lamp of the lily
Burns close to the mould."

O young hearts—light hearts—happy hearts—eager with present pleasures—beating warm with yet brighter hopes, how little can ye know with what heaviness many are watching the dawning of these anniversary days of love—and joy—and sorrow! How much of all that is sweetest and dearest in all our lives, is linked with these days, and so sacredly, so tenderly, that their return can but bring back afresh the joy which brightens, or the grief which shadows all. There is a peculiar mingling at this time of all that is happiest in home and family gatherings, with all that is most sad. The absent are com-

ing home for the holidays, but alas, even in the smallest circle, there is a vacant seat—one missing face—and there is one who will never more return. A link is broken in the golden chain.

Let us remember tenderly, the many sorrowful these days—those from whose desolated hearts the light has gone out in darkness—and let us remember gratefully and hold in sacred trust the blessings so freely scattered around our lives.

It is a time too to remember the poor and the sick. Add to the record of the dying year before it takes its everlasting flight, one more loving deed—one more kind action in the name of our blessed Lord! The opportunity is still extended to us—let us arise now and redeem the time!

The New Wing.

It is a long time since we have noticed in our donation lists any contributions to our New Wing. We trust the zeal and interest in this work is not diminishing. With the suffering all around us everywhere, and with the cases multiplying as they ever do at this inclement season, we can but wish that we had room in our Hospital for all who might wish, or seek to come. Sickness and suffering there must ever be in this sad world of sin and sorrow and death—and since these things must be, we can but long to see our Hospital fulfilling its mission to the very utmost of its capacity. We want to see every room—every ward filled, and we want to see the New Wing up and filled too. O, when will this great good work be completed?

To our Little Friends.

What, we wonder, are our little friends going to do for us for these holidays!—Anything? We see Montie's name down in that good list of donations for Thanksgiving Day. We wonder if any of our little friends are going to send us any gifts for the holidays, or any new subscribers. Well—we shall see.

A New-Year's Present.

Now, of course, all about our Christmas and New Year's presents is a most profound and beautiful mystery. We do not dare even to guess what they are all to be, but we are haunted with visions of turkies and cranberry sauce—and oysters, and pies, and jellies, &c., and of nice things to wear—warm covering too for our beds, and money for our New Wing, and of a great many things more than we can tell you; and among other things, we have been dreaming how pleasant a long—long—long list of new subscribers would be. We should like some sort of a New Year's present from each one of our friends—nothing necessarily expensive, but a trifle, if no more, just as an expression of interest and affection; and if they would each one, without a single exception, send us a new subscriber, how proud and delighted we would be! But then, of course, it is not polite nor delicate to be hinting about what we would like for presents. We must take always, and be delighted, as we are sure to be, with whatever is given us—but if any one, or a good many ones, should happen to send us a new subscriber, we must say it would be a happy hit, and would be just what we were wishing for a New Year's present. A gift of fifty or a hundred dollars or so, for our New Wing might, it is true, make us even yet merrier—but we are getting visionary.

Thanksgiving at the Hospital.

Our readers will notice with pleasure, from our list of Donations, that our inmates had each and all, a sumptuous Thanksgiving Dinner. The response to the hint in our daily papers, for this purpose met, as it will be observed, with many generous and hearty responses. Our tables were loaded with every luxury, and it was refreshing to see the bright faces of our invalids, and to hear their gratified expressions, as they sat down to the feast prepared for them. In their name, we would extend

to each of the donors, our most hearty thanks. Could they have seen all that we saw that day, they would not regret having done their part towards a Thanksgiving Dinner for our Hospital.

A Christmas Dinner.

We have returned our thanks duly and truly for our Thanksgiving Dinner, but a still better and more blessed day is drawing very close upon us, when we hope we shall be able to return thanks for another dinner at least as good—better we do not see very well how it could be. We do not think it necessary to make any special appeal to be remembered on Christmas Day. With our city so loaded as it is now with gifts, with our markets so piled with turkeys and other good things, Santa Claus will not, we know, forget the Hospital. We shall all hang up our stockings be assured, and if any one should forget to put in all they meant to do for Christmas, we will just say that we intend to keep our stockings out until after New Year's, so anything too late for Christmas will be almost, if not quite, as acceptable a little after, or for New Year's. We are waiting very impatiently to see what Santa Claus will bring us. We want, oh, so many things!

Response to our Call for Apples.

We are gratified to find this month so many responses to our call for Apples. Among others, was a whole barrel of them from Mr. E. P. Gould's Bible Class, accompanied with the following kind note:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1865.

TO THE MANAGERS OF THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL: We send you one barrel of Apples for the benefit of the patients under your charge. We cheerfully make this contribution, small as it is, hoping it may prove acceptable.

Yours, in sympathy,

E. P. GOULD'S BIBLE CLASS,
First Baptist Church Sabbath School.

Those of our readers who responded to our call for Lint and Bandages, will please accept our thanks.

Concert and Donation by the First Methodist Sunday School.

From the following note received by our Superintendent, our readers will learn with pleasure that the children of the First Methodist Sunday School have kindly consented, at the solicitation of several of our benevolent organizations, to repeat the Concert recently given by them. Friday Evening, Dec. 29th, is the time named for this purpose, and to all who were present at their recent charming Entertainment, the simple announcement will be sufficient. Accompanying their kind note of acceptance from Mr. Vick, was the handsome donation of \$50 from the School to our Hospital. The children, and all associated with this noble little army of workers, will please accept our most cordial thanks!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1865.

E. C. WILLIAMS, Esq., Sup't City Hospital:

Dear Sir—Your favor asking a repetition of the Concert given by the Children of the First Methodist Sabbath School is received. We have also received other communications of a like import, and have concluded to repeat the Concert on Friday Evening, the 29th of December. Your suggestion that a remembrance of the Institution with which you are connected, and the wants of the sick and afflicted there congregated, would be an act of kindness and mercy, we think, timely and valuable. We endeavor to teach our children to follow the good advice of Wesley, "to earn all they can and give all they can;" and as we have lately been favored by the blessings of Providence and the good-will of the people, please find enclosed *Fifty Dollars*, which we ask you to accept as a donation from our school.

We have also remembered other charitable institutions of our city in a similar manner, and find many calls among the poor of our school—especially the widows and fatherless, a legacy of our late wicked war—whose necessities we are endeavoring to relieve as far as possible.

That the good Lord may bless us all in our humble yet earnest efforts to do good, is the prayer of the Scholars and Teachers of the First Methodist Sabbath School, and your humble servant,
JAMES VICK, Sup't.

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathewa.

Correspondence.

A few words from our former Matron, Mrs. S.:

Enclosed please find Fifty Cents for my subscription for the "Hospital Review" for the current year.

I am quite ashamed that so long a time has elapsed, but many things have prevented my writing before. At first, the hope of getting others to subscribe: latterly, there have been "Hospitals" all about me, at which I have given daily attendance; and so the time has slipped away almost unconsciously.

I like the "Review" very much, and am very sorry I can do no more towards obtaining subscribers. I hope all goes well at the "Hospital." I have been very much disappointed in not being able to visit it this fall; but it is only one more in my life of disappointments. Mr. S. desires to be remembered kindly. Accept my best wishes and love.

A friend in Victor writes:

Enclosed please find Fifty Cents, subscription for "Hospital Review" another year. I should have sent sooner, but have hoped to find time to go through the neighborhood to obtain subscribers for your excellent little sheet, but sickness in my family has heretofore prevented. With best wishes for the success of your noble enterprise, I remain,
Yours, truly.

ROCHESTER, Nov., 1865.

MR. WILLIAMS—Dear Sir: Enclosed you will please find the address and money for another number of your "Hospital Review."
Yours, very respectfully, S. A.

A friend writes us from Buffalo: "Please accept Fifty Cents for the *Hospital Review*. Eddie calls nightly for the Story of the Kittens."

We have received the following from our agent, L. L. R. Miss B. will please accept our grateful thanks for this addition to the goodly list of names she has previously procured for us, and for the interest she expresses in our work:

"I have been a silent agent for the last few months, very much to my regret, for I wished to do all in my power for the cause, and I think I have done so. I have procured but fifty cents, but I hope that little will be better than nothing."

Superintendent's Report for November.

Nov. 1. In Hospital,	38
Received during the month,	24—62
Discharged " "	24
Dec. 1. Number of Patients remaining, ...	38

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM NOV. 15 TO DEC. 16, 1865.

Mrs. Edward A. Caldwell—By Mrs. Strong,	\$0 50
Hubbard & Northrop—By Miss Hayea, . . .	50
Mrs. Samuel Valentine, Victor; Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, Pittsford; Mrs. B. F. Enos—By Mr. Williams,	1 50
Mrs. John Newman—By Mrs. Loop,	50
Mrs. A. Ketcham, Victor; Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. J. T. Talman, Miss Fanny D. Fowler, Miss H. Talman, Miss Ruth Morgan; Mrs. Josiah W. Bissell, \$1; Rev. Mr. Loop, \$1; Mr. Stafford—By Mrs. Perkins,	6 00
James S. Walker, Oak's Corners—By Miss Lillian J. Banney,	50
Miss Anne Hoskins—By Miss Allgood, . . .	50
Mrs. Diana Clements, Conesus Centre; Mrs. H. L. Fish—By Mrs. Fish,	1 00
Mrs. Thos. H. Rochester—By Mrs. Monte Rochester,	50
Advertisement,	10 00
Notice,	50

List of Donations to the Hospital for November, 1865.

- Mrs. Martin Galusha—Basket of Apples, 2 bowls of Jelly, and Papers.
 Mrs. Gen'l Williams—15 cans of Fruit.
 Mrs. Coon, West Avenue—27 Cabbages.
 Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Basket of Pears and Quinces, basket of Apples.
 Mrs. Thomas Rochester—Biscuits every Wednesday during the month.
 Mrs. Monte Rochester—Dressing Gown and a basket of Apples.
 Mrs. Ezra Parsons—A quantity of Cabbages.
 Ladies of Fairport, by Mrs. Wood—Two Hop Pillows, one Sheet, two Shirts.
 Mrs. Watson, Clyde—A Quilt.
 Dr. J. C. Lung—18 Medicine Cups, \$2.25.
 James M. Phelou—Ice Cream, Cake and Biscuit.
 The Bible Class of Mr. E. P. Gould—One barrel of Apples.

Donations for Thanksgiving

- H. P. Brewster—One large Turkey.
 Mrs. Thos. H. Rochester—One Turkey, cooked; lot of Biscuit.
 Master Monty Rochester—Three heads Cefery.
 Rev. Mrs. Tooker—One jar of Peaches, one jar of Cherries, for Mrs. Williams.
 Mrs. H. L. Fish—One jug of Cider, half a bushel of Apples.
 Mrs. H. Merriman—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Dewey—Three Pies.
 Mrs. Loop—One basket Turnips, one do. Onions.
 Mrs. Oriel—Geese.
 Mrs. Charles Smith—One gallon Oysters.
 Dr. Baldwin—Half a gallon Oysters.
 Kremlin Saloon—One and a half gallons Oysters.
 Mrs. William H. Perkins—Two Pies and one gallon Oysters.
 A. Friend—A small Turkey, half gallon Oysters.
 L. C. Spencer, Esq.—Five gallons Oysters.
 Mrs. M. Rochester—Three quarts of Cranberries and Sugar to sweeten.

Children's Department.

The Pretty Pictures.

The following lines are taken from a Magazine written by inmates of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica:

I am a little peasant girl;
 My father's very poor;
 No rich and handsome things have we—
 No carpet on our floor.

And yet this morning, when I woke,
 I saw, to my surprise,
 Four pretty pictures in my room,
 Alike in shape and size.

The first was of a lake so clear,
 With woods encircled round,
 Through which there sprang a frightened deer,
 Pursued by many a hound.

The second is a quiet stream,
 Which through a valley winds;
 Tall trees and shrubs are on the brink,
 And flowers of various kinds.

The next a little hamlet seems,
 With its neat church and spire;
 Behind it hills and mountains rise
 Up to the clouds and higher.

The last is a vast waterfall,
 Which a broad lake supplies;
 Masses of water tumble down,
 And clouds of spray arise.

These pictures all will fade away—
 I know it to my sorrow,—
 But mother says she thinks I'll have
 Four other ones to-morrow.

Who gives them to me, do you ask?
 And how much do they cost?
 The giver I have never seen,
 The painter is—JACK FROST.

WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS. — I asked a little boy last evening—
 "Have you called your grandma to tea?"
 "Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to rattle at grandma, nor to shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

Little Alice.

"Once upon a time," that is, the day before last Christmas Day, a little wee bit of a girl was sitting on a little wee bit of a chair, busily engaged in putting her doll's hair in papers; for her doll was going to a large party that very night, and of course like all fashionable ladies, she must look like a perfect fright all day. So ten great paper horns stuck out on one side of her head, and ten more were getting twisted upon the other, and poor dolly looked for all the world just like an insane porcupine.

Now I will tell you, and nobody else, where Alice lived; for this is to be a "real true" story, and every thing happened just as I shall relate. Well, she lived in a house very near Calvary Church in New York city, and the next time you walk in that way, just look into all the windows, and when you see a little girl with large soft gray eyes, and light curling hair, who bobs up and down the whole time on the window-seat, why—that's Alice; and between you and me, though she does nothing from morning to night but scamper about, and bob up and down in the window-seat, and wear out ever so many pairs of shoes, she is a sweet little thing, and if you knew her you would love her dearly.

When Alice had finished her doll's hair, she looked up at her mother who was in the room, and said:

"Mamma! my child isn't *tubblesome*, she don't squeal and say 'd-o-n-t!' when I pull her hair just a *little* bit! Isn't she good?"

Her mamma made no answer. She was so much interested in something she was reading that she did not hear the little one speak—so Alice ran softly up, and looking up in her mother's face, saw tears streaming fast down her cheeks and dropping on the paper.

"Mamma, dear *little* mamma!" and that was all she said.

"My darling! shall I tell you this sad story? Well! look about you, first, and see the bright fire, the nice warm carpet, the thick curtains, and all the comforts that surround you, and then listen to me."

"In the very midst of this city there is a dreadful place, where a great many people live, poorer, and what is worse more wicked than it is possible to describe—all crowded together in damp cellars, and miserable garrets, cold, hungry, and almost naked; and among them are ever so

many poor little children, some only four years old, like you, Alice, who are shivering with cold now, and crying for hunger. But not a great while ago, a good man who kept God's first and great commandment, and loved Him with all his heart and soul and mind, and by humbly doing this was enabled to keep the second great commandment, which is like unto it, 'to love his neighbor as *himself*'—this truly great and good man went into this fearful place to live, and picked up the poor little ones out of the gutters and wretched holes, and having first *washed them clean and fed them*, he commenced to tell them of the Great God above, who would love them and care for them if they would only love and seek *Him*."

"And did they do it?" said little Alice, "and why don't they run right out of the dreadful place?"

"A great many do," said her mother, "and many more want to come out."

"Now, Alice, what can you do? Perhaps there is some poor little girl whose name is Alice, like yours, and who is four years old, like you; is it not sad to think that perhaps *that* little Alice is *s-h-i-v-e-r-i-n-g, s-h-i-v-e-r-i-n-g* in a corner, with nothing to eat?"

The child shuddered as her mother spoke, her large eyes filled with tears, and the little rosy lips trembled. She looked at the window and up at the wintry sky, from which feathery snow-flakes were beginning to fall, then at the bright fire, and then began softly to smooth down her apron with her little fat fingers.

"Mamma," at last said the soft little voice, "*that* poor Alice *must* have some clothes," and then looking upon her dress, "may I give her this frock and apron, please mamma?"

"You may, my dear," replied her mamma. Alice's face brightened, she cut a little caper half across the room, tumbled down, scrambled up again, and danced in a zigzag direction back to her mother, and turning quickly round, and jumping up and down all the time, desired her mother to unhook her dress, which you may be sure was not done without difficulty, although the jumping, after it *was* unhooked, helped it off in double quick time.

"Well now," said the mother, "what will the poor little girl do for a petticoat?"

"*Pekkitote!*" exclaimed Alice, and she folded her hands and put her head on one

side, and looking demurely out of the corner of her eyes. "If *somebody* would only unbutton this *pekkitote* for me. I have three, two, five more in my drawer."

Her mother smiled, and Alice jumped, and sung a little song, and the petticoat was unbuttoned and down it fell on the carpet.

"What will the poor little girl do for a *flannel* petticoat?" asked the mother, "you know a white one is not very warm."

"*Flannel* pekkitote!" and Alice puckered up her mouth as if she was going to whistle, and made the letter A with her two fore-fingers, and looked through them at the fire.

But she could not see any petticoat there—no—so, shaking her little curling head, she said: "Take it off, Mamma, ah do!"

So off came the flannel petticoat, and then of all the little images you ever saw, Alice was the prettiest and funniest, as she hopped on one foot to the end of the room in her little white drawers. What *did* she look like? Why she looked just like a little fat Dutchman.

"The little girl will be glad to get these clothes, Alice, but then what will she do for pantalettes? I know she only has a few dirty rags to cover her."

"But I *meant* all the time to give her my panties," replied Alice, "only I was waiting for you to *ask* me—that's all—certainly she *must* have panties, mustn't she? She couldn't do without them you know, could she?"

"Oh!" said the mother, and with a glance full of love, and a low, tearful laugh, she unfastened the pantalettes.

"Alice, won't the poor girl want stockings and shoes?"

Down went the little figure, all in a bunch in the middle of the floor; and after a deal of tugging and pulling, and falling over backwards when the stocking came off suddenly; at last they were safely off, and Alice got up and handed them to her mother with such a flushing and beaming face, from the exertion, that she could not resist the impulse to catch the little one up and hug her to her heart.

And now nothing was left but the little muslin shirt—a pretty little shirt trimmed with narrow lace.

"Will you give the little girl your shirt," asked her mother.

"To be sure," said little Alice, "how *would* a little girl look without a shirt, I

should like to know?" and a little savage war-dance commenced, which soon brought the little shirt low. And now all of a sudden, the child grew serious, and stood quite still, gazing at her mother. There she stood clothed only in the garment of purity and innocence with which she came into the world.

Suddenly a sunbeam breaking through the frosty sky, came a-slant into the room, and rested upon the child, and from the lovely head, down to her little twinkling feet, its radiance fell around her like a glory.

A hushed and rapt expression passed over the innocent face, as if in that brief moment she was blessed with a glimpse of heaven.

With beaming eyes the mother turned away; and quickly making the clothes into a little bundle, while the vital warmth was yet lingering upon them, she directed that the bundle be given entire to one little girl.

Then dressing Alice in another suit, she took her gently up in her lap.

And as she looked down upon the immortal soul beaming from those up-lifted eyes, with a swelling heart, and grateful love, she softly murmured, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Poor Scholars.

In the year 1497, two boys were seen passing through a small city in Germany. They walked slowly, and at times stopped before the doors of the houses, and sung carols about the infant Jesus. It was Christmas time, and the weather was cold and frosty. The evening was drawing on; and the bright glare of the fires within the houses of that old city of Eisenach shone forth through the small windows on the hoar frost without.

These poor lads belonged to a school kept by some monks, who gave their pupils as many blows and angry words as lessons of learning. As was the custom of the times, they had been sent to beg their bread from street to street, singing as they went along. The better to move the heart to charity they sang of Him whose lowly birth was at that season of the year called to mind.

That day these minstrel boys had met with only frowns and repulses; and they thought of returning cold and hungry as they were, to their home. But there was the house of Conrad Cotta nigh at hand. He was the burgomaster, or chief magis-

trate of the city: perhaps, if they sang before his door they might get some help, for his wife Ursula was well-known for deeds of kindness. It was their last hope, so they sang their carol in their sweetest style.

Ursula was very fond of music; and, hearing the sounds, she stood at the window till the song was finished. The singing of one boy was more musical than the other. It was the voice of young Martin Luther which fixed her attention. She had often listened to it with delight before in the great church of the city, and now, as she gazed on his pale, intelligent face, she felt the deepest pity. A gentle, loving heart had Ursula Cotta. She had seen the boys driven from three doors, but there awaited them kind words and charity at her dwelling. When the carol was ended, she made signs for them to approach. It was not often that they were spoken to in such a gentle manner; and when she asked Martin from whence he came, and what was his father's name, how great was her delight to find that he was a kinsman of her husband!

The boys were soon placed before a cheerful fire; and after a good supper they were ready to sing to good Ursula their most favorite carol. When that was ended, young Martin sang the forty-eight Psalm. From that day, Martin became a frequent visitor at her house. She was as a second mother to him; and often did he seek to repay her kindness by one of his sweetest songs, or by a few strains on his flute.

From "*Tales for Young Protestants.*"

From the *Advocate and Guardian.*

Flora Wade's New Year.

"Well, Floy, what is it, pet? I suppose you are coaxing round for a new dress for New Year's day?" said Mr. Wade as his only daughter sat upon his knee, bestowing upon him the little endearments which she had not been able to relinquish with her childhood, and which were very sweet to the merchant after the roughness of the busy day. "We must look very nice, I know," continued he, "upon this grand occasion. Let me see; how many names does my little princess expect to add to her list this year."

"Never mind, papa," returned the maiden, with a merry twinkle in her bright

eyes, "I'll show you when the time comes, only you must be very liberal, because I do want to make rather greater preparation than usual, and you and mother must give me *carte-blanche* to arrange everything just as I please—will you?" and she kept one arm close around her father's neck, while she reached out the other hand caressingly to her mother, "I do care so very much to have it all my own way this year?" said she with a beseeching tone.

"You know we cannot refuse you anything, daughter," said Mrs. Wade, kissing the little dimpled hand, and looking with pride and love into the beautiful face of her child. "Father will gratify every reasonable wish I am sure."

"Let me see what is in your purse," said Flora, diving into her father's pocket and drawing thence a well-filled *porte-monnaie*, "I shall want twenty, forty, ninety, one hundred dollars; stop, that is not enough—two hundred will do, I think," and she put her finger upon her lip, to ponder, while her parents watched her, amused and wondering.

She had hitherto been such a child in all matters pertaining to dress and entertainments, and had deferred so naturally to her mother's judgment, that this new whim they could not quite understand; but as their chief delight was in her pleasure, they determined to allow her the full pursuit of her secret plans.

"Now you mustn't be peeping round to see what you can spy, will you?" said the petted maiden, as she crowded the specified sum into her own delicate purse. "I shall want 'Tom' and 'Susie' the day before, to help me, and you and mother are to know nothing until the time comes; *comprenez vous!*" and with a pironette through the room, she reached the piano, which she made eloquent by her skillful touch, accompanying it by such warblings as seldom come from the human voice.

"Bless her dear heart!" ejaculated the merchant, as he followed her with eyes humid with joy. "What's up, now, I wonder. Wife, did you notice Harry Tice the other day when he turned the leaves for Floy, at Jennie Gray's musical? I'm jealous of these young lads cooing about my dove; I'm afraid I shall do something desperate to the man that dare ask for our treasure. If I thought the child wanted to deck herself out to please Harry, I believe I wouldn't give her a penny. Here,

Floy, I want you a minute," called he, as there was a momentary lull in the music. Her father's voice was magnetic, it always brought her at the instant, and she stood before him in a half drooping, inquiring attitude.

"Confess, you little Jesuit," said he, feigning a degree of sternness.

"What? Papa."

"Say now, 'certain true,' is it gewgaws for Harry Tice's eye that you want to purchase with the money?"

A delicate blush suffused her brow for a second, then passed away as she said playfully, "Certain true, papa, it is not gewgaws for Harry Tice's eye that I want to purchase with the money; do you trust me now?"

"Forever, my darling; if there is not enough, come to your old banker, he will always honor your draft."

"Better not promise, papa, I shall be pitiless in my demands if you are so free," and the happy creature retraced her steps to the piano, and poured forth her glad heart in joyous song.

"You spoil her, father," said Mrs. Wade, unaware how at unison with her husband she was in every indulgence to her child.

What a busy creature Floy was the day before the New Year dawned. Her father and mother kept purposely aloof from her that she might have the full pleasure of their surprise. Once only Mrs. Wade asked if she would have rose-buds or camellias for her hair; and then remembering her promise, relapsed into silence concerning the day.

The sun arose gloriously. The earth was covered with a pearly mantle and diamonds glittered upon tree and spray, there was a sparkle in the very air, and the faces of men mirrored the brightness.

Floy was up betimes, merry and active, flying here and there about the house and giving her orders, and now and then putting her golden-head in at her mother's door to see if her prisoners were safe.

"When the great bell rings eleven then you may come," said she laughing, as she noticed her mother's and father's unusually elaborate toilette. "I'm going now to make myself charming for the refreshments are ready, and the beaux are clustering upon Jennie Gray's steps, but they are aware that I don't receive before eleven; then we shall see." And away she went to change her attire.

"I hope Floy has chosen pink to-day," said Mrs. Wade, as the door closed upon the receding figure; she is like a rose-bud, with the delicate hue that she wore at her debut, and the white sprigs in her hair."

Mr. Wade was looking from the window at the clock in the square, impatient of the slow hands that seemed to creep with snail's pace upon the dial. He did not hear his wife's remark, but his heart dwelt upon his child with an intense yearning; and he blessed God with unwonted fervor on this bright day for the still more beautiful sunbeam that gladdened his household.

Harry Tice was also watching the great clock, and when the first stroke of the hour boomed upon the air, he sprang up the steps of Mr. Wade's house. His hand touched the bell before he perceived the little wicker basket hanging so provokingly by its white ribbon.

"Not receive! What can it mean I must inquire," said he to himself, ringing for admittance.

"Basement door, if you please," said Susan, as she answered the summons. "Miss Wade is down stairs to-day."

Nothing daunted, Harry took the way to the basement. There was a placard in prominent characters between the windows.

"Happy New Year
 With plenteous cheer
 To all who appear."

There was a croud of mendicants pressing in, and the young man followed them.

The long room was decorated with evergreen, and holly berries, and bright balls, and toys, and books were pendent from the branches. A table in the centre of the room was unheaped with good things, and surrounding it were the poor of every description. Old men with white hair and tremulous limbs, young mothers with babies in their arms, little children, wounded soldiers, feasting upon the abundance before them, as if it were the first full meal for many a day. Supreme over the motly throng was the beautiful Floy clad in a drab marine with pink buds from the greenhouse on her breast and in her hair, her face beaming with a smile as she filled the famished mouths.

"You here, Harry!—audacious," said she, sportively, as she perceived her youthful admirer in a group of ragged urchins pressing at the door. "Who said you might come?"

"Let me help you, Miss Wade, I can

turn the coffee for you, I am famous at that," and he took possession of the steaming urn.

"This is a noble impulse," whispered he, as she took the flowing cups from his hand, "how much more sensible and Christian than feasting the rich."

"It is a pleasant day," said Floy; "I never remember being so truly happy. It was so kind of papa and mamma to gratify me in this wish, but see how amazed they are. They little thought what was in prospect for them," and the merry creature shook her head cunningly at her gay mother who stood near her be-furbelowed for a different scene and scarcely conscious of her own identity as she gazed upon the crowd around her.

Entering into the spirit of the occasion, Mr. Wade took his station at the door, and, as each well-fed person passed out, handed his offering, a silver dollar, enclosed in an envelope, with the motto, "God is love," as a reminder of Him who showered upon them all their blessings. It was quite late at night when the feast was over, and the tired but happy Floy had her wonted seat upon her father's knee in the drawing-room.

"It was such joy," said she, twining her arms around the merchant's neck and laying her soft cheek to his. "How the little hungry things did eat. Did you see their blue, pinched faces grow ruddy as their hunger was satisfied, and their dull eyes brighten and sparkle?"

"What put it into your head, child; such a whim! Mother and I were startled almost out of our wits when we found you with such a throng of beggars around you. How did you ever think of such a thing?"

Floy laughed, one of her ringing laughs, when her father spoke of the alarm; but at his question she grew thoughtful. "I'll tell you," said she, "how I came to think of it. Remember the New Year's day at Aunt Maria's two winters ago!"

"Yes."

"Well, we were drawn up around the table late in the evening, eating our supper, for we had a great many calls that day, and were too excited to care for food, and we had become very hungry. I had a dish of stewed oysters, and was enjoying them 'hugely,' as Willie Gray would say, when I heard some one in the hall ask for the lady of the house. The servant tried to send her away, (it was a woman,) but

she pressed forward and looked in where we were. I shall never forget her frantic look when she saw the food. Aunt Maria seemed to know, instinctively, what she wanted, and satisfied her cravings; but we had no more appetite. It would have choked me to try to swallow anything after that, and I made up my mind that some year I would make a feast for the poor. You know I couldn't last year, as mamma was bent upon my receiving in the new drawing-rooms, but it was all made plain for me now."

"Sweet child," said Mr. Wade, pressing her closer to his warm heart; "it is worth all my moneyed treasure to know that God has given me a daughter whose soul is rich with heavenly graces, and whose life is devoted to a kindly interest in her fellow-creatures. To-day's example of unselfishness is worthy the imitation of all who may hear of it, and I trust that many who have hitherto thought only of their own gratification, will find out the purer pleasure that comes from serving others."

"This was your offering; you gave me the money, father."

"So I did, darling, but you had the power to spend it as you pleased; I should have said nothing if you had laid it all out for your own personal benefit. My heart is very light to-night, because of the profitable use you have made of the funds committed to your care."

"'Twas so much better than trifling, upstairs, father! Did you notice that little old woman who brought her dog! ah, me! wasn't it funny! She tried to hide him under her old cloak, but he put his head out and gave a bark and I made her feed him. It showed such a good heart for her not to forget her hungry dog. Such a day! my dreams will be a funny medley to-night; but I am very happy! very happy!"

"The good God bless thee, daughter! Good night." "Good night."

SISTER WINNIE.

Can any one of our readers solve the following charade? It has been stated to be by the principal of a Cambridge College, but we know not with what truth:

"A Headless man had a letter to write,
'Twas read by one who had lost his Sight;
The Dumb repeated it word for word,
And he was Deaf who listened and heard."

Miscellaneous.

Wise Men of Gotham.

Mrs. Beke, an English lady, having traveled with her husband through the East, has written a most entertaining narrative of their journey. Among other amusing passages from this work, we find the following in respect to Helbon, a town south of Damascus, famous for its wine and for the stupidity of its inhabitants. Mother Goose would have been charmed with such materials for her rhymes as these :

“Once upon a time the inhabitants of Helbon declared themselves independent, and were going to establish a government of their own, but found themselves unable to carry out their intention, because there were not men enough in the place to fill all the public offices. Another time, it is said, the good folks of Helbon wished to drag a little on one side a mountain which kept the mid-day sun from their village. With this object they tied a rope to a large oak growing on the mountain, and pulled at it until the rope broke, and gave many of them so severe a fall that they were content to postpone the removal of the mountain till some more fitting opportunity. On another occasion, when there was a total eclipse of the moon, the inhabitants of Helbon took it into their heads that the people of a neighboring village had stolen that planet. Accordingly, they all turned out armed against their neighbors, to force them to give them back their moon; but before they had reached the village the eclipse was over, and the moon reappeared in full splendor. On this they returned home in triumph, boasting that their neighbors had given them back their moon for fear of them. A native of Helbon was once driving to Damascus a donkey, laden with wood for sale; when the load being too heavy for the poor animal, he considerably took it off and put it on his own shoulders, and then, mounting the donkey, he rode on it into Damascus. Another of these Syrian Gothamites, who wanted to purchase a cradle for his child, measured the length of it with two hands, and so went to Damascus, keeping his hands stretched out at the exact distance from one another. In passing through the crowded streets, first the one arm and then the other got knocked out of its place by the

passers-by, so that the good man soon lost his measure. On this he hurried back home, and tied between his outstretched hands a stick the exact length of the cradle, and thus succeeded in reaching the carpenter's shop, and giving him the correct measure. A boy once thrust his hand into a narrow-necked pitcher containing walnuts, and having filled his hand with them, was unable to draw it out again. He cried bitterly; the whole village assembled to deliberate on what was best to be done, and the wise man of the place gave it as his opinion that the boy's hand must be cut off; when fortunately a stranger, who happened to be passing by, freed the boy from the danger he was in, by telling him to let go the walnuts, and so draw his hand out of the pitcher empty, as he had put it in.”

A Good Hit.

A correspondent of the *New York Independent*, Mr. X., being on a visit to New York, recently, decided to go on Sunday morning to hear the Rev. Dr. Chapin. To his regret, on arriving at the church, he found not that eminent divine, but a stranger who preached eloquently from the text, “But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.” X. thought he would go to Plymouth Church in the afternoon, to hear Mr. Beecher. There he found the same stranger in the pulpit, and again he listened to the expounding of the text: “But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.” Somewhat vexed at his ill success, X., having liberal views, went in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church. What was his astonishment at being compelled to listen again to the now familiar sermon, from the same clergyman. Having occasion next morning to cross the ferry, X. discovered his next neighbor to be the strange preacher, with his sermon under his arm. “I wonder what that ringing can be?” suggested the stranger modestly, as a peel of bells was heard from the opposite shore. “I suspect,” returned X. savagely, eyeing the manuscript, “that Simon's wife's mother must be dead. I heard in several places, yesterday, that she was very dangerously ill!” The rest of the voyage passed without incident or conversation.

SORROW can never wholly fill the heart that is occupied with others' welfare. Constant melancholy is rebellion.

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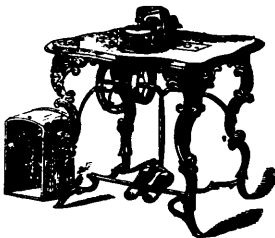
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ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1866.

No. 6.

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Comfort in God's Word.

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."
Matt. 6: 24. A divided heart God will not accept, and yet how prone we are to offer a divided service. *Whatever* draws our affections from Him, who requires the first place in the hearts of His children, *is Mammon to us*—no matter how lovely and attractive the form it takes—it may "bear affection's impress or devotion's air." How constant the warfare to keep down the world, how often do our eyes become blinded by the god of this world. Spiritual blindness takes place, and our Father in mercy strikes at the root of some cherished object or place—the scales fall from our eyes, and we find that we have been virtually trying to do just what the text says we cannot. Give us grace, oh! Heav-

enly Father, to keep close to *Thee*—serving *Thee* with an undivided heart.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Phil. 2: 3. It is the selfish principle in our hearts which is so opposed to the "mind of Christ." He gave his life freely to save sinners; are we doing any thing; or trying to do any thing, for the salvation of souls? If we desire to have the "mind of Christ," we must study to be like *Him*; to follow Him; to have every thought brought into captivity, or subjection, to the will of God; to be holy in thought, word and deed. Well may we hide our faces in the dust, when we realize how little we have of the "mind of Christ." But let us not be discouraged. If we are *in Christ*, faithfully striving to reflect His image, the robe of His righteousness is for us, and we shall be clothed in the day of His appearing.

"Fear not, for I am with thee." Isaiah 43: 5. Jehovah, the Almighty, the all-wise, the all-powerful, the all-good, the unchangeable, condescends to speak thus to man—sinful, weak, erring, timid man. Who that trusts in the word of God, will dare to yield to doubts, to despondency and fear? Oh, may we be enabled to lay hold of this comforting word in all its fullness. "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." Oh! that all would be persuaded to make Him their friend, whose power faileth not.
R.

My Brother.

BY ALICE BAREY.

The beech-wood fire is burning bright,
 'Tis wild November weather—
 O brother, many a stormy night
 We've sat and talked together.

Such pretty plans for future years,
 We told to one another—
 I cannot choose but ask with tears,
 Where are they now, my brother?

Where are they now, the dreams we dreamed,
 That scattered sunshine o'er us,
 And where the hills of flowers that seemed
 A little way before us?

The hills with golden tops, and springs,
 Than which no springs were clearer?
 Ah me, for all our journeyings
 They are not any nearer.

One, last year, who with sunny eyes
 A watch with me was keeping,
 Is gone—across the next hill lies
 The snow upon her sleeping.

And so alone, night after night,
 I keep the fire a burning,
 And trim and make the candle bright,
 And watch for your returning.

The clock ticks slow, the cricket tame
 Is on the hearth-stone crying,
 And the old Bible just the same
 Is on the table lying.

The watch-dog yawns beside the door,
 My hands forget the knitting—
 O shall we ever any more
 Together here be sitting?

Sometimes I wish the winds would sink,
 The cricket hush its humming,
 The while I listened, for I think:
 I hear a footstep coming

Just as it used so long ago—
 My cry of joy I smother—
 'Tis only fancy cheats me so,
 And never thou, my brother.

That was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady on her death-bed, in reply to a remark of her brother, who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never meet her in the land of the living. "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."

The Puritan of 1863.

A Prize Tale, written for the New York Observer.

BY MRS. B. D. G. ROBBINS, MIDDLETURY, VT.

It was in the early part of October, —, that the Rev. Mr. Allan started to walk to Farmer Owen's, over the hills. He had to cross two low spurs of the Green Mountains, and as he climbed to the top of the second, the rich valley of the Otter Creek lay spread out before him. At any other time he would have stopped to admire its gentle undulations; its great flower garden of forest trees, rich in every color and hue; its silver threads, winding their way to the waters of the Champlain, and the glorious autumn light which lay like a golden mantle over them all. But this afternoon he seemed oppressed by the beauty which surrounded him. He looked upon it with eyes misty from tears. There was a dull, heavy weight upon his heart—a weight which even the long, fervent prayers that he had uttered so unceasingly since noon had failed to move. Between him and that landscape, we might almost say, between him and the mercy seat, there moved a slight, tall boy, with a laughing blue eye, clustering brown hair, and lips always ready with a merry pleasant word. To-day, there was Bennie, nutting under the bare, brawny arms of the butternut tree; throwing his line into the little brooks, that came babbling down from the steep mountain side; driving his cows along the narrow foot-path; standing with Blossom under the bright maple, and shouting with pride and joy as she wreathed her pretty face in the gay leaves.

"Oh, Bennie! Bennie!" Mr. Allan hardly knew he was calling the name, until it came back to him with such an empty, mocking sound, from the heartless echo; "almost"—Mr. Allan thought, startling himself by the seeming impiety of the words—"almost as if there were no great, kind Father over us all."

As he came near Farmer Owen's house, he saw his oxen yoked to the plough. He knew they had been there since the telegraph came. Mr. Owen had read it in the field, gone to the house and forgotten them, and no one had dared to put them up. He was a man fully capable of taking care of his own affairs under any circumstances, never having been known before to forget.

Mr. Allan beckoned to an Irishman who was passing, and asked him to take care of them. The man came with an awed look

upon his face, as if even there he stood in the presence of a great sorrow, and without the least noise obeyed.

Mr. Allan walked on slowly toward the house. He had known Mr. Owen for many years, and he knew him well. Indeed, there was a peculiar bond of sympathy between the two men. In all his large parish, there was not one upon whom the minister relied as he did upon this strong, sturdy farmer. Many and many an hour he had walked by his side when he was upturning the brown earth, and had discoursed with him on topics which would have sounded harsh and repulsive to common ears, but which were fraught with deep and vital interest to them. Mr. Owen was a direct descendant of the Puritans, and every drop of blood in his veins was tinged with as strong and true a "blue," as if he himself had landed in the Mayflower. He took naturally to the sterner doctrines of religion, while Mr. Allan, versed in all the modern lore, questioned and doubted. The key-stone of Mr. Owen's theology was the sovereignty of God;—"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" This was the man upon whom God had now laid his hand so heavily; and Mr. Allan felt that if the trial brought no murmur, no rebellion against that mighty Sovereign, the stern old faith were indeed a rich one in which to live and die. He knew that one element in this war was Puritan. Sons of the Round-heads filled up the ranks of the Northern army. They marched to battle to strains of the old tunes that had lingered in the nursery and the sanctuary from the day that Cromwell and his soldiers chanted them on Marston Moor. All down the aisles of Time came tramping to the music mailed men, bearing on their shields the two words, Liberty and Equality. They trembled on Mr. Owen's lips with his parting blessing to his boy. Would he remember them, and would they comfort and give him strength now?

Where there is affliction in a house, the minister is at home. Mr. Allan entered without knocking, and made his way to the large, old-fashioned kitchen in which he was sure of finding the family.

There, by a table, with his arms folded and laid heavily upon it, sat Mr. Owen. His wife was in a small rocking-chair by the fire, and Blossom, a young girl, sat between them.

Mr. Owen rose to welcome him: so did

Blossom; but the wife did not notice him,—she sat still, rocking herself to and fro, looking at the blazing wood.

Mr. Allan put a hand in the brawny one that was held out toward him, and laid the other on Mr. Owen's great heaving breast. "My friend," he said, "how is it with the decrees of God?"

"Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints," faltered out the man.

There was something strange in his voice,—a thin, womanly sound, so unlike the deep, stentorian tones in which he had always spoken before. Mr. Allan, when he heard it, almost felt as if it had dealt him a blow.

"Thank God! He has not, then, forsaken you, and from the depths of this deep trouble you can still say, 'The Maker of all doeth well.'"

"Yes, yes,"—and for an instant there glimmered from his dull eye a spark of the old controversial fire—"you don't suppose I have held on to that anchor when the skies were cloudless, and the little waves just rocked my bark, to let alone of it now—now, when the great waves and billows are going over me, do you? I've planted it firm, and it don't yield; no, it don't yield, but the strain is terrible. God send it may carry me into port; oh, Mr. Allan, say it will. It has seemed to me to-day so dark, so wonderful, so inscrutable, that he—my Bennie! Mr. Allan, there is a good, wise purpose behind it all. Can you see it?"

"To bring you nearer the kingdom," said the minister.

"Oh, don't tell me that; I can't bear it. God is too wise; He knows a hundred such souls as mine are not worth one of my Bennie's. I can suffer if I am too great a sinner for God's grace to save, but Bennie! Bennie! I have sat here all day, since the news came, wondering, wondering; he was so good a son,"—and Mr. Owen's voice grew almost inarticulate in its emotion,—“such a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought, when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allan, the dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was!” and Mr. Owen's eye wandered out over the brown fields, with such a per-

plexed, wondering look. "I know he only fell off one little second; he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty." Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning: "Twenty-four hours, the telegraph said,—only twenty-four hours. *Where is Bennie now?*"

"We will hope, with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, let us hope; God is very merciful, and Bennie was so good—I do not mean holy," he said, correcting himself sharply; "there is none holy—no, not one,—but Jesus died for sinners. Mr. Allan, tell me that. Oh, Bennie, Bennie!"

The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and, turning, said, with a smile: "Don't call so loud, father. Bennie is not far off; he will come soon."

"God laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to her, without making any direct reply. "She has not been justly herself since. It is a merciful thing that she is sort of stunned, it seems to me; she makes no wail. Poor mother! if my heart was not broken it would almost kill me to see her so. Bennie was her idol. I told her often, God had said, 'Thou shalt have no gods before me.'"

Mr. Allan looked in astonishment at the bowed man as he came now and stood before him. These few hours had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering, the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face. He recognized the power of the great, kind heart, simple and almost childlike in its innocent, clinging affection; how could this be reconciled with the stern, strong, clear head—the head that to common observers outlined the character of the man? "God have mercy on you; He is trying you in a furnace seven times heated," he exclaimed, almost involuntarily.

"I should be ashamed, father?" he said, "when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm,—and he held it out so proudly before me,—for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it, rather, than keep it at the plough."

"Go, Bennie, then go, my boy," I said, "and God keep you." God has kept him,

I think, Mr. Allan?" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his head, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear to-day, and the terror in her face had been so very still no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares, which her mother's condition devolved entirely upon her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive, from a neighbor's hand a letter: "It is from *him*," was all she said.

'Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened, and, obedient to a motion from the father, read as follows:

"Dear Father:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it, to die for neglect of duty!—oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades, I can't now.

"You know, I promised *Jemmy Carr's* mother, I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong, when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too, and as for *Jemmy*, if I had not lent him an arm, now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was *Jemmy's* turn to be sentry, and I would take his place, but I was too tired, father. I could have not kept awake, if I had a gun at my head, but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked," interrupted Mr. Owen reverently, "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances, 'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me, if he could, and don't lay my death up against Jemmy. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me as they must be now. God help me, it is very hard to bear. Goodbye, father, God seems near and dear to me, not at all, as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful broken-hearted child, and would take him to be with him and my Saviour, in a better—better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart, "Amen!" he said solemnly. "Amen!"

"To-night in the early twilight I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture. Daisy, and Brindle and Bet; old Billy too, will neigh to me from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop waiting for me—but I shall never come. God bless you all: forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out, and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying, than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left; starting not, as the full moon stretched queer, fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then, to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he, for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note

to tell her father where, and why, she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now, might be a year in her brother's life.

And so in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital and was hurried at once to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eyes downcast and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheery tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," said Blossom gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmy so weak; he did the work of two, sir; and it was Jemmy's night, not his, but Jemmy was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was too tired."

"What is this you say, child? come here, I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind, passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she told her story now simply and straightforward, and handed Mr. Lincoln, Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully, then taking up his pen wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need change after he has so bravely faced death, he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder," Mr. Lincoln said, "that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the good act so uncomplainingly." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and farmer Owen's tall head towered above them all, and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allan heard him say fervently, as the holiest blessing he could pronounce upon his child: "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints."

That night, Daisy and Brindle and Bet came lowing home from pasture, for they hear a well-known voice calling them at the gate; and Bennie as he pets and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his Puritan father's voice as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words; "Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the East, and gather thee from the West; I will say to the North give, and to the South, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth, every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory; I have formed him, yea, I have made him."

"I Hold Still."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart within me shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"
And in the hottest fire, "hold still."

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so,
Into His own fair shape to beat it,
With his own hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"
And at his heaviest blows, "hold still."

He takes my softened heart; and beats it—
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and beats it.
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper—"As God will!"
And in the mighty hand, "hold still."

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting—"As God will!"
And trusting to the end, "hold still."

He kindles for my profit, purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all His heaviest blows are, surely,
Inflicted by a Master hand;
So I say, praying—"As God will!"
And hope in Him and suffer still.

New Year's Day in 1790.

The levees of President Washington were far more select and rational than those of the same officer have been for the last few years. They were numerously attended by all that was fashionable, elegant, and refined in society; but there were no places for the intrusive of the rabble in crowds, or for the mere coarse and boisterous partisan—the vulgar electioneer—or the impudent place-hunter, with boots and frock coat, or with patched knees, and holes at both elbows. On the contrary, they were select, and more courtly than have been given by any of his successors. Proud of her husband's exalted fame, and jealous of the honors due, not only to his own lofty character, but to the dignified station to which a grateful country had called him, Mrs. Washington was careful in her drawing-rooms to exact those courtesies to which she knew he was entitled, as well on account of personal merit as of official consideration. Fortunately, moreover, democratic rudeness had not then so far gained the ascendancy as to banish good manners; and the charms of social intercourse were heightened by a reasonable attention, in the best circles, to those forms and usages which indicate

the well-bred assemblage, and fling around it an air of elegance and grace which only the envious affect to deery, and only the innately vulgar ridicule and contemn. None, therefore, were admitted to the levees, but those who had either a right by official station to be there, or were entitled to the privilege by established merit and character; and full dress was required of all. In those days, also, late hours were not necessary to fashion; and many of our fair metropolitan readers, who are in the habit of dressing at ten to enter a drawing-room, at eleven, will doubtless be surprised to learn that Mrs. Washington's levees closed always at nine.

This was a rule which that distinguished lady established on the occasion of holding her first levee, on the evening of January 1st, 1790. The President's residence was in the old Franklin House, in this city, at the head of Cherry street. "The day," writes a gentleman (now deceased), who was present on the occasion, "was uncommonly mild and pleasant. It was full moon, and the air so bland and serene that the ladies attended in their light summer shades. Introduced by the aids and gentlemen in waiting, after being seated, tea, coffee, plain and plum cake were handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued, and kind inquiries, on the part of Mrs. Washington, after the families of the exiles, with whom she had been acquainted during the Revolutionary war, and who always received marked attention from General Washington. Mrs. Washington stood by the side of the General in receiving the respects of the visitors. Amid the social chit-chat of the company the clock struck nine. Mrs. Washington thereupon rose with dignity, and looking around the circle with a complacent smile, observed, 'The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him.' At this hint the ladies instantly rose, adjusted their dresses, made their salutations and retired."

General Washington had, on that day, been waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the city, according to the ancient New York custom of social and convivial visiting on that day. "After being severally introduced, and paying the usual compliments of the season," says the writer just quoted, "the citizens mutually interchanged their kind greetings, and withdrew highly gratified by the friendly notice of the President, to most of whom he was

personally a stranger." In the course of the evening, while speaking of the occurrences of the day, Mrs. Washington remarked, "Of all the incidents of the day, none so pleased the General,"—by which title she always designated him—"as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who visited him at noon." To the inquiry of the President whether it was usual or customary, he was answered that it was an annual custom, derived from our Dutch forefathers, which had always been commemorated. After a short pause, he observed—"The highly favored situation of New York will, in the process of years, attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but, let whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial, cheerful observance of New Year's Day."—*Jour. Com.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1866.

"The City Hospital."

From the fact that our Hospital is called "The City Hospital," many have inferred that it was devoted exclusively to the care of city inmates. This is an entire mistake. Our Hospital is not designed exclusively for the benefit of the city, nor even county, but is now, as it has been from the first, occupied by all who may fall within our reach; whether they may be our own citizens, inmates from adjacent towns and counties, or strangers. Our first patient was from out of town, and we have, at present, one here from Batavia—one from Gates—one from Wayne Co.—one from Wheatland—one from Syracuse—one from Canada, &c. &c. &c. We mention this from the fact, that since the departure of our soldiers, the interest of many of our friends has very sensibly diminished, and in some instances we have learned from the impression that our Hospital was devoted exclusively to the city. So far from this being the case—on the contrary—the larger number of our patients has always been from out of town. We desire to call the special atten-

tion of our readers to this point—for we have noticed, with regret, the gradually failing interest in our work in these adjacent towns, which, while our soldiers were with us were so eager, and so generous to respond to our every call. We feel that we have still as strong a claim as ever upon all of our friends. The majority of our sick and wounded heroes have returned to their homes, but the disabled ones still linger with us, as we trust they ever will, and their families overtaken with sickness, will ever be our tender care. The numbers who fill our Hospital will come to us not only from our own midst but from all around us—from far and near, and hence we appeal to you, dear readers, everywhere, for aid and sympathy.

A Polite Way to Discontinue a Paper.

Now we are very sorry to have any one even for once think of discontinuing the paper—we mean *our* paper—indeed, we think there are at least a hundred reasons against one, why no one should—but if any one, spite of all we can say and do, will persist in discontinuing it, we would like to tell them a polite way of doing so. First of all, *pay up all arrearages*. Don't, after having received the paper three or four months or so, or even longer, send it back with a request to have it stopped, until you have paid for all that you have received. This is the only polite way of discontinuing a paper, but in our opinion it would be still better manners—not to stop it at all.

Wanted—Rags and Old Cloths.

Once more we feel under the necessity of making a strong appeal for old cotton and linen for cloths, of which an infinite number is always needed in a sick room. We have had a great many supplies of this description it is true, and we are not wanting in gratitude nor appreciation of the same, but we want *more* old rags and cloths of every description—a *great many more*.

Our nurse, driven to desperation, actually threatens to marry a rag-man for the sake of getting a supply for once; but we trust it may not be necessary to resort to extreme measures—only—the old cloths must be forthcoming, in some way.

Wanted—a Carpet.

We want something, as you see, besides rags and old cloths—indeed a great many things—but we shall only mention at this time a carpet. We want a carpet especially. We wonder if there is not some one of our churches which did not contribute to the fitting up of our Hospital at its opening, and which would like now to give us this needed carpet?

Christmas at the Hospital.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that we were not forgotten on Christmas Day. Three turkeys were sent to us, as will be seen from the reports; and in the evening, we had nuts and candies, and a pleasant time generally.

Little Girls' Aid Society of Avon.

The little girls of this Society will please accept our thanks for another quilt (the third they have sent us), some lint, and bandages—and for \$14.00 in money. This little Society has often remembered us and our soldiers, and we learn, with regret, that it is now about to disband. Would it not be better, we would like to ask these young friends, to reconsider this subject? With so much good to be done—so much want and suffering all over the land to be relieved; would it not be better for these little girls to keep up their Society? Think long, and earnestly, we beg of you, before you decide to give it up, and see if you had not better to continue to work for the Hospital. Our soldiers have nearly all left us, it is true, but we have still enough to do to keep many little hands busy—and shall have as long as our Hospital exists. Our new Superin-

tendent and Matron both coming to us from Avon, we shall expect our friends in that vicinity, both old and young, to take a fresh interest in our work.

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Mrs. B. Frank Enos will please accept our thanks for her favor—published last month—and we would assure her that any contributions from her pen will always be warmly welcomed by us.

What is the Matter with Victor?

What is the matter with Victor—our “banner town”—which came up to our help so bravely a year ago, and did so much for us and for our soldiers? Is it possible that Victor can be losing its interest in our Hospital, that so many of those good names are dropping daily from our list of readers? What can be the matter? Surely, a town which could do so much for our soldiers, will not now lose all interest in our Hospital. Have we not all here still a needed and a blessed work to do?

To any Wishing to Advertise.

If there are any among our readers who have occasion to advertise, we advise them (*confidentially*) to advertise in the “Hospital Review.” It is just the thing to advertise in—much better than our dailies and larger papers, because our little sheet is taken by a class of persons who read it, advertisements and all, (at least so they tell us,) and a notice would naturally attract more attention in a paper like this than in almost any other kind.

Change of Superintendent.

Capt. E. C. WILLIAMS, who has had the charge of the City Hospital for the past sixteen months, which position he has filled so acceptably, wearied with the trying duties of this responsible situation, early in November last tendered his resignation. The latter part of December, the Trustees

succeeded in securing the services of Mr. VAN ZANDT, of Avon, so well known to many who have visited that watering place, having had the charge of one of its principal hotels. We hope and expect that those interested in the Hospital, or whom sickness may bring within its walls, will find in Mr. Van Zandt, as Superintendent, and Miss Van Zandt, as Matron, all that they can desire in their intercourse with them.

Mr. Williams having kindly consented to remain until the first of January, Mr. Van Zandt then assumed the care of the Hospital.

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CARD OF THANKS.—At the last Monthly Meeting of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, December 29th, 1865, upon motion, it was unanimously resolved, “That the thanks of the Ladies be tendered to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Williams, for the interest which they have manifested in the discharge of their duties as Superintendent and Matron of this institution,” and that the Corresponding Secretary transmit the same.

A Good Example.

In the early part of December, about Thanksgiving, the Bible Class of Mr. E. P. Gould sent to the Hospital a barrel of apples—a most acceptable present for our sick ones. But, they are now gone, and our Superintendent *gently* hints that they want some very much. We will not specify the quantity, (thankful whether they be few or many) but will leave it for those to decide who have apples, how many they can and are willing to spare for the Hospital. Will not some of our friends who have orchards, and to whom apples are no great luxury, remember how grateful they are to the invalid and convalescent, and send us some? Will our country friends please note this, and as they come to the city, bring us a basket or barrel?

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, on Sunday afternoon, January 7th, 1866, of disease of the heart, an infant daughter of Mrs. A. S. Hastings.

"Short pain, short grief, dear babe, was thine,
Now, joys eternal and divine."

The remains were buried on the Hospital lot in Mount Hope.

Correspondence.

"B. B. R." will please accept our thanks for the following subscriptions, (one from a new subscriber,) and we are requested furthermore to ask if "B. B. R." will not consent to act as our Agent in Clyde. We have already quite a list of names in that town, which we believe might easily be made still larger with the aid of an efficient agent. If our proposal should be accepted, as we trust it may, "B. B. R." will please address a note to our Corresponding Secretary (whose address will be found elsewhere) to this effect:

CLYDE, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1866.

Mrs. P.—Enclosed you will please find the money and names for five copies of your "Hospital Review." Yours, respectfully, B. B. R.

We are pleased to hear again from one of the warm friends of the Soldier and the Hospital. Though bowed down with sorrow by the death of a near relative, she does not in her sorrow forget the suffering. She writes:

"I often think of you, and your efforts to comfort the sick and sorrowing ones, and wish that I might go often to that Hospital and do something for them. Even a cup of cold water will not lose its reward from our Heavenly Father. Mrs. Johnston, the President of our Society, brought some empty bottles from the Hospital, last summer. They are now filled, and we are waiting an opportunity to send them. We hope to get them to you by New Year's. I must not forget to add that I enclose two dollars for the Review."

Very sincerely, M. C.

Cash Receipts for December, 1865.

From Patients,..... \$141 00

Cash Donations.

First Methodist Sunday School—By James Vick, Esq. \$50 00
 Little Monte, for "Making the Wing," ... 36
 Little Girls' Aid Society, Avon—By Mr. Winans, 14 00

List of Donations for the Hospital from Dec. 15th to Jan. 15th.

- Mr. E. H. Hollister—Five loads of Pine Wood.
- Mrs. J. Packard—One Sheet, two large Pillows, two Pillow-cases, and two Towels.
- Mrs. T. H. Rochester—Biscuit every Wednesday during the month.
- Mrs. Prof. Northrup—One cup of Jelly, one pair of Socks.
- Mrs. William Pitkin—A quantity of Butter.
- Mrs. H. F. Atkinson, for Christmas—One Turkey.
- A Friend—One Turkey.
- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—One Turkey.
- Little Girls' Aid Society, Avon, by Mr. Winans—One Bed-quilt, and a quantity of Bandages.
- Mrs. N. T. Rochester—One basket of Apples, Pop Corn and Candy.
- A Friend—One jar of Currants, one loaf of Cake.
- Ladies of Groveland, Liv. Co., by Mrs. Johnston—One can Cherries, one can Tomatoes, two cans Pears.
- Miss D. Ebenriter—One can Raspberries.
- Mrs. G. W. Kelly—One can Pears.
- Mrs. A. Harrison—One can Grape Catsup.
- Mrs. Fort Benway—One can Grape Catsup.
- Mrs. R. Johnston—One Limb Pillow, and a quantity of old Cotton and Linen for Bandages.

Receipts for the Hospital Review, FROM DEC. 15th TO JAN. 15th.

- Mrs. J. M. Sly, Cameron Mills—By Mrs. Mathews, \$0 50
- Mrs. J. R. Eldridge—By Mrs. Strong, 50
- N. B. Rochester, Esq.—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 50
- Mrs. O. Bigelow, Miss D. Ebenriter, Groveland; Mrs. R. Johnston, E. Groveland; Mrs. Frank Culbertson, Mt. Morris—By Miss Culbertson, 2 00
- Mrs. W. Gibbons—By Mary Perkins, 50
- Mrs. Jesse C. Smith, Brooklyn—By Mrs. E. D. Smith, 50
- A Gentleman, (name forgotten,)—By Mr. G. H. Perkins, 1 00
- Mrs. L. A. Ward, Free Press, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Prof. Benedict, Miss Nellie M. Bradford; Mrs. P. Hoag, Lake Road; Mr. Porter—By Mrs. Perkins, 3 00
- Miss A. Goddard, York—By Miss M. A. Root, 50
- Miss Jennie McNair, Mt. Morris—By Mrs. F. Starr, 50
- Mrs. O. F. Burns, Albion—By Mrs. Dalzell, S. J. Child, Esq., William H. Miller, J. Miller Ryerson, Miss H. Aurand, Miss Allie Hendrick, Clyde—By B. B. Ryerson, ... 2 50
- Miss Mary E. Squires, Dansville—By Phoebe A. Whitman, 50
- Marion Hortop, Mr. Gardner—By Mrs. Perkins, 1 00
- Miss Sarah Barhydt, Miss Barhydt; Miss Minnie Williams, Clinton; Miss Carrie B. Perkins, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Dr. Strong, Mrs. E. B. Church—By Mrs. Strong, ... 3 00
- Mrs. E. C. Baker, Mrs. Repass; Mrs. Homer Sackett, Avon—By Mr. Van Zandt, 1 50
- Mrs. H. P. Brewster—By Mrs. Rochester, 50
- Advertisement—Buell & Brewster, 5 00

Superintendent's Report for December.

1865. Dec. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 38	
Received during the month, 17—55	
Discharged " " " " " "	11
1866. Jan. 1. Remaining in Hospital,	44
Five of whom were Soldiers.	

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Sad End of all Our Kitties.**MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS :**

A few weeks since I wrote you of our Tabby and her beautiful little kittens, with a promise that you should hear sometime of some other pets we have had. But I must tell you more *this time* of those same little kittens. Poor little "Muff" had then sickened and died—and a few days after, a little girl came to the door to get some "cold pieces." I suppose you have all seen many such children, who have not the comforts and blessings which God has given you, and I trust you will ever treat them kindly, for encased within their ragged and tattered covering there often beats as warm a heart and loving disposition as may be found in those who are decked with beautiful and bright garments. She started away, and coming back as I came out of the door, told me kitty was dying—and sure enough, there was little "Cuff," beautiful kitty, in great suffering, struggling and dying. She only lived a short time, and then was buried by the side of "Muff."

The next day we missed "Buff," and for days we could not tell what had become of her; but as the man was spreading a pile of leaves over the garden, to enrich it, at the bottom he found her—dead. Tabby, our nice old cat, whom we had for so many years prized and petted, died next. Then "Guerilla" and "Baby" (who, though they, too, had been sick, we hoped we should be able to keep,) soon followed the rest. So Tabby and her kitty children, have now only a place in our memory, but

we shall not soon forget them, they were such nice kitties.

I suppose you wonder what we do without them, and we should be rather lonesome; but when one goes another generally comes, so we are provided for by the arrival of another. Going to market one Saturday evening, I heard a kitty mewing very mournfully, but it was dark, and I could not see it, so I called "kitty," and such a little black animal came very quickly and jumped upon me, climbing up on my shoulder, so that I could not take her off. I stepped into the house with her, and from that evening we have been very firm in our attachment for each other.

We call her Topsy, (a name which some of you may have heard before,) she is so black, and so full of her pranks and capers, and uses her little velvet paws very much as the little monkeys who come around in the summer with the organ grinders—as she puts them into my work-drawer and helps herself to my thread and spools. In truth, we think her quite a wonder—though she is not as dignified in her conduct as Tabby's family—still she is very gentle and frolics with great glee; but has never forgotten her first location on my shoulder, and if at all frightened, takes refuge there, where she thinks the dog cannot reach her.

It has been said that notoriety kills *some* people. I wonder if it is so, with *some* cats! Perhaps it is—for Tabby and her family have all died since they first appeared in the "Review," except "Huff," of whom we have had no tidings since she played truant to Jennie. We think Topsy will prove to be a nice cat, and show her gratitude for her new home by behaving with great propriety—just as all good cats should.

AUNT.

"Truthfulness is a *corner stone* in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation."

Little Benny.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive, listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we Moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty custard,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten there before me,
With his white paw nothing loth,
Sat by way of entertainment,
Sipping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thurst him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go higher and higher,
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf:
"Santa Kaus, come down de chimney,
Make Moder 'have herself."
"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.

Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live-oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me,
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured: "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping: brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful-tears, O, undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

Johnny Ray,

THE LITTLE NEWSPAPER BOY.

A cold, drizzling sleet, and a biting east wind, had almost cleared the streets of passers-by. Certainly no person would walk such a night for pleasure. Even business must have been urgent to coax any one out who had a home to stay in. But, empty as the streets were, a passenger might be seen here and there; a well-muffled gentleman walking briskly under the shelter of his large umbrella, or a splendidly dressed lady whirling past in her carriage to some evening party. Did either of them notice that little newspaper boy shivering at the corner? The gaslight shows that his face, over which hangs a tangled lock of red hair, is sharp and colorless, and the ragged clothes scarcely cover a thin and wasted body.

Johnny Ray had wandered far that evening, trying to find a few customers for some of those penny papers which were hidden from the rain under his jacket. He had crept slowly through some of the grand squares, where the servants sometimes bought a newspaper from him; and, as he looked up at the parlor windows, the rosy light that glimmered through the warm curtains made him feel more cold than ever. Once the curtains had been flung aside by a boy about his own age, and Johnny got a peep into what seemed to him quite another world: a happy family gathered round a richly covered tea-table. Home,

friends, love, rest, food, fire—just everything Johnny wanted was there. But the laughing little face withdrew, the curtains' heavy folds closed again, and Johnny painfully felt that he was outside.

Then he tried a poorer part of the city. He dragged his weary feet down narrow streets and gloomy courts. At the top of his voice he called out his newspapers for sale, until a hollow cough made him stop; but no one came to buy.

Tired from walking, and hopeless of success, Johnny rested on a door-step, and gazed up fixedly into the opposite windows. There were no blinds here. Johnny could see all that was passing within. In one room, near the top of a tall old house, the feeble light of one poor candle showed a woman bending over her sick child's bed, whispering something to the little one, and smoothing its coarse pillow. Johnny brushed away a tear with the sleeve of his wet coat: his mother was sleeping in the churchyard. In another room there was no candle, but a bright fire sent up flickering shadows on the streaming panes. A group of children sat around the hearth, watching a cake that was toasting before the fire. The kettle hummed a song; the teapot cosily toasted its brown sides on the hob, and the cups seemed to invite it to come to the table. Then the father came home, and the children sprang to meet him. Johnny thought he could almost hear the kisses, taste the cake, and feel the fire glow. But his father was dead, and he was himself out in the cold.

Johnny got up and moved slowly on, he scarcely knew where. At the farthest end of the court a door stood ajar, and so bright a stream of light came through that the little boy wondered if some new gin-shop had been opened. He resolved to go and see. Stepping up to the door, he peeped in. A grand fire roared up the chimney, but it was no gin-shop. There were desks, and forms, and books, and slates, and ragged boys like himself. There was a kind-looking gentleman, too, who seemed to have a good word for each of these rough fellows. Johnny waited until all the scholars came out, and then he went in. He knew this must be a school, though he never had been at one, and hoped the master might buy a paper; so, lifting off his cap, and giving a pull to the little red lock that hung over his forehead, he held out a newspaper, crying, in his shrill voice, "Second edition, only one penny."

Mr. Egan turned round and saw his little visitor. With a look of tender pity and kindness, he drew the dripping boy to a seat near the fire, and having bought a paper, sat down beside him.

"Do you sell many papers?" asked Mr. Egan.

"Sometimes; not many of an evening like this," answered Johnny, twirling his cap. "I often walk miles without selling one."

"And where do you live, my little boy?"

"I don't live anywhere now, sir; mother's dead—and father too, indeed."

"But where do you sleep at night?"

"In any place, sir, just as the season is. This weather, door-steps are not very good, and the policemen wakes one up with their 'move on.' But I earn my bread honestly, and don't steal. Mother would not like that, and I'll never do it while my name is Johnny."

"Can you read?"

"No, sir; though 'twould be very useful in my business; the newspaper line, you know," he added, with a nod. "I know all the newspapers by their look, and make a guess at what is in them, too, by listening to other boys talking; but I wish I could spell the words. Mother used to read. She had a big book, with a nice cover; it was on the bed near her when she died; but father sold it, and her ring too. We never had one pretty thing since."

"Then, Johnny, if you come here to me every evening, I will teach you to read; and when you can read I will give you a book like your mother's, which, I am sure, was the Bible. Do you ever hear the Bible read in God's house?"

"Oh, sir, I never go there. Very nice these ragged clothes would look next to a gentleman like you. A long while ago, when we lived in the country, I used to go to church with mother: the singing was very nice, almost like the birds. Mother used to tell me nice things about the good place she was going to; but I did not learn the way right then, and I have had no one to teach me ever since."

"Johnny, I think I can tell you the way to the happy land where your mother is gone."

"Oh, sir, can you?" cried the little boy, with a look of joy that made even his plain, pinched features lose their harshness: "I will give you every one of these papers for nothing if you can."

"Johnny, there is one Friend, and only one, who is able to take you to your mother's home. His name is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Jesus means Saviour, for he came to seek and save the lost. You and I are sinners, Johnny, and therefore lost—lost like travelers who have missed their way, or poor prisoners condemned to die." Johnny's bright look faded quite away. "But God in his great love and pity, sent his only Son to die for us; and Jesus died."

"I'm sorry for that," said Johnny, as the old sad look crept over his face again. "I thought you told me he could show me the way to mother. I wanted to go to him this very night."

"And so you can, my boy. The Lord Jesus lives again, and will hear you if you pray. He has gone up to heaven, and is willing to take you there. "Trust him alone."

Then Mr. Egan drew a little Testament from his pocket, and read the Saviour's own sweet words about the lost sheep and the good Shepherd. Claspings Johnny's thin hand in his, they knelt down together. An earnest prayer that God would, for Christ's sake, show them the way to heaven, and enable them to walk in it, was simply offered. It was the first time that Johnny had tried to pray.

The fire burned low. The old church clock struck ten. It was time to close the schoolroom and go home. But where was Johnny's home? Some door-way or bridge-arch. Mr. Egan resolved it should be so no longer. He remembered a very poor couple, living nigh at hand, whose only child had died lately. They lived in a garret: he thought they might give Johnny a bed in the corner of it. Of course he would pay the orphan's small rent; so, leading the weary boy down one or two streets, and up a long creaking stairs, he knocked at a broken door. The old people, though much startled at so late a visit from the ragged-school teacher, consented to let Johnny share the shelter of their room, and promised to be kind to him for their own little Jem's sake.

Here Johnny lived for several months. He spent his days in selling newspapers about the streets, as usual, and his evenings most happily at the ragged-school; but he never failed to repeat to his landlady, whom he now called grandmother, the Bible stories he learned there, or the good news about the open way to heaven through

faith in the death and risen life of our Lord Jesus; and he never forgot to pray, "Show me thy way, O Lord!" and through his simple teaching a blessing came to that house. But, day by day, Johnny grew weaker. His cough made the old garret echo all night long. The poor woman and her husband nursed him with the greatest care, refusing any payment for kindness which they said was all for the sake of their poor little Jem. At length he could not walk even to the ragged-school, and his teacher, alarmed at his absence, went one evening to see him. Johnny lay on a heap of straw in the garret corner. He was dozing, but the voice of his friend aroused him, and, stretching out both his worn hands to welcome him, he cried, "Oh, sir, I see the way now! 'tis very plain and very short. But the good Shepherd is coming to carry me home, like the lost sheep, you know; for I'm sick and tired. Yes, mother, I am coming. Good night. You must all come soon. Granny, don't forget the way."

It was death, not sleep, that folded Johnny in his arms.—*Child's Companion.*

I Wud not Die in Winter.

I wud knott die in winter,
When whiskie punches flo—
When pooty gals are skating
Oar fields of ice and snow;
When sassidge meet is phyring,
And hickory nuts is thick;
Oh! who can think of dihing,
Or even getting sick.

I wud knott die in spring time,
And miss the May moon's beam.
And the pooty songs of the little frogs,
The ski lark's airy scream;
When birds begin their wobbling,
And taters 'gin to sprout;
When turkies go a gobberling,
I wud knott then peg out.

I wud knott die in summer.
And leave the garden sass—
The roasted lamb and buttermilk—
The cool place in the grass;
I would not die in summer,
When everything is hot,
And leave the whiskie jew lips—
Owe kno I'd ruther not.

I wud knott die in ortum,
When peaches fit for eatin,
When the wavy corn is getting wripe,
And candidates are treating,
Phor these and other reasons,
I'd knott die in phall;
And sense I've thort it over,
I wud knott die at all.

Advertisements.

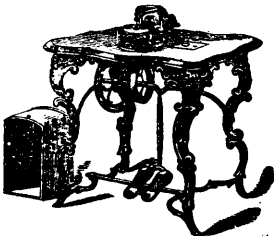
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,..... \$10 00
Three Months,..... 9 00	One Third Column,.... 12 00
Six Months,..... 8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 25 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1865, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day. REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
4. The perfect finish and substantial manner in which the machine is made.
5. The rapidity of its working, and the quality of the work done.
6. Its self-adjusting tension.

The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

All kinds of Sittings, Cloak and Dress Making, done to order, and all kinds of Ladies' Garments, made to order on short notice, in the neatest possible manner, by competent operators.

Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office. Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y. A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. For particulars address

CHAS. SPENCER HALL, General Agt.,
Nov. 15, 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

GEORGE MCKAY,
PAINTER & GLAZIER,
CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.
Walls Whitened or Tinted,
AND PAINTING BONE,

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner.
All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention.
Oct. 1865.

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WATER LIME & PLASTER MILL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers,
MUNGER'S SLIP, REAR OF 117 BUFFALO STREET,
Oct. '65. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE
INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }
CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

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H. P. BREWSTER, E. N. BUELL.
Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

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BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,
No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y.

Music ONLY, is Taught in this Institution.
Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular.

JULIUS S. MUNSON,
Mrs. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,
April, 1865—1y Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,
A. S. MANN,
Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865. H. D. MANN.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,
(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st
Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 16, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium

Sewing Machine,

With new Class Cloth-Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15. Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Grape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,

Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1820.]

Jan. 1865.

THE MORNING LIGHT,

THE

**PRINCE OF BASE BURNING
STOVES.**

We Claim that this is the best Base Burning, Coal Heating Stove in the State.

The Stove Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, at the State Fair held at Rochester, September 20th, 1864, after a thorough examination of this and other base burners in operation and on trial, fully endorsed this claim, and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM to the "MORNING LIGHT" as the best base burning, self-feeding Coal Stove; thus it has been decided by competent judges that we are fully entitled to style it THE PRINCE OF BASE BURNING STOVES.

Manufactured by

SHEAR, PACKARD & Co.,
17 and 19 Grand Street,
Albany, N. Y.

For sale by

WARRANT & SOUTHWORTH,

Jan. 1865

26 South St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1865.

ly

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms. Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day. These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

HART & REYNOLDS,
Rochester, January, 1865. Main Street.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Ye Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1866.

No. 7.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS;
" MALTBY STRONG, | " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 53.

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

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

Unreconciled.

BY MRS. E. FRANK ENOS.

I said—"He cannot die"—God never sweeps the path

Of any child of earth, so passion dry,

So clean of all that makes life worth the living,

As mine would be, should he, my loved one, die.

"Oh no, I have no fear"—and so I held the silken leash

Of life across my fingers, as lightly now

As one holds up the flowery ends of wreaths

To deck some youthful brow,

Lo! even then, from out some dim and silent aisle
Of Heaven,

There drifted down a cold and frozen breath,

And in some mystic manner wrote upon my darling's forehead,

That one word—*Death*.

Of what avail was then my frantic wailing;

Life's darkest night was shrouding me at last;

From out his eyes the love-light fast was fading

My sunshine of the past.

My clinging arms, nor all my burning kisses
Rained o'er his brow, could wake him from this sleep;

And though I call his name aloud in wildest anguish,

His white lips never speak.

Blow o'er me all ye wildest winds of Heaven—

No bitterer cup can ever come to me;

Take me into thy deep and storm-tossed bosom,

Oh! bounding sea.

Let me go down beneath thy waves, and hide me,

With rocks the sharpest, for my lonely bed;

Oh! anything but this—some cold voice saying—

My darling's—*Dead!*

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"Oh, that *Thou* wouldst bless me indeed and enlarge my coast, that Thy hand might be with me, and that *Thou* wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me." 1. Chron. 4: 10.

What a comprehensive prayer, "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it," the foes that encompassed the Jew, against whom he must ever be on his guard, were types of the spiritual foes that are ever watching to hinder the Christian in his advance toward the heavenly Canaan—but, if the hand of our God be with us, we need not fear, for He that is for us, is more than they that be against us. What the world calls evil will only be among the "all things" that shall work for our good. "I will fear no evil for thy rod and thy staff comfort me." Matt. 6: 34.

"Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

This text is no encouragement to indolence, or want of prudence, but is a rule as regards the temper and spirit with which we should fulfil our daily duties. It is true, *our thought* cannot add one cubit to our stature, or indeed make any result sure, nevertheless our duties must be met and performed in reliance upon God. It is for the morrow we sow the seed, whether as temporal or spiritual husbandmen. Let us do so in dependence upon God's blessing, casting off all anxious care, knowing that He is faithful who promised, and in due season we shall reap, *if we faint not*. Oh! for a larger measure of faith and patience. The word *thought*, is said in the original to have the same signification which early writers in our tongue give it—troubled, anxious, wearing, distrustful, thought.

"Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Eph. 6: 10. When we look at our own hearts, or view our own lives, we may well wonder that St. Paul should say, "Be strong," But when we consider what is implied by the words, "in the Lord," we are led to the only Source of spiritual strength. He is a tower of might to them who trust in Him. The more we feel our helplessness, the less likely are we to turn our eyes from Him, who is the defence of his people." Oh! for a more pressing and constant sense of danger, a more continual looking to Him who is all our salvation.

"My strength, Thy gift—my life, Thy care;
I shall forget to seek elsewhere,
The joy to which my soul is heir.

R.

Happiness is the gift of God—not the result of fortunate circumstances, pleasant coincidences, and nice adaptations of character.

For the Hospital Review.

Love's Mission.

Love, upon a summer's day
Spread his wings and soared away,
Dropp'd to earth, where I, alone,
Wandered in the fields at morn,
Sad and lonely, dwelling oft,
On my hard and weary lot,
Feeling that with all earth's voices
Sparkling love and cheer to men,
Earth for me, had only crosses,
And I dropp'd in fear and pain.
Thus, I pondered when, behold,
Every tree was tipped with gold,
And the blushes of the morn
Pure, as of a soul new-born,
Filled my bosom with delight—
Love had thrown the shades of night
Far, into the gloomy past—
And my heart, no more o'ercast,
Woke to see the wing of love,
Glistening in the stars above,
Shining in the skies of even,
And the blue expanse of heaven,
While earth's voices then for me,
Woke a joyous harmony.
Love had sanctified my heart,
Teaching me the better part.

M. H.

For the Hospital Review.

Suggested by Bancroft's "Memorial Address."

Bancroft, in his "Memorial Address," speaking of the early education of our beloved President, said, "The Life of Washington was his constant study."

Little dreamed the Father of his country, when devoting his energies to the cause of our National Independence, that, a half century later, the record of his deeds would arouse the enthusiasm of a then unborn youth; and develop in him that self-sacrificing patriotism which prepared him to be the instrument, in the hands of God, of saving his country from disunion; and of proclaiming liberty to four millions of slaves.

This second Washington toiled and struggled, for mental light and life, but a few degrees West of where the first Washington encountered the perils of a wintery wilderness, to deliver the letter of Gov.

Dinwiddie, to the commander of the French forces, on the banks of the Ohio in 1753.

Those occupying high positions of trust may well take courage from the thought that their influence dies not when they are laid away from mortal sight; that they are combating and overcoming, not for themselves, alone; not for those, alone, by whom they may now be surrounded; but, for the unknown multitude which will be embraced in the perpetually widening circles of their influence, till the end of time.

Mothers, what lesson do we draw from this thought? Shall we not redevote ourselves to the work of implanting the seeds of "The true, the beautiful and the good," in the minds of our children? Our sons cannot all become Washingtons, or Lincolns; but, the world *to-day* needs, and it will *forever* need, patriots, controlled by reason but stimulated by hearts full of generous impulses, who will make themselves felt through the ballot box, and in the common business of life; as well as from the chairs of state or of learning.

We can teach our sons the first principles of true hearted, fearless patriotism, trusting in God to perfect the work. Thus we can add our mite to the tide of influence which shall make this young republic an example, and a power; when generations shall have passed away.

M. E. M.

Selected for the Review.

"Leaning Upon Her Beloved."

Song of Sol.

It may indeed appear to the worldling a strange sight; but the believer in Jesus can afford to lose all, if she may win Christ. She can wander alone in the wilderness of this world, if need be, for "forty years," and she will "lack nothing, for in Christ she has all and abounds." Like Moses, she endures "as seeing him who is invisible;" like John, she breathes out every thought into the ear of her Beloved, "leaning on his bosom." And this is the secret of the sweet peace of the children of God;

they cling to the all-supporting stem of the "true vine." Nothing can rend them asunder. The expression "leaning on," implies a sense of weakness. It is a word nowhere else used in scripture, signifying a clinging to, or strengthening oneself upon another. The Lord is often times pleased to make the wilderness a specially chosen place of blessing to his beloved ones.— "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her." For it is when most bereft of earthly things, that we most enjoy the supporting and abiding presence of our "well beloved," and find him to be indeed our "all and in all."

The Way of the Cross.

We may spread our couch with roses,
And sleep through the summer day,
But the soul that in sloth reposes
Is not in the narrow way.
If we follow the chart that is given,
We never need be at a loss,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

To one who is reared in splendor,
The Cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road.
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be held as dross,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

We may say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to day,
And still with our luke-warm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven,
By the royal way of the Cross.

A King's Daughter.

A poor but very pious woman once called to see two rich young ladies. They too loved the Lord. Without regard to her mean appearance, they received her with great kindness into their splendid drawing-room, and sat down to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus engaged their brother entered the room. He was a gay, proud, thoughtless youth, and looked much astonished at their unusual guest. One of them rose up with dignity, and said, "Brother, don't be surprised; this it a king's daughter, only she has not got her fine clothes on."

From the Advocate and Guardian.

The Rag Carpet.

A TRUE STORY.

A rich gentleman said to me yesterday, "I was taught a good lesson by a remark I read in early life in a piece entitled, "Clothes and Old Clothes." "That one person makes two persons happy by giving away his second-hand clothes, viz: the person to whom he gives them, and the tailor who has an opportunity to make him some more in their place." But I find that my more thrifty friends make carpets of their rags and old clothes, and I found Mrs. Hall had triumphantly nailed down a fresh, nice, warm carpet she had sewed and had woven in South Street. I looked at it enviously, it was just what I needed at home, and I wished I had done likewise.

"Catherine," said I on entering my own domicile, "I mean to make a warm rag-carpet for our kitchen this winter. It is so cold a place, my feet almost freeze when the thermometer is down to zero, and I come down to get breakfast, and then the scrubbing I have given that floor are not to be numbered. Decidedly! I must have a carpet. There is a large roll of clothes in the attic I put by for our poor pensioners; what a fool I have been, always to give away all our old garments as soon as they are worn a little; so thriftless! Mrs. Hall cuts them in strips, and sews them in great balls, and sends them to be woven into long breadths of carpeting."

"Why, Maria," said Catherine, looking sorry, "our men do no hard work and wear their clothes very lightly. It would be a shame to cut them up for carpets when you have done so much good with them, cutting and fitting them so nicely for poor children. I am astonished at your new fancy. Don't you remember how angry you are with those ladies who sell their old clothes for glass-ware and knick-knacks for the 'what-nots,' and how you boast that not one of those little images ever came into our house in that way?"

"Well! but," I replied fretfully, "our income is so small and everything is so high; I can't afford to buy a carpet, and I must have one, my throat is so affected with bronchitis." So I brought down the big roll of clothes, and put it in my closet where I kept my work, and determined to commence my new plan that very day. However, some family cares delayed me, and the next morning after breakfast the

old man who mends our furniture came round with a little table, and I unluckily asked him how he was provided for the cold weather. "Very poorly, ma'am, I don't get much work to do, and our boys ain't half clad for winter." "Oh!" said I, quite enthusiastically, "I have got the nicest jacket for your Ben, my son has just out-grown it. Send him round for it." In a few moments, true enough, the boy came and looked delighted with his prize. Alas! my carpet, I forgot all about it till it was over. That day I heard of a colored boy who was lame, about fifteen years of age, and who wept bitterly at the thought of going to the poor-house this winter. Quick as thought, the pants, vest and all followed, and so it was at the end of the week, my roll was diminished sadly. I had no heart to begin the carpet when I found one woman with no other dress but the one she wore and a poor new-born baby with none at all. Ah! me, what suffering there is in this beautiful world.

That night grandma came to make us a call in her handsome carriage, and as she sat in our little sitting-room, she said, "Maria, I have been taking up the Brussels carpet in my back parlor and getting a new one, and I have cut the old one in two pieces, one to cover a bed-room and the other to lay down in your kitchen." Dear me! I was astonished; she did not know my thoughts, or how anxious I had been, but Providence had sent me a carpet.

Now I will not say that every one who diligently gives away first of his penury or of his abundance, will be rewarded by a Brussels carpet, but I feel that God sees every self denial, even the smallest, and looks after our minutest concerns, and will bestow even in this life a hundred-fold and in the world to come life everlasting.

I. A. G.

One evening Douglas Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned upon epitaphs. Jerrold gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than one or two words, including the name. When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed he was in earnest, Charles Knight, who was present, handed a piece of paper and a pencil to Jerrold, and begged him to write his (Knight's) epitaph. Jerrold took the paper, and instantly wrote down two simple words, "Good night!"

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1866.

Our Paper.

We are gratified this month to see the names of several new subscribers on our list. "The more the merrier," we say.

We wonder if all of our readers are aware that by sending us the names of six new subscribers, entitles them to one copy free. This is so—and a very nice way for any one who has not a spare fifty cents, to procure the paper for themselves, and at the same time help us far beyond what a single subscription could do. There is nothing, when we are feeling a little discouraged and disheartened over our work, which brings such a gleam of sunshine with it as the name of a new subscriber. If we could only see more of these—but we will not complain this month, which has brought us several such gleams.

Our Wants.

We do not always like to have to be harping upon "our wants," but to tell you the truth, dear reader, there is no end to the wants of our Hospital. Not a day but we find ourselves "out of something," just as it is in each of your households, only more so—and the most discouraging part of it all is, that our kind friends no sooner supply one urgent demand before another makes itself known. We want especially, as we told you last month, a carpet—and we want clothing for adults and children. We have just now many needy sick among us who have been unable to procure or to make the garments actually needed for comfort. We like to see our sick looking tidy and comfortable—but how is it to be done? Helpless and destitute, they must look to us—and we look to you.

The happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

Little Girls' Bazaar.

We are gratified to be able to record more of the pleasant doings of our little friends for us. We have this month received a Quilt, two Comforters and four Pillow-cases, from four little girls, whose names are given elsewhere. The material for these articles was purchased with the proceeds of a little Bazaar, held by them in August, and they have since been busy, as we understand, in making them up for our Hospital. These are the same little girls who, with others, raised \$40 for us at a Bazaar, as some of our readers may remember, in August, 1864. We are glad to find that the enthusiasm for Children's Bazaars, is not over. We have still, dear children, the soldiers to work for—not for those, it is true who, as a year ago, on distant and bloody fields, were fighting for us—but for those who have won for us victory and peace at last. They are with us, and will ever be—those brave heroes to whom we owe so much—and sick, and wounded, and maimed, in their defence of the dear flag we all so dearly love. Can we do too much for them? We shall always have them to care for; and there are many others in our Hospital—men, and women, and children, sick and sorrowful, in need of our help, as there will ever be. We would say to every little girl and boy, once so eager in their efforts for the soldiers—keep up your efforts—keep up your Bazaars! There is abundance of good yet for you to do, and there will be to the end of time. The world is full of sorrow and suffering, and oh you cannot begin too early the blessed work of doing and caring for others!

The beautiful lines, "Unreconciled," which appear on our first page, are from the pen of Mrs. B. Frank Enos, whose name is already a favorite with our readers, and from whom we trust to hear regularly in future.

Baby Clothes Wanted!

We have at present *nine babies* in our Hospital, including two pairs of twins, for whom one of our Managers, in a note now before us, tells us we must ask you kind readers to send some clothing. Now, at first, when we considered the case, or rather cases, of these nine babies, we made up our mind that we would make a most eloquent, and of course irresistible, appeal in their behalf; but upon reflection, we have concluded that such an appeal would be entirely unnecessary. The truth is, there is not, we believe, a woman who reads our paper, but whose heart will go out at once, without any of our assistance, to these nine babies—and when she thinks of their destitution—for they are really forlorn, some of them—and of all their baby-wants—something within her will begin to move and soften and grow warm—and she will bethink her of some little parcel, laid away a long time ago, it may be, which will help to make one, if no more, of the hapless nine a little more comfortable. Now, we are not, we repeat it, going to beg for these babies. They do not need it. We have only to tell you—we mean those of you who have ever held that dearest and sweetest thing in the world—a baby—all your own—close to your heart of hearts—that there are *nine of them*, all in our Hospital—and all, like Miss McFlimsy, with “nothing to wear”—and there is not a woman of you—but will bring them something!

About that “Rag-Man.”

Our friends, and especially those of our nurse, will be relieved to know that there seems no necessity of her carrying her threat to marry a rag-man for the sake of getting a supply of rags, into immediate execution—as ever since her dire announcement, a perfect shower of old cotton and linen, she tells us, has been pouring in. Indeed she thinks the alarm occasioned by her threat, must have been very intense, from the rolls and parcels and nondescript bundles, which still continue to come in. She is greatly obliged to her friends for the

exertions they have put forth to save her from the dreadful fate to which her desperation was driving her—and we can assure them that the supply of old cotton was very timely. A few days' more delay might have proved forever too late.

Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital.

LADIES :

In the winter of 1847, nearly twenty years ago, a charter was granted by the Legislature, for the Rochester City Hospital, but not until February 1st, 1864, two years ago, was the main building of this Institution, ready for occupation, and the first patient admitted within its walls.

To-day, our Second Anniversary, we look back and recall the past. One year ago, throughout the length and breadth of our land—“was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, for the sound of the battle was in the land, but when they cried unto God in the battle, He was entreated of them, because they put their trust in Him,” and sent joy and gladness to our hearts, with peace and liberty to the nation.

At our last Annual Meeting, the wards of the Hospital, with the exception of two, appropriated for female patients, were filled with soldiers, and the necessity of more room induced a few of our citizens to contribute very generously for a wing, which was then in process of erection, and being now completed and furnished, the lower story is occupied as a male ward, and a fever ward, also an operating room; while in the second story, is a female ward, a nursery and accouchment room; the rooms in the main building, having been furnished, and restored as far as practicable, to their original use, for private and paying patients.

In June, 1865, a portion of the soldiers were discharged or transferred to some other point, while not until September, were all removed, for whom Government provided. Though we do not wish it for-

gotten, that these loyal sufferers continue still, almost daily, to present themselves, in sickness and poverty, for our care and support.

As years roll by, the remembrance of this portion of our work, will ever awaken mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. Happy in being able to provide so comfortably for the soldiers—to minister to their wants, and through the gifts of the benevolent, to furnish them with many luxuries—regretting only that any opportunity should have been lost for the mental or spiritual improvement of those “who counted not their lives dear unto themselves,” but went forth to suffer and to die, if need be, for their chosen or their native land.

The number of persons admitted to the Hospital, since its opening is,.....	753
Of this number, were soldiers,.....	448
Citizens,.....	305
Deaths,.....	19
No. of Soldiers during the past year, or from Feb. 1st, 1865, to Feb. 1st, 1866,.....	165
No. of Citizens,.....	186
Total for the year,.....	351
Remaining February 1st, 1866—	
Citizens,.....	42
Soldiers,.....	4

Twelve have died during the year.

One, a stranger brought from the cars, sick with brain fever. A soldier on his way to this city, to be mustered out, having suffered from an attack of typhoid fever—too anxious to reach his home, was brought in with no hopes of recovery—but to die and here bid adieu to those dear ones, who had hoped to welcome to their home after an absence of many months, a husband and a father.

Here the homeless orphan boy, tossed and tried, tempted and fallen in the struggle of life, lingered and died of consumption; receiving care and kindness, which the more favored cannot always receive in their own homes. Here too, the young students preparing for their Master's service, have found a place of rest and retirement, in the weary, painful hours of sickness, until restor-

ed to health; while one lays off his armor, his work completed, his warfare done, and and though thousands of miles from his fatherland, is borne to his final rest, by sympathizing friends and sorrowing brethren.

Every day brings more convincing proof of the necessity of such an institution, as application after application, is made for the suffering and stricken—and many are the sad and touching appeals to the heart—which come from the homeless wanderers, of the trials and temptations of the destitute and erring; of the aged and the weary, whose young life opened brightly, but whose tottering steps and faltering tongue betoken “the grasshopper a burden.” And though we miss the pleasant voice and cheerful smile, and the many thankful and grateful expressions of one who has been much with us for the past two years, we cannot regret that her hours of trial and suffering are ended, and she at rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who, for sixteen months as Superintendent and Matron, had the oversight of the Hospital, tendered their resignation in November. In December, the Trustees secured Mr. Van Zandt and sister, of Avon, to fill the vacancy; they assuming the charge January 1st, 1866.

Miss Hibbard, never tiring, never shrinking from any duty, but faithful to all, still remains.

Mr. Henry Smith, the patriotic volunteer nurse, who came with the coming of the soldiers, we now miss from our wards. Working for his country, first as a soldier; then for his fellow soldiers, without any expected compensation. He was ever encouraging and cheering the suffering, and ministering to their every want.

Doctors Dean and Montgomery, who received ample compensation for their services to the soldiers, continue to render *gratuitous care*, now as heretofore, for the citizen patients. Mr. Kent and Dr. Lung,

to whom was given, for a long time, the privilege of caring for the sick and wounded, having left, Dr. Rider now occupies that position.

The "Hospital Review," is still published monthly, and we feel that it has amply paid for its publication, though drawing upon the Hospital treasury, for a portion of its expenses, (which, but for the high price of paper and printing, would not have been) and we trust our ladies will feel the importance of collecting the dues, and will obtain as many new subscribers as is in their power.

We can but renew our thanks, so often expressed, to the many friends of the soldier and the Hospital, who have sustained and encouraged the ladies in their work, by their many gifts enabling us to furnish the wings, and provide many comforts and luxuries. To the Aid Societies, whose labors cannot be too highly praised, during the past four years, and to the young who have so industriously plied their needles, we owe many thanks; but who will, we are sure, recall with pleasure their work for the brave and suffering, and the sick and destitute in our midst, remembering "to do good, and to distribute, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Fruits and Jellies.

We cannot refrain from expressing our thanks to the kind friends, who have remembered the sick this past month, by sending them canned fruits and jellies. They were so very grateful to them, that the invalid soldier thought the currant jelly would quite restore him to health; while one, who has been suffering for many weeks, with little or no appetite, so enjoyed the raspberries that she has been able to relish a little toast since, at her meals. With so many varying tastes, none come amiss—and every one must feel repaid when they realize that the delicacies they have given, have been so keenly relished.

A MANAGER.

Apples.

Our Superintendent, though so thankful for canned fruits and jellies, says no apples were sent in during the past month. We had hoped that *somebody* would have sent a few to the Hospital—but we presume they are situated very much as we are—and have none. Apples in the Fall, sold for such an enormous price, that those who had them to sell, sold all they could spare, while those who had them to buy, as we did, found them too expensive for a large supply.

As we saw the hundreds and thousands of barrels of apples, on the line of the railroad, waiting for transportation to eastern markets; we could but regret, that speculation should take them from us, and now, since so many farmers in this western part of the State have not only lost their apples but their money, we feel that it would have been better for them, if they had saved a portion of them for our own market at reasonable prices. How differently we should do, did we but read and reflect, as we should, upon the commands of God to His chosen people—and not glean our fields and our vineyards too closely. "When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field, when thou reapest; neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger: I am the Lord thy God." A MANAGER.

Hospital Notices.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

Our Armies—Past and Present.

There are in New York to day several hundred returned soldiers, who are homeless, houseless, and hungry. They have no shelter at nights save the Police station-houses; no food, save the cold victuals obtained by begging. It cannot be wondered at, while an army of nearly a million of men, many of them foreigners and strangers, has been disbanded by the Government, that a considerable number should find their way to this city. Many of them have been rendered destitute by sickness consequent upon exposure; many, unable almost to speak English, are victims of cruel imposition; many have still claims upon Government for arrears of pay, which, when settled, will make them comfortable; and many doubtless have been reduced by their improvidence and intemperance. All the agencies, which were so zealously efficient during the war, have ceased their operations, and there is no association to which these destitute men can apply for aid. Under these circumstances, the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry are compelled to appeal to the Christian and patriotic public for aid and support. These men, without invitation, congregated around the doors of the institution, and they have not been sent hungry away. Upwards of *one thousand meals are daily* given to them—meals of the most frugal and economical kind—and temporary accommodation is being prepared to give them shelter at night. The men express a willingness to work on the most moderate terms, and the Trustees have made arrangements by which those in the various sections of the Union who desire it, may help the men who have served their country in the hour of trial, and leave them no longer uncared for in the hour of triumph. Yesterday a gentleman from Tennessee applied for twelve laborers, and immediately able-bodied men engaged to go with him for one year at \$10 a month and board. If the friends of the soldier in any part of the country will only inclose the cost of transportation and a description of the kind of laborers wanted, to the superintendent, he will immediately forward a fitly selected man. It should be remembered that many are crippled, maimed, and reduced, and the greater charity will be evinced by authorizing such to be sent than by applying for able-bodied men. Thus in a few weeks all these war-worn soldiers can be provided for.

Meanwhile the work and the wants of the Institution are more than doubled. The meals now given cost about sixty dollars a day, and this expenditure must be continued for some weeks. The public are urgently invited to come and see the class of men thus supplicants for aid, at their frugal dinner at one o'clock, and to judge as well of the necessity as the economy of the work.

TRUSTEES.

- ARCHIBALD RUSSELL, 45 Tenth st.,
- CHARLES ELY, 434 Broome st.,
- MARSHALL LEFFERAS, 145 Broadway,
- HUGH N. CAMP, Treasurer, 149 Pearl st.,
- RADCLIFF B. LOCKWOOD, 18 Platt st.,
- WILLIAM T. BOOTH, 95 Front st.,
- D. LYDIG SUYDAM, 25 Waverly Place,
- THEO. B. BRONSON, 99 Ninth st.

29th January, 1866,

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, N. Y. }
S. B. HALLIDAY, Superintendent.

Cash Receipts for January, 1866.

From the City, for Care of Sick,.....	\$244 29
Patients,.....	134 50

Cash Donations.

Mrs. Sam'l Wrono, Spencerport—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews,.....	\$ 1 00
Little Montie—proceeds of his Lecture,...	20

List of Donations to the Hospital.

FROM JAN. 15TH TO FEB. 15TH, 1866.

- Mrs. Loop—1 can Oysters, 1 jar Peaches, 1 of Raspberries.
- Mrs. Tho's H. Rochester—A quantity of Biscuits every Wednesday.
- Mrs. Roby—1 jar Cider Apple Sauce.
- Mrs. N. T. Rochester—1 bowl of Jelly, 1 bowl of Custard, 1 Night Dress.
- Miss Leland—1 bowl of Jelly.
- Mrs. John Craig—1 jar Raspberries.
- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Old Linen and Clothing for one of the patients.
- From four little Girls—1 quilt, 2 Comfortables, 2 pairs Pillow Slips.
- Jennie and Amelia Hall, Lizzie Taylor and Alice Perry—By Dr. Van Ingen, from Trinity Church, 10 Prayer Books.
- Mr. F. Starr—Reading matter.
- Mrs. Sam'l Wilder—a jar of Jelly.
- Mrs. Dr. Strong—Roll of Cotton.
- Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Wilder—Night Dresses and Old Cotton.
- Ladies' Aid Society—Old Cotton for Bandages, &c.
- A Friend—Roll of Old Cotton.
- Mrs. E. M. Smith—A jar of Currant Jelly.

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

FROM JAN. 15th TO FEB. 15th.

Mrs. E. P. Willis, \$1; Mrs. E. N. Buell— By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,.....	\$1 50
Mrs. E. T. Huntington, Mrs. John McCon- vill, Mrs. Wm. Mudgett, Mrs. E. Bot- tum, Mrs. S. H. Terry, Mrs. F. A. Whit- tlessey, Mrs. J. O. Hall, 6 mo's—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,.....	3 25
Mrs. Sam'l E. Dawley, Taberg; Miss C. P. Brooks, Brooks Grove; Robbie Telford, Miss L. F. Hyne—By Mrs. Perkins,....	2 00
Mrs. G. F. Danforth, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. Sam'l Wilder, Mrs. O. E. Sibley, Buffalo; Mrs. Henry Kip, Buffalo—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews,.....	2 50
O. W. Story—By Jennie Hall,.....	50
Mrs. Joseph Gifford, Fishers—By Mr. G. Brooks,.....	50
Mrs. E. M. Price, Avon—By Mr. Van Zandt	50
Mrs. S. H. Pierson, Waterford, Saratogo Co. B. H. Andrews—By Mrs. W. W. Carr,	1 00
Miss Emma Shaw, Le Roy; Mrs. L. M. Newton—By Miss Barhydt,.....	1 00
Mrs. A. N. Bumpus,.....	05

Superintendent's Report for December.

1866. Jan. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 44	
Received during the month, 23—67	
Discharged " " 16	
Died " " 3—19	
1866. Feb. 1. Remaining in Hospital,	46

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Saturday morning, January 27th, 1866, of Congestion of the Lungs, Mrs. Rebecca Phillips, aged 65 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Monday afternoon, January 29th, 1866, of Paralysis, Mrs. Ann Joyce, aged 69.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BUIWER, Perry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENNER, "
- " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.
- " HAMMOND, East Rush.
- " PHEBE D. HAYENPORT, Leekport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Mrs. S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
- " CHARLES FORD, Clyde.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " C. M. SMOOK, Macedon.
- " JULIA M'HESSNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNBY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- " LILLIAN I. BANNBY, Rochester.

Children's Department.

A Letter from Robbie's Mama.

MY DEAR MRS. P.—

Enclosed, I send fifty cents, for "The Hospital Review." Please send it to your little subscriber, Robbie. Allow me to say, he has been greatly pleased with the stories written for "the dear little friends," particularly the one about "The Kitties," and "The Newspaper Boy."

I trust your efforts may be successful, not only in kindness to the sick and suffering, but that through your pages many a little heart, that is full of love and tenderness, may be awakened to a life-long of benevolence and usefulness; and ever with an open purse and willing hand administer to the wants of the needy.

Perhaps a history of Robbie might interest some of your little folks. He was born away across the great waters, in the city of Bangkok, Kingdom of Siam, where he lived four years. He then came to your lovely America, and the quiet city of Rochester, where he has found kind friends, Sabbath Schools, day schools, and so very many things to interest and love, that he has no desire to return to the land of his birth, where the heathen bow down to idol gods of their own hands' make—and where the sky is hot—the earth is full of ants, lizards, scorpions and snakes, and many things, to make little children afraid.

Dear children, you are home missionaries. Go on with your good work, and now and then, as you may have to spare, drop a penny in the Missionary box, that these poor heathen may be taught to love and serve the true and living God.

THE CHILDRENS' FRIEND.

Jan. 29th 1866.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Lines for our Little Friends.

Those of our little friends who are familiar with—"Little Drops of Water—Little Grains of Sand," will we think, be glad to commit the following verses:

"If little falling drops of rain
The lakes and rivers fill;
If little grains of earth and sand,
Make mountain, plain, and hill;

"If little moments, as they pass,
Make hours, and days and years,
Then little sins of every kind
Should fill our hearts with fears;

"For little sins, if once allowed,
To greater sins will grow;
And if not stopped by grace divine,
Will lead to endless woe.

"Great God, then, fill each youthful heart,
With love and fear of Thee;
And to us all thy Spirit give,
That we may holy be."

Peter Bannermann.

Among the upper valleys of the Alps, there lives a brave, intelligent, industrious race of people called "the Waldenses." Though surrounded by Roman Catholics, they have remained, for ages, firm Protestants. Even the Romish princes that have governed them have never interfered with their religion, for the bravest and most faithful of their guards were Waldenses, who served them as they were taught to perform all their other duties—"not with eye service, as men pleasers, but as unto the Lord."

But at last a prince ascended to the throne who had not sufficient strength of character to persist in doing what he knew to be right; and yielding to the persuasions of the jealous Romish priests, he ordered them to abandon their Protestant faith and put themselves under the protection of the Pope.

This they very respectfully, but very decidedly, refused to do, and, by the same advice, the prince determined to send troops and force them to do so. Very foolishly he sent his Waldensian troops against them; but it was soon very plain that they did not mean to be very active in the matter, so Austrian soldiers were employed to do the business.

The Waldenses fought bravely; step by step they disputed the possession of every inch of ground in their green valleys. But they were overpowered by the great numbers of the Austrian armies, and driven from one valley after another, until they had reached the beautiful spot known as the valley of Chamouni.

This was the highest one on that side of the mountain. If forced to leave that, their only place of refuge was on the other side of the Alps, to reach which they must climb to its almost inaccessible summit, and descend, amid the same difficulties, on the other side. There was a comparatively easy road to it, to be sure, through the mountain passes—such a road as the mountaineers generally have to use in passing from one valley to another—but this they dared not attempt, for fear of meeting the Austrians; so old men and delicate women and children must make the fearful journey or remain to be brutally treated by the pitiless foe.

The troops poured into the valley, and the people (whose plans were already laid with caution and prudence, in case such a necessity should arise) pretended to submit. With the first shades of evening they went as usual to their beds, and soon the whole valley was as silent as death, except as the sounds of brawling or shouting and singing came from the church and school-house, where the officers were quartered.

When the darkness of night, however, had settled over the valley, one by one they stole from their homes and met in a large cavern in the mountain side, which was hidden by a tall snow-covered rock from the sight of those in the village. Here they knelt down, and the old pastor fervently and earnestly implored the protection of God in their fearful journey.

This done, they set forward, the aged pastor leading the van, some of the strongest men walking on each side of the women and little ones, who followed, and the remainder bringing up the rear, that they might be ready, in case they were pursued and overtaken, to meet the foe. Oh! a fearful journey it was, indeed.

More than one poor babe, at every stop for rest, was buried in the snow, without even a rough stone to mark its grave; and more than one old or feeble person had to be left behind until he recovered strength enough to follow on, some stout companion staying with him to assist and defend.

When the gray light of morning began to break over the mountain top, the astonished Austrian soldiers saw their escaped prisoners moving in a long black line over the snow upon the summit, where it seemed as if even the charnois-hunter or the wild goat would hardly dare to follow.

Among that little band of fugitives "for the sake of God," was Meta Bannermann, the widow of one of the noblest and bravest sons of the valley. Almost at the beginning of the struggle he had been killed in an attempt to protect from brutal insult the corpse of the old pastor's wife, and left his own wife, with her young babe and a crippled son of six years old, to the grateful love and care of the pastor and his flock.

Carefully, that bitter cold night, she wrapped her sleeping babe and held it tightly to her bosom. For hours they trudged on through the snow, even the stoutest scarce able to bear the intense cold; and when, at every halt for rest, she saw the little stiffened bodies taken from the arms of the weeping mothers and laid in the snow, she held her little one still closer, and prayed in her innermost heart that she might be spared that trial.

But the little bundle in her arms began to grow heavier, and she could scarce refrain from a cry of agony as her heart told her the cause. But still she clasped the little body closely, as if by the warmth of her own bosom to restore life to her child. She spoke no word, though—none knew the babe was dead. She could not leave it there in the cold snow. No, she would not tell her trouble; heavy as was the load she would bear it, stagger on with it still, and if a merciful God allowed them to reach in safety the shelter they were seeking, she could bury it in God's own acre beside the church, where she could go, day after day, and look at the little grave.

But the watchful eye of her boy saw that there was a change upon her gentle face, and thinking she was weary he asked earnestly: "Mother, can I not carry the little Dora for a while, and let you rest?"

"H-u-s-h!" said the mother hastily, and again she put her ear down to the pale lips, as if she still hoped to hear them breathe.

At last the summit was reached, and the fugitives began the descent on the other side; a journey still more fearful than their climbing. A few rods brought them to a large cave, and here they stopped to rest

and pray. A cave it could scarcely be called; it was a space inclosed by some huge blocks of stone resting against each other; but it was a welcome shelter from the bitter, bitter cold, and gratefully they thanked God for the mercy that had led them to it.

But now the poor mother could no longer hide her loss. The pitying old pastor with gentle force took the cold burden from her weary arms and laid it to its rest with other little beings like itself who had gone to a world of peace and joy. Now the widow had nothing left her but the crippled boy, and to him she clung with almost increased affection.

Thanks to the love of a pitying Father, the poor exiles at last reached the haven of rest they sought, and found a warm welcome. Here, while the females, young and old, gave their eager help to the generous house-wives who sheltered and fed them, the men, old men as well as their sons and grandsons, armed and stationed themselves in squads among the mountain passes and behind the rocks that hung over the mountain roads, ready to attack and drive back the enemy should they attempt to follow them there. Even the little boys had their duties assigned them, in taking information from party to party, and climbing to reconnoitre where a man would not dare to show himself.

But little Peter Bannermann could be of no use. He could not climb the slippery peak, or slide over the frozen glacier, so he must sit at home, and for the first time in his life repine at his misfortune. Vainly his mother strove to comfort him by telling how much he could help his people by earnest prayer to God for their success, and how much he could help those whom they had left behind. Little Peter did pray heartily; and for hours at a time, too, he sat and thought what he could do to give more active help.

So passed weeks and months, and the holy Christmas Day was near at hand. The widow Bannermann had no gift for her crippled boy. With jealous care she had hoarded up a few kreutzers, and on the Christmas Eve, when the lights of the Christmas trees streamed from even the humblest cottage windows, she slipped the twelve kreutzers into his hand, and bade him go and buy for himself whatever he most fancied.

With a grateful kiss the boy started on his errand, stopping from time to time to look in through the frosted window-panes upon the happy, merry groups within. He did not

envy their happiness, and was ready to echo every gay laugh; but when he saw a straight-limbed, active boy run nimbly across the rooM, his eyes filled with tears, and he murmured at his own lameness.

Presently he came to the house of the town magistrate, and looked in upon a large company of children that were gathered about a table playing with a company of leaden soldiers. One of them was broken, and as a little girl picked it up, her brother exclaimed: "Throw it away! It's as useless as Peter Bannermann!"

The boy's pleasure was over, and he went home to tell, with bitter tears, what he had heard. The broken soldier had been thrown into the street; Peter had picked it up, and for many days he looked at it again and again, while the words rang in his ears: "As useless as Peter Bannermann."

It haunted him even in his dreams; and at last he rose one cold, starry night, when hardly half awake, and wandered by himself up the side of the mountain. On he went from rock to rock, dreaming that he was no longer a cripple, and then rousing again to a painful consciousness of the fact as he found the difficulty he had in crossing some little ravine, over which another would have gone at a slight leap. He noticed that upon several of the most prominent peaks of the mountain there were large piles of wood and brush carefully arranged, and near each was placed a sentinel. At last he gained a distant point, and wearied with his efforts, sat down to rest.

Here, too, was a pile of wood, and as the sentinel paced past him, he asked his object. "The first who discovers the approach of the Austrians," replied the man good-naturedly, "is to light his pile; then the others will light theirs, and so the warning be given to all the valley round; for it is said they are going to take us unawares." And he passed on.

Peter sat thoughtfully, and then again dropped almost off into sleep, quite unable to tell how he came there, and whether he had heard or only dreamed of the beacon-piles; but, through all, those bitter words rang through his brain, and he murmured the drowsy prayer that he too might be able to be useful.

Suddenly he started to his feet; no sound had reached him, but straining his gaze down the side of the mountain-peak on which he stood, he saw, or fancied he saw, a dark mass moving slowly and silently upwards. He

turned to the sentinel; he was gone. Again he gazed with straining eye-balls; then suddenly springing to the pile, in an instant a bright flame shot up from it; and before the flying boy—who, now forgetting his lameness, was speeding like an arrow down the icy slope—had gone a hundred yards, the signal was answered from every mountain and rocky peak, until the whole valley seemed lighted up.

But vainly those who had lighted the beacon-fires strove to catch a sight of those of whose coming they had thus given warning. Nowhere was a single form to be described, and many a harsh speech was made of the dreaming cripple, and of their own folly in being so hasty. But this did not last long; soon the sound of a smothered tramp began to be heard, and before the words had left their lips, the Austrians came in sight, led by a mountain guide through passes they would never else have found.

But they had seen whose form had stood beside that first beacon-flame, and whose hand had thus defeated their plans. The flying boy was still in sight; but it was in a fearful place—he stood upon the edge of a wide rift; how could the cripple cross it? But he must; not only was his own life at stake, for an enraged soldier was in full pursuit, but the alarm must be given to the village, the sleepers awakened, and the women and children enabled to betake themselves to their hiding places.

Peter never stopped to think; with a wild leap he sprang over the gulf; an arrow sped by the hand of his pursurer struck his side, but still he rushed on. The alarm was given; the village was aroused; and the noble boy sank bleeding at his mother's door.

None sought safety until their preserver was raised and ready to be carried with them; but flight proved needless. Met by an armed host where they had expected to surprise helpless women and feeble old age, the invaders were soon repulsed; thousands fell in that deadly fight, short as was its duration, and thousands were hurled down the icy slopes of the snow-covered mountain and were dashed to pieces in the wild chasms below.

Meanwhile a grateful company had gathered about the dying boy, and his eye lighted with joy as he clasped his mother's hand and whispered: "Never again can they say, 'As useless as Peter Bannermann!'"

He could tell nothing of the way in which he reached the mountain peak—nothing of

the way in which he had returned; all he knew was that he had prayed and his prayer had been answered. By the light of the stars he had caught a glimpse of the invaders as they rounded a peak below, and finding no one near him, had lighted the beacon.

But the life-blood was pouring from his wound; his moments were numbered. The old pastor bent over him. "My noble boy," said the old man, while the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, "for thy sake and that of thy brave father, thy mother shall never want what we are able to give. Hast thou anything else to ask of us?"

The boy smiled. "Never let the Waldenses forget, dear father, that though a cripple, God gave me the noble privilege of saving them from their oppressors!" and with the last words his spirit passed away.

The traveler who passes the night in the little villages that lie nestled among the valleys of the Waldenses, will hear at midnight, (the hour at which those beacon-fires were lighted,) the sound of the watchman's cry: "Midnight! and God's peace is with us! Blessed be the memory of Peter Banner-mann."—*The Methodist*.

Sagacity in a Dog.

DEAR MRS. ARNER—I think the little readers of *The Review*, who have been interested in the history of the Kittens, will be pleased with the following well authenticated fact of sagacity in a dog, which I clip from an English periodical to which it was sent by the owner of the dog and fowls. R.

One of our fowls made a nest behind the haystack, and laid fifteen or sixteen eggs; two only out of this number were hatched, which the farm-servant took to the cook, requesting her to keep them warm, and endeavor to rear them, the weather being extremely cold at the time (7th of March, 1865.)

To keep the chickens out of danger, she for a few days, kept them in a basket on the mantelpiece, but soon afterwards they were allowed to run about the kitchen, when Gipsy, our little dog, took a great fancy to them, and laid herself down upon the hearth, draw them towards her with her paws, licked them, and, as it were, nursed them for hours together. This the little dog repeated from day to day, until the cook found it necessary to shut the

pets up, as Gipsy licked the feathers from off their bodies, as fast as they came.

But Gipsy soon discovered their place of concealment, and contrived to get them out again one by one, and took them to the hearth, and fondled them as before. The cook, however, fearing mischief to the chicks, again took possession of them, and this time placed a heavy weight upon the basket, thinking this would prove an effectual barrier; but Gipsy, nothing daunted, went coolly the next day to the basket and after several vain attempts, at last succeeded in rescuing her young friends, and then took them as before to the hearth.

Milder weather soon came, and the chickens were turned into the farm yard. They were inseparable, and much fonder of the kitchen, than of any other place. Gipsy was sometimes guilty of racing the other fowls, but she never molested her two foster-children. E. T.

A Novel Bird's Nest.

"It was in the spring of 1861, that a little robin entered a house in one of the midland counties of Ireland, and after having looked around, fixed on a shelf in the school-room, to build her nest. As it was hid from view by a pile of books, we could not mark its progress, except by watching the little father and mother flying in and out, with pieces of moss and other things, in their mouths. As time flew by, we were rather surprised one morning to hear a low chirping from behind the books; we took advantage of the protracted absence of the mother, to discover four little robins. We were delighted in watching the progress of the little birds, and when at last they flew away to return no more, our sorrow was very great. We named our room after its spring visitors, and to this day it has retained its title of 'Bird's Nest.'"

List of our Little Agents.

LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
MARY PERKINS, "
FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
S. HALL, Henrietta,
JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
CARRIE NEFF, "
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BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
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MARY WATSON, Rochester.

Advertisements.

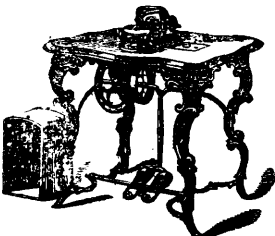
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One Year, 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

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Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day.

REASONS.

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For particulars address

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PAINTER & GLAZIER,
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Walls Whitened or Tinted,
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Manufacturers and Dealers,

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Rochester, Sept., 1865.—6m.

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Daily Lessons in all departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular.

JULIUS S. MUNSON,

MRS. K. CORNELIA MUNSON,

April, 1865—1y

Principals.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,

A. S. MANN,

Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865.

H. D. MANN.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of seasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,

(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st
Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

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Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitchugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
 March 15, 1865. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

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 With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

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NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woollen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

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 WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
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CHAS. F. SMITH. GELMAN H. PERKINS.
 [Established in 1826.]
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Jan. 1865. 17

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
 LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
 No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
 Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1866.

No. 8.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS
" MALTBY STRONG, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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For the Hospital Review.

"Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock."

Yes, I hear him—listen—listen—
But I dare not open the door,
He has knocked, and I have listened,
Many, many times before.

For my heart is filled with sinning,
I must sweep its chambers clean,
E'er I turn the key, inviting
Such a Royal Guest within;
I must make my palace ready,
Trim my lamp with greater care—
Then, when I fling wide the portal—
Lo! no Royal Guest is there.

He had passed with silent footsteps,
Knowing that I stood within,
Hating all my wretched folly,
Knowing every secret sin.

So, to-day I make a promise,
My poor sinful heart and I,
To be always waiting, ready,
When the Royal Guest draws nigh.

Help me, Lord, to keep the promise,
Made in weakness and in sin,
And if He once more should call me,
Let me answer—"Enter in."

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

Comfort in God's Word.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." Psalm 31 : 3. David, after declaring in the two first verses of this Psalm, who is his trust and confidence, and how strongly he feels that the Lord is a defense, a rock, a fortress, puts up this petition to be lead and guided. Oh, how much more fully is revealed to us the willingness of God to hear for Christ's sake. Our blessed Saviour has told us, "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, He will do it." If God is our leader in the way of life, we should strive to keep the eye of faith fixed on Him; if He is our guide, and we wander not from His side, we cannot go astray. Often to feeble sense the way seems hedged up, let us then cry mightily in the words of our text, and stay ourselves upon His promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will hear thee."

"Thou art coming to a king;
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

"The Lamb shall overcome them; for He is Lord of lords, and King of kings; and they that are with Him are called, and chosen and faithful." Rev. 17 : 14.

What thoughts are presented to our minds as we read this verse! A Lamb as the leader of an army—a victorious army. Who is this Lamb, even the Lord and the King? The enemy, “the world, the flesh, and the devil.” And who are so honored as to be on the Lamb’s side? Those whom He has called, and who having accepted the call are numbered among his followers; who continue faithful to their Lord and Leader; who “set Him always before them.” Oh, let us never forget that, “By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves it is the gift of God.” “Whosoever hath the Son hath Life.”

If God be for us, God the Lord,
 Who, who shall be our foe?

“Ye must be born again.” John 3 : 7. A new birth, even of the Spirit of God—new desires, new affections, new hopes, new aims—a new path. “Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?” Blessed be God, the same spirit which opens our eyes to see our vileness and sinfulness, reveals the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and encourages us to wash and be clean; but oh, how the old man clings to us, ever giving us fresh reason to apply to the blood of cleansing. Animating thought—if we have been born again, we shall one day put off and have done with the flesh, and be clothed with the robe of Christ’s righteousness and awake in His likeness. Till then, Oh blessed Saviour, help us to strive more and more earnestly to walk in the path of holiness, to crucify self and live to Thee!

R.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.—No ministry is so like that of the Angels as this—silent, invisible, known but to God; through us descends the blessing, and to Him alone ascends the thanksgiving. Surely, not an employment brings us so near to God and the spirits of men as intercessory prayer.—*Selected.*

It is more shameful to distrust our friends than to be deceived by them.

From Littell’s Living Age.

Rest.

The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, S. C.:

I lay me down to sleep
 With little thought or care
 Whether my waking find
 Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
 That only asks to rest,
 Unquestioning upon
 A lying breast.

My good right hand forgets
 Its cunning now—
 To march the weary march
 I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
 Nor strong—all that is past;
 I am ready not to do
 At last, at last.

My half-day’s work is done,
 And this is all my part;
 I give a patient God
 My patient heart.

And grasp his banner still,
 Though all its blue be dim;
 These stripes, no less than stars,
 Lead after Him.

Mr. Ruskin on Mammon Worship.

“A nation cannot last as a money making mob; it cannot with impunity—it cannot with existence—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on pence.” And again, extending the idea to embrace all preference of material wealth and advancement to the true, the spiritual wealth and life of the soul—“Mighty of heart,” he says, “Mighty of mind—‘magnanimous’—to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is indeed to ‘advance in life’—in life itself—not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends’ houses; and each of them placed him at his table’s head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you in plain words, as it is

offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: you shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves; your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Cania; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast, crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow low before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets, build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among you take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and—not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only."—*Evangelical Christendom.*

From the Evangelist.

The Little Robe of White.

In a rosewood cradle a baby lay;
 Its mother was stitching, stitching away
 On a little robe of white.
 One foot on the rocker, she hoped to keep
 Her frolicsome baby fast asleep
 To finish her work that night.

In every stitch of the garment she wrought,
 That loving mother fastened a thought—
 Hopes for that little one—
 And smiled on her babe with a happy pride
 As it slept in its cradle by her side
 'Till that little robe was done.

Then she folded up the cambric and lace
 And kissed her little one's chubby face
 That smiled in its infant glee—

She tossed it up and down in the air: [wear
 "How pretty you'll look, little babe, when you
 That new little robe!" said she.

In a rosewood coffin a baby lay—
 Its mother had wept the night away,
 Watching its dying breath. [keep
 With it clasped to her breast she had prayed to
 Her darling baby from going to sleep
 In the cold, cold arms of death.

They buried the babe in the garment just wrought—
 Whose every stitch held a hopeful thought—
 From that loving mother's sight.
 On the marble stone she wrote with a tear,
 "How many hopes lie buried here,
 In that little robe of white."

In the Saviour's arms a baby lay,
 From its rosewood coffin far away,
 In the realms of love and light.
 The angels a garment had folded about
 Its little form, which would never wear out—
 A seamless robe of white.

One Day in the Smith Family.

"Goodness gracious, wife," exclaimed Mr. Smith, who seated himself at the breakfast table. Mr. Smith was a religious man, and never allowed himself to swear. No, indeed! He would have been shocked at the thought. But he had a set of phrases always at his tongue's end, such as goodness gracious—deuce take it—thunder and lightning, &c., which indicated the same state of mind, that in an unprincipled man would have been expressed by downright profanity.

"Goodness gracious, wife, what do you mean by letting those children come to the table looking like young savages? There's Nellie's head like a crow's nest, and the baby in her night-gown. I declare a man can't eat his breakfast," and he turned away his head with a look of insufferable disgust.

Mrs. Smith put the baby into Nellie's arms, and told her, gently, to go into the bed-room, and stay while papa eats his breakfast. Then she poured the coffee for her husband, and waited on the four children at the table, hushing their noisy impatience with soft and timid words, and casting anxious glances at their father's clouded face.

He ate his beef-steak and toast with an appetite, not noticing that she did not eat at all. When he had finished, he took his

hat, and telling her he was going away on business, and she must keep a sharp lookout that the cattle did not break from the pasture into the field again, he departed.

As he walked away, with health and vigor in every muscle, he thought that his wife was certainly a good, patient creature; but then he was vexed that she had not more ambition and spirit. Why could not she keep herself and the children as tidy and nice as Mrs. Norton? Norton could have told him that he had milked the cows and made the fire, and in every way tried to lighten the labor of his wife; and then, if he had remembered that he never did anything of the kind, and that there was a great difference between taking care of two children and six, he might have known why his children's faces were not always clean; and why his poor wife, who never found time to read a page, except now and then on Sabbath afternoons a chapter in the Bible, could not talk on science, poetry or politics.

The morning's work done, he started home, and reached there just as the children were rushing in from school, and his wife, with the baby in her arms, was placing the last dish on the table.

"Dinner's ready," she said, and he seated himself at the table, and she got the little ones into their places.

"This beef isn't half baked," he said, cutting into it with a frown. "I should think I had said often enough that I don't like raw beef."

"I was afraid it would be so," she said, humbly; "but I don't know how I could help it. I had to go and drive the cattle out of the corn, and while I was gone the fire went out in the stove, and the wood is so green that it took me a long time to make it burn again."

Just then the baby pulled over a tumbler of water, which a little brother had carelessly placed within her reach, and screaming as she felt the cold fluid on her hand.

"Nellie, take that child from the table," he said, sternly.

"I'll take her away," said the mother, and she went into the bed-room, and throwing herself on the bed, allowed her tears to flow freely, while she nursed the little one to sleep.

Mr. Smith spent the afternoon repairing the fence where the cattle had broken from the field, and in doing some other small jobs about the farm, and at five o'clock went in as usual to tea.

He found the table set, and the tea-kettle boiling on the fire, but his wife, with the baby in her arms, sat by the cradle, while little Willie, the two-year old, lay with flushed face, and quick, irregular breathing, betokening fever.

"Come, hurry up the supper," he said, throwing off his hat, and washing his face at the sink. "There is a caucus to-night, and I don't want to be late."

With the baby in her arms, she made the tea, and completed the preparation for supper, and he read the newspaper meanwhile.

When all was ready, they came to the table. Glancing anxiously at the cradle, she said:

"I think Willie is sick, and I don't know how I can milk the cows to-night."

"O, pshaw!" he said, "you are always worrying about the children. He has eaten too much, or played too hard. He'll be well in the morning."

Having finished his supper, he took his hat to go out, but his heart smote him as he looked at the cradle. He hesitated a moment. "I must go," he said, to satisfy his conscience. "They all expect me, and I must go."

Weary and dispirited, the poor wife continued her toil. The cows were milked, and the hundred other things which keep a woman busy were done, and then she found time to attend to her sick child, and to assure herself that he was really very ill.

Mr. Smith came home late in the evening, and found her with the little sufferer in her arms.

"Is Willie really sick?" he asked, with much concern; and when assured it was so, he said, "then I had better take a separate bed, for you will be up and down all night, and there is no use of my being kept awake."

And so, not without some pity for his poor, care-worn and weary wife, but without one thought that he, strong and healthy as he was, ought to take care of that sick child, and let her rest, he went to bed and slept soundly all night.

This is a brief history of one day in the life of this husband and wife. Are there not, alas! too many families in which the burdens are unequally borne—in which a gentle and unselfish heart is crushed by a stronger and coarser nature!

Mr. and Mrs. Smith married young—married for love, and commenced their

matrimonial life with a mutual desire to make each other happy. She was gentle, affectionate, self-forgotten; and her love found the only expression which satisfied her heart in serving the beloved. No office was too humble, no service too menial for this purpose; and she only asked, to make her happy, a return of the love she so freely bestowed.

He had, perhaps, a cell more in the brain, but he had many fibres less in the heart, than she. Naturally selfish and egotistic, her devotion flattered his vanity, and he soon came to receive, and to demand it as a right; and as she always yielded without a word, he never questioned his right to rule.

Well, is this the way to be happy! O, certainly not the way for her to be happy; no human being loves slavery, and her state was little better than that. Too gentle and timid to defend herself, she feels, nevertheless, most keenly the wrong which is done her. Her daily labor, never lightened by a word of encouragement, or a smile of appreciation, becomes a hopeless and wearisome task. Year by year her cheek grows thinner and paler, her step more languid, and her voice more timid. For her children's sake she tries to strengthen herself, tries sometimes to smile and be happy, but her heart is dark and cold. The sun to which she turns for warmth and light never shines upon it. Poor woman! you might read her history in her face. She is dying of spiritual atrophy.—*Morning Star.*

Child Training.

They were as pretty little children once as you could wish to see, and might have been so still if they had been left to grow up like human beings; but their foolish fathers and mothers, instead of letting them pick flowers, make dirt pies, and get bird's nests, and dance round the goose-berry bush, as little children should, kept them always at lessons, working, working, learning week-day lessons all week-days, and Sunday lessons all Sundays, and weekly examinations every Saturday, and monthly examinations every month, and yearly examinations every year, everything seven times over, as if once was not enough, and enough as good as a feast—till their brains grew big, and their bodies grew small, and they were all changed into turnips, with but little water inside; and still their foolish parents actually pick the leaves off them

as fast as they grow, lest they should have anything green about them.—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1866.

Our Wants.

You see, reader, we are out with the self-same heading again. Are you tired of seeing it? Not so tired, we assure you, as we are of *wanting*. But do not be alarmed—we are not going to tell you of half of our wants—indeed if we were once to give you the list, complete, there would be room for nothing else in our columns. So we will spare you. There are, however, two or three things we want especially this month. We want—and we have made up our minds to tell you so, boldly and frankly—some eggs—some butter—and some beans! Our invalids would relish some nice fresh eggs so much—and they are getting so plentiful now, and so much cheaper, that we begin to indulge the hope that we may receive some, if only a few. Butter is now scarce, we believe, but *very necessary*. The beans we do not know so much about—whether they are scarce or abundant—cheap or dear—but we know that they are good, and we want some. Eggs!—butter!!—and beans!!! Please remember these three things!

About those Nine Babies.

It has proved just as we said it would—and just as we knew it would. Those nine babies, dear reader, are all comfortably clothed! Didn't we tell you so? The little packages have been coming in ever since the sad story of their wants became known. Dear little packages they are—tiny shoes and socks, from one—flannels, from another—and dresses, and night-gowns, &c., &c., from various sources—all proving how deep—how tender—how all-embracing—how beautiful, is that best

love—that mother-love, once awakened in the heart. One of these nine babies—one of the twins—God has taken to Himself. Looking down, with a love even more tender than a woman's pitying heart can give, He saw what trials—what temptations, awaited the little one, along Life's thorny pathway—and so He took it to His own bosom. Happy little one, so safely folded now from all earth's woes—so blest forevermore! For those that remain, what doubts and fears arise, as we look forward to their future—but no fears, little one, for thee!

Six New Subscribers!

One of our little friends—(Nellie Collins)—has, we are pleased to find, profited by our suggestion last month, and has sent us the names of six subscribers. This, as we then stated, entitles her to a free copy of "The Review"—and, as we think, to be enrolled also in our List of Little Agents. At all events, we have ventured, without waiting for her permission, to add her name—and if she does not like it she must let us know. On the whole, we feel quite encouraged about our paper this month. We have received in all twenty-five new subscribers, which is, we think, a great deal to be thankful for. Shall we do as well this month? Let us all try.

GARMENTS FOR THE SICK.—We have received this month several responses to our appeal for clothing for our sick—for which we are very thankful.

TO E. D. S., SUN PRAIRIE.—We have received a note from E. D. S., Sun Prairie, Wis., proposing, if agreeable to us, to get up a club for our "Review" in that place. We can assure our friend, that such an effort in our behalf will be most agreeable, and will meet with our most hearty appreciation.

Death of one of our Young Friends.

From the following letter we learn the sad intelligence of the death of our young friend, Leander Valentine, of Victor. Many of our readers will remember him for the active interest he took in our soldiers. With his younger brother, he collected quite a handsome sum for us about a year since.

It is sad to think of this glad young heart so soon grown still—of his now desolate home—his lonely little brother, and of his sorrowing parents. May God comfort them as only He can.

VICTOR, Feb. 12th, 1866.

DEAR MRS. M.—I received your letter last Sunday. I wish to be excused for not writing to you sooner. We have the promise of two new subscribers, and perhaps we may get still more. I think there are many of our acquaintance who will still feel an interest to do something for those who yet stand in need of our assistance. Our Leander is no more! We shall see him no more go forth with his younger brother with a kind heart and cheerful mind, to gather pennies for the benefit of soldiers that were sent to the City Hospital. He died the 15th of last December of diphtheria. He was eleven years old. Please to accept this from
Yours, sincerely,
MRS. V.

An Example to be Imitated.

We have just received from dear little Alice, not quite four years old, an infant's suit for one of the babies at the Hospital.

Seeing her mama preparing some articles of clothing for those babies, whose mothers have not the means to provide for them, she was desirous of doing something herself, and was told if she would save the pennies that were given her, she might purchase the material, and it should be made up and presented to the Hospital by her. This she has done, and young as she is, has already tasted the pleasure of doing good.

May we not expect others will "go and do likewise," for the sick and destitute in the Hospital, who are constantly claiming our sympathy and aid.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

S.

Tidings from Eddie R.

Many of our readers will remember the account of Eddie R——, the canal boy, in the October "Review," (who was brought to the Hospital sick of fever). We have often thought of Eddie, and wished we could hear something of his welfare, and to-day's mail brought a nice little letter from him, telling of his safe arrival and how very glad he was to be at home. His health is now very good, and he has been at school during the winter. His brother, the little boy who came from Michigan to see him when in the Hospital, and told him of his father's death in a southern prison, is in the oil regions in Canada. Eddie speaks with gratitude of the many kindnesses he received while sick, and wishes to be kindly remembered to his many friends. We think this news from him will be gladly received by the scholars of the West Avenue Chapel Sunday School, who so generously contributed a nice sum to enable him to reach his home.

E.

Apples.

Those apples for which we plead so earnestly in the last "Review," (because we wanted them so much,) have come—not only the basket, but a whole barrel; and we thank the givers most heartily for them. There are few so sick, but they may be allowed a portion of this healthy fruit, prepared in one form or another—and then they were so exactly what was needed.

The same may be said of the barrel of potatoes—exactly what we need—as the the fall supply is entirely gone. We are very grateful for them, and shall be for all that may be sent us; and we are quite sure we shall be remembered again.

Please don't forget, that our Hospital *has no endowment, is not supported by the city, and has not sufficient paying patients to support it, unaided by the benevolent, but that it is doing a good work in relieving the suffering and the sick.*

A Word to the Tempted.

Among the number who enter our Hospital to seek relief from sickness and suffering, not a few are those who have indulged to a greater or less degree in the vice of intemperance. We would fain hope that some of these have been led to see the evil of their past lives, and really desire to live soberly, godly and righteously for the time to come; but the snares which a love of strong drink throws around its victims are hard to break; only by constant and earnest prayer to God for help can any hope to resist the temptations which are found at almost every corner of our streets. It is with the hope that the accompanying receipt may prove an aid to some who really desire to reform, that I copy it for the "Review."

"The prescription has been much used in England; it came into notoriety through Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern. His father had fallen into such habitual drunkenness, that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by the most debasing appetite. The receipt he afterwards published—by it many drunkards have been assisted to reform. It is as follows:—"

"Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; taken twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from stimulating drinks." R.

ANOTHER QUILT.—The little girls of Class No. 11 of the Cornhill M. E. Church, will please accept our special thanks for the Quilt we have just received from them.

Letter from one of our Soldiers.

We have been much gratified at the reception of the following letter from one of our former soldiers—and with his expressions of grateful remembrance of our Hospital:

NEWARK, March 5th, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND—I have received your paper for the past year, and it always brings to notice the good deeds of those who so kindly ministered to my wants when I was a soldier in your Hospital. I can truly say, that I never saw more kindness shown to soldiers than in your City Hospital by all who were connected with that noble institution. Uncle Smith was one of the omnipresent beings, with a smile and a cheering word for all; and his jokes, like his razor strops, always "a few more left." Then there was friend Williams and wife, who, with all their duties in caring for our present wants, were ever ready to lead us to look to Him, who is ever ready and willing to save. I often felt as if you must tire in your assiduous duties; and then, too, we were not always patient and resigned to the suffering we had to endure. I return my thanks to you, and all others, whose presence made Rochester City Hospital seem like a home to the sick and wounded soldiers so far from friends. With my best wishes, I am,

Yours respectfully, C. T. C.

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
- MARY PERKINS, "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester,
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- CARRIE NEFF, "
- H. F. VICKERY, "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW,
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.
- JULIA A. DAVIS, "
- NELLIE COLLINS, "

Correspondence.

A friend whose heart and hand is ready for every good work, writes us from Boston as follows:

Many, many thanks for your kindness in sending me the "Hospital Review," it has not only conferred much pleasure upon me, but I have taken it to the "Home," and read it to many of our sick and suffering heroes, who have been much pleased with it. One in particular, was greatly moved by the story of "The Little White Angel." It gave him new ideas of the words and teachings of Christ.

I also carried them into the "Newsboys' School," and they have had a good influence there. They were much interested in the story of "The Newspaper Boy," and often refer to it. Enclosed I send two dollars for the "Review."

We had a very touching case at our "Home for Soldiers." A poor consumptive, from the Alm House of one of our large towns, came to us, leaving behind him a wife and six small children; He died last week. His poor, sick wife came and remained a few days with him, previous to his death. Some kind ladies interested themselves in her behalf, and when she buried her husband she parted with her children. They were placed in the "Home for Children," on Kneeland street, and the poor, sick, broken-hearted wife and mother returned to Taunton, a widow and childless. I thought of you, and your interest in those poor tried sisters of earth, and I feel that the crown of glory will be filled with many gems for those, who smooth the bed of the sick, cheer the dying, and help the fainting soul to bear their weary burdens. For every one God will recompense them, and for every one the crown will be brighter.

Your Friend, M.

A Word of Encouragement for our Paper.

We hope that all of our readers who have been considering the question of discontinuing the "Review," now that the "war is over," will read the following from our friend, Mrs. B., of Geneseo, and decide with her that they "cannot stop the paper." She is right in her opinion, that we have still "enough needy ones to care for," and that "every little helps." But here is her letter:

GENESEO, Feb. 27th, 1866.

DEAR MRS. P.—Enclosed please find fifty cents, my subscription for the "Hospital Review" for the present year. I had thought of discontinuing it, as the "war is over," and there are no more soldiers to be cared for, but the little paper continues to come, and is really excellent. I suppose, too, you have enough needy ones to care for, and every little helps. I do not feel as if I could say, "Stop the paper." Yours, Mrs. E. N. B.

We are much pleased at the reception of the following nice little letter from one of our dear little friends, and to be able to add another name to our List of Little Agents:

ROCHESTER, Feb. 14th, 1866.

DEAR MRS. M.:

I am a little girl. I send you two dollars for four Hospital papers. I shall send you some more names and money, if I can. J. A. D.

Cash Receipts for February, 1866.

From Patients,.....\$43 50

Donations for the Flag.

Sackett & Van Zandt, Avon,..... 50
Homer Sackett, Avon,..... 50

List of Donations to the Hospital.

FROM FEB. 15TH, TO MAR. 15TH 1866.

- Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Basket of Apples,
- Mrs. E. C. Baker—Basket of Apples.
- Mrs. Dr. Strong—Loaf of Home-made Bread, roll of Cotton, roll of Linen and Infant's Clothing.
- Mrs. H. L. Vervalin and Mrs. Sydney Avery—Package of Infant's Clothing.
- Mrs. F. A. Whittlesey—Package of Infant's Clothing.
- Mrs. Wm. Tuttle—Six Lemons.
- Mrs. E. D. Smith—One can Berries, 1 tumbler of Jelly.
- Miss Hughes—One pair Slippers, Bandages, Arm-slings and a roll of Old Cloth.
- A Friend—A pail of Pickled Peppers.
- Class No. 11 of the Sunday School of the Corn-hill M. E. Church—One Quilt, the work of five young girls.
- Mrs. Hawksworth—Package of Infant's Clothing.
- Mrs. Pitkin—A quantity of Linen, a Crib Quilt, and three pounds Dried Peaches.
- Mrs. Dr. Little—Infant's Clothing.
- Nellie Collins and Florence Sill—Sundry Garments for their Pet Baby.
- Mrs. Orange Sackett, York—One barrel of Apples and one barrel of Potatoes.
- Little Alice—Infant's dress, shirt and night-dress.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM FEB. 15th TO MARCH 15th.

- Mrs. Anne E. Coates, Clifton Springs, 2 copies; H. J. Van Wagoner, Lake Road; N. B. Norris, Norwich, Chenango Co., 2 copies; Mrs. Bacon, Geneseo; E. D. Swain, Sun Prairie, Wis.; Miss E. A. Taylor; Mrs. G. W. Hamilton, Fairport, 1 paper, 5 cts.—By Mrs. Perkins, \$4 05
- Edward Sly, John Toles, Cameron Mills—By Mrs. J. M. Sly, 1 00
- Sackett & Van Zandt, Mrs. Orange Sackett, Avon; Mrs. Charles Puffer, Elizabeth, N. J.; A. W. Fanning—By Mr. Van Zandt, 2 00
- Mrs. H. P. Merrill, Lester Pease—By Mrs. Hoodley, 1 00

- H. W. O'Keefe, Mrs. S. W. Updike, Mrs. Richard Baker; A. D. Miner, Lima; Miss M. E. Paul, Boston, Mass. \$2—By Mrs. Mathews, \$4 00
- Mrs. Frank Kisingbury. Mrs. C. R. Davis, Mrs. J. J. Booth, Miss M. A. Welton, West Bloomfield—By Julia A. Davis, . . . 2 00
- Mrs. Elvira N. Allen, Mrs. L. H. Alling, Mrs. F. Whittlesey, Miss H. McKnight, Grace M. French, Mrs. H. L. Vervalin; Miss H. Backus, \$1; Mrs. H. Lyon, C. Morse, Esq.—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, . . . 5 00
- Mrs. Wm. H. Hanford, Sen., Mrs. Wm. H. Hanford, Jr., Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. Frank Fields, Mrs. Joseph Brown, Volney Hyde, Scottsville—By Miss Blackburn, 3 00
- Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Ives, Mrs. O. P. Bush, Mrs. E. E. Sill, Mrs. M. L. Reid, E. B. Booth—By Miss Nellie Collins, 3 50
- Mrs. N. S. P. Crocker, Mrs. A. S. Johnson, Mrs. A. Borst, Mrs. Barton, Spencerport—By Miss McChesney, 2 00
- Mrs. Horace T. Cook, Auburn—By Miss Dewey, 50
- E. & A. Wayte, Advertisement—By Mr. Van Zandt, 5 00
- E. L. Thomas & Co., Advertisement—By Mrs. Mathews, 5 00

Superintendent's Report for February.

1866. Feb. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital,	44
Received during the month,	23—67
Discharged " " "	20
Died " " "	1—21
1866. Mar. 1. Remaining in Hospital,	46

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 14th, 1866, an infant daughter of Amanda Richardson.

"They are one in Heaven—the wept and dear,
The foundling, who perished without a tear,
Of hands and titles earth's infant heir,
And the blighted offspring of woe and care."

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor.
- " HAMMOND, East Rush.
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Mrs. S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
- " CHARLES FORD, Clyde.
- Miss ADA MILLER "
- " C. M. SEOR, Macedon.
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- " LILLIAN I. RANNEY, Rochester.

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Our Dogs.

DEAR CHILDREN—Aunt has written you of her "Kittens," with a promise to tell the little boys of her "Dogs." Now we do not wish to prevent her writing, but please let us say, if her little white "Spot," and her little black "Dot," are any more remarkable specimens of the canine race, than our "Poodle" and "Toby," we will be pleased to hear of them in the next "Review." But let us first hear something of "Poodle." It has been so many years since he lived with us, that we are fearful we shall not do him justice. He had many excellent traits of character—was very intelligent—and though he did often "speak," he never talked—but was always able to make known his wants. He was very gentle, and so was a great favorite with the little boys in the family; always ready for a frolic with them, and yet behaved so properly that he was allowed to come to Rochester in the cars with them. But the most remarkable things about "Poodle," were his eyes. They were different in color—one being a bright blue, and the other brown. It was the first time I had ever seen such a sight, and it seemed very strange. He remained with us many months, and then went on another visit, but never returned. One night he strayed from the house, and was never found. We felt very sorry to lose him.

As for "Toby"—he was a very dignified dog for a small one—seemed conscious that he had duties to perform in this world, and attended very faithfully to them. In "Toby's" time, the cradle was no useless piece of furniture, to adorn the attic, but had a position in the family room, and often held one of those precious little treasures which so many mothers have, of more worth than diamonds or rubies, for no money could purchase it. Can you guess what it was? If not, I will tell you, it was a dear little

baby-boy. Now, "Toby" seemed to know how very precious it was, and how very carefully it should be guarded from intruders; and so, whenever it was laid in the cradle, he would place himself by it—never allowing any one to come near but its father or mother—and never leaving his position while the little sleeper remained in it. Then he had another idea, that he must take particular care of his master's boots; and a sorry thing it was, if any body should attempt to take them from his charge until his master came.

Little boys may learn many lessons from these dumb animals—valuable lessons of faithfulness—of affection—of gratitude—and we hope they will always remember that dogs have feeling, and be kind to them. We know they are often teased and plagued by boys until they become very cross and even dangerous to be around—but we are very sure, it is only when they are taught such lessons by those who ought to know and do better. "Toby" lived to a good old age, and died respected, and, as you know by this article, kindly remembered by
"MOTHER."

The Snow-flake and the Citron.

The following very beautiful little poem was written by the late Rev. James Burns, of Scotland, while he was in the South of France for his health, and sent home for the amusement of his children:

A snow-flake came fluttering down through the air,
Where a citron grew in a garden fair,
"I am weary of flying," it said to the tree,
"I should like to rest for a while on thee!"

Said the citron tree, "It is many a year
That I have been growing and flourishing here,
But I have ne'er seen a creature like thee,
Now tell me first what thy name may be!"

"The little bird comes to my topmost spray,
And sings its song all the sweet spring day,
The bee and the butterfly well I know,
Lightly they come and lightly they go.

"They nestle about in my fragrant flowers,
And then fly away to their woodland bowers,
They never hurt me in blossom or stem,
Art thou an innocent creature like them?"

"O never fear!" said the little snow-flake,
 "The smallest bird that sings in the brake,
 The gauze-winged bee or the butterfly,
 Is not such a gentle creature as I!

"I am but a raindrop out at play
 In my soft white mantel, this winter day,
 It is crystal-clasped—it is light and warm,
 How could a raindrop do thee harm?"

"Well then," said the citron tree, with a smile,
 "You are welcome to stay and rest awhile!"
 And the little snow-flake chose out on the tree,
 For his perch, the greenest leaf he could see.

Then another came, and another came,
 And their request was always the same,
 Till the citron branches, one and all,
 Were white with the snow-flakes' noiseless fall.

And soon there struck to its heart a chill
 Never felt before—a foreboding of ill—
 And soon with the weight of the falling flakes,
 Its loveliest branch bends down and breaks.

And its deep roots shivered under the ground,
 And its golden fruits dropped off all round,
 And so the snow-flake, so small to see,
 Was the death of the beautiful citron tree.

The Blind Child.

It is beautiful to see the bright sunlight,
 and the green trees, and the colored flowers,
 and the moon, and the golden stars; but it
 is a great deal more beautiful to look into
 the face of a good man, and see the clear
 light of his kind eyes! But little Paul
 could see none of these things, for he was
 blind, and to him it was always night.
 Ah! how lonely and sad life must be when
 it must be passed in perpetual darkness!

His mother was poor and his father was
 dead; but the last words he said to his
 weeping wife were, "Trust in God! God
 never forsakes His people!" and then he
 closed his eyes and died.

Now the poor mother was all alone in
 the world with her blind child,—all alone,
 for she had neither friends nor relations.
 And she had no money either, but must
 work diligently with her needle for her
 living; but that she did not mind, and
 worked gladly, day and night, for her lit-
 tle blind boy. The blind child was as dear
 to her heart, perhaps more so, than those
 children who can see are to their mothers,
 for he needed her more. Sometimes she did
 not come home for the whole day, for she
 had to go and work for strangers from

early morning until late in the evening;
 and all that time the blind child was alone.
 But no, not quite alone either, for good
 Martha, the old woman who lived over the
 way, and whose room door was directly
 opposite the poor mother's, came several
 times in the course of the day to look after
 little Paul; she was such a good, kind old
 body! But she could not stay with him
 long, for she must make haste and spin all
 her wool if she would not go hungry.
 "Munter," though a little puppy-dog, and
 "Bibb," a dear little canary bird, stayed
 with him all the while, and kept him com-
 pany. The canary bird used to sit upon
 his pillow and sing him the sweetest songs
 it knew; and when the little boy let his
 hand hang down over the side of the bed,
 Munter would run up and lick it. When
 Paul, too, wanted to get up, this same sen-
 sible Munter would take hold of his little
 coat sleeve, and lead him up and down the
 room, that he should not run against a ta-
 ble or a chair. He took such a walk
 every day.

The happiest time for the little boy,
 though, was the evening, when his mother
 came home; it seemed like day then to
 him. She used to put her little work-table
 close beside his little bed, and tell him,
 while she sewed away as fast as she could,
 of the blessedness of heaven, and of the
 good God and all the holy angels; and so
 she entertained him with the most beauti-
 ful stories until late in the night—until he
 shut his eyes for very weariness. Little
 Paul often asked, "Mother, isn't the night
 almost past?" This cut the poor woman
 to the heart, and sometimes she hardly
 knew what to answer him. "When we
 get to heaven," she said sometimes, "the
 night will be at an end. But God's eyes
 can look through the thickest darkness,
 and He is always looking at you; yes, at
 this moment, and keeping watch over you."

Thus they lived together very pleasantly,
 until by-and-by Paul got to be six years
 old. At that time the mother complained
 one morning that she was sick, and so
 weak that she could not stand up; she had
 to stay in bed the whole day, and was seiz-
 ed with a burning fever. The next day it
 was still worse, so that she lost her mind.
 Good old Martha watched over and tended
 both mother and child faithfully; but when
 another day passed, and still the poor wo-
 man was no better, the old woman ran to
 the doctor and brought him into the sick

room. The doctor was a kind, benevolent man; he felt the sick woman's pulse, asked a great many questions about her illness, and at last shook his head. It is always a bad sign when the doctor shakes his head. When he saw little Paul lying in his bed, he said: "That child must not stay in this room, he must be taken away immediately, for the woman is very, very sick. Has she no relations or friends to whom he could be sent?"

Then old Martha answered, "They have no relations, and few care to be the friends of the poor; but little Paul is blind."

The doctor took Paul out of his little bed, and carried him to the window and seated him on his lap. After he had looked closely for a long time at the sightless eyes, a bright smile of pleasure passed over his face. Without saying a word, he took the child in his arms, and carried him to a large, fine house. In this house lived some rich people, friends of the doctor's, who very readily agreed to his request that they would take care of the child until his mother got better. Emma, the sixteen-year old daughter of the house, undertook the charge of him, and the kind-hearted doctor came every day to see him. After a good many days, as Paul was asking again and again for his mother, the doctor promised that he should go to her very soon, if he would promise to hold quite still while he examined his eyes, for they were very sick too, and must be cured.

The boy promised, and kept his word from love to his mother. The doctor took a sharp instrument, and removed with it the thick skin that had hindered him from looking upon God's beautiful earth and the bright sky, and restored to him the use of his eyes. Not a single cry of pain had escaped from Paul's lips as the sharp instrument cut into his eye, and only twice had he whispered softly "O mamma!" The operation had succeeded.

The next day the doctor permitted Emma, as a reward for her care to the little boy, to remove for a few moments the bandage he had tied over his eyes. Little Paul trembled through his whole frame as the first ray of light streamed into his open eyes, and then exclaimed, "Now I'm in heaven, and the night is all past!" And as he saw the bright body of the sun—though just then it was almost covered with silvery clouds—he cried out, "There is God's eye!" He looked around him,

and at the blooming Emma who stood beside him, and asked her, "if she was God's angel!" But now the eyes had to be bandaged up again—so said the doctor.

The mother's illness was conquered by the skill and unwearied care of the worthy doctor; but the weakened woman recovered very slowly, and it was many weeks before she could leave her bed. The separation from her child gave her so much uneasiness, that she could not get well as soon as she otherwise would, until the doctor discovered what it was that troubled her; and gave her his word that the boy was safe and well, and well taken care of, and she should see him just as soon as she was sufficiently better to bear it. But it seemed a great, great while to the longing mother.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and the mother, for the first time, had left her bed, and was walking feebly across the room, when Emma led the boy, dressed in a neat new suit of clothes, to the house in which his mother lived. She went up the steep, high steps with him, opened the door very softly, and pushed him gently into the room. The mother stood near the window. She had not heard the door open, and little Paul stood timidly near it; everything was strange to him; he did not even know his mother. But Munter sprang toward him, and barked so loudly with delight, that the mother turned round.

"My Paul!" she cried, as soon as she saw her child; and Paul, who knew her now by her voice, was in her arms and on her bosom in a moment. The mother hugged and kissed him, and looking affectionally into his face, started back with astonishment, exclaiming "He sees!"

"Yes, I'm in heaven now," answered Paul, laughing with delight. "I have seen God's eye, and one of His holy angels, and now the night is all past."

Overcome with happiness and gratitude, the poor woman sank upon her knees and lifted up her folded hands; and Paul folded his little hands too, and raised them to heaven, as his mother had taught him long before to do; and a wordless prayer went up from the hearts of both to the throne of the Highest. Then came into the mother's mind the remembrance of those parting words of her dying husband: "Trust in God! God never forsakes His people!"

Tears flowed from her eyes, and thus relieved her heart, that was almost crushed

with the weight of the mercies that had been poured out to her; and when little Paul saw her weeping, he, too, shed the first tears that had ever fallen from his eyes; but they were tears of joy.

Books of the Old Testament.

The following, if committed carefully to memory by the children, and repeated occasionally, will enable them during all their lives to keep in mind the order of the books of the Old Testament. Very few are able to keep the order without some help of this kind:

The Great Jehovah speak to us
In Genesis and Exodous;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleams a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel, and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah now
Esther the beauteous mourner show;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen,
Ezekial, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room.
While Zephaniah, Haggia calls,
Rapt Zechariah, builds his walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

From the Presbyterian.

Petty Larceny by a Dog.

A man with a dog to sell will be sure to tell you all the excellencies he possesses, and very likely invent a few more, which would be a great surprise to the animal, no doubt, if he knew what was said. But a gentleman bought a dog of a dealer one time, who did not mention a most curious trick he had been carefully taught. Its owner used to be puzzled and annoyed by receiving almost daily, little pencils and articles, such as are exposed for sale in shops, which a dog could conveniently carry. After some investigation, poor little Juno stood convicted of petty larceny. The discovery caused great amusement, and the gentleman often took the

dog through the streets for the purpose of convincing and amusing his friends. An understanding would be had with the dealer, and a parcel laid in a convenient spot, the dog meanwhile eyeing his master most keenly. The minute he found attention diverted he would snap up the parcel and make off with it. While in the store, he would roam about quite distant from his master, as if to make believe he was not his dog at all—O no!—at the same time watching him with the closest attention. The police would no doubt have been pleased to have made the acquaintance of his first master.

Now poor Juno had to do as many children do—"learn to unlearn what he had learned amiss." He was given to understand that such services were no longer desired, and in time became quite an honest dog. It was well he fell into an honest man's hands, or he would doubtless have gone on stealing all his days.

Miscellaneous.

From the London Punch.

The Power of Music.

*The Man of Business, returning to his Mansion,
findeth his wife at the Piano Forte.*

Sing to me, love, I need thy song,
I need that thou shouldst cheer me well,
For every thing is going wrong
And life appears an awful sell.
I've overdrawn my banker's book.
I'm teased for loans by brother John;
Last night our clerk eloped, and took
Two thousand pounds—sing on—sing on.

My partner proves a man of straw,
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;
My mortgagee has gone to law,
And swears he'll have his pound of flesh,
My nephew's nose has just been split
In some mad student fight at Bonn;
My tailor serves me with a writ
For three year's bills—sing on—sing on.

My doctor says I must not think,
But go and spend a month at Ems;
My coachman, overcome by drink,
Near Barnes, upset me in the Thames;
My finest horse is ruined quite,
And hath no leg to stand upon;
The other knees are such a sight
He'll never sell—sing on—sing on.

My love, no tears? I'll touch thee now—
 Thy parrot in our pond is drowned;
 Thy lap dog met a furious cow,
 Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound.
 Thy son from Cambridge must retire
 For tying crackers to a don;
 Thy country house last night took fire—
 It's down, sweet love—sing on—sing on.

Aristocratic Extravagance.

George Villiers, the splendid favorite of James I., exceeded all his compeers in the lavish costliness of his garb. On one great occasion he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, "the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at four-score thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat and spurs." This exquisite gentleman would have the flashing gems which adorned his attire, affixed so loosely that he could shake them off as he paraded through the gallery of Whitehall, much to the edification and contentment of the Court ladies who picked them up. On his embassy to Paris, the splendor of his appearance completely dazzled the French nobles.

"He appeared there," says Lord Clarendon, "with all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshone all the bravery that Court could dress itself in, and overacted the whole nation in their own peculiar vanities."

It was common with him, at an ordinary dancing, to have clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to wear diamond hatbands, cockades, and ear-rings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearls—in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels. At the time of his death, he is said to have possessed three hundred thousand pounds in jewels—a sum which might almost excite the envy of Hancock or Emanuel, and may be borne in mind when we peruse Sir William Davenant's eulogium on the prosperous courtier:—

"The Court's bright star, the clergy's advocate;
 The poet's brightest theme, the lover's flame;
 The soldier's glory, mighty Buckingham."

Raleigh, the bright particular star of the galaxy which moved and shone around the

great Elizabeth, was equally profuse in his expenditure upon dress. A portrait is extant, in which he appears attired in a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearls; in the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop, at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunks or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon-garters, fringed at the end, are all white; his shoes of buff, adorned with white ribbon. These shoes, on important occasions, would glitter with precious stones of the value of sixty-six hundred pounds, (nearly eight thousand pounds at the present standard of money,) and the wearer would occasionally present himself before the eyes of his lady-love, Miss Elizabeth Throckmorton, in a suit of armor of solid silver, his sword and belt flashing unutterable radiance from a hundred diamonds, pearls and rubies.

The Funeral of a Bee.

A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* transmits the following:—On Sunday morning last, I had the pleasure of witnessing an interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers; and if Dr. Cumming, the *Times'* bee master, happens to be one of them, I would recommend it to his notice. Whilst walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noticed the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, the head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam. Their task being ended, they paused for a minute, perhaps to drop over their friend a sympathizing tear, and then flew off from our sight.

Quoth Madame Bas Bleu, "I hear you have said, Intellectual women are always your dread;

Now tell me, dear sir, is it true?"

"Why, yes," said the wag, "very likely I may Have made the remark in a jocular way;

But then, on my honor, I didn't mean you."

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

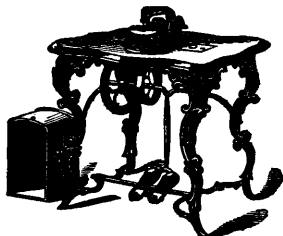
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
 TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. ly CYRUS F. PAINE.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 30th, 1865, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day. REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left, or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
4. The perfect finish and substantial manner in which the machine is made.
5. The rapidity of its working, and the quality of the work done.
6. Its self-adjusting tension.

The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

All kinds of Stitching, Cloak and Dress Making, done to order, and all kinds of Ladies' Garments made to order on short notice, in the neatest possible manner, by competent operators.

Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office.

Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again.

For particulars address

CHAS. SPENCER HALL, General Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

Nov. 15, 1865.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTE,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Cash paid for Country Produce. Game of all kinds in its season.

GEORGE McKAY,

PAINTER & GLAZIER,

CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.

Walls Whitened or Tinted,
 AND PAINTING DONE,

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner. All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention. Oct. 1865.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }

CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,

Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

E. N. BUELL.

Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

Dissolution and Co-partnership.

THE firm of Case & Mann is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Zebulon T. Case retires from the business, which will be continued by the undersigned, Abram S. Mann and Hobart D. Mann, under the style and firm of A. S. Mann & Co., by whom all the business of the late firm of Case & Mann will be settled.

Z. T. CASE,

A. S. MANN,

H. D. MANN.

Rochester, Feb. 15, 1865.

In referring to the above notice, we hereby inform our friends that our store will henceforth, as it has in the past, maintain the high reputation of being the leading house in the Dry Goods trade in Western New York.

Every attraction consistent with the requirements of our trade will be found in our stock.

We shall aim, as we have ever done, to make our own interest dependent upon consulting the interest of those who do business with us.

Preferring to let our friends form their own conclusions as to whether we shall continue to merit their confidence, we would simply say, that we shall open our Spring Stock with as choice an assortment of reasonable goods as have ever been offered in this market; and shall, as hitherto, continue to sell always the best class of goods, and make prices as low as the market, whatever it may be.

A. S. MANN & Co.,

(Late Case & Mann,) 37 & 39 State st
 Rochester, March 15, 1865.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

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Jan. 15, 1865.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1866.

No. 9.

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Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. GEO. H. MUMFORD, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
"MALBY STRONG," | "DR. MATHEWS.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

"Come unto Me."

Oh yes, my tired feet are coming;
Last night I heard your dear voice call to me—

"Oh, do not wait so long, beloved,
Come unto me."

And so I put aside my worldly labor,
Laid down the tangled web of life, and free
Arrayed me in my white and shining garments,
To go to thee.

Then sat me down beside the still, dark river,
That flows between your far-off home and me,
Where every wave that crept to shore, sighed
softly,

"Come unto me."

I saw the jasper walls beyond the cold, broad
river,

You went within so long, so long ago,
And wondered if you knew that I was waiting,
Who loved you so.

Lo! then, from out the distant blue you floated,
My angel-one, walked toward me on the sea,
And all the air was filled with singing,
"Come unto me."

"I come." My eager feet pressed on, and on,
but whither?

"Save me—I sink beneath the treacherous sea;
I cannot hear you now, my loved one, calling
"Come unto me."

O, lonely heart, take up again thy burden,
The shining robes are not for us to-day;
Take up again the weary task of living—
Help me to pray.

How long must I go on, my Heavenly Father,
Is this the path that leads me up to Thee?
Then am I contrite, meek and lowly, praying,
"Come unto me."

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"Take no thought, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? for after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Matt. 6 : 31, 32. God, who has seen fit to give us bodies *requiring* attention, cannot surely mean that we are not duly to care for the body, laboring, if need be, for the necessary supply of our bodily wants. What then can be meant? It must be that we are here cautioned against anxious, distrustful care, lest we, or those dependent on us, come to want—not satisfied with "our daily bread,"

our hearts are troubled about the future. Is not God our Shepherd, and ought not that thought to keep us quietly reposing on His love, for He knoweth that we have need of all these things. Who are represented by the Gentiles? Those who have no knowledge of or love for the covenant God. How privileged are His children to be thus assured that they may leave all to their heavenly Father—surely, if we are willing to trust our souls to His mercy and love, we need have no fear for our bodies. And of how little avail is the rising up early and late, taking rest, if God gives not His blessing. Let us seek first and supremely the kingdom of God, and other things will have their right place.

"One by one, thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade, as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again."

"To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Rom. 8 : 6. The carnal mind is ours by nature—we are born in sin, carnal thoughts, desires and feelings, are *sin*. Because it is natural to us to have carnal minds, it is no less sin, for God has graciously promised to pour out His spirit upon us, that old things may pass away. There will be a struggle, but if we put ourselves on the Lord's side, striving to do His will, we may take courage, "for He that is for us is stronger than all that be against us." The conflict will last with life on earth, and then through Him who conquered death *we shall* be conquerors, and have in all its fullness of perfection and eternal duration, life and peace.

"Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine!
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine!" R.

Dead.

Fold the coarse shroud on her bosom,
Lift her with jesting and mirth,
Take the worn ring from her finger—
Little the bauble is worth.

Tangle her curls—but no matter,
Push them all roughly away,
Back from her passionless forehead,
'Tis but a Magdalen's clay.

Who will come forth to behold her?
No one—so on with the lid;
Press the face downward and firmer—
It looks as her poor mother's did.

Just such faint lines on the temples,
Just so deep sunken the eyes;
Rot their remembrance forever,
Living by craft and by lies.

Lay her away from the sunlight—
Why should it rest on her face?
Put her pine box in the shadow,
Burdened with sin and disgrace.

Nameless the coffin—no matter,
Sleepeth she well enough so—
Dig her a hole in the corner,
Where the rank thistle-weeds grow.

Stop! I bethink me a moment—
Pshaw! those are womanish tears;
I have a fair little daughter—
Lilly, of tenderest years.

What if—oh! horror to think it—
Gently men, gently, behold,
Out on the rough side left hanging
One shining ringlet of gold.

Hush, men, the mirth is untimely,
Carefully bear her and slow—
Though a poor victim of sorrow,
She was a woman, you know.

Hush men, this mirth is untimely;
Cease your rude laughter and din;
Though full of frailty, remember,
Man is to blame for her sin.

Lay her in silence to slumber,
Evenly cover her bed;
For the sake of my one little daughter,
I will be kind to the dead.

"Who learns and learns, but acts not
What he knows,
Is one who plows and plows,
But never sows."

From the Union and Advertiser.

Robert Ralston.

"What I kept too carefully is gone; what I gave wisely, I've kept." So said a genial, generous man, who by hard toil, and generous encouragement of like-minded men, had gathered a competence, and made princely gifts from it where he saw occasion. On the day he made this utterance he had suffered a heavy loss by fire, coming close on the heels of the noble gift of a house and lot to a worthy object.

"What he had given was *there*, and a joy to him; what he had kept—was ashes." He has had, ever since, all he needed of this world's successes.

Let us change the scene to the counting room of a noble and princely merchant, and devout Christian—whose name was another word for commercial wisdom and integrity and generous sympathy and public spirit—ROBERT RALSTON, of Philadelphia.

A gentleman engaged in an approved work of humanity and mercy, has just been laying before him the work he is engaged in and its wants. A few days before the mails have brought him the tidings of wreck and loss to one of his ships. He sits down and writes his check for \$500, and hands it to the gentleman. The mails come in from the Post office.—The first letter tells when and where a second ship has just been lost. He asks back the \$500 check, and writes a new one. It is for \$1,000. The applicant expresses his astonishment. "This is too much, sir, after such heavy losses." "No, it's all right, sir. If God is taking away my property so fast, I must give the faster."

This is not romance, but reality, and the reality of many lives lived now every day; of men armed with every part of a good soldier's armor, but *discarding the trumpet* which proclaims more selfish men's interested and faithless bounty; and therefore little known by the world. x.

While a man lives he must not despair of God's mercy; for there is no tree so distorted that human art cannot make it straight again—so, there is no person in the world, whose sins are so grievous that God cannot adorn him with grace and virtues.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:

I suppose there are few mothers to be found for many generations past, who have not felt, however wise old batchelors, or wiser maiden ladies, might speak with contempt of "Mother Goose and her Melodies," it was a treasury of nonsense that was invaluable in the nursery; calming the restless, quieting the turbulent, and restoring the irritated to good humor. But I fear few have realized the stories of wisdom and morality it contained. A friend has kindly loaned me a copy of "Mother Goose for Grown Folks." As I think you and many of your readers will be glad to be introduced to the volume, I enclose you an extract.

The author, in the introduction, speaking of the "venerable dame," says:

"Toss-balls for children hath she kindly rolled,
That shining jewels secretly unfold."

SOLOMON GRUNDY.

Solomon Grundy,	Worse on Friday,
Born on Monday,	Dead on Saturday,
Christened on Tuesday,	Buried on Sunday:
Married on Wednesday,	This was the end
Sick on Thursday,	Of Solomon Grundy.

So sings the unpretentious muse,
That guides the quill of Mother Goose;
And in one week of mortal strife,
Presents the epitoms of life.

But down sits Billy Shakspeare next,
And coolly taking up the text;
His thought pursues the trail of mine,
And low the "Seven Ages" shine;
O, world! O, critics! can't you see
How Shakspeare plagiarizes me?

And other bards will after come
To echo in a later age;
He lived—he died! behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page;
Yet once for all the thing was done,
Complete in Grundy's pilgrimage.

For not a child upon the knee,
But hath the moral learned of me,
And measured in a seven-days span
The whole experience of man. C.

Only through humility, can man attain the knowledge of God: the path upward, begins downward.

A Lesson from the Crane.

Let us be merciful, and imitate the cranes, who, when they set off for their appointed place, fly up to some lofty eminence, in order that they may take a view of the lands over which they are going to pass. The leader of the band goes before them, chastises those that fly too slowly, and keeps together the troop by his cry. As soon as he becomes hoarse, another takes his place; and all have the same care for those that are weary: so that if any one is unable to fly, the rest gather together and bear him up till he recovers his strength. Nor do they take less care of each other when they are on the ground. They divide the night into watches, so that there may be a diligent care over all. Those that watch, hold a weight in one of their claws, so that if they happen to sleep, it falls on the ground and makes a noise, and thus convicts them. Let us, therefore, be merciful as the cranes; that, placing ourselves on a lofty watch-tower in this life, we may look out both for ourselves and others—may lead those that are ignorant of the way, and may, by our exhortations, stimulate the slothful and negligent. Let us carry the weak and infirm, that they faint not in the way. In the watches of the night, let us keep vigil to the Lord by prayer and contemplation. *Early Witnesses.*

Childish Wisdom.

BY JAMES W. WARD.

"The Earth hath He given to the children of men."

'Twas the hour of prayer, and the farmer stood,
With a thankful heart, and a lowly mind,
And prayed to the Author of every good,
That the Father of all would be very kind,
And bless his creatures with raiment and food;
That the blessing each day might be renewed,
That every want might find relief,
And plenty for hunger, joy or grief,
Be measured out, by the merciful One,
To all who suffered beneath the sun.

The prayer concluded, the godly man
Went forth in peace to inspect his farm;
And by his side delighted ran,
Glowing with every healthful charm,
His little son, a sprightly boy,
Whose home was love, and whose life was joy;
And they rambled over the golden fields,
And the father said, "The harvest yields
A plentiful crop, my son, this year,
My barns are too small for the grain I fear."

And they wandered on through row upon row
Of plumpy sheaves, and at length the child,
With earnest look and a rosy glow

On his shining cheek, looked up and smiled,
And said, "My father, do you not pray
For the poor and needy, day by day,
That God, the good, would the hungry feed?"
"I do, my son." "Well, I think, as you plead"—
His eye waxed bright, for his soul shone thro' it
"That God, if he had your wheat, would do it."

Hassan, the Wise.

Hassan Ben Omar threw himself prostrate upon the ground, outside of the walls of Bassora, and tore his hair with rage. In three years of riot and luxury he had dissipated the wealth which he had inherited from Good Omar, his father. His house, his vineyard, his olive yards, were all gone; and now he would be compelled to seek employment as a camel-driver, or beg of those who had feasted sumptuously on his extravagance. He cursed his unhappy fate, reproached Allah, blasphemed the Prophet, charged his friends with ingratitude, and called loudly upon death to release him from his misery. His old servants approached and tried to comfort him; but he drove them away with abuse and blows, and dashed himself again upon the earth. For a long time he lay moaning and weeping; at length a voice sounded in his ears:

"Listen, Hassan Ben Omar! Allah intends thee good."

Hassan raised his head, and his eyes rested upon a venerable dervish, who was calmly contemplating his grief.

"Begone, old man!" he cried, "if thou canst not work a miracle for my relief."

"Listen," replied the dervish; "the Prophet has sent me to serve thee. What wouldst thou have?"

"Give me my possessions again—my vineyards, my fields, and my gold."

"And what would it avail thee," said the old man, "if I were to do this? When they were thine, thou hadst not the wisdom to keep them; in three years thou wouldst be as wretched as now. But attend, Hassan Ben Omar! Reform thy life, govern thy passions, moderate thy desires, hate thy wine-cup, labour for thy bread, eat only when thou art hungry, and sleep when thou art weary. Do these things for one year, and thou shall be monarch of a mighty kingdom."

A mist darkened the eyes of Hassan,

When it was gone, behold, the dervish was nowhere to be seen. Hassan invoked the aid of Allah, and rose from the ground with a light heart. He joined a caravan, which set forth for the desert the next day. He began to rise early, and to labor with diligence. A cup of water and a few dates formed his simple meal; and at night, he lay down by the side of his camels, and enjoyed sweeter repose than he had ever known before. If his anger was excited, or if he was tempted to give the rein to any passion, the form of the dervish seemed to rise before him, with a mild rebuke upon his lips, and his heart was calmed. Thus for a year he lived a frugal and patient life—following to the letter the exhortations of the dervish. At the end of the time, he was again at the same place, before the walls of Bassora. He fell prostrate upon the earth and cried: "Now, Allah, fulfil the promise!"

Suddenly he heard the same voice as before:

"Hessan Ben Omar, thou hast done well, and thy reward is with thee. Behold, thy kingdom is *thyself*! I have taught thee to rule it. Be wise and happy."

Hassan looked in vain for the speaker—no one was near. He pondered deeply upon these things, and finally resolved to continue as he had begun.

Thus he lived many years, gradually becoming more prosperous, but firmly retaining his frugal and industrious habits, until he became richer than the Good Omar, his father, and all men called him Hassan, the Wise.

Welsh Sayings.

Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of a butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well water in thirst, and a grey coat in cold.

Three things as good as their betters—dirty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wood sword to a coward.

Three miseries of a man's home—A smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

Three things seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of a devil.

Three warnings from the grave—thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am, remember what thou art to be.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1866.

To whom shall we extend Beneficence?

Shall we look for a fuller or more explicit answer to this question, than the one given us in these words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Galatians, (6 : 10) : "As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto *all* men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." From this one simple text, are we not taught that the motive which should influence us in the bestowal of our charities should not be the worthiness or the unworthiness—the gratitude or the ingratitude of the object, but that we should be lead by a simple, earnest purpose to "do good" to others as we "have opportunity?" Not indiscriminately, it is true, in one sense—for in this same text we are instructed to whom we are to render our first service—to whom it is right for us to show a preference, and to this precept of such universal application is added the injunction, "ESPECIALLY, TO THEM WHO ARE OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH." It is obvious why the claims of these upon us should be a special claim, bound to us as they are by the highest, and holiest ties—one faith—one Lord—one baptism—one eternal hope—and aside from this strong tie, there is within us an instinctive sense of the justice of the claims of the worthy and upright over those we know to be vicious and undeserving. Still while admitting the paramount claims of these, we must not forget the injunction to "do good to *all*." But the precept here given had before found its highest exemplification in the life and death of our Lord. His whole mission was one of mercy and of love. His life was spent, in administering to the woes and wants of others—and in healing every disease, and every sickness, and every sorrow. No matter how vile—how loathsome were those

that were brought to Him—or how ungrateful or ill-deserving—over all was extended the hand of Divine Beneficence. Then, when all His work was done, this beautiful life, whose every breath had been a deed or a prayer of love, was to be offered up a sacrifice for sin—"the just for the unjust." He not only came to seek the lost—but to die to save the lost. Let us, in our deeds of beneficence, follow the example and precepts of our Lord! We have been led to these reflections from the number of that unfortunate class of women who, during the last few months, have sought an asylum with us. Deserted, betrayed, sick and friendless—pursued and overwhelmed with the fearful consequences of their sin—covered with lasting shame, they have come to us, and we have opened unto them the doors of our Hospital. We have been questioned seriously for this. It has been argued, that by opening our doors to such, we were encouraging them in their sin—and that others, encouraged by the precedent, will have less dread of making the fatal misstep than if there were no place provided for them at the time of their extremity but the County House, and that in reality our intended kindness is an injury rather than benefit. Besides, it is urged, "the poor-house is good enough for such—better than they deserve—and all that they should expect." This may be so, but who of us would like to have simple justice without mercy meted out to us? And then, in reply to the seeming objections to our course—Can it in the first place be proved, or even for a moment supposed, that one such poor girl has been the more willing to incur the consequences of her fall from the consideration of the care and attention she might hope to receive? What a feather is this little alleviation of her physical suffering which we may be able to give, to the blasted name—the infamy—the life-long disgrace—from which nothing can save her? And yet she risks all these—yea,

even the hope of heaven itself. The cause of her ruin lies deeper, and beyond all our power to move. It is the same old story the world over—of misplaced trust and affection—of weakness and folly—and the want of proper guidance and protection. We have nothing to do with the *cause* of the sin, nor yet with its *punishment*—but the privilege of alleviating the miseries which this and all other sin brings with it, is ours. Those who have sought refuge with us—as is usual with institutions like ours—are not the hardened in their career of shame. With many, if not quite all, it is their first misstep, and those who, as in one most touching case we might mention, have, in extreme youth, been cruelly exposed to the powers of evil—or they are those so weak, so feeble in mind and character, as to appeal to our compassion rather than our censure, and who we can but feel have been far "more sinned against than sinning." The position which our Hospital has taken towards this unfortunate class, we can but believe, is the true one, and that by its course it is improving one of its opportunities of doing good. A little kindness now—a little safe counsel and direction—may save them from the career of vice which now opens before them, and into which, unaided, unwarned, they must almost inevitably sink. And who are we who sit in cold, harsh judgment upon this class? If we are, as perhaps we may flatter ourselves, so much stronger and purer than they—who, let us ask, has made us to differ? Again—are we, after all, so sure that, unshielded as they were—and placed under circumstances to us equally tempting—that we would have done so much better than they? From the little knowledge that we may gather of our own hearts, can we discover no weaknesses—no liabilities to err—that we should boast? He who was infinite purity—infinite wisdom—was infinite, too, in compassion—"touched with a feeling of our infirmities." His disciples, it is true, with their weaker,

colder hearts, and narrower, blinded visions, marvelled that He talked with the sinning women of Samaria, and the proud Pharisees curled their lips in scorn at Him and at His mission, because He ate with publicans and sinners. But what was His declaration! "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Our Hospital is the offspring of the oldest and most venerable of our city benevolent organizations—The Charitable Society—and in considering the question, to whom shall we extend beneficence, let us follow closely her example, believing that in so doing we are following also the footsteps of our Lord. Its mission has been to administer to the needy sick wherever they may be found—searching them out in every ward, and street, and tenement of our city—unquestioning as to the character or worthiness of the objects, but simply of their actual need and suffering. So let it be with us. Let us receive all the sick who may come to us, of whatever name or class, and by relieving their sufferings, and administering to the diseases and infirmities of their bodies, let us hope, with God's help, to be able to do good to their souls also. There is no way by which we may hope so surely to reach the hearts of the erring, as through *kindness*. Let this be our weapon!

Eggs, Butter and Beans!

They came, as we knew they would. A friend from Brighton, paid us a visit one morning, bringing with him a nice roll of butter, a half bushel of beans, and four dozen of eggs. He remarked, as he emptied his store, "I see from your little paper that you are in need of these articles"—so we may thank our "little paper" for them. Nor was this our only response. A lady in Avon, noticing our appeal, sent us some eggs; and "little Montie," who is sure to remember us in some pleasant way,

every month, brought us some beans. But we find ourselves writing about those eggs, and beans, and that butter, as of the things that are, forgetting that they are already of the *past*, and of the things that *were*. They were greeted with gladness and thanksgiving in our Hospital; but, alas, how brief their stay! To-day, not a bean—not an egg remains—and we may search in vain throughout the length and breadth of our Hospital for a globule of that golden butter! They have all now become a dream of the *past*. But it is vain for us to waste our strength in useless regrets. Let us rather, from these bright memories of departed joys, take a hopeful view of the future. Who can tell but we may have some more eggs and butter and beans sent us? Let us not despond—but wait patiently and see!

"Little Daisy—A Dress and Stockings."

Who is little Daisy? We cannot tell. All that we know is just this simple record which we find this month in our list of Donations—"Little Daisy, a dress and stockings." We do not even know for whom the dress and the stockings were intended, but we can guess that they were for one of those dear babies at our Hospital, of whom Daisy has doubtless heard or read, and towards whom her little heart has gone out in this deed of love.

Spring has come, and in our gardens and along our walks the pretty daisies, pink and white, are beginning to come out, but we are thinking—not of these spring daisies, but of a dearer, sweeter little Daisy—where she blooms, we cannot tell—but wherever that spot may be,—softly there may the sunbeams and the shadows fall, and tenderly good angels watch!

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

More Apples.

We are gratified to be able to acknowledge the receipt of "more apples" this month, and the more so, from the fact that the season for apples is decidedly on the wane, and that good and fresh ones are so scarce and high. The enjoyment, however, of our patients for this fruit, does not diminish with the diminishing stores—on the contrary, as the spring lassitude and loss of appetite comes on, the cry for apples was never so loud. "What shall I bring you?" we heard a manager ask one of our sufferers a few days since. "O, nothing," was the reply. "I have those apples you sent me, and they are so good. They are all I want!" Now, we confess that apples are not all we want. We could name over several things, if we chose, which would be very acceptable just now in our Hospital, but, kind friends, we do appreciate those apples you brought us, and we hope you are convinced of it.

We are indebted to the "Rochester Democrat," for the following kind notice of our little paper :

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.—This is a neat little monthly, published under the auspices of a committee of ladies who are interested in the prosperity of the Rochester City Hospital. The terms of subscription are fifty cents a year, payable in advance. The "Review" is made up of well written original matter and careful selections, and deserves a liberal support, both on account of its intrinsic merit, and the results which it labors to accomplish.

List of our Little Agents.

LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
MARY PERKINS, "
FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester.
FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
S. HALL, Henrietta,
JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
CARRIE NEFF, "
H. F. VICKERY, "
BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
LIBBIE RENFREW, "
ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
MARY WATSON, Rochester.
JULIA A. DAVIS, "
NELLIE COLLINS, "

A grateful and much respected inmate sends us the following :

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, }
March 8, 1866. }

DEAR REVIEW: I came to this Hospital about four weeks ago. During the time I have spent here, I have shared in common with others the hospitalities of the place; and what a cleanly, comfortable place it is! When I first came here, I felt thankful to God, and grateful to those, who, under the influence of Christian sympathy and benevolence, have provided so pleasant an abode for the sick and suffering. Here the homeless stranger, and foreigner—the soldier who has perilled his life for his country—the poor, the halt, and the blind, find a refuge, and find friends always ready to administer to their wants, and bestow kindness and sympathy. Much credit is due to the Managers, Physicians, Superintendent, Matron, and Nurses connected with the Hospital. They all have reason to rejoice in the good they are accomplishing. May the blessing of God attend them in this life, and in the life which is to come may they all receive a rich reward for all their kindness to the unfortunate and the suffering.

It seems to me that could the Farmers, the Farmers' Wives, Sons and Daughters, of Monroe County, witness the suffering in this Hospital, and see what is done by those who have provided such a comfortable place for the sick, it would be next to impossible for them to withhold a few of the many blessings and luxuries they richly enjoy. We will name some of the articles much needed here. Butter, cheese, eggs, apples, potatoes, turnips, beets, cabbage, onions, dried fruit, canned fruit, jellies, &c. A few beans would not be refused.

To the Grocers, we would say, sugar, tea, coffee, fish and salt, are all used in this Institution.

Remember, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Rest assured, the Lord is a good paymaster. How easy a matter for Him to

add a few kernels of wheat or corn to each ear of the harvest; in short, to increase the products of the farm to such an extent that you will rejoice in the abundance of your returns.

"The Lord loveth the cheerful giver."
 "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Will you *bless yourselves*, and *bless others*, by imparting to the suffering and the distressed? Do *something* to encourage those who are doing so *much* for the inmates of this Hospital. D. W.

Correspondence.

We are gratified to hear again so substantially from our friend, P. W., who has so often shown her interest in the Hospital by her works. We are glad to see that if some discontinue, she obtains new names to keep good the number of the subscribers. She writes as follows:

SCOTTSBURG, Liv. Co.

Enclosed please find \$3.50 for seven copies of the "Hospital Review." Three, whose time expired last month, have not subscribed for another year. Yours, respectfully, P. W.

We were also glad to hear from Miss R., who obtained several subscribers last year. We hope she will remember us in the same way again.

YORK, April 10th, 1866.

Pardon me for not sending the money for my "Hospital Review" ere this. I thought I would not take it this year, but have concluded it will be for the best. Very truly, H. A. R.

Miss Linda, we see by our list, is "not weary" in her work. It is very easy to *begin*, but to the *faithful, persevering* laborer, the reward is promised, "In due season, we shall reap, if we faint not."

Miss B., of Scottsville, also sends a remittance—not the first one either. We trust we shall hear from her again. We have known of the Scottsville people—that they are ready for every good word and work.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM MAR. 15th, TO APRIL 15th 1866.

- Mrs. Danforth—One barrel of Apples.
- Ladies' Aid Society, by Mrs. George Gould—A package of Shirts and other articles.
- Louis Bauer—Half barrel Ale.
- Jacob Howe & Son—A box of Soda Crackers.
- Mrs. Backus, Geneseo—A keg of Pickles.
- A Friend—A jar of Jelly.
- E. S. Hayward, Brighton—Half bushel Beans, four dozen Eggs, a roll of nice butter.
- Montie Rochester—Three quarts Beans.
- Mrs. E. N. Buell—One bowl of Currant Jelly, one do. Raspberry Jam, one do. Apple Jelly, cup of Grape Jam, and Oranges. Also, roll of old Cotton.
- A Friend—A basket of Apples.
- A Friend, by Mrs. Mathews—A package of Children's Clothing.
- Little Daisy—Dress and Stockings.
- Mrs. Talman—A package of Infant's Clothing.
- Mrs. W. W. Carr—A jar of Plums.
- Mrs. J. L. Fish—A jar of Jelly.
- Mrs. Burns—Soap.
- Mrs. Homer Sackett, Avon—Two dozen Eggs.
- Mrs. Rochester—A pail of Soup for the sick.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM MARCH 15th TO APRIL 15th.

Mrs. Ambrose Cox, Scottsville—By Mrs. Strang.....	\$ 50
Mrs. Calvin Waite, Mrs. George W. Fisher, Mrs. J. A. Eastman—By Linda Bronson, Mrs. T. B. Yale, 2 years; Miss E. Hanford, Mrs. E. S. Gilbert, Mrs. E. S. Hayward—By Mrs. Arner,	1 50
Mrs. Abner Bushman, Mendon Centre—By Mrs. Moore,	50
Miss Azalia E. Green—By James Peet, ... Mrs. Maria Cook, Fairport; Mr. Parker, Somerset; Mr. Wooster, Pittsford—By Mr. Van Zandt,	1 50
Mrs. C. R. St. John, Prattsburgh; Miss M. A. Root, York; Miss J. A. Williams, Fairport; Mrs. Dr. Lewis; Mrs. E. T. Throop Martin, Auburn; Mrs. R. M. Winans, Brooklyn—By Mrs. Perkins,	3 00
Mrs. Joseph Frost—By Mrs. Strong, Mrs. J. Weeks, Mrs. J. Croft, Scottsville—By Miss Blackburn,	1 00
Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Smith—By Mrs. Woodard, Mrs. John Shepard, Mrs. Stephen Clark, Mrs. Ada Traxler, Mrs. Ruth Dann, Mrs. J. S. May, Miss Louisa Clark, Scotts- burgh; Miss Kate O. Keilday, Dans- ville—By Phebe Whitman,	3 50
Henry Smith, Esq., New York—By E. M. Smith, Esq.,	50
Henry R. Smith, New Carthage, La.; Mrs. Woodward; John Anderson, Adams Bas- in; George C. Maurer; Advertisement —By Mrs. Mathews,	7 00
Printing Election Notice,	20 00

Cash Receipts for March, 1866.

From Patients,	\$143 50
DONATION—From Little Monte Rochester,	40

Superintendent's Report for March.

1866. Mar. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital,	46
Received during the month,	26—66
Discharged " " "	20

1866. April 1. Remaining in Hospital,	46
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Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Little Spot.

DEAR CHILDREN.—Promises to children should not be broken by Mothers or Aunties, without very good reason, we think, and so we must tell you, as we promised, about our little dog. One bright, sunny morning, a young friend came to the door with a little covered basket. He said he had brought us a present, handing us the basket. On opening it, we found such a pretty little white dog, all cuddled up so nicely, with a little blue ribbon around his neck, with a card attached, upon which was written "Philepene." He was almost too cunning in his little nest to be disturbed. Of course we were very much pleased with him, for our other dog, Tweezer, was very old, and had grown so very nervous, (I believe that is the term applied to peevish, fretful people, and so I suppose it applied to him,) that he was an annoyance to our friends who visited us, and we felt that we should be obliged to part with him, though he had guarded our house faithfully for many years. But the new dog must have a name. He had some black marks upon him, so we were not very long in deciding that he should be called "Spot." He, like other little dogs, frolicked about, full of glee, wagging his tail, and expressing great joy, seemingly not regretting leaving his mother, little Daisy, and the family who had so kindly cared for him. He became a great pet with us all, and enjoyed riding or walking about with his master, as much as any dog could. He would sit up so nicely upon the seat when he rode, that he attracted much attention. He had a great deal of manner,

was exceedingly dignified as he grew older, paying much attention to what his master taught him. In fact, he was more obedient than many little children that we have known, and seemed to understand language quite as well as many who do not bear the name of dogs. "Spot" did not always enjoy his bath, but was as much improved by it as boys and girls are; for being white, he always looked badly when not clean. The last time he was washed, he looked unusually nice and clean, and his master being obliged to go to the east side of the city, on business, "Spot" thought he must go too, and so he jogged along, little thinking that he should never see his home again—but so it was. While his master was attending to his business, some person was so much pleased with his appearance, that, forgetting the tenth commandment, "Thou shalt not covet"—"anything that is thy neighbor's;" broke the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal"—thus depriving us of our little "Spot." We made great search for him, and spent not a little time and money to find him, but in vain. We were very glad our children were not little ones; they would have grieved so much for him. We all hoped that he would be treated kindly; but only heard that a boatman had him in a grocery in a neighboring town—gave him something to eat—and took a string to tie him up, so he would not run away from the boat when stopping at different stations.

Now, children, we had hoped to have told you something of another little dog, but fear we shall tire you, and so will only say, good-bye for the present. AUNT.

A Little Child's Prayer.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Suffer me to come Thee.
 Fain I would to Thee be brought,
 Gracious God, forbid it not—
 In the Kingdom of Thy Son
 Give a little child a place.

Little Acts of Love.

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below,
But little acts of kindness
Which any child may show.

A merry sound to cheer the babe
And tell a friend is near;
A word of ready sympathy,
To dry the childish tear.

A glass of water timely brought;
An offered easy-chair;
A turning of the window blind,
That all may feel the air.

An early flower, unask'd, bestowed;
A light and cautious tread;
A voice to gentlest whisper hush'd,
To spare the ailing head.

Oh, deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose;
As fragrant perfume on the air,
Reveals the hidden rose!

Our heavenly Father loves to see
These precious fruits of love;
And if we truly serve him here,
We'll dwell with him above.

The Grandmother's Story.

"Grandma, can't you tell me a story," said Alfred. "Eddie Norris says his grandmother tells him and the other children such lots of stories, and such awful ones, too, about ghosts and witches, and such things. These are the kind of stories I like to hear."

"Oh, yes, grandmother, do tell us a story," added Alfred's brother, and seeing by the old lady's indulgent smile that she was about to comply with their wishes, they both seated themselves close to her, looking up in her face.

"Well," commenced their grandmother, "I can tell you a story which may frighten you to as good a purpose as any of your ghosts or witches, and, perhaps, may be more useful. Once upon a time, and not very long ago either, there lived a man named Mr. Ulric, who had a fine farm, a neat and pretty dwelling house, very comfortably furnished, and what was best of all, an amiable wife and four interesting children. They were not what is usually called rich, but they had everything that was really necessary to make them comfortable and happy, and they wished for nothing more.

Now, for a number of years, there had been in that neighborhood a huge and ferocious wolf, who had destroyed a great

deal of property, and killed several persons, but was so cunning as to avoid being caught and killed himself. One day as Mr. Ulric sat in his house, who should come walking in but this wolf. I suppose you think the first thing he did was to fly fiercely at the man or some of his family, but such was not the case. The wolf walked in quietly, wagged his tail, rubbed his head against Mr. Ulric's feet, and in a pleasant voice, (for he could talk when he chose,) thus spoke:

"My dear sir, I know that I have a very ill name among people in general, but those who are really acquainted with my character, will give a very different account of me. Like most other beasts—and human beings likewise—the way in which I treat others depends entirely upon the way in which they treat me, and I am quite as earnest a friend as an enemy. I have taken a particular liking to you, Mr. Ulric, and I should like to settle down into your family to a quiet, domestic life. If you will take me into your house, and treat me as a friend, you will find me quite as useful, attached and faithful as my cousin, the dog, can be."

Mr. Ulric listened willingly to all this, patted the wolf's head, and informed him that he should live in his house as long as he chose. When Mrs. Ulric discovered this new member of the family, she was much alarmed, and begged that he might be turned out of doors at once, but her husband insisted that there was no danger in a wolf, if it was properly managed, and he was one of those who knew exactly how to manage such an animal.

The wolf, when he first came, promised to live upon the scraps which were left from the table; but it was soon discovered that he was devouring his master's sheep every night. Yet, when Mr. Ulric was told this, he absolutely refused to believe it, and said the people were only prejudiced against his poor pet. So the wolf grew bolder and bolder in his operations, and being one of the most voracious animals that ever was seen, it was not long before he had devoured all the sheep, hogs, calves and poultry about the farm, besides wantonly trampling down the fields of grain when he was ranging about. In short, this destructive animal in the space of one year, proved the ruin of his keeper, and Mr. Ulric's family were obliged to remove from their comfortable home into a

poor little hut, which was furnished in a poor and scanty manner. But what will seem more astonishing is, that Mr. Ulric insisted upon taking with them, to their new dwelling place, the beast who was the cause of their poverty and distress.

And now the wolf, to satisfy his own appetite, took the greatest part of the food which the family were able to procure, and often snatched from the lips of the poor children the scanty portion which they were about to eat. The only person who saw, without any pity, the miserable condition of the family, seemed to be Ulric himself, for he became furious when any one urged him to part with his favorite wolf, without whose company he said he would not wish to live. At length, one evening, the wolf, in a fierce and authoritative tone thus exclaimed to Mr. Ulric:

"You must turn this woman and her children out of doors, for you cannot support them and me."

Something in the words seemed to madden the unhappy man to whom they were spoken and with all the behavior of a lunatic, he proceeded to drive his family out of doors, though it was the middle of winter and they were scantily clothed. The poor woman and children were badly frost-bitten, and almost frozen to death by the time they reached a neighbor's house, where they were allowed to take shelter. And now the wolf, left alone with Ulric, demanded that he should give him food.

"I have none, not even for myself," was the reply.

Glaring at him with flaming eyes, the wolf howled out, "whether you are fed or not, I must be," and then he remorselessly spang upon the wretched man who had sacrificed everything for his sake. For some time dreadful cries and yells were heard proceeding from the lonely hut, and when at length some of the neighbors got courage to enter, they found Ulric lying dead upon the floor, with the wolf's paw upon his throat.

Here the grandmother concluded her story, during which Alfred and his brother huddled as close up to her as possible, sometimes looking nervously over their shoulders to see whether some monster were not stealing in to make them his prey.

"That was awful," said Alfred, "but of course it was not true."

"Indeed it is, though," said his grandmother. "It has happened a great many

times, and is now happening every day. The name of the wolf that men allow to ruin their fortunes, and take away their feeling for their own families, and which pays them at last by destroying their wretched lives, is *INTEMPERANCE*, or the love of drinking. Who that knows all this, and has his proper senses, would not wish to keep that wolf from his door?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Some Jingles for the Little Folks.

Thomas Hood, the younger, has published in London a new set of "Jingles and Jokes for Little Folks," from which the following is a specimen:

PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

Our old cat has kittens three :
 What do you think their names should be ?
 ' One is a tabby with emerald eyes,
 And a tail that's long and slender ;
 But into a temper she quickly flies,
 If you ever by chance offend her.
 I think we shall call her this—
 I think we shall call her that ;
 Now, don't you fancy "Pepperpot"
 A nice name for a cat ?

One is black, with a frill of white,
 And her feet are all white fur, too ;
 If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,
 And quickly begins to purr, too.
 I think we shall call her this—
 I think we shall call her that ;
 Now, don't you fancy "Sootikin"
 A nice name for a cat ?

One is a tortoise-shell, yellow and black,
 With a lot of white about him ;
 If you tease him, at once he sets up his back ;
 He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him !
 I think we shall call him this—
 I think we shall him that ;
 Now, don't you fancy "Scratchaway"
 A nice name for a cat ?

Our old cat has kittens three,
 And I fancy these their names will be :
 "Pepper-pot"—"Sootikin"—"Scratchaway"—There !
 Were there ever kittens with these to compare ?
 And we call the old mother—now what do you think ?
 "Tabitha Longclaws Tidleywink !"

"Mother," said little Ned, one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason ; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Evening Post.

What Fitz-Hugh Ludlow says of San Francisco.

Since I wrote you I have become very much attached to San Francisco. It is the only New York out of New York that I ever saw. Its commercial future is unmistakable—it will be the New York of the Pacific border. Its climate is the most wonderful thing I ever imagined. It comes as near perfection as we shall ever find climate in the present life. I don't know whether everybody in the East is as ignorant as I was, but most of them must have been while I was at home, or I should not have been taken so completely by surprise when I reached here, though never having heard what the climate of San Francisco was like. There are no seasons here—there is nothing "but all the year round," or the multiplication of that summing up, "year in and year out." Winter differs from summer only in being a little warmer, far balmy and freer from high winds and dense fogs. Snow is absolutely unknown here. San Francisco is in about the latitude of Richmond, yet it never has the sweltering heat or the raw blasts of that rebellious capital. There is a high toned equanimity about the weather here that strikes you like the easy and unforced, yet dignified and fascinating manner of a perfect gentleman who has moved all his life in the best society. "Nasty days" are unknown to the San Francisco almanac. You are never driven to form part of that frenzied *queue* which flies dry-tongued to the rushing soda-fountain; you never stand gossiping on a narrow island of a house-shadow, mopping your neck and forehead with a handkerchief, gasping as you read the latest bulletin of sun-strokes, or watching the dread thermometrical up-grade to see

"The herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven- (?) kissing hill."

numbered 105° in the direction of boiling point.

Nor, in San Francisco, do you for days together go slopping about the bedraggled streets in caoutchouc yawl-boats under that *baldaichino* of mourning-cambric rafted with whale-splinters and known as an umbrella. It rains here, but it also stops in decent season—before reminiscences of

Niobe and Noah have driven you to a melancholy which grimly contemplates its own extinction in some metropolitan mud-hole, as the only refuge of fortitude with its starch entirely washed out.

There is at times a dense sea-fog which blots out the fine perspective of the Golden Gate, makes Alcatraz as though it were not, hides, in the person of the Presidio and its fort, the preserves of San Francisco from the preserved, blots out Tamilpais and the other fine mountain outlines which frown across the bay, and, together with sand-driving winds which bluster through the misnamed summer of this seasonless land, makes the city a bad place for patients of the phthisical, bronchitic, or rheumatic class. In fact, sufferers from ailments of either of these types cannot venture to stay here two months. But the very worst summer weather here cannot be compared at least for perfectibility of badness, with our eastern autumn rains, our spring storms, or our winter tempests. The absence of all season boundaries and the perpetual occurrence of more or less genial sunshine, breaking through even the dimmest day by high noon or after, make San Francisco, with its environs, the most wonderful fruit country in the world.

Washington and the Colored Sentinel.

At Cambridge, General Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended on for sentries. So, one night, when the pass-word was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel.

"Who go dar?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington. "Friend, advance, unarmed, and gib de countersign," said Pompey. Washington came up and said, "Roxbury." "No, Sar!" was the response. "Medford." "No, Sar!" returned the colored soldier. "Charlestown," said Washington. Pompey immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washeton, no man kin go by here, 'out he say "'Cambridge!"' Washington said, "Cambridge," and went by; and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

Trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

The Woodman's Reply.

No, mum; this 'ere tree
 Can't be no longer spared;
 It aint no odds to me,
 If Muster Brown was squared.
 But Muster Brown sez, "Green,
 You chop that there tree down,
 And what he say he mean,
 Surely do Muster Brown.

I don't possess the ed
 To hargify with you;
 A lady born and bred
 Is safe to speak what's true.
 But put'n case: I takes
 A job from Mr. B.,
 And little 'tis I make
 Out of the likes of he.

Your heart-strings, and all that,
 Round this 'ere tree may cling—
 To contradict you flat
 Would not be quite the thing;
 But if you talk of shade,
 There's other boughs than these,
 And other folks have played,
 Mayhap, round other trees.

It's werry good to feel
 A moistning of the eyes
 For chairs of oak or deal,
 And old straw hats likewise—
 To keep, if you've a mind,
 The things as makes you weep
 I've got no fault to find,
 If they're your own to keep.

But this 'ere old oak tree,
 As you don't want cut down,
 Excuse me, mum, you see,
 Belongs to Muster Brown,
 To him you should apply,
 Though 'taint no use, I think;
 And if you please, mum, I
 Should like your health to drink.

A. Greater than Wellington.

I will close this chapter with a story told of a great sheep farmer—not one of the old "gentleman tenants," verily!—who, though he could neither read nor write, had nevertheless made a large fortune by sheep-farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this department of labor. A purchaser knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one evening over their whiskey-tod-

dy, to remark, "I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!" "Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer, modestly hanging his head with a pleasing smile, and taking a large pinch of snuff. "That is too much—too much by far—by far." But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a glass of toddy, and replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a clever man; very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good soger; but then d'ye see, he had reasonable men to deal with—captains, and majors, and generals, that could understand him, every one of them, both officers and men; but I'm not so sure, after all, if he could manage, say twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst! I doot it—I doot it!—But I have done that!" The inference was evident.—*Reminiscences of a Highland Parish, in Good Words.*

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Fr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,	\$10 00
Three Months,	3 00	One Third Column,	12 00
Six Months,	8 00	Half Column, 1 Year,	15 00
One Year,	5 00	One Column, 1 Year,	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 AND 39 STATE STREET, have just received a lot of

SILK WARP POPLINS,

just the thing for Ladies' Traveling Dresses.
 April, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 and 39 State Street,

HAVE received another large lot of **NEW SILKS**, which they offer to purchasers at **GREAT BARGAINS**. The lot comprises **BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER**, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS,
 at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON, ... \$1. \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OOLONGS, 80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS, 80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL, \$1 and \$1.25
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best, \$1.25
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, .. \$1 and \$1.20 "
GROUND COFFEE, ... 20c., 30c. and 40c. "

All goods sold by this Company are put in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,
April, 1866. 1y 62 Buffalo Street.

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to

83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER, and all kinds of Mason's goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

NEW STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL

SPRING DRY GOODS.

WE are now opening the LARGEST and FINEST STOCK of SPRING GOODS that we have ever offered to our customers. The stock comprises everything new and desirable in the line of DRY GOODS.

We invite every one to call and examine our goods and prices.

A. S. MANN & CO.,
April, 1866. 37 and 39 State St.

CURRAN & GOLER,

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-1y* G. W. GOLER.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
March 15, 1866. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium

Sewing Machine,

With new Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,
54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,
March 15, 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1828.]

Jan. 1865. 1f

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866. 1y

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms.

Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

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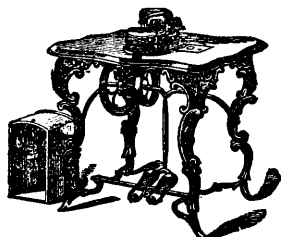
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1866.

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Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

At Rest.

Sing, blue-bird, in your leafy cradle,
Sing blithely on the swinging willow bough,
She sleeps beneath, in all her bright young beauty;
It cannot wake her now.

What matters it to her, how fair and fragrant
The June day breaks, and glows, and fades away?
She's gone within the vale where June's celestial
Wake every day.

She sleeps, and still the days go on and brighten,
May's green robe has its fringe of daisies white;
The birds sing low in all the rustling branches,
From morn till night.

The lily cups should fill with tears, each chalice,
And stand this June with lowly drooping head,
Because she lies asleep and will not waken
Up from the dead.

[lies,
Her small white hands were clasping snowy lil-
White lillies nestled on her pulseless breast
And she, the fairest, purest lily, taketh
Unbroken rest.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"And when they were come to a place called Calvary, there they crucified him." Luke 23: 33.

'Immanuel God with us.' He who had so often foiled his wicked enemies—causing Himself to be conveyed out of their sight in a miraculous way—*now*, because His time was come, suffers Himself to be lead to the place of execution, and treated with many indignities—lead as a spotless Lamb to the slaughter. What can be said to add to the simple impressiveness of this verse? Henceforth, may we dwell much on Calvary.

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law are justified." Rom. 2: 13.

How many "hearers of the law," that from Sunday to Sunday, are found in the temple, even men tell us are *not just*? It needs not God's eye to detect their failures. But there is another class that appear unto men to be doers of the law, that will not stand justified in His sight who weighs our thoughts and motives. "By the law no man can be justified," and while there is a constant desire and prayer to be a doer of the law, Christ must be the only ground of hope; Christ believed on in the heart: manifested in the life; Christ our daily example—by grace walking in His most Holy steps.

R.

CICERIUS OF ARIES.
A. D. 470-542.

The Excellence of Love.

Let him who knows it not taste and see. Hear what the Apostle declares: "God is love." Let him that knows it not, hear what the Psalmist says, (34: 9): "Taste and see how gracious the Lord is." Thus God is love. He who hath love, God dwells in him and he in God. If thou hast love, thou hast God; and if thou hast God what can'st thou lack? Dost thou, indeed, believe that he is rich whose chest is full of gold, and he not rich whose soul is full of God? But it is not so. He alone is rich in whom God has graciously vouchsafed to dwell. How can the meaning of the Holy Scriptures remain hidden from thee, if Love, that is God Himself, inspires thee? What good works wilt thou not be able to accomplish if thou carriest in thy heart the spring of all good works? What adversaries wilt thou fear, if thou art honored to have God the Lord within thee? As long as the root in thy soul is not changed, thou can'st not bring forth good fruit; in vain dost thou promise good things with thy mouth; thou can'st not accomplish them, as long as thou hast not the root of all good in thy heart.

One root is planted by Christ in the hearts of believers, the other by the evil Spirits in the hearts of the haughty; and thus the one is planted in heaven, the other in hell. God does not send us wearisome journeys to the east or west to obtain our salvation. He leads us back to ourselves; what he has bestowed upon us by his grace, that he requires of us; for he says this is the Gospel: "The kingdom of God is within you." Again, the Lord has not said, "Go to the east or go to the west and seek righteousness. Sail to the west to obtain the forgiveness of your sins." But what saith he? "Forgive thine enemies, and thou shalt be forgiven. Give and it shall be given unto thee." God requires nothing from thee which lieth outside thee. God leads thee to thyself and thine own conscience. In thyself hath he placed that which he requireth of thee. Thou hast no need to seek remedies for thy words afar. Thou mayest if thou wilt find the forgiveness of thy sins in the recesses of thy heart.

When you are an anvil, hold you still;
when you are a hammer, strike your fill.

Magdalena.

BY RICHARD RALPH.

When a poor forsaken sister
Whom we name a fearful name,
From the leprous lips which kissed her,
Shudders back all bowed with shame;
When her weary heart is yearning
For the light of God's own skies,
And far off, a dim discerning
Of a purer morrow lies,

Do not thou who, less believing,
Loving less, hast conquered more—
Do not thrust her backward, grieving,
To the life she lived before;
Do not pass her by, and whisper
Bitter words of scorn and pain;
Make her crisp, hot heart grow crisper,
And the red hell burn again.

Who art thou that passeth sentence
On a bleeding human soul?
Could'st thou drain full-dregged Repentance
If no Love run in the bowl?
Is not she, poor stricken weeper,
Loved of Heaven alike with thee?
Fool! thy pride hath thrust thee deeper
Than thy sister—Pharisee!

Up among the higher mountains,
There the valleys too are deep;
And we learn the depth of fountains
By the height their waters leap;
Ay, and hearts the weakest, lowliest,
Crushed and crumbling on this sod,
Beam full oft the brightest, holiest,
In the firmament of God.

Nighest to the great calm splendor
Of our first pure innocence,
Is the halo, sadly tender,
Of a poor heart's penitence.
Wherefore, brothers, since transgression
Shrouds each spirit like a pall,
Is not meek and full confession
Best and noblest for us all?

Go! and when, proud soul, thou learnest
Thou and I and all are one,
Then shall beauty deep and earnest,
Break upon thee like the sun;
And the love that lights thy features,
In thy wider eyes shall be,
Unto all God's living creatures,
Even as it is to thee.

The Surgeon at Work.

On the black-board by the door of a London hospital there is attached by four wafers a simple announcement. Simple as it looks, it meets with very great notice, for as the students keep dropping in, some in little knots, others singly, a good many in pairs, the first thing they look at is the little sheet of paper, with but few words in print, and fewer in writing upon it. "Has it begun?" "Is Mr. ——— here yet?" are the constant questions addressed to the important man with the red collar on his coat of blue. This functionary is the porter, whose chief business consists in keeping order among the crowd of people in the out-patients' room, and in letting up and down a wooden bar to allow them as their turn arrives access to the celebrities they have come to consult. Let us follow the students as they pass through the various passages and corridors of the building. The out-patient practice has no charm for the students to-day. The physicians are going their rounds alone; for however often the theory may be enunciated that in rank the practice of physic takes precedence of the practice of surgery, yet the fact remains patent that a brilliant operator creates more enthusiasm than the best physician, his test-tubes, stethoscope, and microscope notwithstanding. Passing up a narrow staircase, we find ourselves at the top of a tier of steps at the bottom of which is the room proper. The bright rays of the sun pass through the ample skylight, and discover a densely-packed mass of people filling the round gallery. We are in the operating theatre of the hospital. Around us we see, let into the walls, medallions of the great surgeons of old times—the apostles of the art, whose names are held in reverence by their clever eager followers of to-day. Here and there among the students we have pale-faced, anxious looking men who have called in during their round of so-called "general practice." They have come to see their former master operate—the surgeon who is at the pinnacle of his profession, and who has earned fame, wealth, and now a title, by his talents, and who has been the instrument in God's hands of alleviating much human suffering and distress.

In the area of the theatre there are signs of the approaching operation. There is the peculiar table that can extend and fold in all directions, with its straps and

appendages. There are cans of hot and cold water, the basins, the sponges, and many other things. The surgical dressers flit about, anxious that nothing shall be forgotten and the house surgeon, with ligatures ready in the button-hole of his coat, is examining for the last time the glittering array of knives and other instruments preserved in a case as delicately lined as a lady's jewel-box.

By degrees the minor luminaries of the medical and surgical staff of the hospital arrive, and the students ranged above, so noisy at their college in awarding approval to their favorite teachers, only show here by a half-stifled buzz their recognition. At last the lion of the hour arrives, a strong, stalwart man, placid, cool, and smiling, the least anxious of the whole assembly. A smothered roar of approbation meets him as he lifts his eyes and nods to the assembled crowd. A gesture of his hand, checks any unseemly noise, for now the patient is being carried in and laid tenderly on the cushioned table. The latter gives a sharp, half-frightened glance above at the dense mass of hushed, eager, and expectant students. The time has at last arrived which has been in his thoughts for days and weeks—aye, may be months. It is a moment of agony for the poor man, in spite of all the care and kindness shown him.—The great surgeon whispers in his ear and pats his shoulder kindly. The patient grasps the hand of his friend, and instantly another medical man fits the apparatus for the inhalation of chloroform. In a little he is wandering in his talk, he gesticulates with his hands, but soon he drops off like a sleeping child. Quietly turning up his cuffs, and giving a scrutinizing glance through the gleaming instruments spread on the white-clothed tray, the surgeon turns to the diseased limb. There is a dead stillness throughout the theatre, as with steady hand the operator coolly and rapidly proceeds. His knife is crimson now, and the warm red blood wells up and spurts around. The saw is quickly used, and a few more dexterous movements with the knife perfect the operation. All the pumping arteries are caught and tied, and the parts are skillfully adjusted. Then the still unconscious patient is carried off to awake in his bed, and find himself surrounded by all that skill, ingenuity, and wealth can bring to bear for suffering man. The surgeon has done his best within his

limit; the issue rests with God; for, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."—*Medical Mirror*.

From the New York Observer.

Praise for Death.

It is a beautiful custom of the Moravians, who, on the death of one of their number, send a band of choristers to the belfry with various musical instruments; with these, in the early morning, they break forth into notes of the most triumphant and joyous music. This is the true idea of death: for why should not we rejoice when those whom we love are safe at home?

How different such a custom from that which exists in the corrupted Church of Rome, where, upon the death of any person, however eminent he may have been in piety or good works, it is esteemed necessary to recite masses and penitential prayers, and to contribute money for the repose of his soul and its deliverance from purgatory. If we believe that "the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory," should we not rejoice? Their worn and weary bodies may be consigned to the rest and peace of the grave, to await the resurrection morning; but *the believer* is "with the Lord," and to be with the Lord is to be in the most blissful condition in which a believer in Jesus can be placed.

Let the air of the early morning, then, be jubilant with sweet and holy strains, for the believer beholds the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, the dawning of an eternal day; let the earth which he has left sing of his victory over death through the might of his Redeemer, for he is entering into the company of those who sing eternally "worthy the Lamb." The tolling bell, the wail around the bier, the bursting sobs at the grave, these give voice and expression to our selfish grief and loss; but when we think of the holy, happy spirit, forever with the Lord, let us ring a triumphant peal, sing a psalm of praise, and look up towards heaven with the tearless and trusting eye of faith. AUGUSTUS.

LIFE.—Life when we calmly analyze it, is made up of three simple elements—joy, sorrow and work. Some of us, get nearly equal proportions of each. Some unequal, or at least, we fancy so. But in reality, as the ancient sage said, "the same things come alike to all."—*Noble Life*.

The Nautilus.

The nautilus and ammonite,
Were launched in friendly strife;
Each sent to float, in his tiny boat,
On the wide, wild sea of life.

For each could swim on the ocean's brim,
And when wearied its sail could furl,
And sink to sleep in the great sea deep,
In its palace all of pearl.

And theirs was a bliss more fair than this
Which we taste in our colder clime;
For they were rife in a tropic life—
A brighter, better clime!

They swam 'mid isles, whose summer smiles
Were dimmed by no alloy;
Whose groves were palm, whose air was balm,
And life was only joy!

They sailed all day through creek and bay,
And traversed the ocean deep;
And at night they sank on a coral bank,
In its fairy bowers to sleep.

And the monsters vast of ages past;
They beheld in their ocean caves;
They saw them ride in their power and pride,
And sink in their deep sea graves.

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,
They sailed in mirth and glee—
These fairy shells, with their crystal cells,
Twin sisters of the sea.

And they came at last to a sea long past;
But, as they reached the shore,
The Almighty's breath spoke out in death,
And the ammonite lived no more!

So the nautilus now in its shelly prow,
As over the deep it strays,
Still seems to seek on bay and creek
Its companion of other days.

And alike do we on life's stormy sea,
As we roam from shore to shore,
Thus tempest-tossed seek the loved, the lost—
But find them on earth no more!

Yet the hope, how sweet, again to meet,
As we look to a distant strand,
Where heart meets heart, and no more they part,
Who meet in that better land!

"Time was—in the past, thou canst not it recall;
Time is, thou hast—improve the portion small;
Time future, is not—and may never be?
Time present, is the only time for thee."

Like Father, Like Son.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My friend had spoken an impatient word to his little son, and I saw the child's face stained by the hot blood of anger. My friend saw the stain, also. What did he do? Repent of his impatience, and heal the hurt in his child, by a gentler word? No. But he grew more impatient, and calling sharply to the boy, said, in a warning tone, "Take care, sir!"

Take care of what? Why, lest punishment follow.

You ask, as to the child's fault, that punishment should be threatened. There was no fault. He had, in passing near a table in the room where I sat talking with his father, accidentally touched a book lying on edge, causing it to fall. The noise jarred on the father's sensitive nerves. Naturally irritable, he smote the child, as I have said, with an impatient word; and the child's spirit answered to the hot rebuke, in a hot face and flashing eyes.

"Take care, sir!" repeated my friend, seeing that his warning admonition had produced no effect on the boy's roused spirit, smarting under an undeserved blow. The stain grew redder on cheeks and brow; the eyes more intense; the lips more firmly shut. I saw defiance in the child's face.

"Why don't you pick up that book, sir?"

There was no sign of obedience.

"Did you hear me?" almost fiercely demanded the father. I shuddered inwardly, but dared not interfere between my hot-tempered friend, and his equally hot-tempered child. He might as well have spoken to deaf ears.

"Pick up that book, I say!"

The child did not stir.

"I shall not speak again," said my friend, in a suppressed voice. One minute passed in dumb silence; then rising, with deliberation, he approached the boy, whose face had become pale, but not weak or fearful, and grasped one of his arms tightly. Time was still given for him to lift the book; but he was too angry to yield. I held my breath painfully, taking a long inspiration as my friend swept from the room, dragging the boy after him. He was gone for nearly five minutes, and then came back, flushed, nervous, and excited, saying, as he sat down opposite me, "I am out of all heart with that boy."

He looked sadly discouraged. I did not answer. After a few moments, he added, "Such a temper!—such a will—I never saw any thing like it!"

But I answered nothing. What could I say in approval of my friend's conduct? My silence was on the side of his own uneasy convictions, and he felt it to be so.

"What am I to do with the child?" he asked, interrogating my unspoken thought.

"To give up to him—to let will and passion have their sway—can only end in moral ruin. He must come under the yoke. Is it not so?"

"Obedience is essential," I answered.

"So I think," he said,—“obedience, at all hazards.”

I did not assent to this extreme proposition.

"At all hazards," he repeated, with increasing force.

"It may be well," said I, "to look at the conditions of obedience, before exacting the full measure of obligation."

"I am not sure that I understand you," answered he, with a slightly puzzled air.

"Obedience may be impossible."

"Was it impossible for John to lift that book from the floor?"

"Perhaps," I said.

"Perhaps!" my friend looked astonished.

"Morally impossible, I mean."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"A condition may render the easiest act so difficult of performance, that a man will look death in the face, and yet not lift a hand in attempted execution. The act in this case, becomes morally impossible."

"I do not see how you will apply that in my boy's case."

"Suppose," said I, "you were riding in one of our street cars, and a passenger on entering, and before you had time to make room for him, were to order you in a rough, imperative manner, to move; what would be the result?"

"I would sit still in my place," answered my friend.

"And yet it would be the wiser course to give way, and not be disturbed by ungentlemanly rudeness."

"Perhaps it would; but I have that in me that would not submit to unjust encroachment. I am quick in my resentment, as you know. To gentlemanly demeanor, I yield every thing that is right; to rude action, nothing."

"Therefore it is that the condition of a command may render obedience a moral impossibility."

"It is so," answered my friend.

"Has it not often happened," I continued, under a momentary blind excitement, you have said or done things for which you were sorry, and yet, having said or done them, would not recede—growing more persistent in the degree that you were assailed by angry efforts to drive you from the position taken; although in your heart, you knew that you were wrong?"

I understood my friend's character, and knew its weak side.

"It is as you say," was his answer. "I can be lead easily; but all the world cannot drive me—no, not even to do what is right."

"Has it ever occurred to you," I asked; after a pause, "that your son is like you in this respect?"

I saw a quick change in my friend's countenance. The question had taken him unawares. A sudden light had streamed into an obscure corner of his mind.

"Like me?" His tone was that of a man just awakening, and in surprise at some unexpected sight.

"Is it strange that he should be like you?" I queried.

"Perhaps not. I am his father."—The surprise had already gone out of his voice, which had in it a shade of depression.

"Like father, like son." The adage is as much founded on immutable law, as upon observation. In a homlier phrase, you have a 'chip of the old block.'—John's disposition is very much like your own, my friend. He is quick-tempered, strong-willed, independent, and instinctively opposed to coercion—easily led—hard to be driven. Have you never thought of this? Never looked in the clear mirror of his unsullied character, and seen a perfect image of yourself?"

My friend dropped his head upon his bosom, and sat a long time silent.

"The father," I said, as he sat musing, "re-produces himself in his children, with such modifications as the mother's life may give. I need not offer arguments to prove the fact; every man of rational perception sees that it must be so, under the unvarying law of 'like producing like.'"

"I do not gainsay this," returned my

friend. "I believe that it is so: I comprehend the important truth you have stated, that my child bears a likeness to his father. But what I do not see clearly is, the way in which I am to deal with him. How am I to correct, in my boy, the perversities which he has, by inheritance, from his father?"

"The first thing," I answered, "is for you to pity him. To think compassionately of him, burdened, as he is for life, with a hasty temper, and a stubborn will."

I saw the moisture come into my friend's eyes; the firm mouth gave way a little.

"May I refer to the scene that passed here a little while ago?" I asked.

"Speak freely," returned my friend.

"John committed no fault."

There was a slight motion of surprise in my friend's face.

"Accidentally he touched a book, and it fell to the floor—this, and only this."

"He was careless," said my friend, with a slight effort at self-justification.

"You, or I, any one, might have done the same thing. Nay, every day of our lives, we do just as careless things. When the mind is absorbed, we cannot always guard our movements. Now, put yourself in John's place. Imagine the book touched without intention, and it falls upon the floor; and imagine as sharp a word spoken to you as you spoke to him—what state of mind would have resulted?"

I paused for his answer, but he did not reply.

"Could you have helped the rush of angry waves? Hurt pride—a sense of wrong,—blind impulse—would have made you as stubborn as you saw him."

"Perhaps it would." My friend's eyes were on the floor. He spoke in a subdued voice.

"You cannot overcome the mind's defects by external force," I added. "There must be a wise appliance of moral means. Deal by him as you would yourself be dealt by, in like circumstances. Cure his disease by the remedies that reason tells you would heal your own. Weaken his angry willfulness by removing excitements. Control yourself in his presence—hold back your quick-springing impulses—never let him see you angry, nor find you unjust or unreasonable. Always speak mildly and kindly. Help with his load of hereditary evil tendencies, instead of adding a part of your own burden to the weak shoul-

ders of a child. If you cannot control yourself, with reason, judgment, years, and experience on your side, what can you expect from him?"

I stopped, lest I were pressing home upon him too closely.

Just at this moment the door opened, and the child came in. The book still lay where it had fallen from the table. I turned and saw the little fellow's questioning eyes upon his father's face. There was a look of grief about his lips. Nothing was said to him; in fact, no notice, apparently, taken of him. My friend changed the conversation to a new theme, and the child sat down, noiselessly, taking as he did a long, sighing breath. Presently he slipped from the chair, and moving quietly to where the book lay on the floor, lifted and placed it on the table, pushing it to some distance from the edge, in this very act showing his recognition of the fault for which he had been harshly blamed, as only an accident, against the recurrence of which he would guard, by placing the book where it would be in no danger of falling. I noticed another deep breath, as the child's burdened heart sought to relieve the pressure that still lay heavily upon it. Then he began by slow approaches, to draw near his father, and at last stood by his knee. My friend placed his arm around him, as he still talked with me, and tightened it with a loving pressure, made stronger by pity and repentance. John looked up into his face; and then his father bent down and kissed him. Reconciled; yet, as there had been wrong and suffering, and the graver of memory cuts deepest when feeling is most intense, was not something lost in that brief struggle between father and child which could never be restored? something hurt, the pain of which would endure through natural life?

My friend, with all his infirmities of temper, had a strong love for children; a quick moral sense; a love of right and justice. These were all on the side of a truer self-disciplinarian as affecting the little ones given to him of God, that they might be trained for heaven. I saw him afterward, under stronger provocation; and he did not forget himself. My presence may have revived in his memory the scene just described, and so put him on his guard. Even if that were so, much was gained; for all right effort gives a measure of strength, and erects barriers against evil. We overcome

what is wrong in our natural tempers, by resisting the impulse to act in the moment of provocation; not by repenting and resolving only. The repentance and the resolution are all well enough, and give strength for resistance against the hour of temptation only in the degree that we resist and refrain; in the hour of trial do we overcome and rise superior to our enemies.—*Ladies' National Magazine.*

What Will You Have?

BY REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

The following vivid sketch was introduced by the late Dr. Alexander into his "Letters to Workingmen." He writes in the character of a workingman:

After a day's work of copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the tap-room of a low tavern, to secure the services of a mail-guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employer.—Amid the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of idlers, I could not but find some subjects for reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed, and was silent. Ever and anon, as squads of two or three approached his shrine to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sixpence, I heard the short formula of the bacchanal minister, "What will you have? brandy? gin? punch? What will you have?" And the victims severally made their bids for a "smaller," a cock-tail, a sling, or a julep, as the case might be.

"Methinks I can answer this question," said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first to the young shoemaker, who, with a pair of newly-finished boots, is asking for grog. "What will you have?" Young man, you will soon have an *empty pocket*.

There comes my neighbour, the book-binder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass. Ah! Shannon! I dread to say it; but you will have the *palsy*.

The glasses are washed out, not cleansed, in the slop-tub under the bar-shelf. Now, a fresh bevy comes up, cigar in hand. "Gentlemen, what will you have?" I choose to supply the answer for myself thus:—The baker there will have an *apoplexy* or sudden fall in the shop. The tail-

or in green glasses will have, or rather has already, a *consumption*. And I fear that the three idlers in their train will have the next *epidemic* that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards.

Sorry am I to see in this den Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. You will have a pair of *drunken sons*.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1866.

May.

It is May, gentle reader! A little cool, we admit—a little frosty even, at times, and grates still are comfortable—and winter over-coats and basquins have not yet disappeared—and yet it is May—for lo, are not the trees all white with blossoms, and for weeks now have we not heard the robins singing? Then—chilly as it may be on this twilight hour, as we write, let us not forget the warm delicious days we have had—those real spring days—real May days. Now, we do not propose writing just now, any odes or rhapsodies to Spring—or attempting even anything of the sort—although when those first warm lovely days came—when first the doors and windows were open to let in her balmy breath—and when first we heard the robins and saw the violets, we felt as if there was a great deal we would like to say about Spring, if we could, but we couldn't—and we shall not try now. Its gentle charm—its freshness has come to your hearts as well as ours—and the shadows too, which its voice brings back, of other springs—of other Mays. The sweetness and the sadness of these beautiful hours, we know you have felt—and the awaking also, as we trust, in your hearts, of some new hope—new joy—with the new-born Spring.

But we are beginning to sentimentalize,

we fear, and to fall a little into that May-dreaming and musing which we promised we would not do. So we will stop here—for we could never, as we said, tell *all* that we have been thinking, these sweet May-days—but we have been thinking of some things—which, perhaps, it may be well to tell you. Well, then, we have been thinking about our Hospital, and of its many sick and invalid ones—and of what we could do for them. To-day, as we passed through the streets, and saw the fresh lettuce and radishes, and bunches of asparagus and spinach, &c. &c., we thought of them. These early vegetables are relished so keenly by our patients. We thought of them too as we passed the fruit-stands, heaped with oranges and lemons, and pine-apples. Fruits of all kinds are so refreshing to the invalid. Can we not bring them some of these first spring vegetables, and some of these nice fruits, greeting us at every turn? And then can we not bring flowers? Everybody loves flowers—but there is no place where their presence brings the keen delight, the cheer, and the comfort, as in a sick-room. Our woods—our yards—our gardens—our green-houses—are full of new bloom—new life. Have we no flowers for the weary sufferers of the Hospital, shut out from the gladness which we enjoy? O let the tender beauty and the joy which the breath of the new Spring has brought us, fill our souls, and blossom in deeds of love and mercy!

Potatoes!

Twelve shillings a bushel for potatoes! O dear, what are we to do at the Hospital for potatoes? These prices are discouraging—but then we have faith in our friends nevertheless. We are sure that there are those with generous and noble natures among them who would rather give them to us in our need, than to sell them at even twelve shillings a bushel! Let us see who these generous friends are!

Improvements.

We are gratified to notice the improvements now going on at the Hospital. The rooms are being painted and generally renovated, and the grounds being put in order. But alluding to these improvements, leads us to a grateful remembrance of a quantity of nice ornamental trees, recently planted upon the grounds, contributed for the purpose by Mr. H. E. Hooker, and for which, we beg he will accept our special acknowledgments.

The beautiful and healthful location of our Hospital, its extensive grounds, its high and airy rooms, offer unusual attractions to invalids and private patients.

More Eggs and Beans.

We have had more eggs and beans sent us this month, as our List of Donations abundantly testifies—*especially beans*—but alas, not a bit of butter! Butter is still, we know, scarce and high, but never better—so fresh, so sweet, and with all the deliciousness of flavor which May meadows and green and sunny hillsides have imparted to it. Who does not like spring butter, golden as the buttercups, and tasting of their freshness and perfume! We like it here at the Hospital, we can tell you; and peculiarly grateful it is to our invalids. We are very thankful for the eggs and the beans—they were very acceptable, and you cannot, kind friends, send us too many—but next time, please *don't forget the butter!*

A friend in North Chili writes :

"I hope you will pardon me for not sending the money for the *Review* ere this late day. I thought of not taking it this year; but the little sheet still comes, and I cannot say 'stop it.' I think that those who read it attentively, cannot but be interested in the work."

Hospital Notice:

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM APRIL 15th, TO MAY 15th 1866.

- Mrs. Williams—A package of Infants' Clothing.
- Mrs. Sarah Howard—1 large can of Cherries.
- Mrs. James Brackett—Barrel of Apples, Dressing Gown.
- Mrs. J. O. Pettingell—Bushel of Beans, bushel of Beets, bushel of Onions, bowl of Jelly.
- Mrs. Mochreka—Can of Tomatoes.
- Mrs. A. Smith—Apples and package of Clothing.
- Mrs. M. Rochester—Roll of old Cotton & Holders.
- Mrs. McKnight—Large roll of old Cotton and Linen; a great number of Magazines, Pamphlets and Papers.
- A Friend, by Mrs. Mathews—Roll of old Cotton.
- Mrs. Homer Sackett, Avon—2 dozen of Eggs.
- Bela Hibbard, Pittsford—Peck of Beans.
- J. C. Keeler, Pittsford—Bushel of Potatoes.
- Reuben Toby, Pittsford—Half bushel of Potatoes.
- Mrs. D. Wooster, Pittsford—Peck of Beans—By Mr. D. Wooster.
- Mrs. Ira Green, Rush—3 cans of Peaches, 1 can of Tomatoes.
- Little H. D. R. Green—A Testament.
- Ladies' Aid Society, Albion—14 pairs Drawers, 3 Sheets, Pillow, 1 pair Pillow Cases, 19 Napkins, package of Lint and Bandages.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM APRIL 15th TO MAY 15th.

- Mrs. Dr. Fenn, Mrs. Edward Ray, Mrs. George J. Whitney, Mrs. F. S. Dewitt; Charley Dickinson, Julia Dickinson, Fairport; Miss M. A. McDowell, 2 years, Mrs. R. Gorsline, Mrs. C. M. Lee, 2 years, Mrs. A. Waite, North Chili—By Mrs. Perkins, \$6 00
- Mrs. James Pray, Mrs. Isaac Pray, Mrs. A. Norton, Mount Morris; Mrs. Samuel Vance, Groveland—By Miss Maggie Culbertson, 2 00
- Mrs. Wm. Davis, Mrs. Cone—By Mrs. Woodward, 1 00
- Mrs. E. Brooks—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, ... 0 50
- Mrs. Steele, Mrs. F. Starr, Mr. J. W. Adams—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews, 1 50

Cash Receipts for April, 1866.

City Patients,	\$480 76
County Patients,	293 83
Private Patients,	146 25

DONATIONS.

Capt. H. G. Hamilton, for luxuries for the soldiers,	\$4 00
A. P. Seaman, Pittsford,	0 50
L. D. Mitchell, "	0 25
E. Underhill, "	1 00
By D. Wooster, Esq.	

Superintendent's Report for April.

1866. April 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 46	
Received during the month, 12—58	
Discharged, " " 23	
May 6. Remaining in Hospital, 35	

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Little Monte's Dog.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN :

Little Monte, of whom those who read the *Review* must have heard before this time, has requested us to tell the children about his dog; and as Monte is such a nice little boy, so earnest in his friendship and zeal for the soldiers and the Hospital, we could not refuse, and are sure that the children will be pleased to hear that he has such a little pet for a playmate—for Monte has no little brothers or sisters. But such a funny name! "Buzz!" Only think, Buzz! He is a little delicate black-and-tan dog, with a pretty little collar around his neck. His ears have been trimmed—but we must confess we cannot see any very good reason for clipping a dog's ears—but suppose men have some idea that they are made more beautiful by it;—but we are so old, we cannot see that they are. As he grows, we suppose Monte will teach him some very remarkable tricks, and he will afford him many hours of pleasure. But his size will prevent him from doing such things as Newfoundland dogs can do. He is very cunning now, and is just the dog for a little boy like Monte. We have had such a very short acquaintance with Buzz, that we presume we have not told one half of the fine things that might be said of him, but we will only add that if we have not done Buzz justice in this introduction, we will try and find some one who will be able, from better acquaintance, to do so.

We found in the *Daily Express*, a few days ago the following story of a Newfoundland dog, which we think, will not only interest children, but their parents—who know how precious these little ones are, and how happy a mother must be whose child is thus restored to her.

AUNTIE.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Returning from a visit to New Orleans, we were fortunate enough to secure a passage in a steamboat with but few passengers. Among the ladies one especially interested us. She was the widow of a wealthy planter, and was returning with an only child to her father's home. Her devotion to the child was very touching, and the eyes of her old black nurse would fill with tears as she besought her mistress "not to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take him away from her."

We passed through the canal at Louisville and stopped for a few minutes at the wharf, when the nurse, wishing to see the city, walked out on the guard at the back of the boat, where, by a sudden effort, the child sprang from her arms into the terrible current that swept towards the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who was in the front part of the boat quietly reading. Rising hastily, he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny apron she had torn off the child in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had gone under.

In an instant the noble dog leaped into the rushing water, and he also soon disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense, and some persons on shore supposing the dog was lost, as well as the child, procured a boat and started off in search of the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves; but it was evident that his strength was fast failing, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and, it was announced that he had saved the child, and was still alive. They were brought to the shore—the dog and the child.

Giving a glance to satisfy herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved, and as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to his owner and said—"Oh, sir, I must have this dog! I am rich; take all I have, everything, but give me my child's preserver!" The gentleman smiled, and patting the

dog's head, said—"I am very glad he has been of service to you but nothing could induce me to part with him."

The Death of the Dove.

The song-birds met in the weeping ash,

And the mournful mavis* said,

"No more let our hearts be turned to mirth,
For the turtle-dove is dead.

"Go, seek the fold where the lambkin plays,

And gather the snowy fleece;

Weave a silken shroud, and with blossoms make
A pall for the bird of peace."

Then the finches gathered the thistle down,

And rifed the cherry-blooms;

And the linnets toiled on the apple boughs,
As weavers by crimson looms.

And the larks embroidered the blooming-hay

By curtains of clover-heds;

While the blackbirds toiled in the tangled brake
With mosses and silver threads.

Then ere the dial of day went down,

They finished the work of love;

And when the lamps of the glow-worm burned,
They buried the turtle-dove.

And the robins piped a funeral dirge

From the sprays of the golden broom;

And the swallows, beautiful architects,
Were the builders of the tomb.

* A thrush.

A Candle as a Beacon.

Jean Ingelow's new book, "Stories Told to a Child," published by Roberts Brothers, has an account of the patient perseverance of a poor woman in one of the Orkney Islands, (whose father was lost in a storm,) in setting a beacon in her window. There is on this island a huge rock, called the "Lonely Rock," dangerous to navigators. She says:

The long time ago of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning wheel, and looked out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing—her father's boat! and half a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it and spun; then when the day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mist, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen depending on it, went fearlessly forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house—steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had only to keep it, constantly in view, and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the wick and trim the flame of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men, and just men, and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly of not more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman—and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatmen and the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman?

No, they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that.

Do they thank her?

No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations; or, perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course.

Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing and shout before her door lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

How often, in the far distance of my English home, I have awoke in a wild winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure. How delighted to know that through her untiring charity, the rock has long lost more than half its terrors, and to consider that, curse though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her.

Few persons, like this woman, "let their light shine" so brightly for good.

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A dear little boy never closed his eyes at night without repeating these verses. They are, you see, a little prayer in poetry. He did not say them thoughtlessly—he felt every word; and God answered the prayer by giving him his grace, and making him a little believer.

Lord, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
O put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole soul, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of thee.

O Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me that I may be blest;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Wilt thou my soul in safety keep?

The Boy that would not let his Sister Want.

A French paper says that Lucille Romee, a pretty little girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under a charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, dear! what could he do for me!"

"The court must send you to the house of correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant a little boy, with a sprightly countenance started from amid the crowd and stood before the Judge.

"Who are you?" said he,

"James Romee, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid Lucille."

"Oh, how good you are, James."

"But let us see, my boy," said the magistrate, "the court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. However, you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in a great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artizan, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush maker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed, while I slept on the floor, wrapped in my blouse. But it appears the poor little thing had not enough to eat, for, unfortunately, one day she begged on the Boulevard. When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself, 'come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better.' I very much wished to become an artizan, but at last decided to look for a place. I have found a very good one, where I am lodged, fed,

and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister.

"My boy," said the magistrate, "your conduct is honorable. The court encourages you to persevere in this course and you will prosper."

The court then decided to render up Lucille to James, and she was going from the bar to join her brother, when the magistrate smilingly said, "you cannot be set at liberty until to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow. (To the magistrate,) I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

Miscellaneous.

An Obliging Disposition.

There is nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself, one day when traveling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham!" cried out the conductor—"the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Capt. Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the roadside. Whiz went the steam and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him—"Well, if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles;" and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Capt. Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station, a

lady began to rummage under the seat where Capt. Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that poor woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding, went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station, I forgot the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Capt. Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, I am 'looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham: I thought it belonged to Capt. Holmes."

"Capt. Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Capt. Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me, what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself, with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing place, and as he

went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Capt. Holmes' cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame, too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young man.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young man, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

Novel Letter Carrier.

There is a dog at Peckham, in England, belonging to a fish-monger and poulterer, which acts as a very clever messenger. When his master is far away, and wants any thing from his shop, he ties a note to the dog's neck, when the sagacious animal immediately runs off home. He often runs a mile in less than five minutes, and when he arrives at the shop, he goes straight to his mistress, who opens the note and then sends off what is required. The dog never manifests any inclination to run home, until he sees his master getting the note ready, and then he is anxious to be off.

A person who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not truly orthodox, went to him and said, "Sir, I am told you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed!" answered he; "it is the perseverance of sinners that I oppose." The other replied, "But that is not a satisfactory answer. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low and yet be restored?" The minister answered, "I think it will be very dangerous to make the experiment."—*Vital Godliness.*

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. H. W. Dean, attendant physician.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BULLER, Peiry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
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Pr. Sq., 1 Insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,..... \$10 00
Three Months,..... 2 00	One Third Column,.... 12 00
Six Months,..... 3 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 25 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 AND 39 STATE STREET, have just received a lot of

SILK WARP POPLINS,

just the thing for Ladies' Traveling Dresses.
April, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 and 39 State Street,

HAVE received another large lot of NEW SILKS, which they offer to purchasers at GREAT BARGAINS. The lot comprises BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS,
at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY**
OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their
Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

- YOUNG HYSON, . . . \$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
- OOLONGS, 80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
- MIXED TEAS, 80c, 90c. and \$1.00
- IMPERIAL, \$1 and \$1.25
- UNCOLORED JAPAN, best, \$1.25 "
- ENGLISH BREAKFAST, . . \$1 and \$1.20 "
- GROUND COFFEE, . . . 20c, 30c. and 40c.

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and *guarantee*, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866. 1y 62 Buffalo Street.

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to

83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER, and all kinds of Mason's goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

NEW STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL

SPRING DRY GOODS.

WE are now opening the LARGEST and FINEST STOCK of SPRING GOODS that we have ever offered to our customers. The stock comprises everything new and desirable in the line of DRY GOODS.

We invite every one to call and examine our goods and prices. A. S. MANN & CO.,

April, 1866. 37 and 39 State St.

CURRAN & GOLER,

SUCCESSORS TO R. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-1y* A. W. GOLER.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week; month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1866. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON

Manufacturing Co.'s Highest Premium

Sewing Machine,

With new Class Cloth Presser and Hemmers.

These Machines are far in advance of all competition, and sold at such prices as to come within the reach of all who require a perfect Sewing Machine.

VERY IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Have recently been made, adapting the Machine to the use of LINEN THREAD upon the heaviest fabric.

S. W. DIBBLE, AGENT,

54 Buffalo Street, Eagle Hotel Block,

March 15, 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

SMITH & PERKINS,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PARKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1865.

1y

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866.

1y

"EXCELSIOR."

THE attention of the public is called to the "EXCELSIOR," the best

Base Burning Self-feeding Stove,

ever invented—will give more heat with less fuel than any other in market, arranged for heating one or two rooms. Also, to the old celebrated Cooking Stove,

"GOOD SAMARITAN,"

The greatest invention of the day. These Stoves are manufactured by John T. Rathbone, Albany, and for sale in this city, by

HART & REYNOLDS,

Rochester, January, 1866.

Main Street.

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
 TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.
18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

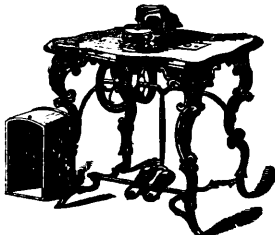
ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y' CTRUS F. PAINE.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
 LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
 No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
 Jan. 15, 1865.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1865, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day.

REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left, or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
4. The perfect finish and substantial manner in which the machine is made.
5. The rapidity of its working, and the quality of the work done.
6. Its self-adjusting tension.

The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

All kinds of Stitching, Cloak and Dress Making, done to order, and all kinds of Ladies' Garments made to order on short notice, in the nearest possible manner, by competent operators.

Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office.

Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. For particulars address
CHAS. SPENCER HALL, General Agt.,
 Rochester, N. Y.
 Nov. 15, 1865.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTE,
 Dealers in all kinds of
Fresh Meats, Poultry,
 SMOKED MEATS,
 SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.
104 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.
 Cash paid for Country Produce. Game of all kinds in its season.

GEORGE MCKAY,
PAINTER & GLAZIER,
 CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.
 Walls Whitened or Tinted,
 AND PAINTING DONE,

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner.
 All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention:
 Oct. 1865.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE
INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }
 CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,
 Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.
 Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.
H. P. BREWSTER, E. N. BUELL.
 Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing
AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York
 Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,
 Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.
 All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.
 Bills collected by Express Co.

Address **D. LEARY,** Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,
 Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1866.

No. 11.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 53.

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

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

June.

Fragrant breath of myriad roses—

Odorous hills of new-mown hay—

Wild birds' freshest, gladdest music,

Filling all the summer day,

Through the sunlit air is coming,

Drowsily the bees low humming,

Nestling in the lily-bell—

And the purple Asphodel.

On the far-off hills lie shadows—

Rifts of sunshine all ablaze—

In the valleys, both are braided,

In a soft, delicious haze,

And below, the creeping river,

Where the ripples dance and quiver,

Mourning softly all day long,

Still the same low liquid song.

Not a leaf of June has faded,

Spicy odors, perfumed sweet,

Drift above the dewy clover,

When the day and night-time meet.

And the blood-red roses glowing
By the white ones, softly snowing
Their pale leaves, like flakes of snow—
On the mossy bank below.

In the land beyond the river
That divides your home and mine—
Are the days that dawn celestial—
And the night-times more divine?
Bend and tell me, white-robed angel,
Whisper down this new evangel—
Is the heaven so far away,
Fairer than our earth to-day?

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

Comfort in God's Word.

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—Rom. 3: 23.

If we could not hear a Father's voice proclaiming mercy, how would such texts sink us in despair; but, trusting in the efficacy of that blood which cleanseth from all sin, we need not fear—only comply with the gracious call, "wash and be clean," the fountain is open—all may come. How universal the charge: "*all have sinned*;" "sin is the transgression of the law;" the penalty of sin is death, eternal death; "whosoever offendeth in one point, is guilty of all:" where then is our hope? "There is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we may be saved."

"No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind."

"Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am strong."

—2 Cor. 12: 10.

What a high attainment, even to take pleasure in infirmities. How could St. Paul do this? only because it made Christ more precious to his soul. When we feel the burthen of sin, and realize our utter helplessness, then is our Saviour altogether lovely in our eyes; then do we desire Him and seek after Him with all our hearts. It is when we feel our weakness, that we lean upon him who is strong; when our necessities press upon us, we are led to the fountain of all fulness—in persecutions, we flee to Christ, as a refuge in our distresses. Christ is a "great rock in a weary land—we rest upon the sympathy of our 'elder brother.'"

"Calmly, Lord, in Thee we rest,
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love."

R.

Selected for the Review.

Search the Scriptures.

"I have somewhere read of a silver egg, once curiously fashioned for a present for a Saxon Queen. Within the outer case was found a yolk of gold. Open the yolk, and there was the form of a beautiful bird, bright plumaged with precious stones. Press the wings of the bird and it flew open, displaying a crown jewelled and radiant; and still within the crown, sustained by a spring, was a ring of diamonds, just fitted to the Queen's finger.

"Thus is it, with every promise of the gospel. There is a covenant within each covenant; there are decrees within decrees; there are purposes within purposes. How much of the gospel is lost because it is not studied. How few even of the most intelligent believers ever find their way far enough within the springs to gain the crown for their own wearing, or the ring of God's choicest love for themselves."

"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of
love."

Baby is King.

A rose-curtained cradle, where nestled within
Soft cambric and flannel, He pounds seventeen,
Is the throne of a tyrant—that pink little thing
Is an autocrat august, for Baby is King.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak
Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots
creak.

Grandma is a martyr, in habits and cap,
Which the monarch unsettles as well as her nap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from the House,
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a
mouse.

To stare at the bundle; then outward he goes,
Like an elephant trying to walk on his toes.

The queen of, the ball-room throws loyally down
Before him the roses she wore in her crown,
And sings little love songs of how she loves best
The fair baby blossom she rocks on her breast.

Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,
Though he rumples the ringlets, twists collar and
bow;

He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,
And cries when she stops like a merciless elf.

He flings right and left his saucy fat fist,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed;
He demands people's watches to batter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then failing to conquer, with passionate cry
He quivers his lips, keeps a tear in his eye;
And so wins the battle, this wise little thing,
He knows the world over that Baby is King.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER :

I cut the following from an Eastern paper, where it appears in quotation marks. I do not know the author, but am sure its truth will be acknowledged by all: A.

"Nature knows no rich, who brought us all poor in the world. For we are not born with fine clothes, nor with gold and silver. She who brought us into the world without clothes and food, will receive us again quite as naked into her bosom. She does not know how to contain our possession and estates in the grave. A little space of ground after death is enough for both rich and poor. Nature then produces all alike, and makes us all die without any difference. Who can find out the different conditions of the dead? Open the sepulchres, view the dead bodies, move the ashes, and dis-

tinguish, if you can, the rich from the poor. Perhaps you will know him by the magnificence of his tomb, which only shows you that he possessed more goods, or rather that he hath lost more than the poor man has. I wonder that men do not put feathers into their dying pillows. I wonder that people do not soften the mattresses on which they shall finally die, breathing difficulty away with their last breath, by thinking that they have made beds of softness for some of their oppressed, starving fellow creatures to rest upon in life. I wonder that people who have money, do not know the bliss, the joy, of using it while they live. Using it while they live, that is the test; not giving it away after death."

Mr. Selden's Revenge.

THE WEAKNESS OF REVENGE AND THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Mr. Selden was a lawyer in the town of B—. He was as intelligent, upright, kind-hearted, pious man. But he had a neighbor who was very different. Jacob Mills, "Old Jake," as he was called by the boys of the neighborhood, lived by Mr. Selden in an old tumble-down house in which he had been born and brought up, and which he would neither sell or repair, so that in time it came to be the one blot on an otherwise pleasant and tidy-looking street. Old Jake was a miser; that is, he preferred to hoard up his money rather than spend it in making himself and others comfortable. So he lived year after year in the dingy, chilly old house with no one to take care of him but a woman whom he hired to come in twice a week to cook some food for him and mend his clothes; though as to the latter, he was not very particular how they looked.

The boys used to peep in at his windows and watch him counting over his gold and putting it carefully up in the old russet trunk; till one night he happened to catch them at it, and after that he always put up the shutters and bolted the door at nightfall. Finally, the woman who had taken care of him for a long time was obliged to go away from B. to live. He had not paid her anything for more than two years, always putting her off when she asked for her wages, and promising to pay her at the next quarter day, or else getting so angry that she dared not press the matter. But

now that she was going away, she plucked up courage, and told old Jake she must have her money, stating the sum he owed her. Old Jake swore he did not owe her so much, and finally refused to give her anything unless she would stay another six months.

The poor woman went to Mr. Selden and asked his help. Luckily she had old Jake's written promise to pay her so much a month; for, knowing how miserly he was, she had exacted that when she began to work for him. So Mr. Selden took the paper over to the old man, and told him if he did not pay the bill forthwith he would be prosecuted. Jacob was in a great rage, as you may imagine, but knowing very well that if he went to law the case would go against him, and he should have more to pay, he at last reluctantly handed over the amount—small enough, indeed, but great in the eyes of the poor old money-loving man.

After this, Mr. Selden became the object of his special hatred. Old Jake blamed him for the loss of his precious dollars, and threatened vengeance against him and his. He was too much afraid of the law to do any open mischief, but he found many secret ways of annoying and injuring his neighbor. If Mr. Selden's hens happened to fly over the fence into old Jake's yard they never came back, though there was no garden for them to spoil. If Mrs. Selden had a particularly large washing on the lines he would build a bon-fire so as to have the smoke and soot blow on the clothes. Mary Selden's pet kitten was thrown over the fence with its poor little paws cut off, and old Jake bought a vicious dog, though he could hardly bring himself to keep a creature that devoured so much food, who was taught to bark and snap at the children on their way to and from school. Luckily, after about six months, "tax day" came round, and Jake, unwilling to pay two dollars even for the sake of tormenting the Seldens, gave him up to be killed.

So it went on for several years. Finally, to crown all, Mr. Selden's cow died suddenly, and was found to have been poisoned. Nothing could be proved as to who did it, and so no redress could be had. By this time Mrs. Selden's patience had about run out. Many a time she begged her husband to go and threaten Jake with some sort of punishment if he did not stop

such wicked treatment of those who had done nothing to deserve it. Mr. Selden, too, was much irritated, especially at the loss of his cow, which, besides being a valuable one, had been a great pet in the family, and long-suffering as he had been, the lawyer felt that he could not bear old Jake's annoyances much longer without some remonstrance.

While he was pondering what it was best to do, the miser suddenly fell sick of a fever, and now he was miserable indeed. The fever was severe, and nurses was difficult to be had. Several were unwilling to go because of the old man's miserly habits and bad temper, knowing that probably the pay they would get would be accompanied with his lasting hatred. So it happened that at the worst stage of the disease he was left entirely alone, as Mr. Selden happened to find on going home from his office one evening. He sat down to read his news-paper as usual, but his kind heart could not rest at the thought of his poor neighbor lying there alone and sick.

"Wife," said he at length, "I am going to have our doctor for Jacob, and to watch with him to night. I wish you would give me some of that jelly we had for dinner, and some wine to carry over."

"I don't like to have you go," said his wife; "I am afraid Jake will kill you if he sees you in his house, he hates you so."

"He is too sick for that," replied Mr. Selden; and taking the comforts which his wife had prepared, he went over to the gloomy old house, sending his little son for the doctor.

Pitiful indeed was the scene that met his gaze on entering the room where old Jake lay tossing on his bed, without fire, without light, uttering wild delirious cries, and then sinking back, exhausted, into a kind of stupor. Mr. Selden tried to make the poor man a little more comfortable, lighted a fire, sent home for a shaded lamp and a book or two, and prepared to pass the night in the sick room. The doctor anticipated a crisis of the disease during the night, but it did not come till the next day just at evening.

A nurse had meanwhile been procured, Mr. Selden offering to guaranty him compensation for his services, but he himself remained with the sick man most of the time, as more than one person was required to hold Jacob in the fits of delirium. At length, after a fearful paroxysm, he sank

into a troubled sleep, which gradually became more peaceful, and continued for some hours. When awoke he was conscious, and saw some one sitting by the fire reading. He lay quietly awhile, trying to think where he was, and who could be sitting by his fire, for as Mr. Selden sat with his back to the bed in a large, high-backed chair, nothing but the top of his head was visible.

"Who are you and what are you there for?" growled he faintly at length.

Mr. Selden quietly turned round, saying, "You have been very sick, and I came in to take care of you."

Old Jake tried to raise himself in bed, but fell back helplessly, his face darkened with rage at his own weakness and at Mr. Selden's presence.

"Go away," he cried, "how dare you come here to insult me when I am sick!" and the old man tried again to rise, and again fell back.

"You must keep quiet, my friend," said Mr. Selden, gently; "I came here to help you, and not to insult you, and as soon as you are better, I will go away."

The old man snarled an inarticulate reply, and turned his head away. After a little while Mr. Selden approached him again, and offered him some jelly. The old man's eyes brightened at it, and in spite of his hatred of the offerer he could not resist the desire to taste it.

Mr. Selden fed him with a little, and then old Jake asked where it came from.

"My wife sent it to you," was the answer.

"Take it away!" growled Jake; and again turning his face to the wall, he closed his eyes, and remained quiet for an hour or more.

Mr. Selden, thinking he had fallen asleep again, was about to leave the room and awaken the nurse, who had gone to lie down, when old Jake called him. Mr. Selden went to the bed-side, and asked him what he wanted.

"I say, neighbor," said the old man, "you're a Christian."

"I hope so," replied Mr. Selden, astonished at such a word from old Jake's mouth.

"I know you are," Jake went on; "I've heard preachin' enough in my day, and it didn't do me no good, neither; it's mighty easy to say what's right to do, but why the d—l you came over here to take care of an old cuss like me, that hasn't done

anything but torment you; for years, is more than I can make out, unless it's because you're a Christian."

"Why I couldn't see you sick, and let you suffer, you know," said Mr. Selden.

"No, I don't know no such thing," persisted old Jake. "I should have treated you mighty different, I swear."

"Never mind that neighbor," replied Mr. Selden, "we'll be good friends after this, I hope. Try now and be quiet, so as to get well."

"I can't be quiet," cried old Jake, actually bursting into tears, "'till I've said my say. I've been thinkin' it over while you thought I was asleep, and now I've been wrong all the way through. If you'd only paid me back for some of the mean tricks I've done you, it wouldn't be so hard; but to have you come and take care of me, I tell you it hurts."

Mr. Selden tried to soothe and quiet the old man, and finally worn out with excitement, he dropped asleep, and Mr. Selden left him feeling deeply thankful that he had come to the gloomy old house.

Old Jake got well more rapidly than could have been expected at his age. His good disposition toward Mr. Selden did not vanish, and his whole deportment changed. Though always penurious, by a habit too fixed to be easily broken, yet he was less miserly than before—clothed himself and kept his house decently, sometimes went to church, and even gave a cold bit now and then to a hungry beggar. Toward Mr. Selden he seemed to feel unbounded gratitude, and tried to make reparation for his previous injuries. He would offer to dig in his garden in the Spring, and to weed it in the Summer; once he brought a pretty little dog to the children; and one morning Mr. Selden was astonished to see a fine Alderney cow grazing in his yard. Going out to see how she got in, he found the gates all closed, and a card tied to one of the cow's horns with "a present to Mr. Selden" written thereupon. He knew well from whom it came, and though he was too delicate to make any reference to the gift in the presence of his neighbor, he took care that old Jake should have his pail of milk every morning.

So ended the hatred of the miser and the lawyer who loved his enemy.

When alone, watch your thoughts; at home, your temper; in company, your tongue.

The Robins Have Come Back Again.

BY S. E. S.

There's a call upon the housetop, an answer from the plain.

There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain;

And through my heart, at sound of these,

There comes a nameless thrill,

As sweet as odor to the rose,

Or verdure to the hill;

And all these joyous mornings

My heart pours forth the strain,—

"God bless the dear old robins

Who have come back again."

For they bring a thought of Summer, of dreamy, luscious days.

Of king-cups in the meadows, making a golden haze,

A longing for the clover blooms,

For roses all a-glow,

For fragrant orchards, where the bees

With droning murmurs go.

I dream of all the beauties

Of Summer's golden reign,

And sing—"God keep the robins,

Who have come back again."

[Portland Transcript.]

Refining Effects of Sickness.

Many of our greatest geniuses have been persons of some remarkable physical weakness at some period of their lives. Kirk White always was; Coleridge was nearly all his life; Walter Scott as a boy, and both he and Lord Byron, had one, if indeed the latter not two club feet. Robert Hall was a martyr to a series of complicated disorders through life, a diseased spine making him suffer the agonies of a thousand deaths. It would seem, then, that suffering gives a peculiar sensitiveness to the nervous system, or it is in this acute and sensitive state of mind that the highest works and efforts of genius are often produced. In private life the same thing is observable.

Who cannot call to mind some member of a family always ailing, always sick, and yet the most exemplary and influential member of the family circle? In the backwoods such a child will grow up with tastes so pure and simple, habits so neat and refined, and affections so elevated, as to give all the highest results of a finished education, without going through any of the

fashionable forms of city instruction. She may be the weakest of the whole, and yet her words of love and gentleness light up the whole family circle, and rule and regulate and refine the whole.

Or in the humble walks of city life, one such weak and sickly child will contrive to establish habits of neatness, and cleanliness, and refinement in an attic or cottage, such as are often vainly sought in palaces and splendor. If she dies, her memory is fragrant; the whole family circle, perhaps the neighborhood, are really elevated by the memory of the plans and habits she first established, and of the atmosphere she breathed. But if she recover, then she carries up into life and vigor the neatness, order and quiet elevation first conceived through the refining process of suffering and sorrow.

Nearly all sorrow has in it the same tendency. While it lasts it depresses action, crushing hope, and destroys energy, but it renders the sensitiveness more acute, the sympathies more genial, and the whole character less selfish and more considerate. It is said that in nature, but for the occasional seasons of drouth, the best land would soon degenerate, but these seasons cause the lands to suck up from the currents beneath, with the moisture, also those mineral manures that restore and fertilize the soil, above. It is thus with sickness and with sorrow—once surmounted, they fertilize the character and develop from the deep fountains of the human heart a joy and fruitfulness not otherwise attainable.

DIVINE STRENGTH.—A martyr of the seventeenth century is affirmed to have said: "I never took up the cross but Christ bore the heavy end." We believe his experience is common to all faithful Christians. They "can do all things through Christ strengthening them." What appeared a "great mountain" of difficulty in the distance becomes a plain as they encounter it; and the conquest gives them assurance—they proceed to the next difficult duty with fewer and fainter misgivings—having learned to lean on divine strength.

The latest style of bonnet has turned up in Richmond, Ind. It is described as "consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws." Price, \$19.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1866.

A Cure for the Heart-Ache.

Are there any heart-aches these beautiful days—with the air all so sweet with roses, and the streets all so gay with bloom? O, idle question! Are there not always aching hearts somewhere, for which there is no cure in the bluest sky or in the fairest June? Beauty may soothe, but like the finest strains of music, it saddens too, and awakens with new power in the soul, all its hidden grief—and longing—and unrest. Who, with a heavy desolation of heart, has not felt at times, that these loveliest days were the hardest to bear? Darkness and storm, and tempest and cold, do not so mock us with a sense of loss as these beautiful hours.

There must be everywhere aching hearts; for suffering and death, and disappointment and weariness, are the common lot. As Peter says to his disciples—"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened with you." No *strange thing* has come to us, whatever may be our portion. Ages ago, men and women had just such sorrows, just such struggles, just such weary, heavy heart-aches. We are apt to think our trials peculiar, but they are only what thousands have suffered—and our burdens are just such burdens as they carried, until they laid them down, as we shall at last, to the sweet rest of the grave. But there is help for this wasting, wearing sorrow—and next to a child-like and confiding trust in the love and guiding hand of our Heavenly Father, is a life of ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE. The promises of the Scriptures are none too full upon this point—"Give, and it shall be given unto you"—"The liberal soul shall be made fat"—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor." These, and a hundred like passages, are not mere idle words. When down-cast, when soul-weary, *do*

something for some one. Give a flower to a little child—a piece of bread to the hungry—a cup of cold water to the thirsty. Go out and visit some one in affliction or in poverty. Speak a sympathizing word—give an encouraging smile. Seek earnestly to make some one happy. Help to carry the burden of some faint and foot-sore traveler along life's pathway, and your own burden will be lightened. Let there be in your daily intercourse with your family and with everyone you meet, a constant, although unseen effort, to please—to comfort and to do good—and the waste places of your own heart shall be made glad—and “the wilderness shall blossom like the rose.” Try this simple recipe. It has cured many a heart-ache—turned into a blessing, many a listless, aimless life. Visit our Hospital—sit beside the couches of those feverish and worn with disease. Visit our various benevolent Institutions—take an active part in their labor. Take a class in the Mission-school, or rather gather one in, and visit the sick and sorrowful whoever and wherever they may be. Do not be discouraged with your first efforts—palsied and despairing they may seem, but persevere. Go until you *love to go*—go in the name of Christ, and your presence will be welcomed as that of an angel, among the lowly and sorrowful of this world—and to your own heart, whatever shadows may have fallen, however wild its tumult of sorrow and of passion—peace *will come at last*—the “peace which passeth all understanding.”

Something more from Little Daisy.

Little Daisy has many kind thoughts about our Hospital and those dear little babies there, we are sure. In the List of Donations, we see she has sent some more clothing for those sad little ones who have not the kind care and pleasant home which Daisy and most of our little readers have, as we trust. Like Daisy, let us all remember often, the children of the Hospital.

A Word about Provisions.

We feel obliged to say a word more about Provisions. We did not get those potatoes for which we hinted so delicately, nor did we get any more of that nice spring butter. We were wofully disappointed. Why was it, we wonder? Did you forget us kind friends? Once more, then, let us remind you, how very acceptable potatoes, butter, eggs, beans, and indeed everything in the way of provisions, would be to us—and how very much we are in need of all these things.

Flowers.

We are glad that our little hint about flowers, was taken so kindly. It is so pleasant to find in the wards and private rooms, these bouquets of June roses, and pinks and pansies. O, with the world, with the city so beautiful now, let us not forget those languishing upon beds of sickness—shut out from the joy and gladness. Bring flowers—and a taste of the strawberries, too!

WHO WILL TAKE HIM?—We have among our Hospital babies, just now, a very nice little boy of eleven weeks old, appealing strongly for a place in some loving heart and home. Who will take him? Application to be made at the City Hospital.

Little Montie Again.

We were wondering what little Montie was going to do for us this month. We knew he would do something, and here in the List, we find—“Little Montie—five bunches of radishes, five of onions, and a basket of lemons.” We can imagine how nice those radishes and onions tasted, and that cool lemonade, to hot and feverish lips—all the nicer that it was little Montie who brought them. He finds it very pleasant to carry something now and then up to the sick at the Hospital. We wonder if there are not other little boys and girls who would enjoy it. Did you ever try it, little reader?

A Cry for Fresh Eggs.

We want, as we have already told you, kind friends, a great many things in our Hospital—things to eat—things to wear, and things innumerable—but we have just received a message from the Superintendent, telling us to ask especially for FRESH EGGS. Consider, oh friends, how almost indispensable fresh eggs are for the sick! We have two or three patients just now, —one very low with consumption, to whom they are the chief and sometimes only nourishment. If our friends living in the country, would bring us a dozen, or a half-dozen, or even two or three eggs, if they have no more to spare, as they are coming into town, they would confer a very great favor upon us. Please do not forget this cry for fresh eggs! Let it ring in your ears!

STILL ANOTHER QUILT.—We acknowledge very gratefully this month, a nice quilt, pieced by Mrs. T. A. Newton's Bible Class, and quilted by the Ladies' Aid Society of the 2d Ward. It is the second or third gift of the kind, from the same source.

"The Lord is the portion of my Inheritance."

It is delightful when all is bright, and health and prosperity gild the path, to know that in the inner depths of the heart, is a love and a hope that shall outlive all earthly blessings. But it is in sickness, in sorrow and in destitution, that we often find the "all power" of Jesus most signally manifested. I could, but be impressed with this, as a few days since I stood beside the bedside of a father, separated from his family, suffering from disease, dependent upon the kindness of others for a ward bed in our City Hospital. Under such circumstances, to hear in joyful tones, the language of faith—saying, "Jesus is the best friend I have, and He makes ever thing go light"—was a strong testimony to the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God. Truly

might this lowly Christian man adopt the language of the poet—

"Though some good things of lower worth,
My heart is called on to resign;
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,
The best, the very best, is mine:
The love of God in Christ made known,
The love that is enough alone—
My Father's love is all my own.

For the Hospital Review.

A Visit to the Hospital.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY BELL CECIL.

Good morning, girls, what splendid weather we are having, and what nice walks we can take, with our sea-side hats to protect us from the sun. The late styles are all very pretty—the Japan, the May Queen, the Sailor, the Derby, the Continental, the Gipsy and others—but they are only fit to dress up with.

Put on a plain dress, take a few parcels of this, and that, for the patients at the Hospital, if there is one in your town; or for some unfortunate soldier's widow and orphans, who are in every place. Although this heart-rending war is ended, the shadow of the desolation it has made, will be with us for years to come. If your feet ache with the walk, and your arms ache with the parcels, it is only of short duration. You will find your heart beating with serene joy, which only angels' smiles cast down upon us. And while you are getting ready for your walk, girls, let me tell you of a visit I made to the City Hospital at Rochester, for which I am indebted to one of the Lady Managers. The Hospital is a large brick building, on West Avenue. Entering the gate, a beautiful broad walk leads to the main building, which is far back from the road. On either side of the walk, are locust trees extending on the right and left, into a broad lawn. Many of the trees have been cut down, and young trees set out, which will in time give a more desirable and heavy shade.

As you enter the building, the large, cool hall is exceedingly refreshing. The reception room contains a library of choice literature; every thing around has an air of comfort and Christian charity. Home—sweet word, seems echoing from wall to wall, from room to room, from lip to lip. How peaceful and comfortable the patients look, how kindly the words are spoken by Superintendent and assistants. How happy the children are; and the little babies, dear little crowing, laughing, springing things, lifting forth their tiny hands to those who pass them. There is one little babe, eleven weeks old, a bright smiling infant, asking for a home. Who will give it one; who will guide his little barque over the rough sea of life; who will take him to their home and heart, and teach him to lisp the name of mother? The private rooms are very cheerfully and prettily arranged. The sick wards are extremely neat, nice and comfortable; every care is taken to make the patients at ease and happy. They can remain in bed; or dressed, can lie down upon them, or sit up in rocking chairs, or amuse themselves by writing at the stands which are placed, between the beds; or read aloud to each other, or read quietly by themselves. There were soldiers and citizens there; there were old men and young boys: and in the female ward, there were four little girls. Aside from these I have spoken of, was another ward in which were patients sick with fever. Of course, it would not be proper to enter that. The Hospital is a noble Institution; one could not pass through it without feeling a desire to add their mite to the general contribution. I thought I would tell you of this, dear girls, and just *hint* that a penny now and a penny then, saved from some selfish indulgence, will soon astonish you with their increasing numbers; and as you give them to the poor and needy, it will give lustre to that crown which we all hope to wear.

Reflect where Jesus lingered most,
Amid the haunts of deep distress;
Are they his followers, they who waste
Their precious hours 'mid song and mirth?

The Treasurer of the Female Charitable Society, desires to acknowledge the receipt of a Quilt, by Mrs. George Bourt, pieced by several young girls. The gift was very acceptable, and the Ladies will be very grateful for *more quilts*; also for, *sheets, pillow cases and underclothing*, as the visitors, in their calls upon the sick poor, often find these articles very much needed. They may be sent to the Treasurer, 48 Spring Street, Rochester.

Cash Donations.

E. F. Holden—by Mr. Van Zandt,.....\$ 5 00
Contents of Donation Box, 1 94

List of Donations to the Hospital,
FOR MAY, 1866.

Ladies' Aid Society, Ovid, Seneca Co.—Bandages, Slippers, Socks, Drawers and old Cotton.
A Friend—"Little Daisy" Baby Clothes.
A Friend, by Mrs. Mathews—A Dressing Gown.
Mrs. Oriel—1 jar of Peaches, 1 Jar of Tomatoes.
A Friend—Two pairs of Pillow Cases.
Mrs. T. H. Rochester—Soup several times.
Little Monte—5 bunches of Radishes, 5 bunches of Onions; also a basket of Lemons.
Miss Wentworth, Syracuse—1 doz. Lemons.
Miss Amanda Green—2 Stone Jars, 2 Jugs, &c.
Mrs. Genl. Williams—Jelly and beautiful Flowers.
Mrs. Strang, Scotsville—Currants.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,
FROM MAY 15th TO JUNE 15th.

Dr. John Mitchell, Addison; Dr. Samuel Mitchell; Dr. D. J. Chittenden, Cameron Mills—By Mrs. Sly.....\$ 1 50
Ashley Rowell, Lockport—By Mr. Parker, 0 50
Wm. F. Peck—By Mrs. E. Peck, 0 50
Mrs. Cook, Jamestown—By Miss Hall, ... 0 50
Mrs. Dr. Ely—By Nellie Collins, 0 50
Mrs. Nutt—By Ella Colburn, 0 50
Mrs. Royce, Albion—By Mrs. E. M. Smith, 0 50
Mrs. Dr. Bennett, Mrs. Phalen—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,..... 1 00
Mrs. G. B. Redfield—By Mrs. Woodward, 0 50
Mrs. Geo. G. Munger, 2 years; Mrs. Cummings, New York—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester..... 1 50
Mrs. W. C. Rowley, Mary F. Browne, Skaneateles, 25 cents; Mrs. Alma Rowley, Victor—By Mrs. Perkins, 1 25
Mrs. Leeds, Boston—By Mrs. Mathews, .. 0 50
Advertisement—By Mrs. Perkins, 15 00
T. P. C., New York, Donation—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,..... 2 50

Superintendent's Report for May.

1866. May. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 35
Received during the month, 18—53
Discharged " " 18
June 1. Remaining in Hospital,..... 35

Children's Department.

Little Willie.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Poor little Willie,
 With his many pretty wiles;
 Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
 And quaint, quiet smiles;
 Hair of amber, touched with
 Gold of Heaven so brave;
 All lying darkly hid
 In a work-house grave.

You remember little Willie;
 Fair and funny fellow! he
 Sprang like a lily
 From the dirt of poverty.
 Poor little Willie!
 Not a friend was nigh,
 When from the cold world,
 He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
 Little Willie cried for bread;
 In the night we wandered homeless,
 Little Willie cried for bed;
 Parted at the work-house door,
 Not a word we said;
 Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
 And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'Twas in the dead of Winter,
 We laid him in the earth;
 The world brought in the new year
 On a tide of mirth.
 But for lost little Willie
 Not a tear we crave;
 Cold and hunger cannot wake him
 In his work-house grave.

We thought him beautiful,
 Felt it hard to part;
 We loved him dutiful;
 Down, down, poor heart!
 The storms they may beat;
 The Winter winds may rave;
 Little Willie feels not,
 In his work-house grave.

No room for little Willie;
 In the world we had no part;
 On him stared the Gorgon-eye,
 Through which looks no heart
 "Come to me," said heaven;
 And if heaven will save,
 Little matters though the door
 Be a work-house grave.

Little Walter.

"I knew a little lame boy, once," said a lady to some village children; "he was called Walter; he had a hump on his back that you would have felt quite sorry to see, and a very pale face."

He could not walk about, or even sit up in his chair; he was obliged to lie nearly always, and the only change he had was when he was wheeled in the morning from the bedroom where he slept at night, to the little back parlor, where he stayed all day. Walter's father and mother were dead, and the people he lived with had not much time to notice or think about him. They used to come into his room every morning, and then he saw them no more till dinner time. He used to hear them running up and down stairs, going out and in. Shall I tell you how he spent the long hours when he was left by himself!

A kind lady had given him a few story books, and a little horse and cart, that made a tinkling sound when it moved its wheels. The first thing he did every morning was to push this cart up and down the room with a long stick; he liked to listen to the little bells ringing as the cart moved, but as he had no one to talk to about it, he soon got tired of playing with it, and then shoved it into its place under the table, and took his picture story books. He could not read; no one had ever taught him; but he liked to look at the pictures, and fancy what they were all about. And he liked to look down into the street, and watch the people passing his window, and to learn to know their faces. The first person who used to come every morning, was the butcher's boy. When he came in sight he always set off running, and he made an odd face as he looked up at the little window, which, at first, frightened Walter, but afterwards he thought that perhaps the butcher's boy did it to amuse him, and if so it was kind of him to do so. The milk boy used to look up at the window, and touch his cap, and that pleased Walter. At four o'clock the baker's cart passed down the street; and at five on winter evenings came the lamplighter. It was a treat for Walter to watch him. He could see five lamps from where he lay, and there was one just opposite his little window.

But there was something still better about the little street into which Walter's

window looked. There was a day school, for girls and boys, at the end of it, and as Walter saw the scholars pass down the street four times every day, he learned to know their faces, and thought that he made out a great deal besides. On his very worst days, when he was obliged to lie back and often shut his eyes, on account of the pain in his head, he used to brighten up and feel better when the time came for afternoon school to break up.

He used to long so to know who would go straight home, and who would stay to play in the street, and what games they would choose. He made up names for boys from things he had seen them do.— There was Beat-his-little-brother; Walter could not like that boy, or feel glad when he won a game. There was Always-a-little-too-late; he was a fat good-natured looking boy. Walter longed every morning to call out to him, and tell him to be quick when he saw him sauntering round the corner of the street, with his green bag trailing in the dust, just as the school bell stopped ringing. Then there was a nice boy whom he called Gave-his-apple-away; and little Just-in-time, who always reached the school room door the minute before it was closed, but who had to run for it, which made poor Walter very anxious on his account.

Besides there were a little boy and girl who always walked to school hand-in-hand. Walter thought he would fancy them to be Johnnie and Naomi. They were not too full of their own business or their own play to think about Walter. The very first time they passed, Naomi touched Johnnie's shoulder, and the both looked up at the window, and smiled and nodded; and ever after that, four times every day, they used to stop, and Walter nodded and smiled, and kissed his pale thin hand to them. Even when it rained they did not forget Walter, and so Walter liked seeing them pass, better than anything else that happened to him during the day.

Johnnie and Naomi did not often stay to play with other children in the street; it was now and then, on a sunny afternoon that Walter could see Johnnie win a race; and Naomi play at shuttle-cock, and he was always pleased when he thought they won, and sometimes used to clap his hands and shout, though he knew well that no one could hear him.

A winter passed, and a summer, and it

was winter again, and Walter had seen Johnnie and Naomi every day; when one cold, snowy morning, Johnnie passed, and stopped to look up and smile, but without Naomi. Walter felt sorry. "I wish to-morrow morning was come," thought he, "that I might see them both." To-morrow morning came; all the children passed the window on their way to school, except Johnnie and Naomi. Day followed day, but poor Walter never saw them again. Three weeks passed away, and one morning Walter was looking down the street from his window, when an old man came and knocked at the door, and asked to see him. The old man took hold of Walter's thin hand, and sat down in a chair beside him, then he took a parcel out of his pocket and began to unpack it. There was a doll in it, and a top, and an old story book.

Walter knew the doll and the top well; they were Johnnie and Naomi's favorite playthings, which they had shown him at the gate.

The old man then said to Walter, "My little grand-children used often to tell me about you, they were afraid you would be unhappy when you did not see them come down the street. They begged me to give you these playthings, that you might have something to amuse you, now that you will not see them again."

"Not see them ever again!" said Walter, "why, will they never come again?" "Look here," said the old man, and he opened a book, and showed Walter a picture of a flock of white lambs feeding near a beautiful river; and he told him a beautiful story of a Good Shepherd who calls little children His lambs, and who sometimes sends for them to live with Him in a happy place, where no one is ever ill or in pain, and where all is beauty and happiness.

When then the old man saw that Walter liked to hear about this, he told him that there is indeed a Good Shepherd, that he would take care of Johnnie and Naomi, and that some time in that happy place he hoped that Walter would see them again.

After this time Walter grew paler and thinner, and though doctors came to see him they could do him no good.

One warm spring evening, he asked his nurse to wheel his sofa once more to the little window. The sun was setting, and all the school children were playing in the street. He watched them through a long

game at oranges and lemons, and tried to clap his hands, when "Just-in-time won the race." Then the sun set, and all the children stood wishing each other good night by the gate. With a great effort Walter raised himself up, and leaned over towards the open window.

"Good night, good night," said he to the children.

It was the first time he had ever spoken to the children, and it was the last; for when the nurse turned round to look he had fallen back on the sofa—he was dead!

My Nellie.

You never heard her slam the door,
Nor cups and saucers clash,
Nor throw up with an angry jerk,
The sliding window-sash.

You never saw her fling a book
With force upon the ground;
And rush with bonnet by the string,
And ringlets all unbound.

You never heard impetuous words
Of anger from her lips,
Nor felt the sting of furious blows
Dropped from her finger-tips.

And would you know the reason why?
She is a Christian child,
And knows if she would please her Lord,
She must be meek and mild.

Sweet, pleasant words she always speaks,
And gentle are her ways;
O beautiful my Nellie is,
And happy all her days.

[Little Corporal.

How Jesus Comes.

One evening the children in Falk's Reformatory at Weimer, sat down to supper. When one of the boys had said the pious grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said—

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him every day to sit with us, and he never comes."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for he does not despise our invitation."

"I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome; the chair stood ready for

him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking hard all this time:

"Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor man in his place—is that it?"

"Yes, dear child; that is just it. Every piece of bread, and every drink of water that we give to the poor or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to Him."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The children sang a hymn of the love of God to their guest, before they parted for the night, and neither he nor they were likely to forget the simple Bible comment.—*Praying and Working.*

Taking People at Their Word.

"O that I were dead!" cried the bullfinch.

"I don't wonder at it, I am sure, dear," said the cat, sitting with her eyes fixed on the cage.

"To be penned up here from day to day, while all my friends are rejoicing in the sweet sunny sky, and the flowers," said the bullfinch.

"How distressing," said the cat, with much feeling.

"And just be allowed now and then, for a few minutes, to try my wings by a flight round the room."

"Mere mockery! a cruel insult, I call that," said the cat.

"And as to singing, how can I sing?"

"How, indeed," said the cat.

"This piping song that I have been drilled into, not a note of it comes from my heart."

"I never could bear anything that did not come from the heart," said the cat demurely.

"O that I were dead!" said the bullfinch.

"It's what your very best friends wish for you, dear," said the cat; "and as the door of your cage is a little ajar, I see you have only to come out and—"

"And what?" asked the bullfinch.

"Why, dearest, I would, however painful to my feelings, soon put you out of your misery," said the cat, preparing to spring, upon which the bullfinch set up a scream of such terror that his mistress flew into the room, and puss was glad to escape down stairs.

Miscellaneous.

Applicants to Professor Blot.

The following, we understand, are a few of the applicants to Prof. Blot for private instruction :

The bashful man, who wishes to learn the best method of "toasting" the ladies.

The man whose blood "boiled with indignation" to learn how to "simmer down."

A young scapegrace to know how "to sauce" the old man without getting a "basting" himself.

The speculator who has been "done brown," to know how to "dip in" without burning his fingers.

The Fenians, tendering the latest style of an Irish stew, and asking how to get along without making a mess of it.

The man who has no reputation at steak, how to get one.

A "raw" recruit, to know what is the "right dress," and that if when he is mustered into the army he ought at once pepper the enemy, or wait assault.

A hungry individual, who dislikes loafing—how to become a "well-bred" man.

A man who has needed much in this life—to know if drinking yeast will make him rise any faster.

Country editors—to learn how to rehash an old article.

The intelligent public would be glad to know of the Professor:

Whether *Friar* Tuck was a professional cook?

What is the correct mode of "larding" the lean earth?

Can a cutlet be cooked from a "false calf?"

In a bill of fare, should horse-meat steaks come under the head of *Hors d'Œuvre*?

How he sets a table of contents?

Whether anything should be well done when a "rare" opportunity occurs?

Has Prof. Blot any family?, if so, he must be Blot (*belou*) pa(r).

John Rogers might have learned something from Prof. Blot. The careless fellow let his stake burn while he was cooking himself. "That's what's the martyr."

The Madman's Wit.

A gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water—those slightly affected to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who seemed to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

"I have horses and greyhounds for coursing," said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

"Ah! they are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year; but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a great deal, too?"

"A great deal. And I have birds for hawking."

"I see; birds for hunting birds. And these swell the expense, I dare say?"

"You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then I sometimes go out with my gun, accompanied by a setter and a retriever."

"And these are expensive, too?"

"Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money; there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them; houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment."

"I see, I see! You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you. Now, what I want to know is this—what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. "My friend"—in an earnest whisper—"there is a gate behind you; take my advice, and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eye upon you. He ducks us to some purpose, but as sure as you are a living man, he will drown you."

The gentleman looked serious as he passed on. Perhaps he thought he was as mad as the inmate of the asylum.

From the New York Observer.

The Sergeant's Pet.

During the recent war in the South, a horse was assigned to a non-commissioned officer in a Maine battery. It was a large, noble animal, and was fully appreciated by its owner, who was surprised to find, after a very short period, the horse knew his own name as well as his master knew it, and would always answer to it in looks and gestures. At his call he would come any hearing distance, if disengaged, rub his long visage against his master's face and shoulder, and give other proofs of his attachment.

In one of the sanguinary conflicts before Richmond, the battery was suddenly surprised, causing for a time great confusion and a general stampede. Horses became unmanageable, pranced about, broke loose and ran, many of them. It so happened, the sergeant was dismounted at the time, as is often the custom when under fire. While other horses were given up to fright, this animal, timid as any of them, quitted down immediately on hearing his name from the lips of his owner, and became perfectly submissive, though its haunches quivered with fear.

One time, after a long march, when man and beast were thoroughly worn out with the continued exposure, the sergeant carelessly, as one would think, tied the reins about his wrist, and lay down to rest, while the horse itself took to feeding. Soon he was sound asleep: the horse had eaten all the grass within reach, and was still very hungry. We might easily suppose that the horse would have continually pulled away at his master's arm, giving him no rest; but no: he carefully put his long nose beneath his body, and turned him over and over till a fresh spot to feed upon was reached; and when the supply here was exhausted, the process would be again repeated, till the horse was satisfied. What was his master's surprise, on waking, to find his faithful animal patiently standing above him, but several feet from where he first fell asleep!

Out of curiosity, to try the attachment of his beast, the sergeant exchanged horses for the time with a comrade. He showed

himself the victim of the strangest jealousy. He was not only very much opposed to be ridden by another, but stood with his ears back, and the white of his eyes exposed, while his master remained upon the back of another animal. Is it strange, when we think of this instance, that Gen. Taylor was followed to the grave by his old white horse! **HERBERT.**

Advertisements.

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Pr. Sq. 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,.....	\$10 00
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NOW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE
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LAWN SETTEES,
ARM AND SINGLE CHAIRS,
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NEW & BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS,

At No. 132 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
June, 1866. &c.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 AND 39 STATE STREET, have just received a lot of

SILK WARP POPLINS,

just the thing for Ladies' Traveling Dresses.
April, 1866.

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,
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Fancy & Toilet Goods,
AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

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37 and 39 State Street,

HAVE received another large lot of NEW SILKS, which they offer to purchasers at GREAT BARGAINS. The lot comprises BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS,
at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON, ... \$1. \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OOLONGS, 80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS, 80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL, \$1 and \$1.25
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best, \$1.25
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, .. \$1 and \$1.20 "
GROUND COFFEE, ... 20c., 30c. and 40c. "

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866., 1y

62 Buffalo Street,

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to

83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER, and all kinds of Mason's goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

NEW STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL

SPRING DRY GOODS.

WE are now opening the LARGEST and FINEST STOCK of SPRING GOODS that we have ever offered to our customers. The stock comprises everything new and desirable in the line of DRY GOODS.

We invite every one to call and examine our goods and prices. A. S. MANN & CO.,
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CURRAN & GOLER,

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN.

April, '66-ly*

G. W. GOLER.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S LOB CREAM SALOON, Fitchburg Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1866. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1866.

tf

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

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18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

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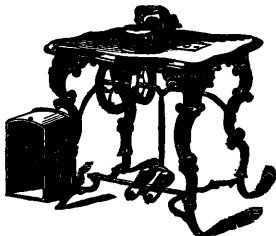
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No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1864, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day. REASONS.

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2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
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All kinds of Stitching, Cloak and Dress Making, done to order, and all kinds of Ladies' Garments made to order on short notice, in the neatest possible manner, by competent operators.

Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office. Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. For particulars address

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Nov. 15, 1865.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTE,

Dealers in all kinds of

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Cash paid for Country Produce. Game of all kinds in its season.

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CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.

Walls Whitened or Tinted,

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In the most reliable and satisfactory manner. All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention. Oct. 1866.

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INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }

CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,

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Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

E. N. BUELL.

Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

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D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

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On Mill St., corner of Platt,

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woollen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

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Jan. 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SOLDIER,
AND THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1866.

No. 12.

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Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:
Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Over 21 Buffalo Street opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

Repentant.

The morning came over the hill-tops,
The stars went to sleep in the sky—
The south wind crept up the green valley,
And rippled the billowy rye.
The mavis flew out of the hedges,
The sky-lark went up to the sun;
And the fragile white lilies looked tearful
In the face of the day just begun.
Still, Madge never thought of this beauty—
Sweet Madge, with her little bare feet,
That came tripping so daintily over
The rustic bridge, Colin to meet.
Last night she had stood with the moonlight—
Like a white veil thrown over her head,
And vowed and protested, she "never"
This very same Colin would wed.
But Madge never dreamed he'd believe it;
She thought it was well understood,
When maidens looked coy, and said "would not,"
'Twas only a prelude to "would."
But Colin, the sturdy brown yeoman,
Had answered, "then, Madge, good-bye"—
And gone, with an insolent whistle, [rye.
Down the path through the silver-topped

And Madge crept home in the star-light,
The moon had gone over the hill;
And the night-birds' low song and the murmur
Of water around the old mill,
Was all that came up through the silence
Of the night, now growing so chill.
Little Madge, sleepless watcher, had waited
For the faintest pink dawn of the day,
To go down to the bridge in the valley,
For Colin came always that way.
Coming now, with his scythe on his shoulder,
His lips had forgotten their song;
How he hated the sunshine and shadows,
And the rivulet dancing along.

Leaning idly down over the water,
Feet tripping shyly that way—
Cherry-red lips softly saying—
"Colin, I was only in play!"
Drift, summer wind, up through the valley,
Tossing the sweet clover hay;
The sunshine had drank all the dew-drops
When Colin went mowing that day.
—MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

The Christian's Life.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:—I enclose you an extract, from a book I have lately read, by one of our most popular modern writers. It is rather longer than extracts for such papers as yours should usually be, but it is so suggestive that I can but hope some sorrowing one, shrinking from contact with outward life, may be tempted to try the "life of service," and many find in caring for others a conscious sense of His presence, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

"The Christian's life should never, can never be a solitary one. A life of service must be a life of love. And no path can be barren if the fountain of living water flows by its side. Yet there are lives which bereavement has left very poor in natural companionship, and homes which at times seem silent when the echo of other full and joyous firesides reaches them. And there are those who have no homes on earth, dwelling as strangers and pilgrims in the homes of others; and in all lives there are lonely hours, hours when trial and perplexity come, and the friend on whose sympathy and judgment we lean is not near; and in many hearts there are places too tender for any human hand to touch. What a truth, then, is that which turns hours of loneliness into hours of the richest and most blessed companionship. For the presence of God is no abstract truth, it is the presence of One with whom we may have intercourse as a man with his friend, to whom we may speak of everything that interests us, make requests and have them granted, ask questions and have them answered."

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"O, Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath; neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure." Psalm, 38: 1. The wrath of the Lord, who can endure the thought? What can cause the Lord to be angry? "He is angry with the wicked every day." If we belong to the family of God's redeemed ones, we need not dread His rebukes, they are sent in love—as many as I love I rebuke and chasten." Why is it that the stricken soul utters this cry with such depth of feeling? It is because we know and feel that our sins deserve His wrath, but let us remember if we are resting in Christ He deals with us in mercy—in love to our souls—"neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure." Well might our repeated departures from His holy law—our rebellion, our manifold transgressions, lead us to fear this displeasure—but He has appointed a refuge to which the sinner may flee and be safe. Oh! how precious to the soul conscious of its exceeding sinfulness,

is the thought that He has made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

"O king of mercy grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee,
In thy destroying angel's hour
O gather us to Thee."

"Fear not; believe only." Luke 8: 50. How often are the commands of the gospel explained, enforced, or illustrated by the words of the old testament scriptures. In the 125 Psalm, David gives us a strong reason why we should comply with the requirement of the text—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever." Surely, if we only believed this one promise, we should cast out fear. *The Lord on every side*, no matter who the foes, no matter how hard the battle—what our temporal distresses? what our spiritual foes? He that is for us is more than they that be against us. Let us then seek out the sweet promises, and rest in the gracious assurances which abound in God's word. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Who can truly believe and not love more

"Though darkest clouds o'ercast the sky,
Though deep all out to deep;
Pray, and behold the Saviour nigh
To bless, to guide to keep."

R.

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick—and all the enjoyments sour; it arises not from the condition, but the mind. Paul was contented in prison; Ahab was discontented in a palace; he had all the delight of Canaan, that pleasant land, the wealth of a kingdom, the pleasure of a court, the honors and power of a throne; yet all this avails him nothing without Naboth's vineyard. Inordinate desire exposes men to continual vexation, and being disposed to fret they will always find something to fret about.—*Matthew Henry*.

From the *Atlantic Monthly*.**My Little Maiden.**

My little maiden of four years old—

No myth—but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold,
Came quite in disgust to me one day,

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm, [her,
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill
She cried, "O! mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely [smother,
Yet a glance in its daring, half-awed and shy,
She added, "While they were about it mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly."

They were words to the thought of the soul that
turns

From the coarse form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to cover them both.

Ah! look thou largely with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great Angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their home above,
Could not bear with the worm all the wings
should grow.

Can and Could.

BY JEAN INGELW.

Once upon a time Could went out to
take a walk on a wintry morning; he was
very much out of spirits, and he was made
more so by the necessity under which he
found himself to be frequently repeating
his own name. "Oh, if I could," and
"Oh, that I were rich and great, for then
I could do so and so."

About the tenth time that he had said
this, Can opened the door of her small
house and set out on an errand. She went
down a back street and through a poor
neighborhood—she was not at all a grand
personage, not nearly so well dressed, or
lodged, or educated, as Could—and in fact,
was altogether more humble, both in her
own esteem, and that of others. She
opened the door and went down the street,
neither sauntering nor looking behind her,
for she was in a hurry.

All on a sudden, however, this busy lit-
tle Can stopped and picked up a piece of
orange peel.

"A dangerous trick," she observed, "to
throw orange peel about, particularly in
frosty weather, and in such a crowded thor-
oughfare;" and she bustled on until she
overtook a tribe of little children who were
scattering it very freely; they had been
bargaining for oranges at an open fruit
stall, and were eating them as they went
along. "Well, it's little enough that I
have in my power," thought Can, "but I
certainly can speak to these children, and
try to persuade them to leave off strewing
orange peel."

Can stopped. "That's a pretty baby
that you have in your arms," said she to
one of them, "how old is he?"

"He's fourteen months old," answered the
small nurse, "and he begins to walk; I
teach him, he's my brother."

"Poor little fellow," said Can, "I hope
you are kind to him; you know if you
were to let him fall he might never be able
to walk any more."

"I never let him drop," replied the child,
"I always take care of my baby."

"And so do I;" "And so do I," repeat-
ed other shrill voices, and two more babies
were trust up for Can's inspection.

"But if you were to slip down your-
selves on the hard pavement, you would
be hurt, and the baby would be hurt in
your arms. Look! how can you be so
careless as to throw all this peel about;
don't you know how slippery it is!"

"We always fling it down," says one.

"And I never slipped but once on a
piece," remarked another.

"But was not that once too often?"

"Yes, I grazed my arm very badly, and
broke a cup I was carrying."

"Well now, suppose you pick up all the
peel you can find, and then go down the
streets round about and see how much you
can get; and to the one that finds most,
when I come back I shall give a penny."

So, after making the children promise
that they would never commit this fault
again, Can went on; and it is a remark-
able circumstance, that, just at that very
moment, Could was walking in quite a dif-
ferent part of London; he also came to a
piece of orange peel which was lying across
his path.

"What a shame!" he said, as he passed
on; "what a disgrace it is to the city au-
thorities, that this practice of sowing seed,
which springs up into broken bones, can-
not be made a punishable offence; there is

never a winter that one or more accidents do not arise from it! If I could only put it down, how glad I should be! If, for instance, I could offer a bribe to people to abstain from it, or if I could warn or punish; or if I could be placed in a position to legislate for the suppression of this and similar bad habits. But, alas! my wishes rise far above my powers; my philanthropic aspirations can find no—"

"By your leave," said a tall, strong man, with a heavy coal sack on his shoulder.

Could, stepping aside, permitted the coal porter to pass him. "Yes," he continued, taking up his soliloquy where it had been interrupted, "it is strange that so many anxious wishes for the welfare of his species should be implanted in the breast of a man who has no means of gratifying them." The noise of a thundering fall, and the rushing down as of a great number of stones, made Could turn hastily round. Several people were running together they stooped over something on the ground; it was the porter; he had fallen on the pavement, and the coals lay in heaps about his head; some people were clearing them, others were trying to raise him. Could advanced, and saw that the man was stunned, for he looked about him with a bewildered expression, and talked incoherently. Could also observed that a piece of orange peel was adhering to the sole of his shoe.

"How sad!" said Could; now here is the bitter result of this abuse. If I had been in authority, I could have prevented this; how it chafes the spirit to receive and be powerless. Poor fellow! he is evidently stunned, and has a broken limb—he is lamed, perhaps for life. People are certainly very active and kind on these occasions; they seem prepared to take him to the hospital. Such an accident as this is enough to make a man wish he could be a king, or a law-giver. What the poet says may be true enough,

"Of all the ills that human kind endure,
Small is the part which laws can curse or cure."

"And yet, I think I could have framed such a law that this poor fellow might now have been going about his work, instead of being carried to languish for weeks on a sick bed, while his poor family are half starved, and must, perhaps, at last receive him, a peevish, broken-spirited cripple, a burden for life, instead of a support; and all because of a pitiful piece of scattered orange peel."

While Could was still moralizing thus,

he got into an omnibus, and soon found himself drawing near one of the suburbs of London, turning and winding among rows of new houses, with heaps of bricks before them, and the smell of mortar in their neighborhood; then among railways, excavations and embankments, and at last among neat villas and cottages standing in gardens with here and there a field behind them. Presently they passed a large building, and Could read upon its front, "Temporary Home for Consumptive Patients." "An excellent institution," he thought to himself; "here a poor man or woman can have a few weeks of good air, good food, and good nursing, the best thing possible for setting them up at least for a time. I have often thought that these remedial institutions do more good, on the whole, than mere hospitals; and if I could afford it, I would rather be the founder of them, than of places of more ambitious aims and names. It is sad to think how much consumption is on the increase among the poor; bad air, and the heated places where so many of them work, give these wintry blasts a terrible power over them. But it is my lot to sigh over their troubles without being able to soften them. A small competence, a fixed income, which does no more than provide for my own wants, and procure those simple comforts of relaxations which are necessary to me, is of all things least favorable to my aspirations. I cannot gratify my benevolent wishes, though their constant presence shows how willingly I would if I could."

The omnibus stopped, and a man, in clean working clothes, inquired whether there was an inside place.

"No, there is not one," said the conductor, and he looked in; most of the passengers were women.

"Would any gentleman like to go outside?"

"Like!" thought Could, with a laugh; "who would like in such a wind as this, so searching and wild? Thank Heaven! I never take cold; but I don't want a blast like this to air the lining of my paletot, make itself acquainted with the pattern of my handkerchief, and chill the very shillings in my waistcoat pocket."

"Because," continued the conductor, "if any gentleman would like to go outside, here is a man who has been ill and would be very glad of a place within."

He looked down, as he spoke, upon the man, whose clothes were not well calculated to defend him against the weather, and had a hollow cough. No answer from within.

"I must get outside them," said the man, "for I have not much time for waiting." So he mounted, and the driver spread part of his own wrapper over his legs, another passenger having lent a hand to help him up.

"Thank you sir," said the man, "I am but weak, but I am sorry to give you the trouble."

"No trouble, no trouble," answered the outside passenger; and he muttered to himself: "You are not likely to trouble any one long."

"That's where you came from, I suppose," said the driver, pointing with his whip towards the house for consumptive patients.

"Yes," said the man, "I have been very ill indeed, but I am better now, wonderfully better. They say I may last for years with proper attention, and they tell me to be very careful of weather, but what can I do?"

"It's very cold and windy up here," said the driver.

The man shivered, but did not complain; he looked about him with a bright glitter in his eyes, and every time he coughed, he declared he was much better than he had been.

After telling you so much about Could, his kind wishes, projects and aspirations, I am almost ashamed to mention Can to you again; however, I think I will venture, though her aspirations, poor little thing, are very humble ones, and she scarcely knows what a project means.

So you must know that having concluded most of her business, she entered a shop to purchase something for her dinner; and while she was waiting to be served, a child entered, carrying a basket much too heavy for her strength, and having a shawl folded up on her arm.

"What have you in your basket?" asked Can.

"Potatoes for dinner," said the child.

"It's very heavy for you," remarked Can, observing how she bent under the weight of it.

"Mother's ill and there's nobody to go to the shop but me," sitting down and blowing her numbed fingers.

"No wonder you are cold," said Can; "why don't you put your shawl on instead of carrying it so?"

"It's so big," said the child, in a piteous voice. "Mother put a pin in it, and told me to hold it up; but I can't, the basket is so heavy, and I trod on it and fell down."

"It's enough to give the child her death of cold," said the mistress of the shop, "to go crawling home in this bitter wind, with nothing on but that thin frock."

"Come," said Can, "I'm not very clever, but I know how to tie a child's shawl so as not to throw her down." So she made the little girl hold up her arms, and drawing the garment closely round her knotted it securely at the back.

"Now, then," she said, having inquired where she lived, "I am going your way, so I can help you carry your basket."

Can and the child went out together, while Could, having reached his comfortable home, sat down before the fire and made a great many reflections, he made reflections on baths and wash-houses, and wished he could advance their interests; he made reflections on model-prisons, and penitentiaries, and wished he could improve them; he made reflections on the progress of civilization, on the necessity of some better mode of educating the masses; he thought of the progress of the human mind, and made grand progress in his benevolent heart, whereby all the true interests of the race might be advanced, and he wished he could carry them into practice; he reflected on poverty, and made castles in the air as to how he might mitigate its severity, and then, having in imagination made many people happy, he felt that a benevolent disposition was a great blessing, and fell asleep over the fire.

Can only made two things. When she had helped to carry the child's basket, she kindly made her sick mother's bed, and then went home and made a pudding.

DOMESTIC SWEATMEATS—It is a singular fact that many ladies, who know how to preserve everything else, can't preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to "keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed."

An Irish editor, in speaking of the misery of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full!"

From the New York Observer.

The Journey.

Ah! what is the world, my darling,
What is the world to me?
For the Angel of Death was passing,
And he whispered low to thee:
With a deep and tender accent,
And a sweet and tender smile,
He said, "Wilt thou come up yonder,
For I stay but a little while?"

And thy face grew bright in his shadow,
Thou hast longed for the dreary way;
Dost thou think that the path is star-strewn,
And lit with the beauty of day?
Ah! why does thy bright eye kindle
When his wings are rustling by?
Would'st leave the friends who love thee,
For the dim and far off sky?

"But ah!" thou would'st tell me, "off yonder
There is One who is loving me more:
There is One who will greet me with welcome,
On the distant star-girt shore."
God grant it be true, my darling,
And Heaven be passing fair;
But the journey is rugged and darksome,
And how wilt thou wander there?

'Tis a dark and a dreary region
That thy tender feet must tread,
And they say that a swollen river
Upflows from its gloomy bed;
And the Angel of Death is cruel;
Full little he careth for thee,
And what shalt thou do in the river,
If thou deserted be?

"But ah!" thou would'st tell me, "the river
Flows hard by the blessed coast,
And those who are loved by the Master
Can never be stranded or lost.
For to them the light from His presence
Shines out o'er the swollen wave,
'Th' eternal arms are beneath them,
And they know Him mighty to save."

Yes, so it must be, my darling,
God grant that it all be true:
But on the rough peaks of the mountains
What shall the wanderer do?
Perchance thou may'st 'dash,' in the darkness,
'Thy foot against a stone,'—
The Angel of Death laughs in scorning,
And thou art left alone.

"But no," thou art saying full softly,
"That never, O, never could be;
For my King has passed over the river,
And He holds out His hand towards me;

He will guide me, and lead me, and hold me,
And my step it never shall slide,
For He who holds sway o'er the river,
Will ever be close at my side."

Ah! yes, it is true, my darling!
I shall lead thee down to the shore:
Yet not to the angel I give thee,—
To Him who has gone before.
I will lift thy head from my heart, love,
And know it is clasped to His breast;
Thou art going forth on thy journey,
And the end thereof is Rest.

But ah! what is life, my darling,
And what is the world to me?
For the King of the far-off country
Hath whispered low to thee:
And thou lovest His winning presence,
And the sweetness of His voice;
Thou hast looked on the foaming river,
And thy heart can still rejoice.

C. J. G.

From the New York Observer.

Being a Trustee.

"Mr. Smith, I called to see if you would
serve as trustee of our institution," &c., &c.

"Trustee! my dear sir, I have already as
much as I can do. You know how much
has come upon me since the death of Mr.
Blank, and I was just looking about for
help, not to undertake anything more."

"O! we do not want your time or ser-
vices, it need not give you any trouble.
Only your name and an hour at the annual
meeting."

"Trustee! let me see," and I turned to
the dictionary and read thus:

"TRUSTEE. A person to whom prop-
erty is legally committed in trust to be ap-
plied either for the benefit of specified in-
dividuals or for public uses. One who is
intrusted with property for the benefit of
others."

"TRUST. Assured resting of the mind
on the integrity, veracity, justice, friend-
ship, or other sound principle of another
person. Confidence. Reliance."

"Now, my friend, you see that is an in-
stitution of considerable importance. You
have a large income, have you not?"

"Well, ye, we have all the money that
is needed."

"And you ask me to become one of
those to whom property is committed in
trust for public uses, with confidence that
it will be properly applied, and yet tell me

that I shall have nothing to do. 'Only my name.' How am I to know that the money is properly applied?"

"Well, you know Mr. Sharpe; he is really the acting manager, I suppose you can trust him."

"Yes, and the public trust me. Suppose Mr. Sharpe does his duties by proxy, and takes the position without the work. How are we to know?"

"O, if things went wrong, you would soon find out. Besides, all these things are managed by one man. The trustees seldom have much to do with them."

"Then, my friend, let them be in the name of one man, and let the public look to him."

"O, but the public will not believe in a thing in the name of only one man. They want names they know."

"Names! yes, and I am expected to lend my name to this man of whom I know little, that he may trade with it upon the faith of the people. Let me see, I am worth a few thousand dollars. Would I hand over the management of this money to Mr. Sharpe with no check or security, on the ground of my faith in him? Would you? I think not."

"But we have a treasurer."

"Yes, and he pays over monies as expended by your trustee, for he is the only trustee in fact, with written vouchers to be sure, but who shall assure him that the money has been properly expended?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Smith, we will not urge you, if you object, our list of trustees is nearly full, and we wanted two or three more. You see we have many good names, and they have consented to act, without any trouble."

"To act! to stand rather, you should say. Wonder if they ever read the definition of trustee in the dictionary. A man to put confidence in, forsooth!"

My friend left me, and found other "names" without any difficulty, with which the public were satisfied.

Not long after, there came to my knowledge a practical exposition of this doctrine of trust. A friend came to me for my help in looking into the affairs of an institution with which he was nominally connected, "for," said he, "they used my name and put me in without my knowledge, and the first notice I had of the appointment was the seeing my name in print. It was too late then to decline, as

it had gone forth in all the reports, so I mean to make the best of it, and do my duty."

Such duty! One man had gone forward and shouldered the whole thing, controlled the funds, managed the business, conducted the affairs, lived out of the concern, mis-managed as he chose; and whether he was very honest and simple, or very shrewd and deep, we never could quite determine. One thing was certain, it was all a muddle, funds wasted, things generally in a bad state, and now came the time for the trustees. Instead of being the officers and crew of the ship, they were the wreckers.

"Oh, if things went wrong, you would soon find it out," so said my friend Green, in his own persuasive manner. So when a ship is on a lee shore you soon find it out; but if it had been your duty to keep it off the lee shore, what then?

I gave the assistance he required to the man who had been made trustee in spite of himself, and we worked hard and saved the ship. She was a good deal damaged, lost sails and spars, and it cost both time and money to refit, still she was not a total wreck. But it taught me a lesson, and you never will find me elected trustee, except where I accept the trust, and do my share of the duty.

I see plenty of institutions, monetary and charitable, religious and secular, where trustees give their names and nothing else. And there are cases where names are used without the consent of their owners. We are too careless. A poor widow came to me in great distress, having no one whom she could trouble for advice, she put some of her money into an enterprise where she saw the names of men she had faith in, as trustees. The whole went to the dogs, and she lost her money, and when she went to one of these men, he told her he knew nothing of the management; they used his name and gave him some stock, and he supposed it was all right; he had never done anything. And this man was called honest, as times go.

It is not long since, a flagrant case came to light in one of our cities, where poor orphan children suffered neglect and abuse in a quasi asylum for the orphan. Very likely it is still going on. In this case the names of individuals who were well known, had been used without their consent, and even after they had positively forbidden it, and in other cases entirely without the

knowledge of those who had the best right to the names.

But this is not nearly as bad as consenting to the use of one's name, without the intention of assuming the duties.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1866.

Close of our Paper Year.

With this month closes the second year of our *Review*. We have forbore saying anything about our paper of late, for fear of wearying our readers with the same old story, but now the time has come when we feel that we must speak again. And what shall we say? There is much we feel that we might say—much in praise, much in gratitude, much in earnest appeal. Our little paper has proved, during its brief existence, a gratifying success. Failure and discouragement are words not in our vocabulary—and yet we have felt the difficulties in our enterprise. With two papers of a similar character, already established in our city—with the quantities of reading matter with which every house is flooded, and with the repeated demands of the various and multiplying benevolent institutions around us, it was deemed, even by our friends, a little venturesome—a little audacious, perhaps—for us to start another paper. But we felt that the Hospital needed a voice to plead and to speak for us, which could reach beyond the sphere of our personal influence, and so we ventured to send forth our little messenger, and it has not been in vain. It has made warm friends for us whose faces we have never seen, and it has brought us aid and sympathy and encouragement from those who but for its influence would never have known of our Hospital, or of its work.

When the war closed and peace was restored, then again the question arose, if the work of our little paper was not done,

and if it would not be best to give it up. But we felt that we had still much to do for our soldiers—the sick, the wounded, the maimed for life. We felt that the real work of our Hospital had only just begun, and that, although changed in character, it had not diminished in magnitude or importance. With so much before us to do—so much that we hoped and longed to do, was it a time for us to be silent and to give up the *Review*? We thought not. Still we continued, from month to month, to send out our messenger, winged with our prayers, our hopes, our fears, our needs, and the faithful record of our labors; and still it came back to us as before, laden ever with kind encouragement and cordial responses. Many thanks, dear readers, one and all, for the sympathy and interest so often and so warily expressed. It is to these that our little paper owes its existence to-day. But with all our encouragements, and with all its bright promise, we must not forget that our *Review* is still in its infancy—and that its little life must have tender care and genial influences for its growth and strength.

Our friends and agents have done well and are deserving of our thanks, but we still feel the necessity of making an earnest appeal at this time for our *Review*. With all that has been done, we feel still the need of more effort, more earnestness and determination in the work than has yet been put forth. We would like to ask that this month—the last of the year—be devoted especially to efforts for the *Review*. Let each reader resolve to send us at least *one new subscriber*, and let our agents make thorough and faithful work with their lists. See that every subscription is collected, and do not let us miss one name from the list, but rather gladden our eyes with the long line of new ones added. It is not one day too soon to begin this labor, and let us each go about it, not as a mere formality but with a determination to accomplish something.

Death of George S. Harris.

During the past month, one weary sufferer from our Hospital, in whom more than an ordinary interest was felt, has, as we trust, entered into rest. He came to us a few weeks since in the last stages of consumption, with which hopeless disease he had long been prostrated. It was hoped by his family and friends that the transfer to the Hospital, where the arrangements and conveniences for the care of the sick were so much more ample and complete, than could be possible in a private family, might be conducive to his comfort and to the alleviation of his sufferings, and so it proved. He spoke often and always gratefully of the care and attention he received, and which his sweet patience rendered it a privilege to all associated with the Hospital to bestow. It was felt to be a pleasure to administer in any way to his wants, and to be able to win from him his ever ready smile of gratitude, or his whispered thanks. He became, even during his short stay with us, greatly endeared to all. The interest which our superintendent, Mr. Van Zandt, took in his case could hardly have been more tender or more strong for a brother. He took, for a long time, the almost exclusive care of him—unwilling to give up his charge to other hands for his own needful rest; and even after his death, he could not be persuaded to leave him, but made a special request to be allowed to sit up with his lifeless remains. And this love and affection which Mr. Harris inspired among his friends and acquaintances, was universal. In the bank—in the army—in every position of life which he held, he was beloved and respected. But, perhaps, the most noble tribute of all to his worth and excellence, was the devotion to him, even to the last, by the Alert Hose Company, of which he was a member. For the many months that he was confined with illness, they provided him, at their own expense, with the best care and nurses—visited him

often—bestowing upon him daily some expression of their remembrance and sympathy; and it was this Company who, at last, transferred him to the Hospital—securing for him one of its most commodious and desirable apartments—hoping that the change and its superior advantages might lessen his sufferings. Such beautiful—unwearied—unselfish regard to a stricken comrade, it is a pleasure to record. It is gratifying to know that there is in our midst a band of young men possessed of so much nobility of soul—so much generosity—so much delicate disinterestedness. Mr. Harris was visited during his illness, and while at the Hospital, by various Christian friends and clergymen, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Wines, at whose church his funeral was attended, and who, at Mr. Harris' request, conducted the services on that occasion. Mr. Wines had felt his sympathies peculiarly drawn towards this sufferer, and it is through his conversations with him, and the testimony which he gives us, that we gather our most precious hopes of his eternal blessedness. The refinement of his nature—his many fine and many qualities which won for him so many friends—the record of an unblemished life—nor yet the lovely patience with which he bore his long-sufferings, could avail him nothing in the hour of death. One Arm—one Trust alone could support him, as the waves of the cold dark river came surging over him. But we have reason to believe that he was not without that precious trust—not without that Almighty Arm—to which closely clinging he was led safely over the swelling tide to those fair, sweet fields which lie beyond. If so—if as we fervently hope—oh, what a change was death to him! What an awaking from pain to bliss—from weariness to rest!

“THOSE FRESH EGGS.—The repeated responses to our cry for fresh eggs is very gratifying. They came in promptly, and were very welcome. Shall we have as many more this month? We hope so. We need them just as much.

A WORD TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.—Our Superintendent suggests, and we think the suggestion a most admirable one, that every reader of the *Review*, at least every house-keeper, should put up one can of fruit for the Hospital. In laying in the bountiful supply which notable house-keepers like to do for their own families, how very little extra labor or expense would it be to put up just one can more for the Hospital—and yet if each should do it, how many a nice treat would thus be furnished for our sick and invalids? Will you do it, kind friends? Will you put up this one extra can of fruit for our Hospital? Of course you will!

Fourth of July.

Fourth of July was remembered at the Hospital as usual. The inmates had a nice dinner of lamb and green peas, &c., and a bountiful feast of strawberries. Little Montie contributed seventy-five cents toward the strawberries, for which he has our special thanks. Mrs. H. L. Fish, who a year ago gave our inmates a generous treat of ice-cream, sent them at this time a quantity of lemons for lemonade. These and various other little kindnesses and remembrances helped to make the day pass pleasantly.

Our Little Agents.

What has become of them? We have just been reading over the names—Linda, and Maggie, and Mary, and Fanny, and Ella, and Jennie, and Carrie, and Benny, and Sammy, and Lobbie, and all the rest of them. Bright little list it is, or at least we used to think so! We used to call them our “brave volunteers,” but where are they now? Were they killed in the war, or are they so wounded and maimed, and crippled by hard service for the “Review,” that they cannot get around to hunt up new subscribers any more; or, are they resting upon the laurels they have already won? It is so long since we have heard

from this band of little workers! Even Linda no longer sends her new subscriber every month! Now we want a report from this band of volunteers immediately, for it is the very last month in the year, and we want to know what you have been doing for us, and what you will do. We can tell you very easily what we would like to have you do, and now is just the time to do it. We want you to take your lists and go around with them to every subscriber which you have procured for the “Review,” and persuade them to renew it, and then we want you to see how many new names you can get for us. Will you do it?

Reception at the Hospital.

On Wednesday, the 12th of this month, the ladies and trustees of the Hospital gave a reception at the building between the hours of four and six, P. M., to which the members of the Common Council and other city officers, editors and the donors to the Wing were invited. The design of the visit was to give the friends of the Hospital an opportunity to inspect the building, and to see for themselves how its affairs were conducted, and to what use the funds entrusted to its charge were expended. The investigation was, we believe, wholly satisfactory. A table was spread by the ladies for the entertainment of their guests, and the affair passed off pleasantly. The *Evening Express* thus alludes to the visit:

“The City Hospital was visited yesterday afternoon by Mayor Moore, in company with some of the city officials and a few Aldermen. Everything connected with the Hospital was found to be in the greatest state of neatness and order. The ventilation of the building is very carefully attended to, and a cool breeze makes the air refreshing, even in these terribly hot days. The Hospital is becoming more and more the resort of those invalids who, while having homes of their own, feel that in case of a long sickness they can be better taken care of, and receive more careful nursing, at this institution than could be done at their own residences, without causing much

trouble and inconvenience to the other members of the family.

Mr. Van Zandt, who has charge of the Hospital, has long been known as one of the most experienced and successful caterers in this part of the country, having for a long time been the landlord of the "United States" at Avon. Since he has been connected with the City Hospital, he has been most assiduous in his attention to the wants of the sick, and, by his kind and considerate carefulness, has shortened many an hour of pain and misery."

Resolutions on the Death of Geo. S. Harris.

The following notice and resolutions on the death of Geo. S. Harris, we copy from the *Evening Express* :

DEATH OF GEORGE S. HARRIS.—Geo. S. Harris, who was respected and loved by all who knew him, passed quietly from this field of toil, to a peaceful rest, on Monday. He had been suffering for a long time with a pulmonary disease, which terminated a life to which he had clung with a tenacity truly wonderful. He was for several years in the employ of the Rochester Savings Bank as book-keeper and treasurer, and at the time of his withdrawal from business, about a year ago, occupied the position of cashier, and was noted for his sterling integrity and good business habits.

Deceased was a son-in-law of W. W. Shephard, Esq. His wife, a most estimable lady, died about two years ago.

He died at the City Hospital, to which place he had been removed on account of the superior advantages afforded for treatment, &c.

He was a Knight Templar and a member of the Alert Hose Company.

At a regular meeting of this Company held July 2d, 1886, the following resolutions were adopted :

Whereas, It has pleased the All Wise Providence to remove from our midst our friend and brother, George S. Harris.

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to His decree, we wish to express our sorrow at the severance of the associations which endeared him to us, and will ever cherish the memory of his many excellent qualities.

Resolved, That we tender to his family, in this their great affliction, our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That we extend an invitation to Monroe Commandery K. A. T., Hamilton R. A. Chapter, Youcadio Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, the Board of Trustees of the Rochester Fire De-

partment, and the Officers and Trustees of the Rochester Savings Bank, to unite with us in performing the last sad rites to the memory of our departed friend.

Resolved, That we wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days, and also that our room be draped in accordance with the same.

Geo. B. HARRIS,
L. WARD CLARK,
J. H. KELLY,
Committee.

He was buried with Masonic honors, on Thursday afternoon, the funeral being from the Hospital at 3 o'clock, and the First Presbyterian Church at 3½ o'clock.

From the Rochester Daily Democrat.

The City Hospital.

By special invitation, His Honor Mayor Moore, some of the City officers, and a delegation from the Board of Aldermen, visited the City Hospital yesterday afternoon. The party were conducted all over the building, from the base to the attic, and every ward and room submitted to their thorough inspection. The ladies in charge of the institution had prepared a most excellent collation, which, the tour of inspection ended, was partaken of by the guests. The neatness and taste displayed in the arrangement of the table, and the variety and quality of the edibles provided proved conclusively that the ladies not only knew how to care for the sick, but also understood the proverbial weakness of aldermen and other public officers, and the way to meet it. Mayor Moore made a few remarks, expressing his satisfaction at having visited the Hospital, and declaring that in its general arrangement and management it surpassed any institution of the kind he had ever visited. Remarks were also made by Mr. Erickson, Rev. Mr. Gilmore and Alderman Draper, after which the guests took their departure, all highly pleased with their visit, and the excellent manner in which the affairs of the Hospital are conducted.

The City Hospital commends itself to the benevolence of the citizens of Rochester. For neatness, order and kind care and attention to patients, it is unsurpassed by any institution of the kind. The building is splendidly ventilated, and the comfort of the sick considered in all its arrangements. Besides the long wards, there are private rooms for those patients who wish to receive treatment that could be obtained in

no other place, with the same good nursing and excellent medical skill. Some of the rooms have been very finely furnished by different city churches, and all are in admirable order, ready for use. A very moderate charge is made for treatment. For the funds necessary to its support, the Hospital depends entirely upon the proceeds derived from the treatment of patients, and the benevolence of the citizens of Rochester. We are fully satisfied that if any of our readers will take the trouble to pay it a visit, they will be well repaid, and find that the City Hospital is a credit to the city, and should receive the support of every good citizen. Besides the resident physician, the Hospital is visited daily by some of the most eminent members of the medical profession in our city. The nurses are kind, skillful and attentive; and the lady managers daily visit the wards and see that the wants of the patients are properly cared for.

There are now about forty persons in the Hospital. Since it was first opened, 808 persons have received treatment within its walls, out of which large number but twenty-five deaths have occurred.

**List of Donations to the Hospital,
FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1866.**

- Mrs. William Hildreth, Canandaigua—Two Shirts for sick soldiers—by Miss Wentworth of Syracuse.
- Ladies' Aid Society of Victor—Nine very nice Dressing Gowns—by Mrs. Dr. Ball.
- Miss Amanda Green—Two Baking Tins and two Dripping Pans.
- Mrs. S. B. Raymond—Strawberries and cake for an invalid.
- George A. Watson—Brook Trout.
- Dr. H. W. Dean—A large fresh Fish.
- Mrs. Judge Gardiner—Three dozen Eggs.
- Mrs. T. H. Rochester—Biscuits every Wednesday.
- Mrs. Charles Stillwell—Guava Jelly, Oranges and Custard.
- Mrs. Lee—Basket of Gooseberries.
- Mrs. Chas. Pond—Strawberries and Brook Trout.
- A Manager—A dish of Spanish Cream.
- Mrs. Montie Rochester—Two boxes of Guava Jelly, Irish Moss and Wine Jelly.
- A Manager—A box of Strawberries and Sandwiches.
- A Manager—Lettuce, twice.
- A Manager—A glass of Jelly.
- A Manager—Lemons and Eggs.
- Mrs. Henry T. Rogers—One dozen Eggs.
- Mrs. Gardiner—Two dozen Eggs.
- Miss Wentworth, Syracuse—A box of Strawberries and Oranges.
- A Manager—Two pounds of Aerated Crackers, and Sandwiches.

Cash Donations and Receipts.

Little Montie, for Strawberries for 4th July, \$ 0 75
 Received from Patients, 45 00

Superintendent's Report for June.

1866. June 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 35
 Received during the month, 19—54
 Discharged " " 17
 Died " " 1—18
 July 2. Remaining in Hospital, 36

Children's Department.

From the German.

A Story for the Little Folks.

The Poor Musician and His Mate.

I have often been sorry to hear people say that there is no more kindness in the world. Adam did fall, I know, but we can't help that. Though there are a great many bad things in the world, I also believe that there is a great deal that is good.

Somehow a great crime seems to be spoken of by everybody, while a good deed is usually unnoticed. I think, children, that whenever you hear of a good thing you ought to tell it. Spread the good news far and wide. It will do others good when they hear it, and, if I mistake not, it will do you good, likewise. I am going to act on that principle now, and I hope to do so in some way or another as long as I live.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival, in the large park at Vienna. This park is called by the people the Prater. It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking there were people there, some young, and some old, and many strangers, too. And all those who were there enjoyed such a scene as they had probably never beheld before. Be that as it may, the Prater was almost covered with the crowds of people. Among the number were organ-grinders, beggars, and girls who played on harps. There stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he didn't like to beg; therefore, on this particular festival day he took his violin, and played under an old tree in the park. He had a good, faithful old dog along with him, which lay at his feet, and held an old hat in his mouth, so that passers by might cast coins in it for the poor old man.

On the day of the festival which I have now mentioned, the dog sat before him, with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they didn't throw much in. I wonder the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, such as he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk in the streets without carrying his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so he had to hold the bow of his violin with these. A bullet had taken off the two others, and, almost at the same time, a cannon ball had taken off his left leg. The last money he had had been spent in buying new strings for his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength, the old marches he had learned so often when a boy, with his father. He looked sad enough as he saw the multitude pass by in their strength and youth and beauty, but whenever they laughed it was like a dagger to his soul, for he knew that on that very evening he would have to go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he often found a bone here and there to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It was late in the afternoon, his hopes were almost like the sun—they were both going down together. He placed his old violin down by his side, and leaned against an old tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheeks. He thought that none of that giddy crowd saw him, but he was much mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything, his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking into the hat saw only two little copper coins in it. He then said to the old musician: "My good friend, why don't you play longer?"

"Oh," replied the old man, "my dear sir, I can not; my poor old arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow; besides, I have had no dinner, and have little prospect of supper."

The old man wiped his face with his feeble hands. The kind gentleman with whom he talked resolved to aid him as

best he could. He gave him a piece of gold and said:

"I'll pay you if you will lend me your violin for one hour."

"Oh!" said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen old fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman; "I only want to hire it one hour."

"Very well, you can do what you will," said the owner.

The gentleman took the fiddle and bow in his hands, and then said to the old man:

"Now, my mate, you take the money, and I will play. I am quite sure people will give us something."

Now, was not that a singular musical association? They had just become acquainted, and immediately entered into an arrangement to work together for the public. The strange gentleman began to play. His mate looked at him with great wonder; he was so stirred that he could hardly believe it was his old violin that such beautiful sounds came from. Every note was like a pearl. The first piece had not been finished before the people observing the strange sight, and hearing such wonderful music, stopped a moment in curiosity. Every one saw that the fine-looking gentleman was playing for the poor man, but none knew who he was. By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and the old dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger and larger. Even the coachmen of the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and hear the music. Still the money increased. Gold, silver and copper were thrown into the hat, by old and young. The old dog began to growl. What in the world could be the matter? One gentleman, as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat, had struck him on the nose, and he came very near letting the hat and money fall. But it soon became so heavy he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat, old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you." He pulled out an old handkerchief, and wrapped the money in it, and put it in his violin bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out: "Bravo! bravo!" in great joy. He played first one tune, and then another—even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last he played

that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended, and the musician handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd. "Who is he? Who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?"

A certain person sitting in one of the coaches said: "I know him. It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist. It is just like him. He saw that the old man needed help, and he determined to help him in the best way he could."

The people then gave three cheers for Boucher, and put more money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening he was richer than he had ever been before. When he went to his bed he folded his hands and prayed that God might bless good Boucher, so that when he become an old man he might have good friends.

Now, I believe that there were two happy people that night in Vienna. Of course, the poor old musician rejoiced now that he was out of want; but of more value to him than all his money was the consolation that somebody had proved a friend to him. For it does us all good to know that we have friends, even though they are of no farther advantage to us. There was another who was happy, and that was the good man Boucher. How could he go to bed that night without thanking God for putting it into his heart to be kind to the old, friendless, starving soldier.

Next to the benefit which our good deeds confer, is that which they confer on ourselves.

Now, children, this is a big world. Look around you, and you will always find that you can do something to make this world of ours better, as well as yourselves happier.

Agents.

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BULLER, Peiry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER,
- " J. B. KNIFFEN, Victor
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Mrs. S. W. HAMILTON, Fairport.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MAGGIE HAMILTON, "
- MARY PERKINS, "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester.
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
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- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
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- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW, "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.
- JULIA A. DAVIS, "
- NELLIE COLLINS, "

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions. Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

Advertisements.



NOW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE from our large Stock of

LAWN SETTEES,
ARM AND SINGLE CHAIRS,
Iron Vases, &c.

NEW & BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS,
At No. 132 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
June, 1866. 11.

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,
Smith's Arcade, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,
AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 and 39 State Street,

HAVE received another large lot of NEW SILKS, which they offer to purchasers at GREAT BARGAINS. The lot comprises BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS,
at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON, . . .	\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25	per lb.
OOLONGS,	80c, 90c and \$1.00	"
MIXED TEAS,	80c, 90c and \$1.00	"
IMPERIAL,	\$1 and \$1.25	"
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,	\$1.25	"
ENGLISH BREAKFAST,	\$1 and \$1.20	"
GROUND COFFEE,	20c, 30c and 40c.	"

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,
April, 1866. 1y 62 Buffalo Street.

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to

83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER, and all kinds of Mason's goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

NEW STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL

SPRING DRY GOODS.

WE are now opening the LARGEST and FINEST STOCK of SPRING GOODS that we have ever offered to our customers. The stock comprises everything new and desirable in the line of DRY GOODS.

We invite every one to call and examine our goods and prices. A. S. MANN & CO.,
April, 1866. 37 and 39 State St.

CURRAN & COLER,

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD C'CREAN.

April, '66-ly*

G. W. GOLER.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1866. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

SMITH & PERKINS, WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1828.]

Jan. 1865.

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S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866.

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

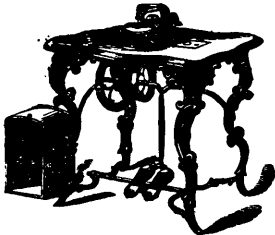
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1865, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day. REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left, or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
4. The perfect finish and substantial manner in which the machine is made.
5. The rapidity of its working, and the quality of the work done.
6. Its self-adjusting tension.

The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

All kinds of Stitching, Cloak and Dress Making, done to order, and all kinds of Ladies' Garments made to order on short notice, in the neatest possible manner, by competent operators.

Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office. Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y. A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. For particulars address

CHAS. SPENCER HALL, General Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

Nov. 15, 1865.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTE,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Cash paid for Country Produce. Game of all kinds in its season.

GEORGE MCKAY,

PAINTER & GLAZIER,

CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.

Walls Whitened or Tinted,

AND PAINTING DONE,

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner. All orders left as above, or at his residence, of Ely St., will receive prompt attention. Oct. 1865.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }

CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,

Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

E. N. BUELL

Rochester, Sept. 1865.-6m.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Grape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colors. Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

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Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,

Jan. 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.