

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1885.

No. 1.

The Child's Prayer.

[At the recent annual meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society in New York, Mrs. J. S. Dickerson, of Chicago, referred to the following prayer of her little daughter, to illustrate the necessity of individual effort in the mission work.]

Sweet Gracie, the light of the household,
Hath knelt in the twilight hour,
Commending the friends that she loveth
To the Father's keeping power,
Not one of her pets is forgotten,
Her kitten, her dog and doll.
But deeper in meaning the favor
She asks while the shadows fall :

Now the old black cat, wilt Thou bless her,
The cat with the great green eyes.
That wanders alone in our garden, —
I'm sad when I hear her cries."
The mother looked down on her darling,
The child of her tender care,
And told her she need not remember
All cats in her evening prayer.

The bright face grew earnest and thoughtful,
And clouded in strange surprise,
But the light of a child's true instinct
Flashed out from the sparkling eyes.
And straightway she questioned her mother,
" Well, now, will you please to say,
If I did not think of the black cat,
Who else for its good would pray ?"

Ah, Gracie had mastered the lesson
We tardily come to heed ;
But always there wait for our footsteps
Earth's lowliest ones in need.
" Who else " if we turn from their pleading,
Will unto their rescue spring ?
" Who else " to the feet of the Master
These sheaves for the harvest bring ?

There are sorrowing hearts to cherish,
" Who else " will the tear-drops dry ?
" Who else " will be friends to the friendless
While the fleeting years go by ?
At last when our service is ended
How sweet will His greeting be,
" Inasmuch as for these ye labored
Ye have done it unto me."

ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1885.

NEW CHILDREN'S PAVILION.

Laying the Corner Stone.

It was a lively sight that greeted us on the afternoon of July 31st, as we entered the Hospital grounds from West avenue. The lawn was dotted with groups of people that had gathered to witness the exercises connected with the laying of the corner stone of the Children's Pavilion. Prominent among these were the little folks who have taken so deep an interest in raising funds for this charity. Babies in arms, babies in carriages, and children of all sizes were present.

Beneath a tent, kindly loaned by Mr. James Field, Julia Robinson and Edith Peck, who have worked so effectively for the Children's Pavilion, were busy with their assistants, Alice Peck, Bessie Backus, and Philip Mumford, and Charlie Robinson, their cashier, in making arrangements for the sale of ice cream and cake, and as the result of their efforts they brought into the treasury thirty-two dollars and ten cents. Another group was composed of the Hospital boys, conspicuous among whom was Max Kraus in his rolling ehair, with his head in a leather harness. Gust Grunst had lost a leg; Sidney Greenslave had a stiff neck; Freddy Lyons' hips were diseased; Tommy Jones had a broken arm; Tommy Heeney was suffering from abscesses; Terrance Martin had his ankle injured by a boy coasting down hill, and Lawrence Barrows, six years old, the youngest of the Hospital boys, had broken his knee. Here was a band of little ones, candidates for the Children's Pavilion.

Hospital patients in their rolling chairs, others with their crutches beside them, or in use, were interested spectators, and from the windows of the west wing of the Hos-

pital, many who could not leave the wards eagerly watched all that was passing before them.

The foundations of the new Pavilion have been laid northwest of the west wing of the City Hospital. The new structure is to be of brick, eighty feet long by thirty-two wide, two stories and a half high, with a fine dormer roof. It will have accommodation in the wards for forty-eight patients, besides private rooms for twelve or fifteen others. The designs were gratuitously drawn by Mr. John R. Church, the architect, and Mr. W. H. Gorsline has contracted to build the Pavilion for \$12,000. Money contributed by the children and other funds that the managers are allowed to appropriate, amount to \$7,000, and the necessity for the erection of the building is so urgent that we trust ere long the remaining \$5,000 will be raised for its completion. The speaker's platform on the north portion of the new foundation was protected by a canvas awning, and beneath this were seated representatives of the Board of Lady Managers, the Trustees, the Surgical and Medical staff, and also the Mayor, Dr. M. B. Anderson and the city clergymen, who were to take part in the exercises connected with the laying of the corner stone.

Beneath the corner stone was a box of sheet lead twelve inches long, seven wide, and five deep, in which were enclosed copies of the *Union and Advertiser*, the *Democrat and Chronicle*, the *Morning Herald*, the *Post Express*, *Volksblatt*, *Abend-Post* and *Beobachter*, *Sonntag's Journal*, of this city, the *New York Tribune*, and *THE HOSPITAL REVIEW* of June, 1876; Feb., April, and Sept., 1877; Feb., 1878; Feb., 1879; Feb., 1880; March, June and Sept., 1881; Jan., June and Oct., 1882; March, 1883; Dec., 1884, and all the issues of 1885; also a history of the Hospital prepared in 1872, a Hospital Supplement issued in 1883, and a book containing in manuscript the names and donations of

children to the Pavilion Fund, the names of the Lady Managers, Trustees, Medical and Surgical staff and other officers of the City Hospital, also a list of the endowed beds.

At 4 o'clock the exercises were opened by an appropriate prayer by Rev. Dr. H. C. Riggs. The following address was from Mayor Parsons, who presided on the occasion

"We meet to-day upon historic ground. Ground made sacred, because in former days after life's battle was o'er, many of those who were early settlers here, who, so to speak, rocked the cradle of the beautiful city of which we now have a right to boast, found a resting place within this enclosure, beneath this sod. The strides of time, and the march of progress have everywhere been felt, and long ago, comparatively speaking, the 'Western Cemetery' was abandoned, and the bones of those who had so tenderly been laid away, were as tenderly removed to beautiful Mount Hope, and in their place has been reared this noble Christian charity, the Rochester City Hospital. Strange as it may seem, there are those among us, who believe that this is an institution supported entirely by a tax upon the people. And a like error prevails regarding St. Mary's Hospital, an institution in which we also feel a commendable pride. As one who knows something of the facts, I am unwilling that this error should go longer uncorrected, and I embrace this most interesting occasion to set right the misapprehension. To be sure, no tax unless it be of a local character is levied against either of these institutions. And why should there be? And it is a fact that the city pays annually a few thousand dollars for the support of those who are friendless and penniless inmates within their walls. The amount so far as this hospital is concerned, is now averaging about ten dollars per day, and to this extent it is a tax upon the city. But

the error unjust, unnecessary, and as widespread as it has been, is unworthy of further consideration and my thoughts turn to the noble men and women who contribute of their means and of their time to the welfare of their fellow creatures. They are entitled to our thanks. Like David of old they are serving their generation, and like the sun, they are diffusing warmth, and cheer, and life all the day long. As a citizen, and as an official, I am pleased to meet with the friends of the Rochester City Hospital to-day. I have nothing but good words for its management, and expressions of gratitude to those who have made it what it is, and what in my opinion it will ever prove to be—one of the most noble and deserving of the many Christian charities of our city."

Mayor Parsons was followed by President Anderson, of the Rochester University, who expressed his interest in this charity, and stated that it was deepened by the fact that for several years of his life his attention had been specially directed to the care of the helpless and unfortunate. He alluded to comparatively recent improvements in the methods of treating the insane, idiots, deaf mutes, and the blind. He spoke of the former wretched condition of pauper children, crowded and neglected in the county poor houses, and of the strong efforts that were necessary before public authorities would place them in institutions designed to elevate and improve them. He enlarged on the benefits that would result from the establishment of a children's hospital, where malformed, diseased and crippled children, by receiving timely surgical and medical treatment, and careful nursing, might become useful and self-supporting citizens, who otherwise would be burdens to themselves, their families, or the community at large. He concluded by expressing his desire that the fondest hopes of the managers would be realized in the completion of the building

so nobly commenced. We regret we have not a full report of Dr. Anderson's interesting remarks.

The next speaker was Rev. Dr. Anstice, who said: "It is a precept of holy religion to rejoice with those who rejoice, and we now rejoice with all here that they can look upon the realization of a long-looked for event. We could rejoice much more if they had not to make bricks with so inadequate a supply of straw. As yet it is a venture of faith, though it is not a groundless faith, for it is one which reaches down and twines around the interest and sympathy of the children. I have great faith in the children, and I know the undertaking will succeed. I rejoice in this for two reasons: First, because the children now growing up will take great interest in what they have labored for, and second, they will receive by what they have done a blessed education in the very first principles of practical Christianity—doing good to others. What we all need is to rid ourselves of that demon, selfishness, and have more feeling for the sufferings of others. All success, therefore, to the efforts of the children, and may the Children's Pavilion (all paid for) soon be an accomplished fact."

The following is the address of Rev. N. M. Mann

"There are two classes of people I have envied, doctors and nurses; people who, while we who talk are merely sentimentalizing on the miseries of mankind, take hold and do away with them. I have never seen a doctor soothing a sick person without thinking, here is one doing the work of life, not merely professing to do it. I would have been glad indeed to have been left off the programme and to have had my place represented by one of the medical profession, who might speak of what has been done, especially for children. I only know that in the course of the last few centuries, through the efforts of the medical profes-

sion, the average age of mankind has been raised to a high point, between thirty and forty years. Those able to judge think that in a savage life people live on an average only about five years. This is accounted for by the fact that many die in babyhood. It is thought from statistics that in early civilized times the average time of life in Europe was about twelve years. It is now thirty-six years. This result has been reached by the skill of physicians and nurses. Some years ago I had the honor of taking incipient steps in the formation of a society in this city for the prevention of cruelty to children which is now merged in the Humane Society. I remember in the early years of the society's existence, we were embarrassed by the want of a proper place to send children who were in a state of disease through the ill treatment of parents or guardians. The Children's Pavilion will answer this purpose admirably. I thank God for the provision now about to be made. The doors of this institution are open to the rich and the poor, to Jew and Christian, to all classes regardless of faith or want of faith. I trust no lack of funds will prevent the advancement of this undertaking."

The last address was made by Rev. Myron Adams. He said: "In anticipation of saying a word this afternoon I endeavored to get a little information as to how and when hospitals began to exist. If anyone has endeavored to learn this from common sources he has found them very meager. Hospitals are said to have existed under the Buddhists and during the early part of the Christian era; but altogether little is known of them. I shut up the books and there came into my mind something pertinent to all kinds of hospital work. You all know the story. A man who was traveling between Jerusalem and Jericho, met with an accident. Certain men came along, one of whom had sympathy with hospitals. The first of these gentle

men said, as he passed the man who had met with the accident : ' This is none of my business. A second gentleman made the same remark, while a third who was neither a Jew nor a Christian, nor a heathen, said : ' I have some business here. Then he put the man in his ambulance, a one-horse ambulance with no body to the carriage, and took the man to the nearest inn ; and he was something of a doctor too, he "poured in oil and wine," good things when properly used. Then he told the inn-keeper, when he left his charge, to take care of and nurse, and give medical attendance to the man, and he would be paid for it. That is the first hospital of which I find any authentic record. One of the most important things developed in a community is the hospital fever—that is, an interest in hospital work. There is often a little division in regard to charities and objects of charity. There is a little division among those on this platform, just as was the case with those who fell in with the man who met with the accident ; but if we have any manhood and womanhood we are not divided on hospital work. We are sometimes troubled with cases which appeal to us, and which belong only to our particular sect. Here is something, however, which appeals to everyone who has any charity in his soul. They who are sick are the ones who make this appeal. In providing not only a Children's Pavilion but an entire hospital, there ought to be more and more developed an interest in hospital enterprises. Good Samaritans should be raised up everywhere. In common with those who preceded me and left me nothing to say, I wish you God speed."

The corner stone was then placed in position, and Mrs. M. M. Mathews and Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, members of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital, by their typical acts, the former striking the stone twice with a trowel, and the latter thrice with a mason's stone hammer, indi-

cated their hearty participation in the work of the afternoon. At the close of the exercises, ice cream and cake, provided by Julia Robinson and Edith Peck, were dispensed for the benefit of the Children's Pavilion Fund, and enough remained to furnish a treat for the Hospital patients and nurses.

The Hospital Inmates.

After the close of the exercises connected with the laying of the corner stone of the Children's Pavilion, we visited the Hospital and found eighteen patients in the Male Surgical Ward, five of whom were confined to their cots. One of them had a leg badly burnt by the explosion of a lantern, while on his way to the barn ; another had bruised his arm, being thrown while wrestling with another man ; a third, had burnt his foot with steam, while discharging his duties as engineer ; a fourth, had injured his back by falling twenty feet, the ladder on which he was standing suddenly breaking ; a fifth had broken his leg by jumping off a railroad train. A new patient had been ordered to keep his bed, he had a bad knee that had been out of joint six weeks. The Hebrew man with an abscess on the hip had died. The Pavilions were empty. Six of the inmates of this ward were seated at a table in the ward eating supper. Five of the boys of whom we speak elsewhere had cots in this ward but were out on the lawn.

Eighteen were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. The aged man with ossification of the cartilages of the throat had died, as had one with Bright's disease. The excema patient was improving ; three men were suffering from rheumatism, a French Canadian had it in his feet, and another man had it in feet and knees ; one patient was very sick with pleura-pneumonia. The aged man with asthma and diseased heart was more feeble.

Two persons died in July in the Female Medical Ward ; one of them was a German woman who had a diseased liver, the other was an elderly woman afflicted with rheumatism and other complaints. There were thirteen under treatment ; one who had had peritonitis was still very sick. One person had injured the coating of her throat and stomach by swallowing washing fluid, and for six weeks she had been unable to take any solid food. One young girl had a diseased heart. The young woman injured by the falling of a building had so far recovered as to be up and dressed, but she feared her sight had been injured and had some symptoms of returning paralysis.

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

The Lower Female Ward numbered twenty patients. The woman with cancer had died, and the colored paralytic patient was very feeble, evidently failing. Tilly had had some of the diseased flesh removed from her arm. The poor girl has been suffering for two years and four months, and for the first time in five months she was up and had watched with interest from the window the exercises of the afternoon.

The Little Folks.

As we entered the Hospital grounds we found most of the boys gathered on the Hospital lawn all ready to witness the laying of the corner stone of the Children's Pavilion, of course they wanted to see this.

Max Kraus, the German boy, nine years old, injured his back by falling over a stone ; a lump appeared and there was a curvature of the spine, and his lower limbs were paralyzed. He wears a plaster of Paris jacket, has a sort of leather harness to support his head, sits in a rolling chair and under Hospital treatment is regaining the use of his limbs and improving otherwise. He is always bright and cheerful. Gust Grunst is thirteen years old. He fell off a car

and injured his leg so that it had to be cut off below the knee. He is doing well. Sidney Greenslave, fifteen years old, about a month ago took cold and has a stiff neck. Freddy Lyons, two years old, has diseased hip joints. Tommy Jones, ten years old, fell off a tree and broke his arm and was wearing a sling to support it. Tommy Heeney was born ten years ago in the Hospital, he has been suffering from abscesses. Terrance Martin, a little fellow, had his ankle injured by a boy who was coasting down hill ; a surgical operation has helped Terrance and he now goes about without crutches. Lawrence Barrows, the youngest of our Hospital boys, six years old, has broken his leg at the knee ; he has been with us about three weeks.

Rosa, our little German girl, was on the Hospital lawn, but Katie H., the girl with burnt limbs, has been confined to her bed, but she was dressed and watched the exercises of the afternoon from the Ward window. Poor Katie H. has to exercise a good deal of patience, as the sore on her burnt leg has been increasing in size, and the physician has ordered her to stay in bed for the present. Recently she has taken ether and had three pieces of flesh taken from her hip and grafted on to her leg, and the Doctor thinks the operation will be successful, but it is too soon yet to be quite sure of this. Minnie Bryant, who has a diseased heart, is better than she was a month ago and when we saw her she was in her rocking chair. These are the classes of children who will find a home in our new Children's Pavilion. We know all our little helpers will watch its growth with increasing interest.

Fruit and vegetables are always acceptable at the Hospital.

Remember the fancy table for the Children's Pavilion Fund on next Donation Day, and during the summer vacation make something pretty for it.

The Friends of the Hospital.

This is the season of the year when many of the prominent Hospital workers are resting from their labors, and we missed many of them at the time of the laying of the corner stone of the Children's Pavilion, who would have been deeply interested in the exercises. Some of these were prostrated by sickness, and others had invalids in their households. Dr. Wm. S. Ely had just started to take passage in a steamer to visit Europe, Mrs. M. Strong was recruiting at the sea shore, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins was the only one of the original Board of Lady Managers who was present. One of the new members of the Board, Miss Anna E. M. Wild, was anxiously watching at the bedside of an aged aunt, Mrs. Joseph Medbery, who has since died.

Contributions to the Children's Pavilion Fund.

We find this month a long list of contributors to the Pavilion Fund. We love to think of all the children that gave the pennies that made up the dollar sent by Miss Anderson's Sunday School class. How interesting it would be if we knew where and how all the little folks raised the brick money. Some of them we know earned it, for they told us so. A package of money for twenty-two bricks comes to us from our little neighbors at the lakeside, and we have had more promised us. Six of these contributors come from one household. We see among the larger offerings several familiar names and some new ones. We seem to have friends far away, as well as near by us, who have responded to our appeal, and their names have been placed in the corner stone of the new Children's Pavilion, and we hope many of them will grow up to be hospital workers, to take the places of those who, in a few years, must lay down their work.

A thanksgiving offering for "little Sallie's

recovery," comes to us from her sisters and brother. This is the season of the year when a great many hearts are anxious for sick infants, and we hope next month we may have other thanksgiving offerings. The largest contribution is from Edith Peck and Julia Robinson, our indefatigable workers, who raised \$32.10 by the sale of ice cream in their tent at the laying of the corner stone.

Another offering comes to us of "four bricks, in memory of little Richard of Annandale." You, children, will want to know who little Richard was, and so we must tell you of him, and I am sure you will be glad to know there are some bricks in the Children's Pavilion in memory of such a good, patient, little fellow. Richard Bulger lived and died at Annandale, in Dutchess county, on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite the Catskill mountains. For two or three years he was very feeble, and, early in May last, the Good Shepherd took him to that blessed fold where there is no pain, nor sickness, nor sorrow. Richard was not like other boys; he could not frolic, jump and run with his comrades, because he had a disease of the heart that made him very quiet and feeble, and if he had played like other children he very likely would have died suddenly, in the midst of his sports. He bore his weakness without a word of complaint or fretfulness; sometimes he would be missing and his friends would find him sitting in a quiet corner by himself, sometimes Peri, the pet dog, would be with him, but not a murmur ever escaped him; he was suffering and quiet to the end. He had a taste for mechanics, and made little boxes very neatly, but he was not strong enough to do hard work. When you are sick, dear children, you feel there is no one to nurse and comfort you like father or mother, but little Richard was an orphan; he had neither father nor mother, and there was no Orphan Asylum nor Industrial School,

nor Hospital near Richard, but a kind lady pitied the poor little orphan boy and welcomed him to her home at Annandale, and said to her physician: "You must put little Richard in my bill and take good care of him." An uncle and brother of Richard were employed by this lady, and all her servants were very fond of him, so for the last year of his life he found a pleasant home at Annandale, and every thing was done to make him comfortable and happy. Some children when they are sick find fault with their food and are not willing to eat what is best for them, and so make it very hard to take care of them, but little Richard was always satisfied with what was given him, and those who were with him the last year of his life recall his quiet, patient, uncomplaining spirit, and sweet memories cluster round the gentle little sufferer. At last he became so feeble he could not go up and down stairs without getting out of breath, so a little cot was placed for him in the basement, in a room adjoining the servants' hall, and there, when he was tired he would rest by day, and at night his uncle slept beside him. The kind lady, the good physician and the faithful nursing could not save the life of little Richard. Day by day he grew paler and more feeble, and at last the little sufferer was at rest, but his name will long be a household word at Annandale, and we are glad somebody has sent "bricks in memory of little Richard of Annandale." Are there not friends, who, next month will send us memorial offerings for other little ones, who have left vacant chairs and pleasant memories behind them?

More Gifts to the Pavilion Fund.

Since the reports for this fund were in type, two more donations have come to us, through our young friend Julia Robinson; the one, of five dollars, from her grandmother, Mrs. A. H. Porter, of Niagara Falls,

for her grand-daughters, the Porter, Osborne and Robinson children, for bricks for the Pavilion fund; the other, of one dollar, from Julia's little cousin, Ruth Osborne, of Auburn, N. Y. Ruth is only eight years old, and when she learned from THE HOSPITAL REVIEW what Julia had been doing for the Pavilion, she was inspired to earn something herself for it, and so she helped the gardener, and had a sensitive tooth filled, and thus earned the dollar she sent us. We hope some other children will next month imitate Ruth's good example.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Penny collection by Miss Anderson's class in St. Luke's Church Sunday School.....	\$ 1 00
Julia Robinson, two bricks.....	50
"Four bricks in memory of little Richard of Annandale".....	1 00
"A brick for the Children's Pavilion".....	25
Clara Landsberg, two bricks.....	50
Emil Landsberg, two bricks.....	50
Laura Grant, four bricks.....	1 00
"A package of Pavilion bricks from the children at the lake side"—Bessie S. Backus and Maggie Lee Ashley, each one which they earned.....	50
Two from Elsie Clough Street.....	50
Two in memory of Willie Colvin Brewster.....	50
Two from Rachael Alice Brewster....	50
Two from Editha Brewster.....	50
One from Maud I. Watkins.....	25
One from Emma M. Watkins.....	25
One from Pettes Louise Moore.....	25
One from Fred. Pettes Moore, Jr....	25
One from Lucy Prescott Moore.....	25
One from Jeannette Moore.....	25
One from Clara Durand Moore.....	25
One from Wee Pet Moore.....	25
Four from Mary H. Wanzer.....	1 00
*Ritchie Gorsline and William Henry Gorsline, Jr.....	5 00
Caroline Stoddard.....	5 00
E. Vine Stoddard, Jr.....	5 00
Miss E. Z. Field, Albion.....	2 00
Esther Chapin, one brick.....	25
Nanie Brinkerhoff, New York, one brick.....	25
Major Brinkerhoff, New York, one brick.....	25
Maude Brinkerhoff, New York, one brick.....	25
Fannie Converse Gould, Brooklyn....	1 00
Maud Ellen Hayes, Orange, N. J., one brick.....	25
Suzette Ingersoll Hayes, Orange, N. J., one brick.....	25
Rosa Landsberg, two bricks.....	50

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Grace Landsberg, one brick	25
Bessie S. Backus, six bricks	1 50
Thank offering for little Sallie's recovery, from her sisters and brother..	5 00
Ice cream tent at the laying of the corner stone, by Edith Peck and Julia Robinson.....	32 10
Bishop McQuaid.....	10 00
Dr. Tryon Edwards, Gouverneur, N. Y.	5 00

Receipts for the month	\$ 84 10
Previously acknowledged	1,143 29

Total peceipts.....\$1,227 39

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Additional Annual Subscriptions to the City Hospital.

The following sums are most gratefully acknowledged :

Fred. Cook.....	\$ 5 00
J. Fahy	5 00
Oaks & Stern.....	5 00
L. Sunderlin & Co.....	5 00
Mrs. J. Averell.....	5 00
Mrs. D. W. Powers.....	5 00
Mrs. I. Bell.....	5 00
Mrs. C. C. Morse.....	5 00
Mrs. J. H. Hill.....	5 00
Mrs. O'Hare.....	5 00
Mrs. George Archer.....	5 00
Scranton, Wetmore & Co.....	5 00
W. H. Glenny & Co.....	5 00
R. A. Sibley.....	5 00
William Eastwood.....	5 00
Mrs. Chas. FitzSimons.....	5 00
J. S. Roberts.....	5 00
Carroll, Southard & Co.....	5 00
Mrs. Hiram Sibley.....	10 00
Donation, Miss Weltha Hill.....	1 00

By Mrs. D. Andrews. \$ 101 00

Mrs. S. J. Macy..... 5 00

By Mrs. John Brewster.

W. F. Cogswell..... 5 00

By Mrs. Beach.

Judge Danforth.....	5 00
Mrs. W. S. Oliver.....	5 00
Mrs. Alfred Wright.....	5 00
Mrs. D. W. Wright.....	5 00
Miss E. Gardiner.....	5 00
Mrs. Huntington.....	5 00

By Mrs. Mary Huntington. \$ 30 00

Mrs. H. S. Mackie.....	5 00
Miss H. H. Backus.....	5 00
Miss Johnson	5 00

By Mrs. Clarke Johnston. 15 00

Mr. M. Filon.....	5 00
B. Herman.....	5 00
Henry Michaels.....	5 00
I. M. Sloman.....	5 00
M. Straus.....	5 00
Mrs. H. Rosenberg.....	5 00
Dr. J. O. Roe.....	5 00

By Mrs. Landsberg. \$ 35 00

Mr. J. Greenwood..... 5 00

By Mrs. C. E. Mathews.

A Friend..... 5 00

Mr. H. Ray..... 5 00

By Mrs. Henry Smith. \$ 10 00

R. A. Sibley..... 5 00

E. J. Burke..... 5 00

Miss Tuttle..... 5 00

Mr. S. Medbury..... 5 00

Curran & Goler..... 5 00

Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt..... 5 00

C. F. Paine..... 5 00

A Friend..... 5 00

George W. Ross-Lewin..... 5 00

G. B. Watkins..... 5 00

H. S. Hebard..... 5 00

James Brackett..... 5 00

Sill Stove Works..... 5 00

Mrs. A. H. Medbury..... 5 00

By Miss Wild. \$ 70 00

Mrs. S. J. Arnold..... 5 00

W. S. Dewey..... 5 00

Mrs. Hallett..... 5 00

By Mrs. W. H. Perkins. \$ 15 00

Mrs. C. W. Trotter..... 5 00

Mrs. Carter Wilder..... 5 00

Mrs. E. M. Smith..... 5 00

Mrs. N. Osgood..... 5 00

Moseley & Motley..... 5 00

\$ 40 00

Donation, Miss J. Griffith..... 2 00

Mrs. Charles Hart..... 5 00

Mrs. James Hart..... 5 00

Mrs. H. H. Morse..... 5 00

Mrs. Chamberlin..... 5 00

Mrs. D. Andrews..... 5 00

Mrs. B. R. McAlpine..... 5 00

Miss Dunlap..... 5 00

Mr. S. Roby..... 5 00

Mr. E. Harris..... 5 00

By Mrs. H. H. Morse. \$ 45 00

Mrs. Alfred Ely..... 5 00

By Mrs. Lawrence.

Our kind friend, Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., of Seneca Falls, has sent us a valuable addition to our library. We have received from her one hundred and forty monthlies, ninety cards, thirty paper covered books, and twelve bound volumes.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 4, 1885, railroad accident, Jacob Spies.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 9, 1885, of Spacelus, (Senile Gangrene) John Goodenough, aged 74.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 12, 1885, of Pulmonary Tuberculosis, Hiram Winney, aged 40.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 12, of Carcinoma of Uterus, Rosa Hays, aged 29.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 17, of cancer of liver, Catherine Bole, aged 25.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 23, 1885, of stricture of Oesophagus, Christopher Kauffman, aged 56.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 23, 1885, of abscess involving alutial region, Joseph Levi.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 24, 1885, of Chronic rheumatism, John McCall, aged 60.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 28, 1885, of Articular rheumatism, Susanna Small, aged 63.

Receipts for the Review.

FOR JULY 1885.

Miss Campbell, Auburn, by Miss Markham.....\$ 50

Mrs. B. F. Avery, Wyoming, 50 cents; Miss Orphelia Eaton, West Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. E. S. Moore, Fairport, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Smith, Geneva, 50 cents, by Miss Hebbard..... 2 00

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Mrs. L. M. Bentley, Holyoke, Mass., \$1.00; Mrs. M. Bellows, 62 cents; Mrs. D. S. Brown, Scottsville, \$1.00; Mrs. E. I. Clark, 62 cents; Miss M. S. Clark, New York, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Dovey, Omenee, Ontario, 50 cents; Mrs. J. D. Decker, Brockport, \$2.00; Mrs. F. R. Delano, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs. W. F. Evans, Niagara Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Miss Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 62 cents; Judge S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. J. Marburger, \$1.25; Miss H. Ogden, Penn Yan,

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96 Spring Street.

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Geo. P. Humphrey, reading matter.
Mrs. Geo. C. Buell, second-hand clothing and flowers in bouquets.
Elmer L. McBride, flowers.
Mrs. Nichols, old cotton.
K. P. Shedd, crate strawberries.
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, ice cream.
Mrs. Oscar Craig, three jars of fruit.
Miss Anna E. M. Wild, second-hand clothing.

Clara Dyer, reading matter.
Mrs. W. W. Webb, thirty-two covered and two unbound books.

Mrs. J. W. Goss, reading matter and old cotton.

Mrs. Mathews, old cotton.
Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., Seneca Falls, 140 monthlies, 90 cards, 30 paper covered books and 12 bound volumes.

Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., blank book for list placed in the corner stone of the Children's Pavilion.

Receipted Bills.

We are indebted to Mr. James Field for two receipted bills, for the use, putting up, and taking down of tent and fly used on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Children's Pavilion. The bills amounted to eleven dollars, and we return our thanks to Mr. Field for his timely gifts. One of them was the ice cream tent, the other the awning over the speakers' platform. [Since the above was in type our friend, Mr. Field, has died.]

Miss Campbell, a new pupil, entered the Training School for Nurses on the first of August.

Hospital Report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 31, 1885,	
Number patients received during month	82
“ discharged during month	57
“ remaining during month	101
“ deaths during month	9
“ births during month	3
	— 252

The Little White Hearse.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
The man on the coal-cart jerked his lines
And smutted the lid of either eye
And turned and stared at the business signs ;
And the street-car driver stopped and beat
His hands on his shoulders, and gazed up-street
Till his eye, on the long track, reached the sky—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A stranger petted a ragged child
In the crowded walk, and she knew not why,
But he gave her a coin for the way she
smiled ;
And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure
strange,
As a customer put back his change
With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A man looked out of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was
dry—
For a dead child even was dear to him.
And he thought of his empty life and said :
“ Loveless alive, and loveless dead—
Nor wife, nor child, in earth or sky ! ”
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

—J. W. RILEY, in the *Indianapolis Journal*.

A Brave Act.

Some ten or more summers ago, a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamer was making its slow way down the tortuous windings of the Red river of the North. Among the few passengers was a little girl three years old—a dainty, fearless, winsome child—everybody's pet, from her father, an officer in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and the good-natured captain, to the grimy deck-hands, whose acquaintance the little maiden had somehow made on the lower deck.

One afternoon the child was taken by her nurse to the floor of the lower deck. Three men were lying here, bound hand and foot. They were on

their way to Fargo to be tried for crime. The sheriff kept a close watch on them, for they were desperate men. They guessed their game was up and accepted their fate with half-cheerful bravado ; but the sheriff knew them for ruffians and bullies, and never left his post.

The child came up to the men and looked at them curiously ; they looked silently at her. Perhaps these rough, crime-hardened men had never seen anything so dainty and sweet before.

She was not afraid of them, but began talking in her pretty, broken words, and putting her baby hands on the fetters of one, smiled and said, “ What dat ? ” The man smiled back without replying, and soon the little maid moved away.

As she walked, there was a sudden jerk of the whole ship, it ground jarringly against some unyielding substance hidden in the water ; it tilted over slightly, the child lost her balance, and with a scream, fell over the side into the water. The three prisoners saw her disappear.

The prisoner to whom she had spoken, and whose handcuffs she had for a moment touched, exclaimed to the sheriff, “ God ! don't ye shoot, Bill ! ” Then quickly rolling himself over and over, he dropped into the water beside the child. His hands were bound, but he caught the child's dress in his teeth, and *treading the water with his fettered feet*, kept the child above water until help came, and it was some minutes before the steamer's boat reached them. The child was saved.

“ I guess you air a white man after all, Eriker ! ” said the sheriff, admiringly, to the man.

It was afterwards learned that the sheriff told the story to the “ jedge,” and the judge, with Western freedom and that admiration for a gallant act which covers a multitude of sin, so arranged that when it was found that Eriker, who was a Scandinavian by birth, had mysteriously disappeared, nothing was done beyond a little official bluster, and he escaped.

Are the Children Home ?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me—
“It is night! are the children home?”

“Yes, love,” I answer him gently,
“They’re all home long ago.”
And I sing in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in a better land.

Home where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years.
I know, yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies!
The babes, whose dimpled fingers
Lost their way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears!
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
“Say, love, have the children come?”
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
“Yes, dear! they are all at home!”

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

Elegant Hands.

A pretty hand can no more be unfashionable than a pretty face, but just now, we are told, it is particularly “the fashion” to display a pretty hand.

That elaborate box of nonsense, the nail-case, made of plush or satinwood and filled with attractive little implements never used, is in more than usual request.

Girls spend an hour at a time polishing away with pink powder and a bit of chamois leather, or carefully pushing back with an instrument for the purpose the slight film of skin that obscures the white crescent at the base of the nail. A freckle on the back of the hand fills them with dismay, and causes an instant demand for lemon-juice.

A red hand sets the owner to searching domestic recipes for the proper composition of almond-paste. A tendency to knobiness of wrist or knuckles plunges the victim into despair.

There is good in all this, but the thing may be carried too far. A young lady's hand should always be well-cared for and pleasing to behold, but there are some blemishes possible upon its beauty which no one should become unwilling to incur. Such is that roughness of the forefinger which is apt to follow much use of the needle.

Such also is the puckered appearance of the hand of a young lady who recently washed dishes, or the stained fingers of the preserve-maker; and who would not regard the row of blisters along a rosy plam that has not disdained to grasp a flat-iron as honorable scars, no more to be considered a disfigurement than the sword-cut on the forehead of a soldier?

The prettier your hands the better, young ladies, until they become too pretty to be useful. The white, smooth hand with a ring upon it is a charming thing, but the hand that is redder and rougher, and does good work, has the first claim upon our admiration.

Copies of the HOSPITAL REVIEW can be obtained of Mrs. Robert Matthews.

Some years ago, Victor Hugo's only son died, leaving a widow and two or three children. In due time the widow married Monsieur Edouard Lockroy, the well-known Deputy, whom Victor Hugo at once took into his heart almost as a son. His son's widow was dear to him, his son's children yet dearer, and he accepted M. Lockroy as part of the household, with a kindliness of welcome which soon became real affection.

The Children's Paper.

This number of the REVIEW is prepared for the little folks. We hope all who receive it will preserve it, remember the sick children and send something for the Pavilion Fund. Copies may be obtained of Miss Hebard, City Hospital.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer No. 96 Spring Street.

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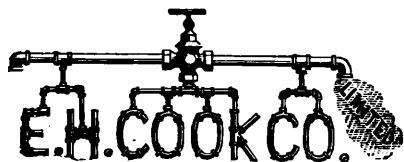
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



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INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

No. 2

Lifted Over.

The following beautiful lines, by H. H., have a new charm now that she has overtaken "the precious boy."

As tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
When places come at which their tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love and set them down beyond all harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on.
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would
fail,

So reached from Heaven, and lifting the dear
child,

Who smiled on leaving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me. Shall I not then be glad
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

A Situation.

"Well, girls," said my Uncle Barnabas, "and now what do you propose to do about it?"

We sat around the fire in a disconsolate semi-circle, that dreary, drizzling May night, when the rain patted against the panes, and the poor little daffodils in the borders shook and shivered as if they would fain hide their golden heads once more in the mother soil—my mother, Eleanor and I. The first pale and pretty and silver-haired, with her widow's cap and her dress of black bombazine and crape, the sweetest looking old lady I think I ever saw. Eleanor sat beside her, looking, as she always did, like a princess, with large dark eyes, Diana-like features, and her

hair twisted in a sort of coronal around her queenly head. While I, plain homespun Susannah—commonly called “for short” Susy—crouched upon a footstool in the corner, my elbows on my knees, and my chin in my hands.

Uncle Barnabas Berkelin sat in the middle of the circle, erect, stiff and rather grim. He was stout and short, with a grizzled moustache, a little round bald spot on the crown of his head, and two glittering black eyes that were always sending their dusky lightnings in the direction least expected.

Uncle Barnabas was rich, and we were poor. Uncle Barnabas was wise in the ways of the world, and we were inexperienced.

Uncle Barnabas was prosperous in all he did, while, if there was a bad bargain to be made, we were pretty sure to be the ones to make it. Consequently, and, as a matter of course, we looked up to Uncle Barnabas and revered his opinions.

“What do we propose to do about it?” Eleanor slowly repeated, lifting her beautiful jetty brows.

“Yes, that’s exactly it,” said my mother, nervously; “because, Brother Barnabas, we don’t pretend to be business women, and it is certain that we can’t live comfortably on our present income. Something has got to be done.”

And then my mother leaned back in the chair, with a troubled face.

“Yes,” said Uncle Barnabas, “something has got to be done! But who’s to do it?”

And another dead silence succeeded.

“I suppose your girls are educated?” said Uncle Barnabas. “I know I found enough old school bills when I was looking over my brother’s papers,”

“Of course,” said my mother, with evident pride, “their education has been most expensive. Music, drawing, and use of the globes—”

“Yes, yes, of course,” interrupted Uncle Barnabas. “But is it practical? Can they teach?”

Eleanor looked dubious. I was quite certain that I could not. Madam Le-

noir, amid all her list of accomplishments had not included the art of practical tuition.

“Humph!” grunted Uncle Barnabas. “Queer things this modern idea of education. Well, well, if you can’t teach, you can surely do something! What do you say, Eleanor to a situation?”

“A situation?”

The color fluttered in Eleanor’s cheeks like pink and white apple blossoms.

“I spoke plain enough, didn’t I?” said Uncle Barnabas, dryly. “Yes, a situation!”

“What sort of a situation, Uncle Barnabas?”

“Well, I can hardly say. Part servant, part companion to an elderly lady!” explained the old gentleman.

“Oh, Uncle Barnabas, I couldn’t do that.”

“Not do that. And why not?”

“It’s too much—too much!” whispered Eleanor, losing her regal dignity in the pressure of the emergency, “like going out to service.”

“And that is precisely what it is!” retorted Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head. “Service! Why, we’re all out at service in one way or another in this world!”

“Oh, yes, I know,” faltered poor Eleanor, who, between her distaste for the proposed plan, and her anxiety not to offend Uncle Barnabas Berkelin, didn’t quite know what to say. But I—I’ve always been educated to be a lady.”

“So you won’t take the situation, eh?” said Uncle Barnabas, staring up at a wishy-washy little color drawing of Cupid and Psyche, an “exhibition piece” of Poor Eleanor’s, which hung above the chimney piece.

“I couldn’t indeed, sir.”

“Wages twenty-five dollars a month,” mechanically repeated Uncle Barnabas, as if he were saying off a lesson. “Drive out every day in the carriage, with the missus, cat and canary to take care of, modern house with all the improvements, Sunday afternoons to yourself,

and two weeks, spring and fall, to visit your mother."

"No, Uncle Barnabas, no," said Eleanor, with a little shudder, "I am a true Berkelin, and I cannot stoop to menial duties."

Uncle Barnabas gave such a prolonged sniff as to suggest the idea of a very bad cold in his head, indeed.

"Sorry," said he. "Heaven helps those who help themselves, and you can't expect me to be any more liberal-minded than Heaven. Sister Rachel," to my mother, "what do you say?"

My mother drew her pretty little figure up a trifle more erect than usual.

"I think my daughter Eleanor is quite right," said she. "The Berkelins have always been ladies."

I had sat quite silent, still with my chin in my hands, during all this family discussion; but now I rose up and came creeping to Uncle Barnabas's side.

"Well, little Susy," said the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on my wrist, "What is it?"

"If you please, Uncle Barnabas," said I, with a rapidly throbbing heart, "I would like to take the situation."

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Barnabas.

"My dear child?" exclaimed my mother.

"Susannah!" uttered Eleanor, in accents by no means laudatory.

"Yes," said I. "Twenty-five dollars a month is a great deal of money, and I never was afraid of work. I think I will go to the old lady, Uncle Barnabas. I'm sure I could send home at least twenty dollars a month to mother and Eleanor, and then the two weeks spring and fall would be so nice! Please, Uncle Barnabas, I'll go back with you when you go. What is the old lady's name?"

"Her name?" said Uncle Barnabas. "Didn't I tell you? It's Prudence—Mrs. Prudence."

"What a nice name," said I; I know I shall like her."

"Well," I think you will," said Uncle Barnabas, looking kindly at me. "And I think she will like you. It is a bargain for the nine o'clock train to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," I answered stoutly, taking care not to look in the direction of my mother and Eleanor.

"You're the most sensible of the lot," said Uncle, approvingly.

But after he had gone to bed in the best chamber, where the ruffled pillow cases were, and the chintz-cushioned easy chair, the full strength of the family tongue broke on my devoted head.

"I can't help it," quoth I, holding valiantly to my colors. "We can't starve. Some of us must do something. And you can live very nicely, mother, darling, on twenty dollars a month."

"That is true," sighed my mother from behind her bordered pocket-handkerchief. But I never thought to see a daughter of mine going out to—to service!"

"And Uncle Barnabas isn't going to do anything for us, after all?" cried out Eleanor indignantly. "Stingy old fellow! I should think he might at least adopt one of us! He's as rich as Cræsus and never a chick nor a child."

"He may do as he likes about that," I answered, independently. "I prefer to earn my own money."

So the next morning I set out for the unknown bourne of New York life.

"Uncle Barnabas," said I, as the train reached the city, "how shall I find where Mrs. Prudence lives?"

"O, I'll go there with you," said he. "Are you well acquainted with her?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, very well, indeed!" answered Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head.

We took a hack at the depot and drove through so many streets that my head spun around and around like a tee totum before we stopped at a pretty brown stone mansion—it looked like a palace to my unaccustomed eyes—and Uncle Barnabas helped me out.

"Here is where Miss Prudence lives," said he, with a chuckle.

A neat little maid, with a frilled white apron and rose-colored ribbons in her hair, opened the door with a courtesy, and I was conducted into an ele-

gant apartment, all gilding, exotics and blue satin damask, when a plump old lady dressed in black silk, with the loveliest Valenciennes lace at her throat and wrists, came smilingly forward like a six-year old sunbeam.

"So you've come back, Barnabas, have you?" said she. "And brought one of the dear girls with you. Come and kiss me, my dear."

"Yes, Susy, kiss your aunt," said Uncle Barnabas, flinging his hat one way and his gloves another, as he sat complacently down on the sofa.

"My aunt!" I echoed.

"Why, of course," said the plump old lady. "Don't you know?" I'm your Aunt Prudence."

"But I thought," I gasped in bewilderment, "that I was coming to a situation."

"Well, so you are," retorted Uncle Barnabas. "The situation of adopted daughter in my family. Twenty-five dollars a month pocket money—the care of Aunt Prudence, cat and canary. And to make yourself generally useful."

"Oh! uncle," cried I, "Eleanor would have been so glad to have come if she had known it."

"Fiddle strings and little fishes!" illogically responded my Uncle Barnabas. "I've no patience with a girl that's too fine to work. Eleanor had the situation offered her, and she chose to decline. You decided to come, and here you stay! Ring the bell, Prue, and order tea, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I dare say little Susy here would relish a cup of tea."

And this was the way I drifted into my luxurious home. Eleanor, in the country cottage envies me bitterly, for she has all the tastes which wealth and a metropolitan home alone can gratify. But Uncle Barnabas will not hear of my exchanging with her.

"No, no!" says he. "The girl I've got is the girl I mean to keep. Miss Eleanor is too fine a lady to suit me."

But he lets me send them liberal presents every month, and so I am very happy.

Bermuda.

We make the following extracts from an interesting work on Bermuda, written by Julia C. R. Dorr :

"It is the custom here to plant, if one may use the expression, a little cedar tree in the frosting of the bride's cake. The diminutive thing is carefully removed after the cake meets its legitimate fate, and replanted near the dwelling of the wedded lovers. Fifty years or so ago, two little trees decorated a certain bride's cake. Both were planted afterwards, and they grew side by side for half a century. Not long ago the bride of that ancient wedding died, and one of the trees fell, too. From its fragrant wood her coffin was made. The other waits its turn."

"Rose geraniums grew wild in great profusion, making the air sweet with their strong perfume. They are called in Bermuda the "grave-yard geraniums," and I was told that pillows for coffined heads are filled with the fragrant leaves."

"We turn into the quiet church-yard, where so many generations lie buried. To unaccustomed eyes the scene is a strange one, and the effect is most singular. The surface of the ground is almost hidden by gray, coffin-shaped tombs, like huge sarcophagi, solid and heavy as the eternal rocks of the island. As I understand it, the bodies are deposited—tier upon tier, in many cases—in excavations or tombs, cut in the underlying rock, and these strange structures are raised over them. But the impression one gets is that of a multitude of great stone coffins resting on the ground. Very few of them bear any inscription. For the most part they are simply numbered, and the record of names and dates is kept in a parish book."

"Often the road passes for long distances between lofty walls of solid rock, from the crevices of which all lovely growths are springing. They are red with the scarlet of the geranium, aglow with the orange of the lantana, or they are hidden by the purple veil of the wild convolvulus. The dainty sweet alyssum clings to the rock in great patches, and the little rice plant lays its pink cheek against it lovingly. The prickly-pear clasps its fibrous roots round some rough stone, and stretches out an uncouth arm to ward you off; but, as if to make amends, the loveliest, daintiest ferns smile at you, dancing in the wind, and the delicate maiden's-hair waves its soft fronds caressingly as you go by. There and everywhere spring the life-plant and the blue stars of the Bermudian. The orange is not now in fruit, but on many of the lemon trees the yellow globes are hanging like golden lamps."

"No plants seem to be indigenous there, but all were conveyed thither by natural or artificial means. When the island was discovered it had but one variety of tree—the cedar, or juniper, which is even yet more numerous than all the rest combined."

Old cotton thankfully received.

Sleep They Not Well?

Sleep they not well, the sainted dead?
For sorrow they have peace instead:
Our Father housed his children dear,
Before the tempest gathered near,
And burst in thunders loud and dread.

Healed are the hearts that inly bled,
The mourning souls are comforted,
And stanch'd the fount of every tear;
Sleep they not well?

And if, until the Lord appear,
Earth, like a mother pressing near
To watch beside the loved one's bed,
Wraps her dark mantle round their head,
And shelters them from pain and fear,
Sleep they not well?

—Canon Charles D. Bell, D. D.

Sunday Rest.

Rufus Choate, when at the climax of his reputation, said that his brain would long before have given way, owing to the intense and constant strain of professional work, had it not been for the refreshing and recreating influence of the fiction, poetry, history, and Greek and Latin classics he read. But Rufus Choate did die of an overworked brain, which shattered a nervous system that knew but little of the restfulness of relaxation.

What the great orator sought for in books, the zealous man of business and the faithful man-of-all work may find in the periodical rest of Sunday. "Men who labor six days in the week and rest on the seventh," said Dr. Farre, in his testimony before a committee of the House of Commons, "will be more healthy and live longer, other things being equal, than those who labor seven; they will do more work and better work."

Twenty leading physicians of England said, "We say ditto to Dr. Farre."

The managers of large stables, where several hundred horses are kept, say a horse must have one day's rest in seven or he will break down. One day's rest in ten, or nine, or even eight days, will not keep him in working condition.

Mr. A— was a driving man of business, and nothing more. He made a fortune, and worked seven days a week, as

if he was struggling to gain his first ten thousand dollars.

One day, in the midst of his prosperity, his mental vision being dazed by the apprehension of some coming evil, he took his own life. The physician's judgment was, "Insanity caused by overwork." The friends said, "He had worked seven days in the week for years; that killed him."

Mr. B— was the President of a manufacturing company, the management of which kept him from his home six days. On Saturday he would return home, taking with him a large package of business papers, and passed Sunday in examining them.

"Why do you labor and toil as you do?" said a Christian friend. "Six days in the week are enough for one to work who wishes to retain his health. You will kill yourself by this continuous strain. Besides, my dear friend, you are neglecting the better part of yourself, as well as your family, by allowing business to absorb your Sundays."

"I know it," he said sadly. "But I must do it, or my business will get ahead of me. By-and-by I hope to get time to rest on Sundays, but I can't now."

He went on working seven days in the week, and died, in the prime of life, of softening of the brain.

"Had it not been for the weekly rest of the Sabbath," said a Boston merchant of twenty years' successful business, "I should have been a maniac long ago. It was nothing but the quiet of that day which rested my brain and saved it from giving way under the constant pressure."

"I have had an extensive acquaintance with business men," said another Boston merchant, "and I cannot recall one who worked seven days in the week who did not shorten his life or go insane."

Some men say, "Oh, the Fourth Commandment is an old Jewish law intended for an isolated farming people—it is not applicable to modern civilization."

That is a mistake—it is the command

of a higher than human intelligence, the declaration of the physiological law of rest, which demands obedience one day in seven, under the penalty of a physical punishment that shall make the violator an imbecile.—*Youth's Companion*.

Capital and Labor.

One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of men in the iron works of Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decisions both masters and men are bound.

For some time past the iron and steel trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without large loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous.

They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever. How much better that plan is than a strike would be! Five years ago there was a strike at these very works, and some personal violence resulted in its progress,

A strike means idleness and disorder among the workmen, who earn nothing; and when the strike ends the employed are poorer, the employers are not better able than they were to pay high wages, and each party is irritated against the other.

In this case the workmen earned nothing during the week, to be sure, and in that respect were not better off than they would be if on a strike. But they were at work, and avoided the dangers which usually accompany idleness. Moreover, they were helping instead of impoverishing their employers, and were thus making it easier for those employers to give them full work and full wages hereafter.

It is in its revelation of cordial relations between master and man, however, that this incident is most gratify-

ing. It is a recognition of the fact that their interests are one.

When business revives the employers will probably pay their workmen double wages for a week, and the advantage of mutual good feeling will prove how much superior is this method of bringing capital and labor to terms, to the ordinary method.

Two Blue Bottle Flies.

Sometimes even a very slight knowledge of natural history is of great practical use. As an illustration, we give a fact recently told by a naturalist.

A gentleman, making a call at the house of a friend, was astonished to find the rooms and passages in confusion; and, on inquiring the cause, was answered:

"Oh, we are very much annoyed here; a rat has come to finish his existence under the floor of our large drawing-room. We do not know the exact place, but we cannot endure the stench any longer, so we have removed the furniture, rolled up the carpets, and called in the carpenters, who are just beginning to take up the floor."

"Now don't be too hasty," said the visitor; "you need not pull up more than one board. I will show you what I mean presently; and meanwhile, shut down the drawing-room windows, and close the door."

He then stepped down into the garden, walked round to the horse stables, and after a few minutes' absence came back to the drawing-room with both hands tightly clasped. Placing himself in the center of the drawing-room, he opened his hands, and out flew two large blue bottle flies, and buzzed around the room for a second or two. But presently one of them alighted on a certain plank of the floor, and was almost immediately followed by the other.

"Now, then," said the visitor, "take up that board, and I'll engage that the dead rat will be found beneath it."

The carpenters applied their tools, raised the board, and at once found the cause of the unpleasant smell.

An Exchange.

A correspondent in an exchange tells a pleasant story of Gen. Oliver, author of the well-known hymn-tune "Federal Street." Gen. Oliver, who lives in Salem, and a clerical neighbor, had each ordered from the same Salem tailor a pair of pantaloons from the same piece of cloth, to be delivered on the Saturday evening next following. The two gentlemen were not then acquaintances. Saturday evening came, and two bundles, the outside marking upon which was not then noticed, were delivered at their respective homes.

On Sunday morning each, rising, essayed to wear his new garment. Each was a misfit. Gen. Oliver then looked at the wrapper, and, seeing another name than his own at once surmised the cause of the trouble. He donned his ordinary dress and proceeded to his clerical neighbor's residence. Ringing the bell, he inquired for the Rev. Dr. Mills, who presently appeared. After an exchange of stately courtesies (no names being given), Gen. Oliver said:

"I called, reverend sir, to inquire if you were disposed for an exchange."

"For an exchange?" asked the doctor, "and with whom and when?"

"With me, and to-day."

"With you? and to-day!"

Gen. Oliver, though one of the "sons of the clergy," was not very clerical in appearance.

"My dear sir," said the clergyman, "it will not be possible. It is already nearly time for the ringing of the second bells. I have a special sermon and have sent the day's hymns to my organist, and I cannot possibly do it."

"Well, my friend," said the general, "I am very sorry, as it would be a convenience to each of us, for you have got my breeches and I have yours!"

"Aha! aha! Oh yes, yes, yes! I see! I see! Exchange? Yes, with all my heart, for I have been losing my legs for an hour in a pair of meal-bags, 'a world too wide for my shrunk shanks.' Mrs. Mills. bring down those

big trousers; the riddle's solved; the tailor's boy blundered."

Gen. Oliver asked the pastor whether this operation in breeches was a breach of the Sabbath, and the pastor gave it up.

WHILE Judge Tracy was on the circuit, going from court his trace broke. The judge spent over a half-hour trying to mend it, but to no purpose. His patience was exhausted, and he expressed his vexation in words. A negro came along, and the judge told him of his trouble. The negro let out the trace, cut a hole in it, and the job was done.

"Why," said the judge, "could I not have thought of that?"

"Well, marster," said the negro, "don't you know some folks is just naturally smarter than t'others?"

"That's so," said the judge. "What shall I pay you for fixing my trace?"

"Well, marster, fifty cents will do," said the negro.

"Fifty cents!" said the judge. "You were not five minutes at it."

"I don't charge you fifty cents for doing it," said the negro. "I charge yon twenty-five cents for doing it and twenty-five cents for knowing how to do it."—*Savannah News*.

One of the most popular ladies in Chicago was on a crowded horse-car on one occasion when a poor old colored woman got on with a child, but none of the men stirred.

After waiting a minute, the lady got up and gave her seat to the woman. At once all the men got up and offered their seats; but she said, "No, gentlemen, it is too late now," and she remained standing.

The Superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory says that drunkenness can be traced in the ancestry of more than a third of the convicts sent there; that only one in four of their parents has received a common school education; and that, as nearly as can be ascertained, the home influence in half the cases has been distinctly vicious.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the last Saturday of August we visited the Hospital and found fifteen patients receiving treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. One man was confined to his bed with a burnt leg, but it was healing and he was doing well. No death had occurred during the month, and no patient was very sick. Since then a boy who was injured by being run over by an engine, at Fairport, has died. Three of our boys are still in this ward. Mr. L., the carpenter, who injured his back by falling from a ladder, had improved and returned home. The man with a fractured hip was better, and had left. F. P., who fell in a cellar and cut his head, had been confined to the bed, but was improving, up and dressed. Mr. H., a conductor on the Central road, who had been injured by the cars so that amputation above the knee had been necessary, was doing well but had been removed to the Mansard.

The Male Medical Ward had twenty inmates. The sickest patient was Mr. C., an aged man, an old resident of Rochester, who felt that his end was near, and he has since died. He seemed greatly soothed by the tender care of his nurse, who gently ministered to him. Five other patients were in their cots; some with rheumatism and others were consumptives. One man, who had been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was so much improved that he had left the bed to which for some time he had been confined. The exzema patient gains very slowly; sometimes he improves and then seems to lose what he has gained.

There were twenty under treatment in the Female Medical Ward. One had just died with an ovarian tumor. The woman who for a long while has been slowly con-

valescening from pneumonia is now so well she will soon leave the Hospital. One patient was under Dr. Rider's care, having some disease of the eye; another was a consumptive; a third had a diseased stomach. Four patients were confined to their cots, A new patient had just been received.

The inmates of the Female Surgical Ward numbered twenty-one. Four of these were confined to their cots; one of these was a consumptive, another had sore throat and was feverish, the third was Katy, the girl with the burnt limb, and the fourth was Tilly, who had had a surgical operation and was rapidly improving. Several children—of whom we speak elsewhere—were in this Ward. In the lower cross ward were two very sick patients, the one a paralytic and the other a sufferer from consumption.

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

One of the Pavilions was occupied by a man recovering from erysipelas.

The Little Folks.

We have them of all ages at the City Hospital. The youngest, with the exception of the three babies born within it, is a little colored girl about two years old. Her name is Sarah, and she comes from the Orphan Asylum. She has a curvature of the spine, is confined to her bed, and is to wear a plaster of Paris jacket. Lawrence Barnes, the boy with a broken knee, is improving, and so is Terrance Martin, whose ankle was injured by a boy who was coasting down hill; Terrance goes about on crutches. Tommy Jones, who fell from a tree and broke his arm, has gone home, and so has Gust Grunst, whose limb was amputated below the knee. Max, the German boy, whose limbs were paralyzed, walks now with the use of his crutches; Freddy Lyons is improving, and Tommy Heeney changes but little. Lorenz Fisher, fourteen years old, has rheumatism in the knees and does not leave his bed. Sidney Greenslave, the

boy with a stiff neck, is improving. George Van Ingen, twelve years old, the boy who fell from Vincent Street bridge, the physicians think will live. It seems almost impossible that he could survive such a fall. George Estleman, a boy thirteen years old, who was run over by an engine at Fairport, on the 2d of September, was brought to the Hospital so badly injured that it was necessary to amputate his leg and arm, and he died on the 3d of September. George was standing on the rear platform of the caboose of a freight train, and was thrown off by a sudden jar of the car. The wheels of the "pusher" engine passed over him and mangled his left arm and leg and injured his spine. He was brought to the Hospital on the Day Express train, but the poor boy was too badly injured to survive. Rosa, the little German girl with abscesses near the knee, is very much better. She says the physicians hope she will get well. Katy H., with the burnt leg, is also much better than she was a month ago; the grafting of healthy flesh in the sore made by the burn has been very successful, and she hopes soon to be about again. Tilly, who has been afflicted with sore limbs for two years, and who had some of the diseased flesh cut out, is much better than she has been. Minnie Bryant, whose heart is diseased, is quite feeble, and reclines on her cot much of the time.

We know the little folks who are helping us build the Children's Pavilion, are interested in all their young friends who are sick at the hospital, and so we make a monthly report of their cases, and are glad to have monthly receipts of bricks or donations for the new Children's Pavilion.

Omission.

Last month in our report of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Children's Pavilion, the name of Mrs. M. M. Mathews should have been added to the list of the original members of the Board of Lady Managers who were then present.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Helen Osgood, for a "brick,".....	\$ 25
Mrs. Bartlett, four bricks in memory of "Little Richard of Annandale,".....	1 00
"Another package of bricks from the little folks at the Lakeside, Charlotte."	
Twelve from Mary Warner Knapp..	3 00
Two from James Cyrus Dryer.....	50
One from Leora Marie Dryer....	25
One from Rufus Joseph Dryer....	25
Mrs. A. H. Porter, Niagara Falls, for her granddaughters, the Porter, Osborne and Robinson children, for bricks.....	5 00
For bricks, earned by Ruth Osborne, Auburn.....	1 00
Receipts for the month.....	\$ 11 25
Previously acknowledged....	\$1,227 39
Total receipts.....	\$1,238 64

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

The Children's Pavilion.

The new Children's Pavilion is enclosed, and already presents an attractive appearance. We would remind our friends that five thousand dollars more are needed to pay for its erection. We have faith that friends will aid us in defraying the cost of this much needed building.

More Bricks for the Pavilion.

We are indebted to the little folks on the bluff at West Beach, Charlotte, for more bricks for the Pavilion. A large package of twelve bricks comes from our young friend Mary Warner Knapp, and four are from three little "sunbeams," James Cyrus Dryer, Leora Marie Dryer and Rufus Joseph Dryer, who, as their mother says, "are radiant with thoughts of love and sympathy for the little suffering children." Four more come to us "in memory of little Richard of Annandale." Who will send us the largest package of bricks next month?

In Memoriam.

Our hearts to-day go out in tender sympathy to a bereaved family, whose home has been suddenly darkened by the departure of a beloved daughter, whose early womanhood gave rich promise of a bright future, but "her sun has gone down while it was yet day."

About twenty of the Hare family had been spending a delightful summer at Huntingdon Valley, near Philadelphia, when Ida Hobart, daughter of Charles Willing and Mary W. Hare, who for several years resided in this city, was attacked with peritonitis and died after an illness of nine days. During her residence in Rochester Miss Hare was a frequent visitor at the City Hospital, and her sunny presence was welcomed in our wards, and the memory of her loving ministries will long linger in the hearts of our inmates. She identified herself with many of the interests of the Hospital, took an active part in our Donation Festivals, was an efficient member of St. Luke's Flower Mission. She brought cards, flowers, books, fruit, bright smiles and cheering words to the Hospital patients, and if out of the city at Christmas or Easter was sure to send some token of her remembrance. On our last visit to the Hospital it was touching to hear one, who for years had been unable to walk and was confined to her rolling chair, speak of the kind acts of the departed, who was wont, aided by a friend, to take the patient out for an airing, rolling her chair, and thus breaking in upon the monotony of her life by giving her a long ride and a view of other parts of the city. Less than a year ago Miss Hare left Rochester, but, during her residence here, her earnest, consistent Christian life and her genial presence won for her many friends, who will fondly cherish her memory.

Little Deetta Hart Mitchell has begun early to remember the Hospital children. She sent them a doll's hat the other day.

Additional Annual Subscriptions to the City Hospital.

By Mrs. John Brewster.

Mrs. S. S. Brewster.....	\$ 5 00
Mrs. D. M. Gordon.....	5 00
Mrs. Horace C. Brewster.....	5 00
Mrs. Henry C. Brewster.....	5 00
Miss Potter.....	5 00
John H. Brewster.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$30 00

By Mrs. Louis Chapin.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke.....	5 00
Mrs. James H. Kelly.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$10 00

By Mrs. W. E. Hoyt.

Mrs. Joseph Curtis.....	5 00
By Mrs. Henry F. Huntington.	
Mrs. R. C. Knapp.....	5 00
By A. S. Hamilton.	
A Friend.....	5 00
By Miss Wild.	
Mrs. Clinton Rogers.....	5 00
By H. B. Williams.	
Mrs. I. Willis.....	5 00
Miss Hebbard.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$10 00

By Mrs. D. Andrews.

Mrs. George Raines.....	5 00
Mrs. M. H. Briggs.....	5 00
Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth.....	5 00
Mrs. D. Cory.....	5 00
Mrs. S. W. Duncan.....	5 00
Mr. H. C. Wisner.....	5 00
Mrs. C. G. Gardner.....	5 00
Mrs. A. Erickson.....	5 00
Mrs. W. H. Boorman.....	5 00
Mrs. H. R. Seldon.....	5 00
John Siddons.....	5 00
George Weldon & Co.....	5 00
Theodore Bacon.....	5 00
W. K. Chapin.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
Mrs. W. S. Ward.....	5 00
Donation H. N. Warren.....	2 00
	<hr/>
	\$82 00

By Mrs. W. H. Perkins.

Mrs. W. H. Ross-Lewin.....	5 00
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Mrs. A. D. Smith.....	10 00
Mrs. D. A. Watson.....	25 00
Miss M. Cogswell.....	5 00
Mrs. Myron Adams.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$75 00

Copies of the HOSPITAL REVIEW can be obtained of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street.

A Bamboo Bedstead.

While we were absent last summer, a beautiful little white bamboo bedstead was sent to the Hospital by Lulu Belle McAlaster. It had a canopy top, was trimmed with dotted muslin and lace, over blue, and was a very dainty bedstead. Lulu and her little brother had slept in it through their babyhood, and as they had outgrown it, it was sent to the Hospital to be used by the sick children. It had a nice mattress, a pillow, sheets and pillow cases, and a silk comfortable that Lulu had spent two years in making. The mother suggested that one of the little girl's dolls should be put in the bedstead, but Lulu replied: "Do you think you would want to give away one of your children?" When we have the Pavilion completed we shall find a nice place for Lulu's pretty bamboo bedstead, and the comfortable so neatly made by the little donor.

There is great need of old bed-quilts or bed tidies in the Hospital. We need a large number of these. They should be quilted so that they can be washed.

Receipts for the Review.

FOR AUGUST, 1885.

Dr. C.J. Andrus, 25 cents; Maurice Bowens, 50 cents; William Crowley, 50 cents; Rev. M. S. Hard, 50 cents; Wm. G. Lightfoot, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Martin, 50 cents; Mrs. O. M. Wilcox, 50 cents; all of Canandaigua, by Mrs. Henry Martin.....\$ 3 25
Miss Bunce, Hartford, Conn., \$1.50; Miss E. Mitchell, Cleveland, Ohio, \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, (3 subscriptions, \$1.86; Mrs. S. R. Seward, 62 cents; Miss L. Townsend, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; by Treasurer..... 5 48
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,

Hospital Report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 31, 1885.

Number in Hospital August 1st, 1885..101
" received during month..... 40
" births during month..... 4
Number discharged during month.... 55
" deaths during month..... 3
" remaining Sept. 1st, 1886,.... 93
151

Died.

At Huntingdon Valley, near Philadelphia, August 14, 1885, of Peritonitis, Ida Hobart Hare, formerly of Rochester, N. Y.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 27, 1885, of Chronic Peritonitis, Elizabeth Schier, aged 18.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 31, 1885, of Acute Peritonitis, George Bringel, aged 52.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 31, 1885, of Senile Decay, Timothy Chapman, aged 76.

Donations for August.

Mr. James Field, use of awning for Pavilion and tent.

Mrs. W. H. Hoyt, reading matter and second-hand clothing.

Mrs. N. Foote, reading matter and second-hand clothing.

Miss H. H. Backus, reading matter.

Miss Frank Whittlesey, reading matter.

Miss Wales, flowers and apples.

Mrs. A. W. Mudge, child's bed and chair.

Mrs. S. C. Bruce, reading matter.

Mrs. Rogers, infant's clothing.

Mrs. Nichols, old cotton.

Mrs. Poole, reading matter.

Mr. D. Seeley, bedstead and bureau.

Mrs. D. W. Powers, shawl.

Mrs. E. Baker, reading matter.

Mrs. Lowell's grave is very near that of John Lothrop Motley, in Kensal Green, and one of the many very beautiful floral tokens of sympathy came from the daughter of the late eminent historian.

Women are exclusively employed as coupon counters by the Rothschild's banking firm in London.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counter-poises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.—*Longfellow*.

No grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm, when no banners are waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—*S. J. Nicolls*.

Satan always rocks the cradle when we sleep at our devotions.

On the Death of an Infant Daughter.

BY DUDLEY PHELPS.

The sweetest voice is hushed,
The loveliest smile is gone;
The foot of Death has crushed
My child—my dearest one,
Was there no other place to tread,
That he must trample on thy head?

That foot is on my heart,
With all its fatal weight;
It mangles every part,
And lays me desolate;
The pain of more than death is mine,
The lighter pang, dear child, was thine.

How drear the household hearth!
How dark is every room!
There is no light on earth,
To dissipate the gloom.
Before we prized them, joys are fled—
Tears for the living—not the dead.

Away beyond the tomb,
Sweet spirit, thou art flown,
Where loveliness can bloom,
And blighting is unknown;
My faith would trace thine upward way,
And catch of Heaven some cheering ray.

One short and happy year
Thou smiledst, on us below;
We hoped to keep thee here
Till we were called to go;
But God takes back the blessing lent,
Though we our weaker claims present.

To thee it was not given
To speak with mortal tongue:
The dialect of Heaven
Already hast thou sung.
Too hard our speech—too slow our ways;
Angels must teach thee words of praise.

What we cannot discern,
Thine eyes can plainly see;
How much have we to learn,
If we would equal thee!
Thine infant spirit near the throne.
Excels all mind that earth hath known.

Our selfish hearts had bound thee,
To hold thee back from bliss:
Now glory beams around thee
In brighter worlds than this.
Farewell till guardian angels come
To bear us to thy happy home.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty evening sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

On Saturday, August 29th, the "Autocrat," whom all delight to honor, passed his seventy-sixth birthday. The dinner, at Beverly Farms, with only three guests, was a quiet, informal affair, but after it the neighbors and the neighbors' children called to congratulate the doctor, and wish him "many happy returns of the day." At length, with such a show of letters and telegrams and flowers pouring upon him, he said "This is more than my last birthday." A raised-letter volume of his poems was presented him from "The Perkins Asylum for the Blind," and tender messages came to him from all quarters, none more touching than that of the venerable Quaker poet and friend. This is the cheery little note which Mr. Whittier sent to Oliver Wendall Holmes:

My Dear Holmes: Amidst the thanks and congratulations of thy birthday, I hope the kindly remembrance of thy old friend will not be unwelcome. My father used to tell of a poor innocent in his neighborhood, who, whenever he met him would fall to laughing, crying and dancing. "I can't help it, sir. I can't help it. I'm so glad you and I are alive!" And I, like the poor fellow, can't help telling thee that I am glad thee and I are alive—glad that thy hand has lost nothing of its cunning, and thy pen is still busy. And I say in the words of Solomon of old: "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth;" but don't exult over thy seniors who have not found the elixir of life and are growing old and "past their usefulness." I have just got back from the hill and am tired, and a pile of unanswered letters are before me this morning, so I can only say, God bless thee.

If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.—*Archbishop Whately.*

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all!"

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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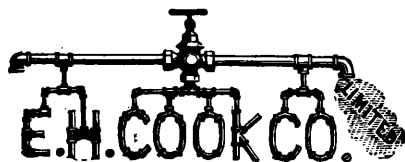
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be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

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December in each year.



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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

411

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1885.

No. 3

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 all the dreams of bliss deceive
us,

Where the worn spirit never gains the goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that
grieves us,

Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

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 still-
ing,

And peacefully life's time-tossed currents
flow,

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds 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 needs no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds,
Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vain long-
ing,

The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh! what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills

Whither my weak and weary steps are tending;
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
Guide me towards home, where, all my wan-
dering ending,

I shall see Thee, and "shall be satisfied."

When we are alone, we have our thoughts
to watch; in the family, our tempers; in
company, our tongues.—*Hannah More.*

A man should keep his friendship in
constant repair.—*Johnson.*

Correspondence.

For the Hospital Review.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter written from one of the Philippine islands, and dated Cebu, March 3, 1885:

Last Saturday, at five o'clock in the afternoon, we jumped into our little American phaeton, T. taking charge of our large pith sun hats and our bag of clothes, and I the reins, to manage Tony's fiery little pair of grays, and off we started for Naga. The ponies were frisky and T. was busy in the vain endeavor to light his cigar without letting the hats fall out. By the time T. had got to the end of his box of matches the ponies were quiet enough to allow me to hold the hats with one hand and drive with the other, and after T. had lighted his cigar we settled down to admire the scenery. One moment we were on a high hill looking over varied colored fields of waving sugar cane and maize, divided by dark foliaged hedges, with here and there a nipa house peeping out from some shady corner, and the accompanying shed under which the patient buffalo paced its weary rounds at the end of a sugar mill bar; the next moment we were down in a hollow passing through shady groves of cocoa palms, then up the barren looking incline of Pardo, with its fine unfinished church at the top, which edifice has been crawling up for the last four years, and will probably be finished in the next decade; an adieu waved to the priest at his convent window, and then we rattle down the incline to find ourselves again in fertile land; two minutes difficulty with the ponies, a narrow escape from an upset, and we are over Talisay ford; then we pass along a smooth road, through a cut, over stone and wooden bridges, through the village of Minglanilla, down an incline, up a hill, fording rivers, through a covered bridge, then again along a smooth road, and at last we stop in front of Mr. Mejia's house, where servants relieve us of our

baggage and ponies, and we find ourselves heartily welcomed by the black, intelligent gentleman.

With a wash to remove the dust from the outer man, and sherry and bitters to comfort the inner one, we were quite ready to play with the children, and chat with Don Pablo. We were hungry, the dinner was fine, and our walk afterwards through the village and our visit to the little governor made us enjoy our sleep.

We were up at six the next morning, had a fine sea bath, after which we took a heavy *desayuno* and prepared for an excursion to Don Pablo's estate over the mountain. At nine o'clock we were mounted on a two wheel cart, the driver sitting in front, T. behind, with his limbs dangling down, and I in the middle to balance and guard the two bottles of beer and a corkscrew. We took no other refreshments, expecting to be back in two hours for breakfast, as Don Pablo told us that right behind the house, on his estate, was a cascade where we could bathe, and it would only take a short time to see the other points of interest. A broken bridge forced us to leave the cart and walk to the house, and then we commenced to search for the cascade, but the coachman did not know where it was. We followed the stream up for half a mile without seeing it, and then to escape from rain took refuge in a nipa house and were regaled with boiled eggs and plantains. The inmates of the house told us the cascade was a long distance off, up through the mountains. We did not believe them, as Don Pablo had told us it was close to his estate, so the rain over, we took a beautiful road leading us through fine shady jungles, over verdant hills, through clear limpid streams, which we crossed sometimes on the coachman's shoulders and sometimes hopping from stone to stone, occasionally wetting our feet in a slip; then, on, along the overhanging bank of a stream with the mountains rising sheer up on each side. After walking for two hours we were told the

cascade was half a mile farther on, up the side of the mountain. On we went. The road now diverged to the right and led us straight up the mountain, then turning to the left took us along the side through a jungle, and very soon our ears were gladdened by the roar of falling water. Peering through the jungle we saw a sight that well repaid us for our long walk. Starting out from some invisible spring, in a break in the mountain, came a narrow, silver stream of water, rushing with tremendous force down the marble white rock steps, forming in the basins at the foot of each a foaming whirlpool, then surging out in a new direction to the step below, and so on down to the large, clear basin far down in the ravine below, from which it spurted through interstices in the rocks, making for a quarter of a mile a series of small rapids before forming into the quiet flowing stream we had crossed so many times in our walk.

After gazing in silent admiration for some time, we looked around for some way of getting down the steep mountain side and found a path by which we were able to descend to the stream below the rapids. Thence we despatched the coachman to buy a chicken and sweet potatoes. Then we waded up the stream, took a draught of the fine, cool water, and a bath, washed our white clothes and put them on a rock to dry while we amused ourselves in the water. What fun it was diving down leaving our large pith hats floating on the water, then coming up again, with good aim, sticking our heads into them. T. would then shout out in a commanding drill sergeant's tone: "Change hats!" and down we would go, coming up each in the other's hat. When our clothes were dry we climbed up the side of the cascade and found that what we supposed was the head of the stream was a sharp turn which it took from a deep cut, which cut was almost totally covered by a natural bridge of rock. Following up the cut we found the stream

came out of the myriads of small cuts and crevices in the rock which rose up like a wall barring our further progress.

It was then half-past one, and commencing our homeward journey we were soon back on the road, and revived by the sight of our coachman sallying forth from a hut with a chicken on a spit in one hand and a plateful of sweet potatoes in the other. We cut the chicken in two, each taking a half in our fingers, and, filling our pockets with sweet potatoes we continued our way eating as we walked. When we had finished the chicken and all the potatoes, we sent the coachman up a tree for cocoanuts, which he opened with his knife, and we took a long, refreshing drink of the milk. We used the stream as a finger bowl and went on our way. At four o'clock we arrived at Naga, where Don Pablo was anxiously awaiting us. On explaining the cause of our delay he told us we should have gone down stream instead of up, and that the cascade we had visited was half way across the island, which is there about fifteen miles broad.

After dinner we took a drive in the village, seeing the usual motley crowd of Indians, some with clean, white shirts—these were the dudes—others with flashy red ones, and a great many dressed in holes, badly united with dirty cloth.

J. T. M.

An Artistic Rural Wedding.

Weathersfield Bow, a hospitable hamlet, nestling in a lovely valley, under the shadow of Mt. Ascutney, on the west bank of the Connecticut, in the Green Mountain State, was on the eighth of September last the scene of a brilliant wedding.

The natural scenery in this region is very beautiful, and the ride from Ashley's ferry to Elms holme, about a mile long, through the Jarvis estate, over which the wedding guests passed, as seen by daylight is wild and romantic. The south side of the

road is bordered by old stump fences, over which the wild clematis throws a silvery veil of silken seeds, pierced by the graceful plumes of the golden rod and the purple aster. On the north side the tops of sumacs wave their scarlet, gold, and bronze pennons, contrasting richly with the sombre white pines. Below is the fertile meadow, and beyond, the river and the mountain.

The present occupant of Elmsholme is a brother of the late William Hunt, the great American artist, and the whole arrangements of the wedding were so artistic and beautiful that we copy the following extracts from a description given by the Granite State Journal and other papers :

The contracting parties were Francis Brown Hayes, son of the late Francis B. Hayes of Boston, and Nino Katherine, youngest daughter of Col. Leavitt Hunt of Weathersfield Bow. Miss Nino is a granddaughter of the late Hon. William Jarvis, who was appointed consul and *charge d'affairs* to Portugal by President Jefferson about 1806, where he remained during Mr. Madison's administration. He was known throughout New England, after his return to this country in 1818, as "Consul Jarvis." The night was dark as jet, rendering all the more beautiful the hundreds of Japanese lanterns that lined the street from the residence to the little church a short distance to the south. The lawn opposite the church was also illumined with gaily colored lanterns, as well as the various residences in the near vicinity. A huge bonfire was started on the spacious grounds opposite the church entrance, and kept aglow during the ceremony, and rockets and Roman candles enlivened the scene. The friends of the bridegroom drove over from Claremont. N. H., in close carriages, crossing the Ashley ferry, which was lighted up on both sides of the river.

The decorations at the church were under the supervision of Mr. Clyde du Vernet Hunt and were most elaborate and very tastily arranged, every nook and corner being completely enveloped in living green. Much of the festooning was of evergreen, consisting of running pine and ferns heavily entwined, and extending from the center of the ceiling to the top of the windows where it was met with a heavy fringe of ferns finishing with a row of cat-tails extending from the wainscoting around the entire church. The windows were completely filled with great fir trees and with masses of ferns and wild flowers. In each corner of the church were trees tall enough to reach the ceiling. Suspended over the altar was a large picture, in Gobelin tapestry, twenty feet long, representing the meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the well. The altar was one dense bank of asters, roses and ferns, the col-

ors were most beautifully blended, while the chancel railing was entirely hidden with smilax and white lilies, and on both ends rested the emblematic white doves. Between the doors was very neatly and artistically arranged the monogram of the two H's—Hunt and Hayes. The entrance and vestibule also evinced the same good taste, and the whole presented a most charming bower.

Hundreds of candles were ranged in front of the pulpit and close together around the walls of the church, while scores of Chinese lanterns served to heighten the dazzling effect, as they swung from great strings of evergreens that reached aloft from wall to wall.

Immediately after the ceremony followed the reception at Elmsholme. The large parlors were soon filled with a very select company of friends to present their congratulations and good wishes to the happy couple who stood beneath a unique design of roses which formed the links of a chain and above which were perched two doves. The home of Col. Hunt is filled with a rare collection of art, exhibiting the taste of a connoisseur in the selection and arrangement of the paintings and bric-a-brac. Many of the paintings were by the late Wm. Hunt, while others, with other works of art, were secured by Consul Jarvis in his foreign travels. The whole house seemed like a vast conservatory, being so completely filled with roses and rare exotics.

For His Sake.

"The only son of his mother, and she a widow." In these words we find the explanation of the look of grief on Mrs. Terry's face, and the quick gathering tears that she resolutely brushed away that they might not dim her vision of the brave young soldier in his new gray uniform, who occasionally turned in his saddle to wave her a farewell. On the brow of the hill he stopped and took a long look at the home of his childhood. His gaze wandered from the great house, with its wide verandas covered with climbing roses all in bloom, over the fields, the woods, and the meadows, with the little brook and the whitewashed negro quarters, all deserted now; then his glance returned to the solitary figure at the gate, waving a white signal. "Dear, dear mother," he murmured, as he waved his handkerchief in reply, then quickly drawing it across his eyes, he gave a low whistle to his horse and was soon gone out of her sight.

Gone into the untried world of war, with a boy's bright dreams of honor

and advancement, and with a heart full of the mistaken, blinded patriotism that placed the State above the country. And she was left to her desolate home. One after another the monotonous days passed, filled with anxious foreboding and pleading prayers for his safety. Occasionally a letter reached her from the camp, full of hopeful words and loving messages, and when she received one saying his regiment would pass within a few miles of their home, and that he hoped to see her, she watched the days go by with feverish impatience.

Then there came rumors of the approach of a Union force and one morning the quiet air of the little valley shuddered with the fierce sounds of battle. O it was hard to bear! The thought that her boy was in danger so near her and she powerless to protect him. Hour after hour the heavy reports resounded until the twilight brought quiet.

Early the next morning a neighbor brought the news that the Union forces had been repulsed, and that the court-house at I—— had been turned into a temporary hospital, and that he had seen her son there badly wounded.

It was twelve miles to the I—— court-house, and the time necessary to traverse that distance seemed endless to the anxious mother's heart. To her unaccustomed eyes the sight that met her as she entered the large court-room seemed appalling. There was a smell of chloriform in the air, and deep groans pained her ear. Up and down the rows of cots she passed until she came to the one where lay the young lad she had last seen on that bright Spring morning waving a gay farewell. But what a change. There was a deadly pallor on the once rosy cheeks, and the brown hair that fell in wild disorder over the forehead was matted with blood, while his right arm lay limp and shattered at his side. Her kisses and the warm tears falling on his face aroused him, and at the sight of his mother's face all his pain was forgotten for the time.

Soon the doctor joined them and cheered Mrs. Terry with the assurance that Charles' wounds were not dangerous, and that although he was very weak from loss of blood, he would probably be able to be taken home in a week or two. "He will need most nourishing food, and that is very hard to procure, but I will do my best for him," and so saying the cheery doctor passed on.

As Mrs. Terry rode home in the twilight she turned over and over in her mind plans for obtaining some beef from which to make beef tea. It was near the close of the war and everything was fabulously high. She and Uncle Tony and Aunt Luda, the only negroes who had not left her, managed to get their living mostly from the garden. Charles had sent her most of his wages, but they were of course Confederate money and so could buy but little; at that time she had no money at all, but she concluded to try and sell some articles of silverware. The next day she did so, though she was obliged to sell them for much less than their value. She then purchased the beef and made the tea, which on the following day she carried to the hospital, where she was well repaid for her sacrifice by Charlie's enjoyment of the nourishing draught. As she held the bowl to his lips, the eyes of the soldier in the next cot were fastened on them with an eager, famishing look. Mrs. Terry noticed it, and noticed also that he wore a blue uniform. "Perhaps he is the very one who shot my boy," she thought, and her heart grew hard and bitter toward him.

But Mrs. Terry was more than a mother—she was a Christian; and the unconscious, silent pleading of those wistful eyes brought to her mind the words "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me not; inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me." There was a sharp, brief struggle in her mind. Then as Charlie lay back on the downy pillows she had brought him, she refilled the bowl with the dearly purchased beverage, and

pressed it to the stranger's lips, while unconsciously she repeated the words, "For His sake, for His sake." His feeble, earnest words of thanks were not more expressive than the look of satisfaction on his pale face.

When Mrs. Terry came the next time she noticed that the blue coat'scot was empty, and learned that he had been exchanged.

In the years of toil and privation that followed the war, this little incident was soon forgotten by Mrs. Terry. Charles had just finished preparing for college when he entered the army, and after he had recovered from his wounds he was anxious to resume his studies. His mother made great sacrifices, and sent him through college, and then to a school where he fitted himself for a civil engineer. Soon after his graduation, there was a place to be filled in some Government survey, and Charles applied for the position to the Congressman who had the matter in charge. 'It would be such a fine thing if I could only get the place,' he said after telling his mother of it, 'but I have very little hope of doing so, for though I know I am well qualified, I have no acquaintance with the Congressman, and some favorite of his will probably be the successful one.'

A few days after, Charles entered the house exclaiming 'Here's a letter from Washington, but it's directed to you, mother, instead of me. Have you been applying for a government position?' When Mrs. Terry opened the letter, she found Charles's commission enclosed in the following note:

Dear Madam: I am glad to be able to give your son this appointment; for I have often wished for an opportunity to express my gratitude to the gentle Southern lady who 'for His sake' gave a wounded Northern soldier a 'cup of cold water'—or more literally, of beef-tea—that she had prepared for her own son. That Northern soldier is as ever, your friend,

There were tears in Mrs. Terry's eyes as she handed the letter to Charles, and she slowly repeated:

'Bread upon the waters cast,
Shall be gathered home at last.'

HELENA MAYNARD.

Farragut's Conversion.

When a boy once learns that there is nothing manly in imitating the vices of men, he has made a long stride in wisdom. Moreover, he may count himself among the fortunate, if he learns it so early in life that the pursuit of foolish and wicked pleasures does not practically injure his future career.

Admiral Farragut tells this story of his own boyhood:

"When I was ten years old," he says, "I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities that, I thought, made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me,—

"'David, what do you mean to be?'"

"'I mean to follow the sea.'"

"'Follow the sea! Yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast; be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land.

"No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'"

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification.

"A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! Be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital! That is to be my fate," thought I. "I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble. I have kept these three vows ever since. Shortly after I had made them I became a Christian. That act was the turning-point in my destiny."—*Youth's Companion*.

Dr. Prime.

To hundreds and thousands of homes in our own and in foreign lands, the news of the death of "Irenæus," the veteran editor of the New York *Observer*, came as tidings of a personal bereavement. The genial charm of his pen carried with it so much of his own personality that his readers felt, always the hand-clasp of the cheery guide, philosopher and friend, whether his discourses were grave or gay.

In the following clipping from one of his weekly letters in the *Observer*, we reproduce a bit of family history of romantic interest.

Many years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen were bathing in the surf, on the beach at Easthampton, near the eastern end of Long Island. A young clergyman walking on the sand some little distance from the party of bathers was suddenly startled by cries of distress from the water. He perceived on the instant that some one had been carried out by the undertow, and the rest, panic-stricken, unable to render aid. A stalwart young man and a strong swimmer, he rushed to the spot, flinging off his coat as he ran, plunged into the sea, found a young lady drowning, rescued her gallantly and brought her to the land. She was speedily restored. It was natural that such an incident should result in friendship, which ripened into affection and led to the marriage of the parties. The writer of these lines is the third of the children that followed this romantic union. So that, from her who was rescued from the very jaws of death, there have sprung children and children's children who have risen up to pronounce blessings on her name which is now lovingly bourne in the fourth generation from the saved on that beach at Easthampton. I have just returned from the spot, and inspired by the delicious, bracing air, the sight of the great and wide sea, have been impelled to tell the story which has been a tradition, but as yet unpublished.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea;

and in this case I can observe the Providence by which he led those young people to each other, that they might be the parents of a family to be trained for his service.

English "Crownor's Quest."

The grave-digger in Hamlet speaks slightly of "crownor's-quest law," meaning the coronor's inquest which had decreed Christian burial to a suicide, who would have been buried at the cross-roads had she "not been a gentlewoman." An English reporter, having gone through two Yorkshire reports of inquests, publishes some of them as specimens of "crownor's-quest" English. In the following cases the juries found such verdicts as these:

"She come to her death by the lighten stricken her."

"Come to his death in the following manner, to wit: He was born dead."

"From laying out in the sun to dry after tumbling down a well."

"From the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown and afterward a-going on the track and got run over by incoming train."

"From exposier or something."

"She come to her death by strangulation in testimony we have sit our hands and seal the day above wroten."

"By taking into his own hands an overdose of morphene, or something of that sort."

"From causes unknown to the jury and having no medical attendance."

"Said child, aged 1 day old, came to her death from spasms, said child having been found by the witness in a trunk, under very suspicious circumstances."

"The jourers on their ouaths do say that he come to his deth by old age, as tha could not see ennything else the matter."

"Come to his death from the following causes, to wit, from some suddent cause to the jourers unknown."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1885.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the 18th of October we visited the Hospital and found the lawn deserted; a damp, chilly atmosphere out of doors was not tempting to the invalids, and most of them were within their rooms or the Hospital Wards.

Sixteen were receiving treatment in the Female Medical Ward. Two of these were confined to their cots, both being convalescents. An aged German woman who had been blind for seven years, had been operated upon for cataract, and another operation will probably be necessary; beside her sat her husband, evidently seeking to comfort her with his love and sympathy. One woman had a gathering in her head and also diseased lungs. Another woman with diseased lungs was groaning with pain in her limbs and side. Most of the inmates of this ward were afflicted with chronic diseases; Mrs. McE, who has long had swelled limbs said they were more uncomfortable than usual. A dyspeptic patient had been very sick but was better.

There were fourteen patients in the Female Surgical Ward. Two of the aged ones were hobbling about on their canes and seemed in comfortable condition; one was familiarly known in the ward as "Grandmother," and the German one as "Groszmutter." In the Cross Ward were two women suffering from internal tumors; both were obliged to resort to opiates to mitigate their pain. The one, a German woman, about thirty-three years old, was the mother of five children, and the youngest, a baby of seventeen months, had been brought to the Hospital to have its burnt leg dressed, and she was fondling the little thing in a motherly, affectionate way. Our heart ached as we heard her sad story.

Twice a day she receives hyperdermic treatment, and without this she could not sleep. Mrs. James, the colored paralytic, who has so long been an inmate of the Hospital, is at last released from her sufferings, she very quietly breathed her last about two weeks since. Quite a number of patients were amusing themselves with their needles.

Seventeen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Eight of whom were confined to their cots. One of these who had a compound fracture of the leg was doing well, as also was a man whose arm had been amputated. One patient while crossing the railroad track had been struck by the engine and his arm and ankle fractured. One man had an inflamed foot. Two deaths had occurred in the ward, the one, that of a man who was run over by a cart and injured internally, the other that of a boy who had been run over on the railroad.

There were seventeen patients in the Male Medical Ward, only three of whom were confined to their beds. One of these was the excema patient, whose convalescence is so extremely slow that he has to exercise great patience. He said to us that Christ suffered without complaining, and in his cheerful bearing this sick man beautifully illustrates the sustaining power of his Christian faith. He is unable to be dressed; he is wrapped about with sheets and bears his peculiar trials with fortitude. One man was convalescing from typhoid fever, and another who had had trouble with his eye and knee was improving. Mr. C., who had been afflicted with asthma and other diseases had, after a hemorrhage, died. A Swiss German, a decorative painter, had also died. An aged paralytic patient said he felt he was more comfortable and could get about with less difficulty than formerly.

In the Lying-in-Ward were four mothers and four babies.

In passing through the Wards we found pleasant tokens of the visits of the Flower Mission, which were cherished by the invalids.

The Little Folks.

We found four wee, plump babies in the nursery, but there was another baby seventeen months old that interested us greatly. She was in the Lower Cross Ward, where her mother is confined to her bed with an internal tumor that causes her so much pain that she can only sleep when under the influence of medicine. The mother was sitting up in bed, fondling her baby, who had been brought to the Hospital by her brother, Frank Jischkie, twelve years old. He is the oldest of five children, and since his mother has been sick at the Hospital he has worked for and taken care of the others, while his father has been out at work. The hot cover of the stove rolled over and burnt the leg of his baby sister so badly that every day it has to be dressed by the Hospital nurse, and Frank brings it up from Lyell avenue in his arms and carries it home again. The sore caused by the burn is about as large as a silver twenty-five cent piece. A kind lady has promised to send a baby carriage for the use of the little baby, and a woman has come to Frank's home to take care of the children, and Frank is delighted with the prospect of attending school once more. The suffering mother, the burnt baby, and kind brother, all interested us.

Another baby child is little Sarah, a colored girl from the Orphan Asylum, who has a curvature of the spine and will probably be a cripple for life. She keeps in bed all the time. She wore a plaster of Paris jacket, but it made her uncomfortable, and as she has a sore back, it has been removed. We found her with four dolls and a toy dog beside her.

Rosa was up, dressed and with her scarlet knitting work made a very pretty picture; Minnie Bryant also was knitting. Katy H., the girl who, more than two years ago, was so badly burnt by carrying hot ashes, is so well that she has left the Hospital, her burn entirely healed, and she has found a

pleasant home with an uncle in Medina. Terrance is improving and says he is going to live in the New Children's Pavilion. Max Kraus has left his rolling chair and can walk a little without crutches; he was quite earnest we should note his improvement; he still wears the harness on his head and is a funny looking little boy with this strange arrangement about his head. Lorenz Fisher, who has rheumatism in the knees, is better; he has left his cot and walks about slowly; his limbs are still bent. His trouble was caused by getting wet on his birthday, the 19th of June; he took a cold and it settled in his knees. Not a very nice way of celebrating his birthday, was it? Freddy Lyons is now confined to his cot. Tommy Heeney does not change much. George Tanner, sixteen years old, is a new patient. He crushed his leg between the elevator and the wall in Hamilton & Mathews' store; he keeps his bed but is doing well. A boy who was run over on the railroad, injured his leg and arm so much that amputation of both was necessary, but this did not save him; he died soon after the operations. These are the kind of children for whom the Pavilion was built. Who will help us pay for it?

Our New Pavilion.

The Children's Pavilion is now making a fine appearance, and the work is progressing rapidly. The extension is nearly finished; the tucking almost done. On the 8th of October the workmen were putting on the last coat of plastering, and the next week the carpenters expected to commence finishing the building, putting on the windows and door frames.

We are indebted to Mr. A. Bristol for a donation of three register faces for ventilating the engineers' sleeping room.

Our thanks are due to the Steam Gauge and Lantern Co. for gratuitously repairing our steam gauge.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Lawrence Barron, for one brick.....\$.25
Terrance Martin, for one brick.....	.25
Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, for Baby Hoyt.....	5 00
Rena Dinkelspiel, Henry Stern, Della Adler and Rosa Landsberg.....	1 33
Henry F. Leiter, Eugene H. Leiter and Myron H. Leiter, each one brick.....	.75
Miss H. J. Paul, for one brick.....	.25
Margaret Wright, four bricks.....	1 00
Margaret Louise Whitney, Santa Barbara, Cal., for one brick.....	.25
Frederika Storrs Bliss, Albany, for one brick.....	.25
Mrs. L. L. Hayden, Bath.....	5 00
Susie E. Sill, Sodus Point, two bricks, Nanette R. Delano, Niagara Falls, for two bricks, which she earned.....	.50
Earned by Mabel Moser, Minnie Peck, Maida Finding, Alice McArthur, Irene Allen and Katy Hoyt, for four bricks.....	1 00
Mrs. A. B. Kimball, Haverill, Mass., aged 84.....	5 00
Libbie R. Messenger, for one brick...	.25
Florence M. Messenger, for one brick,	.25

Receipts for the month.....\$ 21 83
Previously acknowledged.....\$1,238 64

Total receipts.....\$1,260 47

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Additional Annual Subscriptions to the City Hospital.

By Mrs. Strong, Mrs. A. F. Mansel, St. Paul, Minn...	\$5 00
By Mrs. John Brewster, Mrs. Ayrault.....	5 00
Mrs. John Durand.....	5 00
By Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, Mrs. J. H. Howe.....	5 60
By Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. S. J. Andrews.....	5 00
Miss Lois Whitney.....	5 00
Mrs. George Smith, New York.....	5 00
By Mrs. Louis Chapin, Mrs. David Hoyt.....	5 00
Dr. Mallory.....	5 00
Mrs. Nannie Howell.....	5 00
By Mrs. Josiah Anstice, M. F. Reynolds.....	5 00
Mrs. J. Anstice.....	5 00
By Mrs. D. Anders, Mr. Myron G. Peck.....	5 00

DONATION ON BILLS.

J. H. Chamberlin, on Empire Hose..... 30 35
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Donation Day.

The managers of the City Hospital would announce that their Annual Donation Reception will be held at Powers' building, on Thursday the 10th of December. They make this announcement *early* that no other entertainments may be planned for the day that will interfere with the success of this festival, on the receipts of which they largely rely for meeting the current expenses of the Hospital. Further particulars will be given in the November number of the REVIEW and in the city papers.

Funds for the New Pavilion.

The following letters indicate the interest taken by some of the little folks in the New Pavilion. We are glad so many are sending us bricks. Keep on sending them.

My Dear L.:

I take pleasure in sending you the enclosed one dollar, for "Bricks" in the "Children's Pavilion." This money has been earned by the following members of my Sunday School class at Plymouth church: Mable Mose, Minnie Peck, Maida Finding, Alice McArthur, Irene Allen and Katy Hoyt. We hope to make further contributions to your fund.

Sincerely yours,

Monday, Sept. 28th. M. S. P.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., }
Sept. 27th, 1885.

Nannette R. Delano sends to Mrs. Mathews fifty cents, which she has earned, for two bricks for the Children's Pavilion.

Hospital Report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1885.

Number in Hospital Sept. 1st, 1885.....	93
" received during month.....	45
" births during month.....	3
Number discharged during month.....	47
" deaths during month.....	6
" remaining Oct. 1st, 1885.....	88
	141

Donations for September.

Miss Hodges, reading matter.
 Mrs. Delano, reading matter.
 Mr. George B. Chase, reading matter.
 Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, reading matter.
 Mrs. James Wolcott, reading matter.
 Mrs. Howard, reading matter, second-hand clothing and fancy articles.
 Mrs. Wilcox, reading matter.
 Mrs. M. M. Mathews, old cotton.
 Mrs. George Weldon, old cotton and second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Dr. Little, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Sarah Bragg, tidy.
 Mrs. John H. Rochester, basket of peaches.
 Mrs. Mary John, fruit and vegetables.
 Miss Danforth, pears.
 Mrs. J. H. Brewster, pears.
 Mrs. L. H. Allen, plums.
 Mrs. A. G. Yates, pears and crab apples.
 Mrs. William Corning, crab apples and flowers.
 Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, half bushel of pears.
 Mrs. G. W. Mitchell, baby's toys and clothing.
 Steam Gauge and Lantern Company, repairing gauge.
 Theodore F. Aldrich, six bunches of bananas.
 Mrs. William Pitkin, omitted by mistake in July report, two bushels of cherries.

Receipts for the Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

Mrs. F. Wilson, Albion, by Miss Hebbard,	\$.50
Miss C. Smalley, by Miss Nellie Pixley.	.62
Mrs. Ira Wilder, Charlotte, by Mrs. S. H. Terry	1 00
Mrs. Ida L. Engler, 50 cents; Mrs. A. T. Kimball, Vancouver Barracks, Wash. Territory, 50 cents; Mrs. Charles Martin, Montreal, 50 cents, by Mrs. M. Strong	1 50
G. C. Buell & Co., adv., \$5.00; William Eastwood, adv., \$5.00; Geddes & Co., adv., \$5.00; Rochester Savings Bank, adv., \$15.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	30 00
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cents; Miss F. H. Bryan, Philadelphia, \$1; Mrs. J. Goddard, York, 50 cents; Hamilton & Mathews, adv., \$5.00; Miss S. P. Mathew, Sodus Point, 50 cents; Mrs. R. Messenger, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Storrs, Santa Barbara, Cal., \$1.50; Mrs. S. Williams, Chicago, \$2.50; sale of papers, five cents; by Treasurer.	12 17
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring street.	

Rise to your duty,
 This is the hour.

Old cotton, second-hand clothing and reading matter thankfully received at the Hospital.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 2, 1885, from Railroad accident, George Estelman, aged 13 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 7, 1885, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Catherine Matthews, aged 25 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 14, 1885, of Nephritis, Jacob Woulschlager, aged 37 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 20th, 1885, from shock following operation for Scirrhus, Mrs. James Malette, of Geneva, aged 58 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 25, 1885, of Debility, Mrs. Mary A. Paddock, of Sodus, aged 70 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 28, 1885, of Senile Decay, Mrs. Mary James, aged 57 years.

Officious.

The fearful threats which some make of what they would do, etc., are doubly droll and ridiculous when the threatened individual happens to be present without their knowing it. Anecdotes similar to the following of General Grant have been told of the Duke of Wellington and several incognito kings, but the similarity does not make this one less probable or less amusing:

One of General Grant's visits to the Catskills, it is related that he wandered away from his companions one day, stretched himself beside a trout-stream in one of the shady nooks somewhere in Shandaken. He was half-napping, when a stalwart native broke in upon him with stern address. It was the owner of that trout-brook, confident that he had caught a trespasser upon his lawful rights.

"Git out!" cried the sturdy mountaineer. "Git out o' here quick, or I'll give you such a duckin' as ye won't soon forgit!"

"But my dear sir, I"—

The general did not finish.

"Git, I say!" quoth the Ulster landlord. "Git, and don't let me ketch ye snupin' round here agin, or I'll thrash ye—thrash ye, sir! I'd thrash ye even if ye was Genril Grant hisself!"

The twinkle that crept into the trespasser's eye did not tend to mollify the furious brook-owner.

"I'll find out ye name and prosecute ye. Ye needn't be a-smilin'; I kin find it out easy enough ye'll see."

"Oh, don't go to too much trouble. my friend," was the distressing reply, "I'll tell you my name myself. It is Grant,—General Grant,—and if I've intruded, I really beg your par"—

The old soldier was talking to air; that countryman had vanished.

But nevertheless he eventually recovered in time to hold out, as an inducement to summer boarders from New York, the manifold attractions of Grant Hill, now one of the most popular trout-streams in that mountain district.

"Father's Old Boots are There!"

Many a picture of moving pathos appears in the dark gallery of drunkenness. We have seen but few more touching ones than this from the pen of Mrs. M. A. Kinder. She describes little Benny, the son of a drunken father, sitting in a room with his mother and little sister. By looking at his sad and thoughtful face one would have taken him to be ten years of age, yet he was but six. No wonder. For four years this almost baby had been used to seeing a drunken father go in and out of the cottage. He scarcely remembered anything from him but cruelty and abuse, especially towards his kind and loving mother. But now he is dead! The green sod had lain on his grave a week or so, but the terrible effects of his conduct were not buried with him. The poor children would start with a shudder at every uncertain step on the walk outside, and at every hesitating hand upon the latch. On the day mentioned above, Benny's mother was getting dinner.

'Will my little son go to the woodshed and get mother a few sticks to finish boiling the kettle?

'I don't like to go to the woodshed, mamma,' said Benny, looking down.

'Why, my son?'

'Because there is a pair of father's old boots on the beam out there, and I don't like to see them.'

'Why do you mind the old boots, Benny, any more than you do your father's old coat and hat upstairs?'

'Because,' said Benny, the tears filling his blue eyes, 'they look as if they wanted to kick me.'

O the dreadful after-influence of a drunken father to innocent children! what an awful memory to bear through life!—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

Illuminated Nest of the Baya.

The nest is in itself a beautiful and ingenious piece of work. The upper portion is divided into two chambers, one for Mother Baya while she is sitting, and one for Father Baya when he has earned the right to rest by having provided his wife with food. The lower portion of the nest is a general living room for the whole family as soon as the little ones have grown strong enough to leave the upper chamber. Here is a home that might well be all that the most exacting could require, but having provided for creature comfort, the baya has yet to gratify its sense of the beautiful. The little mother is hardly settled down when the male bird, having put the finishing touches to the nest, darts forth and returns with a fresh lump of clay, which he affixes to the inner wall of the nest. Then quickly away again to capture one of the living sparks of which there are myriads in the tropics. The fire-fly is secured to the lump of clay, and lights up the little home with its phosphorescent glow. Another and another are added, until the patient little mother has light enough to cheer her during the long dark night. After that one or more of the animated diamonds is fastened to the exterior, there to glitter and flash for the delection of the outside world, for the baya is no selfish lover of art. He does not lock his treasures up in his gallery, but is willing to share his enjoyment with all.

ROCHESTER, N. Y

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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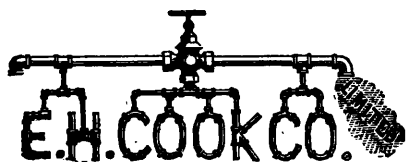
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Samuel Sloan,	Wm. Allen,

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

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December in each year.



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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 16, 1885.

No. 4

A Gem.

If a pilgrim has been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a cup of clear cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word to tell of day;
If, in one poor bleeding bosom,
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of Heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle
One faint heart grow warm and strong,
Then my God! I thank Thee—bless Thee
For the precious gift of song.

—MARY LOUISE CHITWOOD.

I have been benefited by praying for others; for by making an errand to God for them I have gotten something for myself.—*Rutherford.*

The Rochester Female Charitable Society.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday afternoon, November 3d, in the Guild room of St. Luke's church. The opening devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. Shaw, and the following officers elected:

Trustees—Mr. Wm. N. Sage, Mr. Oscar Craig, Mr. Wm. H. Ward, Mr. Frederick A. Whittlesey, Mr. George E. Mumford, Mr. M. F. Reynolds.

President—Mrs. Oscar Craig.

First Vice-President—Mrs. Freeman Clarke.

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

Third Vice-President—Mrs. Adolphus Morse.

Secretary—Mrs. Arthur Robinson.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. P. Brewster.

Several new districts were arranged and additional collectors and visitors appointed.

The following report, being the sixty-third annual report, was read by the Secretary, Mrs. Arthur Robinson:

LADIES.—With the close of another year, we have the same story to tell, of our efforts to do good as we have had opportunity; remembering the words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The winter was a severe one, work was difficult to secure, and with the added discouragement of sickness or accident, many families have looked to our Society for aid and we have rejoiced in being able, often, to bridge over the season of disheartenment, until health and strength were restored, wherewith to begin anew the battle of life. The gratitude so frequently expressed for assistance rendered, is very cheering and in almost every instance, we find a willingness manifested to return to self dependence, as soon as health will permit. Owing to the growth of our city, it has been found necessary to enlarge the field of our labors, and eight new districts have been added to our already long list. Our monthly meetings have been well attended; an average of thirty-three being present each month. In the retrospect of the past year, we have to mourn over the vacancies made by death in our membership. In November last, died Mrs. Nathaniel T. Rochester, after an illness of many months, borne most patiently and trustfully. Sanctified by trial and affliction, her life had been hid with Christ in God, for many years, and her ministrations to the sick and sorrowing have made her memory blessed. In January, after a long life of usefulness, Mrs. Chester Dewey entered into rest. Like Mrs. Rochester, she was connected with this Society in its earliest days, and her interest in it never abated. Her life was singularly rounded and complete and like a sheaf of wheat, fully ripe, she was gathered into the garner of the Lord. In February, we were again called on to part with one of our number, Mrs. George T. Whitney, who had been stricken down by disease in the midst of her great usefulness. With a heart full of sympathy, willing hands and an open purse, she did with her might what her hands found to do. In October, Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, fell asleep in Jesus. She was long interested in this Society both as directress and visitor, until increasing years and feebleness caused her to lay aside her active part in its duties. Such lives as these need no comment. They are "living epistles known and read of all men." Many of our number have been called to pass through the waters of affliction, during the past year, and their own experience of sorrow will make them more than ever tender in their sympathies with the widows and the fatherless. It is with sincere regret that we are called upon to note the retirement of our beloved president, Mrs. Maltby Strong. She began active work in this Society in 1835, and held the various positions of collector, visitor, directress and vice-president, until 1859, when she became its

president. For twenty-six years she has most faithfully and acceptably filled this office; and while we thank her for all she has been to the Society, we feel that we shall greatly miss her wise counsel and gentle presence in the direction of our meetings. After nearly fifty years of service, she can never lose her interest in the Society, and we know that we shall still have her sympathy in every good work. In entering upon another year, we would crave the generosity of those who would be blessed in remembering God's poor. With the extending of our boundaries, more money will be required to carry on the work, and as we have no expenses save the trifling ones for printing and postage, the donations go directly to the object for which they were given.

We would acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of St. Luke's church in allowing us a place of meeting, and to the press of the city and to Mr. Ezra R. Andrews for favors received. To all who have aided us in any way we offer our sincere thanks.

Respectfully submitted,

JANE H. ROBINSON, Secretary.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 3, 1885.

This was followed by the report of the Treasurer, Mrs. H. P. Brewster.

Cash on hand November 1st, 1884	\$3,392 31
Individual donations	1,788 75
Interest on investments	550 60
Interest on investments in hands of Trustees	426 62
Interest on Pancost legacy	81 20
Interest on Woodbury legacy	10 00
Interest on bank deposits	103 52
Ward collections and membership fees	528 82
Church collections	251 06
	\$7,122 28

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid orders	\$4,638 50
Paid dry goods	89 37
Paid printing	14 25
Expenses of appeal	13 20
Stationery, postage and express	5 91
Cash on hand November 1st, 1885	2,361 05

\$7,122 28

Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Secretary of the Board of Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, then read the following twenty-second annual report of the City Hospital:

LADIES: Another year of service, the twenty-second, is ended, and the Lady Managers present to-day the record, with grateful thanks to our Heavenly Father for any good accomplished, any suffering relieved, or any hearts comforted. Our aim is perfection, but as it is never reached here below, we sorrow for any mistakes made, or any good left undone. In view of the necessities which arise, the Managers are oftentimes "entangled and shut in," not knowing which way to turn, when the command of God given to Moses, "Speak unto the

children of Israel that they go forward" comes to us, and though a wall seemingly as impassable as the Red sea is before us, depending upon God for aid and strength, we "go forward." "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," raising up friends, who by their liberal and substantial gifts have enabled us to prosecute this work. Shall we doubt Him now in our great necessity?

Death has been very busy during the past year. Dr. H. F. Montgomery, President of the Medical and Surgical Staff, died November 8, 1884, after a continuous service of more than twenty years in the Hospital.

Mrs. N. T. Rochester, a devoted Manager, one of the original committee appointed by your board, after many months of sickness, peacefully fell asleep November 19, 1884.

Mrs. George F. Danforth was chosen a Manager in 1865. After several years of faithful work, she was prevented by sickness from regular attendance at our meetings, but she lost not her interest. After a brief illness, she died January 25, 1885.

Mrs. George J. Whitney was elected a member in 1867. Her executive ability, her energy in devising ways to forward this work, united with her generosity, rendered her invaluable. Mrs. Whitney's health failing, she spent a year abroad, but returned October, 1884, and lingered with much suffering until February 26, 1885.

By the death of Mrs. M. A. Gilman, June 6, 1885, the Hospital sustained a great loss. For five years she had been the Recorder, unselfish, untiring she won the respect and love of all.

"Faithful unto death," what higher praise can be bestowed? Who can reap a richer reward?

One laid aside from active work, pining on a sick bed—waiting to do her Master's bidding—"waiting with a hope that cannot fail," still another watching by a loved companion in feeble health. What wonder if our courage fails; our hearts sink with such a record of sorrow? But never has there been more need of energetic action. The Hospital full to overflowing, and a treasury more than empty, exigencies continually arising, we hope the benevolent and generous friends will give freely of their substance. "While we have time, let us do good unto all men."

Medical Staff—Dr. W. S. Ely, Dr. E. V. Stoddard, Dr. Charles A. Dewey.

Surgical Staff—Dr. H. H. Langworthy, Dr. David Little, Dr. J. F. Whitbeck.

Oculist and Aurist—Dr. C. E. Rider.

Assistants—Dr. William A. Oliver, Dr. L. H. Smith.

Recorder—H. B. Williams.

Matron—Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

Supervising Nurse—Miss Markham.

There were remaining:

In the Hospital October 1, 1884 68

Received during the year 554

Births..... 34

Total 651

Of these were discharged

Recovered	359
Improved.....	142
Unimproved.....	10
Transferred.....	1
Died.....	51
Remaining October 1, 1885	88

Total 651

The nationalities represented were the United States 308, Germany 59, Ireland 44, England 59, Canada 32, Poland 6, Italy 5, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, Switzerland and Austria. One hundred and nineteen have been supported entirely or in part by charity. Total number of days supported 8,425.

The Training School for Nurses started September, 1880, has had applications from 278 persons for admission, 86 during the past year. There have been 31 members of the School during the year. Graduated, 7; probationers not accepted, 3; left on account of sickness of sister, 1; dismissed, 1; number now remaining, 19; number having done nursing away, 18. This portion of our work, while expensive, we cannot dispense with, for the sake of the Hospital and the community at large. We regret we cannot supply all the applications for nurses for the sick outside.

Sufficient funds having been given to warrant the commencement of the Children's Pavilion, plans and specifications kindly furnished by Mr. Church, architect, ground was broken and the building commenced in July. The contract having been given to Mr. W. H. Gorsline July 31, 1885, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate exercises. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Riggs and addresses by the Mayor, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Anstice, Rev. Mr. Mann and Rev. Mr. Adams, all commending the work and rejoicing that we can look upon the realization of this so-much-desired event. There have been thirty-four children in the Hospital under fifteen years, and thirty-four infants. Truly this is a needed work.

The Mite Box fund, suggested by Mrs. G. J. Whitney, and which has furnished funds for many necessities, is still quietly at work, though having lost some of its first novelty. The Sunday services are supplied by the students of the Theological Seminary and Young Men's Christian Association.

Our grateful acknowledgements we tender to all that have aided this work, to the *Democrat and Chronicle*, *Union and Advertiser*, *Herald* and *Post-Express*, for their liberality in allowing us the use of their columns.

Our annual donation will be held Thursday and Friday, December 10th and 11th, in Powers' building, Mr. Powers having given permission so kindly, as heretofore for many years. The HOSPITAL REVIEW still presents monthly the records of the Hospital work, and will contain, as well as the daily papers, a more extended notice of the donation days, which we hope will prove to be days full of good deeds of charity, gladdening the hearts of the Managers.

MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,

Corresponding Secretary.

Nature a Physician.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

During the winter of — the small-pox, especially in its mitigated type, the *varioid*, prevailed extensively in the City of S. in the State of N— Y—.

At that season I was residing temporarily in that place, pursuing my collegiate studies, and in the early part of January — was attacked by the epidemic in its milder form. The premonitory symptoms foretold that I was to have no ordinary siege; and, accordingly, having made ample arrangements for a long and severe sickness, I took to my bed, after calling in Dr. McD., an old and respectable physician. He prescribed the customary medicines; the disease had its "run" as usual, the red spots on the skin, by which it first indicated itself, becoming veritable *pustules*, and these enlarging until they had arrived at a sufficient state of fullness to be termed small pyramids, dotting the countenance in multitudes, and giving to it the appearance of anything else rather than what, by an extravagant figure, has been called

"The human face *divine*."

It was at this stage of the disease, known, I believe, among the faculty, as *the crists*, that an episode was enacted, unexpected alike by me and my worthy doctor.

My boarding-house was about one-fourth of a mile from the College. My rooms were in the second story of the house, and were connected by a door opening from a small bedroom occupied by me, into a larger front one where my "chum" slept, who performed the offices of nurse and watcher. For several days prior to the 15th of January, I had labored under a harmless, and, to me, a very pleasant delirium, the usual attendant of *variola*; and, upon this night, I had conceived the fancy that my chum and myself had gone to the village of S., two miles distant, to visit a caravan of wild animals; that I had become separated from him, and was anxiously endeavoring to find him. Under this idea, I found myself in the middle of the night looking out of a front window, and carefully spelling by the moonlight a familiar gilt shop-sign on the opposite side of the street. It suddenly occurred to me that I was in the city of S. and had a clue to my lost companion.

This chum of mine would play cards, being particularly fond of whist; and as he was much more partial to the books of that game than to his College books, he frequently played me the trick of absenting himself, and resorting to a second story room of the College, to pursue with others his favorite amusement. Having him and that room in view, I cautiously opened the front chamber, and walked quietly and stealthily through the upper hall to the stairs, and creeping down these, passed along the lower hall and out of the front door into the street.

The winter was one of unusual severity. The mercury ranged from zero downward, and not unfrequently indicated a temperature of

even twenty degrees below that point. The snow, too, of that season, as storm after storm had bedded it up in layers of from six to twelve inches, was so high in City-streets as to hide from the view of persons passing along one walk those on the opposite one. Of that winter, the month of January was the coldest, and of that month the night of the 15th was especially severe.

The bright and new moon looked forth from cloudless heavens "fretted with golden fire," upon a scene of which she, unconscious to herself, was the chief artist. In her light, church and college and market and house stood out in bold relief; while upon the snowy canvas her beams had penciled the shadowy forms of these, and the yet more delicate outlines of tree and shrub.

The intense cold had congealed the air into myriads of icy crystals, and these sparkled and danced joyfully in the moon-beams; while the incrustated snow reflected back from its surface of diamonds the glances of the moon, and the tree-tops, whitened by hoar-frost, glistened with countless gems in her bright light. 'Twas the christening of the new-born Year; and Day and Night, Sun and Moon, Frost and Snow witnessed it, as in Nature's own temple hoary Winter, attired in robes of vestal whiteness, bathed Young Time in this flood of mingled glories; and from afar, there came floating upon the still air, the strains of responsive music from the distant orbs, not one of which

"But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubim."

Having reached the sidewalk, I turned into the street; imagining that the building next north of my residence had shortly before burnt up, and to avoid what I supposed hot bricks on the walk, (I seemed to see them as realities,) I went into the street. This delusion originated thus: My room-mate, who at that time was soundly sleeping in the room I had left, and within a few steps of where I must have passed in going to the door, on retiring had incautiously placed his woollen stockings too near the stove. These had become burnt; and the odor being inhaled had suggested to the mind the idea which induced me to leave the walk. Over the snow, my feet protected only by cotton socks; through the air—it was a "nipping and an eager" one, and its bite much 'shrewd-er' than that in the cold of which Hamlet and his two friends shivered, as they stood in the middle of a like night upon the platform at Elsinore, watching for his father's ghost; through the thousand frosty needles which penetrated my night dress, pricking and stinging at every pore; on I wandered, along the middle of the street, and up to the College gate. Opening this, I passed along the yard to the front steps, and while ascending these I slept, fell and struck my forehead. The blow seemed to awaken me, and I became partially aware of the dangers of my situation. Recovering, I mounted the steps, entered through the front-door, and passing along the hall, ascended the stairs to room No. —. Rap! rap! rap! Not a noise, or stir, or whisper, or breath

was heard from within ; when from without, a thrice repeated knock awoke the inmates. "Who can it be?" was asked in a timorous whisper; and at last a voice, courageous in spite of ghost or spirit, called with trembling accents, "Who's there?" and the form without in frozen words replied, "It's I." "It can't be ———, he is sick a-bed," and speculating thus and upon the propriety of giving admittance, two being opposed, fearing contagion, and one in favor, who prevailed, they reluctantly opened the door. Bent and stiffened, white as the snow without (for the blood had been driven by the cold back to its channels toward the heart,) trembling and shivering, there I stood, having scarcely left my bed during the previous two weeks. By this time, my faculties had returned. I was put into the bed, my feet rubbed, and heated fire-bricks laid against them. I soon dropped into a sweet sleep, and was awaked by the arrival of my physician. On being called, he stated he would be over and see me, though his visit would be of little benefit, as I could not survive the exposure of the night. The result however proved otherwise, for after a quiet rest until morning, when my clothes were brought from the boarding-house, I walked home without difficulty, and from that day was able to be about, and in three days was as well as usual.

My worthy doctor called often (not professionally) to see me; and, during one of his visits, related an instance not unlike the one here narrated. The case was that of a woman, over whom in one of the last stages of fever, a council had been held, which declared she might not live until morning. While in this condition, her watcher had fallen asleep; when in a state of delirium the patient arose, went to a well, and drank from the bucket very freely. She was there found, taken back to bed, in which she perspired profusely, and by morning the fever had abated, and she had entered upon a state of convalescence.

It is not a little remarkable, as showing the power of imagination and fear over health, that of the *dramatis personæ* of what may not inaptly be termed this MIDWINTER-NIGHT'S DREAM, the persons whose dread of disease would have left me to perish in the cold, were some weeks after seized with the epidemic; while the third escaped, although by his assiduous attentions he had exposed himself much more than the others. He is now a skilful and successful physician in the City of New York, and should this narrative ever reach his eye, he will recognize in himself the Good Samaritan, and in his companions, perchance, the Priest and Levite of that night.

Of course, I leave it for others to account for the singularly harmless and beneficial results of the night-excision; I am neither physician nor philosopher. But I may be allowed to say from that night's experience, that though it be true that "Man is the Interpreter and Minister of Nature," it is none the less true, that she sometimes takes upon herself the execution of her kind offices, and then, as if in requital for his services, NATURE IS A MINISTER TO MAN.

"THAT NATURE WORKS ———;
By these fortuitous and random strokes,
Performing such inimitable feats,
As Art with all her rules can never reach."
S. H. T.

St. Luke's Flower Mission.

For some eight years past the young ladies of the Flower Mission have never failed to carry each week to the City Hospital such flowers as they have had at their disposal to cheer the inmates. Other institutions have shared in the flowers when there have been enough. At the annual meeting, held in the Guild room, the following resolution was adopted in recognition of the special liberality of one of our well-known florists, who has so uninterruptedly remembered their work:

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of the Flower Mission be given to White Brothers for their very generous donations of flowers every week during the entire summer, and that it has been a genuine pleasure to the members of the mission to be the almoners of the floral bounty of White Brothers and other cheerful givers to the sick and suffering at the City Hospital and other institutions.

Although the young ladies who carry on this work are members of St. Luke's Guild, they are doing service for our general charitable institutions, and would be glad to be the means through which any of our citizens could gladden the sick and suffering with such flowers as they may have to give. The weekly meetings to arrange the flowers are held on Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Guild room, in the rear of St. Luke's Church, and any flowers will be thankfully received then and there. Arrangements are also made by which flowers will be called for between 9 o'clock and 10 o'clock on that day at any place designated, either regularly or whenever there may be flowers to spare, due notice having been sent to any of the officers named below:

Miss Anna J. Anderson, 170 Exchange street.
Miss Kate R. Montgomery, 160 Spring street.
Miss Elizabeth F. Reid, Strathallan park.
Miss Mary E. Hart, 90 Plymouth avenue.

Old cotton, second-hand clothing and reading matter thankfully received at the Hospital.

Mothers, whose aching hearts, to-night
Four forth to God your anguished prayer,
Missing your darlings from your sight,
Weeping o'er little pillows bare.

Poor mothers! only watching now
Out in the cold, the tiny mound;
Yet you are blessed, your darlings fair
God's sheltering arms have surely found.

We plead for little wanderers now—
Nestlings who near no mother's call—
Whose homes now lie in ruins low,
In tender pity aid them all.

These wanderers are your treasures now,
God's treasures, given to your care,
On them your loving gifts bestow,
Let them your kind compassion share.
—Churchman, Dec. 20, 1884.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 16, 1885.

Annual Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held in Powers' building, Thursday and Friday, December 10th and 11th, 1885, during the day and evening.

The lady managers extend to all our citizens and those of the neighboring towns, a cordial invitation to aid us in this benevolent work. We look to the gentlemen as well as ladies and children, for encouragement, and by their presence and gifts, to manifest their interest in this labor of love. We hope to see them, one and all. The refreshment tables will be furnished with the choicest and most palatable viands, dainties and luxuries to be produced. Dinner will be served from 12 M.; supper from 5 P. M.

The fancy games will afford an opportunity for the purchase of Christmas and New Year gifts, and will be under the charge of Miss A. S. Mumford, assisted by Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Miss Lois Whitney, Mrs. Josiah Anstice and Miss A. E. M. Wild.

Articles for the Doll's Fair may be sent to Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 71 South Washington street, or to Mrs. C. H. Babcock, 151 Plymouth Ave.

Articles for the Children's Pavilion Table will be thankfully received by Mrs. Charles H. Angel, 87 East Ave.

Mrs. Erickson Perkins will have the care of the flower and candy table.

Mrs. Johnson, the care of the Mite Boxes—to her the old ones may be returned and from her new ones procured

Subscriptions for the HOSPITAL REVIEW may be made to Mrs. Robert Mathews; also, donations for the Children's Pavilion.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, the treasurer, will

be happy to secure the cash donations for the expenses of the Hospital. The managers trust that all will cheerfully give for this object donations as they are able. "If thou hast much give plentifully; if thou hast little do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."

Donations for any of these objects may be sent to any of the lady managers:

Mrs. M. Strong,	Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Mrs. Freeman Clarke,	Mrs. D. B. Beach,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Mrs. H. H. Morse,
Mrs. Clark Johnston,	Mrs. H. F. Smith,
Mrs. Myron Adams,	Miss A. S. Mumford,
Mrs. M. Landsberg,	Miss A. E. M. Wild,
Mrs. L. S. Chapin,	Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt,
Mrs. J. Anstice,	Mrs. A. S. Hamilton,
Mrs. Oscar Craig,	Miss Lois Whitney.

Donation Days.

The Managers this year would make a special appeal to their patrons, as their needs are unusually pressing. Their treasury is not only empty, but a debt of about \$12,000 is resting on the institution. The report of the Secretary, given in this number of the REVIEW, indicates the work done the past year in this institution, but it is not the current expenses alone that have crippled this charity.

During the last four years necessary work or improvements, such as heating by steam, sewage, completing the small pavilions needed for isolating patients, the carrying on of the the training school for nurses, finishing rooms in the dome, and other outlays, that the true interests of the Hospital made imperative, have from year to year, in addition to the current expenses, made heavy drafts upon the treasury, and the Managers feel some special efforts must be made to liquidate the debt and enable them to provide for the current expenses of the Hospital.

Those who have had sickness in their own homes know that it is expensive.

Large, well-ventilated appartments are essential to the recovery of the sick, but it costs a good deal to heat them; nourishing food is strengthening, but it has to be paid for; weak and nervous persons demand a great deal of nursing, and many assistants are necessary to properly care for the invalids.

In our frequent visits to the institution we have been amazed, in case of serious accidents, to see how quickly surgeons and surgical instruments and appliances, nurses, friends and priests could be collected, offering their ministries to the sufferer, but this is attended with heavy expenses, and the community that enjoys such privileges, we trust will liberally respond to the call of those who conscientiously and carefully seek to dispense the bounty of which they are made the almoners. The sick and the maimed, the helpless and the suffering, plead through this charity, and we trust the response on Donation Days will be proportionate to the needs of the Rochester City Hospital.

The Children's Pavilion.

In the HOSPITAL REVIEW of February, 1877, in an article entitled "Work for the Little Folks," an appeal was made to the children, that they should raise \$3,000 and endow a children's cot at the City Hospital. The amount seemed a large one to be raised by the little folks, but the idea pleased them. Responses came at once, the children in various ways earned money; they held fairs, gave exhibitions, had tables on Donation Days, and their friends contributed thank and memorial, Easter and Christmas offerings. Month by month the endowment fund grew, and at our Donation Festival held December 15th, 1883, it was completed, and at once bricks were given to start a Children's Pavilion Building Fund, and a surplus of \$41.93 was transferred to it from the Children's Cot Fund.

The little folks' interest in the Hospital

deepened. They watched for the reports of the sick children, visited them in the Hospital, and worked so enthusiastically, that the Children's Pavilion Fund has reached the sum of \$1,275.24.

Donations, from persons who withheld their names, have added to this amount, enough with the Cot Fund to place about \$7,000 at the disposal of the managers towards the erection of a Children's Pavilion.

The last year thirty-four children have been inmates of the Hospital. So many applied for admission that there was not room to receive them, and the managers felt that they must either refuse to admit children or provide suitable quarters for them. It was decided to appropriate the \$7,000 for this purpose, and in July the corner stone of the new Children's Pavilion was laid. The work has steadily progressed; the building is erected and nearly finished, and now we appeal to the children to raise funds to complete the means necessary to pay for the Pavilion.

The Children's Pavilion table on Donation Day will be in charge of Mrs. Charles H. Angel, East avenue, who invites contributions from all the children. Mrs. R. Mathews will then, as at all times, welcome money for bricks, or thank or memorial offerings. We have faith that the children who have worked so nobly for the Children's Cot and Pavilion will not grow weary in well doing, but that they will aid us, from month to month, with their brick money, and on Donation Days make liberal offerings.

We are in great need of mattress protectors or tidies and of old bed quilts. We wish some of the sewing societies in the neighboring towns would procure factory and quilt some tidies so that they can be washed. Every bed in the Hospital should have a tidy, and some extra ones are needed for use while the soiled ones are being washed.

Among the Invalids.

The deserted lawn, the vacant settees, and rustling leaves whispered to us of autumn, as, on the second of November, we passed through the Hospital grounds, on our way to the City Hospital.

In the front room of the building the Managers had gathered for their monthly meeting, to make arrangements for the approaching donation, and to devise plans for the advancing of Hospital interests.

A solemn silence pervaded the south reception room, for, in an adjoining apartment was a young German, who, but recently in the full flush of health and womanly vigor, had in a moment been cut down and unconsciously was passing through the dark valley. Friends had been summoned, the priest called, and the mother was hastening from her work to gaze in helpless agony on her dying daughter. Mary Ann Hozelwonder about noon had left her home on Skye street, where she resided with her mother and brother. She had started on the railroad track of the Buffalo division of the Central Hudson, to pick up coal. When near Hague street, she saw a passenger train going west on the Central Hudson track, and in seeking to avoid this she stepped off the track, became confused, and crossed to the parallel track of the Rochester and Pittsburgh road, directly in front of the yard engine, and before the engineer could stop his engine, it had struck the poor woman, inflicting fatal blows. The base of the skull and the collar bone were fractured, and there were other injuries. She was taken to the City Hospital, but her wounds were beyond the power of the surgeon, and without recovering consciousness, but gently ministered to by the hospital nurses, she breathed her last at five o'clock. As we left the Hospital the priest was seeking to comfort the heart-broken mother.

We found the Male Surgical Ward full to overflowing; a number who properly be-

longed within it had been forced to take cots in the Medical Ward. Only one cot was vacant, and that was in reserve, to receive any sufferer from accident, or person, who unexpectedly required prompt Hospital surgical treatment and a bed within the Ward. Ten persons in this Ward were confined most of the time to their beds. A man who had fractured both leg and arm was able to sit up a few hours daily. A dentist, who, at the Suspension Bridge, at Niagara, in getting out of a car, had slipped and fractured his shoulder, was doing well. A man who had fallen in his wood-shed and fractured his hip had been two weeks in the Hospital, and had weights attached to his limb. One man had burnt his leg by the explosion of a kerosene lamp. The wound was doing well, but wounds from burns always require patience. One patient was suffering from a punctured wound, another from a stricture, and a third from deformed and ulcerated legs. One patient had been injured by falling across a fence, but was gaining, and able to sit up an hour or two every day. A man who swept chimneys had fallen from a slippery roof on Prospect street, had sustained a compound fracture of the left leg and injured his face; his head was bandaged and he was suffering pain, but very grateful and patient, and evidently appreciated Hospital ministries. The man whose arm was amputated, in consequence of injuries received while coupling cars on the West Shore railroad, was so much better that he had gone home for a short visit. George, the colored paralytic, was failing. The man who had injured his foot by cutting a corn too deeply, had been removed to one of the Pavilions, his wound resulting in a gangrenous ulcer. One patient had been brought to the Hospital badly burnt at a fire; he only lived a short time.

Fifteen patients had cots in the Male Medical Ward, but five of these properly belonged to the Surgical Ward. Two patients were confined to the cots, the one

suffering from eczema was taking a course of baths which he felt was benefiting him ; the other had a rupture. One man had died of an overdose of morphine ; he was brought to the Hospital in an unconscious condition, and only survived a few hours. Several of the inmates were the victims of chronic diseases. One was convalescing from pneumonia.

No death occurred in October in the Female Medical Wards where fifteen were under treatment. Only two of these were all the time confined to their beds. The sickest patient was a consumptive girl whose mind was wandering. Another patient had consumption, one had a diseased heart, another swollen limbs.

Fifteen were under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward, three of whom kept their beds. Two of these were cancer patients ; the third had an amputated femur, the result of a railroad accident at Charlotte ; the sufferer was a young girl about eighteen, and our sympathies were enlisted in seeing one so young thus maimed for life. Tilly had had another ulcer cut from her arm, but was confined to her bed only two days. A patient with a diseased rib was improving.

The Lying-In Ward had two babies, two mothers, and three waiting patients.

The Little Folks.

"When will the building be ready?" said one of a group of little folks who were gathered around Martin Myers, in the Male Surgical Ward, all of whom were suitable candidates for the new Children's Pavilion. We could not answer the question, but we can tell you, dear children, something of the seven boys we found in the Male Surgical Ward, and we think if you could have visited the Hospital when we did, you would feel a deep interest in our young patients, some of whom we hope will soon be well enough to leave us, but others will probably be occupants of the new Children's

Pavilion, for which you are furnishing bricks.

Had you gone with us to the Hospital on the afternoon of the second of November, and entered the Male Surgical Ward, on the first cot at your left you would have found a youth who some weeks since had a deep flesh wound in his leg, it having been lacerated in the elevator in Hamilton & Mathews' store. The wound was healing and the boy looked bright and cheerful, as he was receiving a visit from his mother and a young friend. Now will you cross to the other side of the Ward with us, and take a seat beside the cot of Martin Myers? If you will do so we will introduce you to Martin and the four boys who are gathered around him, and the fifth who soon joins them, coming to them in his rolling chair. The latter is your little German friend, Max Kraus, who is now without his head harness and who is so much improved that he can walk a little without crutch or cane ; he still wears a plaster of Paris jacket. Martin is a new hospital patient ; he is dressed, but has his arm in a sling and is lying on the outside of his couch ; he is pale and his face tells of suffering. He is twelve years old. While working in a cabinet shop, his sleeve caught in some machinery, and before he could get away he had lost two fingers and a part of his wrist. At his right hand, in a rocking chair with crutches near him, sits Thomas Corcoran, a large, healthy looking youth who sprained his ankle by falling from a wagon. Near by stands Tommy Laidlow, another new patient, thirteen years old ; his arm is in a sling for it was fractured by his being thrown out from the Casino, while he was attempting to enter. The boy next him is Tommy Heeney, whose hip is diseased. At the foot of the cot is Max in his rolling chair. At the left of Martin's cot is Freddy Lyons, whose hip has been lanced and who keeps his bed a part of the day.

Now, what do you suppose these boys do

to amuse themselves? They have a mouth organ, letter cards and dominos. They find it is too cold to play out of doors much now, for they cannot exercise enough to keep themselves warm. They say there is a checkerboard up stairs, in the Medical Ward, but there are a great many to use that, and if some of the children could send them one and some jack straws, dissected maps, or other games, they would be very acceptable. We have lingered so long in the Male Surgical Ward that we must now hasten away to the Medical Ward, where we shall find Lorenz Fisher, fourteen years old, who was confined to his bed with inflammation of the knees; he is so much better that he now walks about without cane or crutch; but he has taken cold and has an inflamed eye which was covered with a bandage. Terrance Martin has gone home, greatly improved. Minnie Bryant has had another sick turn, caused by her diseased heart, but she is again better. Rose is up and busy with her needle making fancy articles. Sarah, our little colored baby from the Orphan Asylum, is now able to wear a plaster of Paris jacket. She is a bright, cunning little thing and spends most of her time in her crib, with her playthings about her. She has a curvature of the spine and is unable to help herself much. The hospital surgeon was very anxious she should make some effort to move herself, so the hospital nurses put her on the floor, held up a bed quilt to support her and a piece of candy a little distance away from her. She wanted the candy, and by the aid of the bed quilt managed to reach it. We hope gradually she may be able to gain strength and exercise her limbs.

These are the class of children for whom we need the Pavilion.

We are very grateful to the Missionary ladies of Mt. Hor for their four bed tidies. They will be very useful for us.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Harry C. Moore, for one brick.....	\$.25
Hugh C. Moore, for one brick.....	.25
Eric C. Moore, for one brick.....	.25
Gaius C. Moore, for one brick.....	.25
Ruth C. Moore, for one brick.....	.25
Carolyn Augusta Sherwood, for two bricks.....	.50
Circus performance given by Philip Mumford, Alfred Osgood, Joe Humphrey, John Bush, Walter Mudge, Walter Bush, Ely Buell and Willie Wanzer.....	2.52
Two bricks from Marguerite Allen Ely.....	.50
A package of bricks collected by Herbert Siddons Mann:	
Two from Herbert Siddons Mann....	.50
Two from John Franklin Burke.....	.50
Four in memory of Nora Kimbark Siddons.....	1.00
Two from Ransom Noble Kalbfleisch.....	.50
One from Ruth Whittemore.....	.25
One from Sara C. Jackson.....	.25
Four from John T. Roberts, Jr.....	1.00
One from Raymond S. Humburch.....	.25
Two from Wesley Motley Angle.....	.50
One from Bert Motley.....	.25
One from Francis Hagerman Rew.....	.25
One in memory of Pearl Fuller.....	.25
One from Anna Meulendyke.....	.25
One from James Arthur Meulendyke.....	.25
Two from Jeannie Ernise Crowe.....	.50
One in memory of Otis M. Smith, Jr.....	.25
One in memory of Elmer F. Carroll.....	.25
One from Edith Laura Williams.....	.25
One from Clarence Andrew Wendell.....	.25
One from Florence May Palmer.....	.25
One from Jena Nagle.....	.25
One from Louise Ada Pitkin.....	.25
One from William Pitkin, Jr.....	.25
Two from Clark H. Vick.....	.50
One from Carl Gordon.....	.25
One from Bradley Palmer.....	.25
One from Bessie Palmer.....	.25
One from Albert Bowen.....	.25

Receipts for the month.....	\$ 14 77
Previously acknowledged....	1,260 47

Total receipts.....\$1,275 24

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Oct. 1st, 1885....	88
“ received during month.....	57
“ births during month.....	2
	147
Number discharged during month....	52
“ deaths during month.....	2
“ remaining Oct. 1st, 1885.....	93
	147

More Bricks.

The little folks are not forgetting us. Five bricks come to us from one household, each of the little Moores sending us one. Carolyn Augusta Sherwood sends us two more. Eight little boys united together, held a circus, sold tickets, and sent us \$3.25 for the Pavilion fund: then come two bricks from dear little Marguerite Allen Ely, and a cunning little fellow, Herbert Siddons Mann, collects forty bricks and comes with his grandmother, to offer the treasurer of the fund brick money, "to help build a home for the poor little sick children that do not have any homes of their own." We hope next month some other children will imitate little Herbert's good example.

The Doll's Fair.

You know, dear children, when we give large parties we send out cards of invitation long in advance of the party, so that all the guests may be ready for the grand reception. We now announce to all the children in Rochester, and all their cousins in neighboring towns, that there is to be a grand Doll's Fair at Powers' Building on Donation Days, December 10th and 11th. Everybody who wants a doll for herself, or desires to make a Christmas present of one to some little friend, will be sure to find just what is needed. There are dolls that clap their hands and dance, dolls that will talk and say papa and mamma, grandmother dolls, baby dolls, colored dolls, waitresses, nurses, dolls in bathing clothes, in tailor's suits, in jerseys, and every sort of a doll you can think of. We heard a lady say, that if the dolls did not sell well she did not know but she should put her own little baby up at auction, and she had had one bid for it already. Everything that a doll can want you will find at the Fair. There are sets of furs, bedsteads and swinging cradles, high chairs and swinging chairs, and lots of worsted and chrochettéd articles. A cunning little basket contains a complete laundry set, wash tubs and boards, clothes-reel and bars, irons and ironing board. We cannot begin to tell you of all the choice things in the Dolls' Fair. You must come and see for yourselves.

Our Library.

All those who have enjoyed the varied resources of our Library, agree in saying, that it is an important element in the Hospital life. In the Wards and in the private rooms we find books cheering, consoling, and brightening both patient and nurse. Even the little ones have their simple stories and pictures. Could the outside world realize the comfort a few books give to "poor, sick and weary ones," many generous hearts would respond to our requests for additional contributions. We earnestly trust that many will be led to look upon the Library, not as a luxury or a useless item, but as a powerful moral and curative agent. We have succeeded in collecting 1221 standards works of fiction, miscellanies, etc. The Library is interesting for the reason that these books come to us from many sources and accordingly furnish a great variety of reading matter. Some books are old and curious, others modern, but all are carefully selected.

We append a list, as it might interest some to know how many volumes we have in each department:

"Biography,"	94
"Children's Books,"	119
"Fiction,"	467
"History,"	75
"Miscellanies,"	110
"Poetry,"	60
"Periodicals,"	11
"Reference,"	25
"Religious Books,"	123
"Travels,"	82
"Duplicates,"	44
"Educational,"	11
	1221

A Child's Gift.

Little Harry Bacon has sent us five bound volumes of the *Youth's Companion*, an acceptable gift.

Books and papers thankfully received at the Hospital.

Copies of the HOSPITAL REVIEW may be obtained of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street,

Receipts for the Review.

OCTOBER, 1885.

Mrs. G. H. Sickles, Jr., Albion—by Miss Markham.....\$ 50
 B. Herman, adv., \$5.00; L. A. Jeffreys, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. C Johnston, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Strong, 62 cents—by Mrs. M. M. Mathews..... 11 24
 W. Y. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. S. S. Avery, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Aikenhead, 62 cents; Wm. Burke, 62 cents; Miss Bliss, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Brady, 65 cents; Mrs. E. U. Buell, 62 cents; Mrs. Theodore Bacon, 62 cents; W. H. Benjamin, 65 cents; Mrs. E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Davy, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. C. W. Dodd, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Davis, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. K. Delano, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Elwood, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth, 62 cents; Mrs. R. H. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. M. R. Fairman, 62 cents; Miss M. L. Foulds, 62 cents; Dr. F. French, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cents; Mrs. M. L. Filkins, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Goss, 62 cents; Miss M. E. Gilman, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hart, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cents; Miss C. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 62 cents; Miss W. B. Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Miss Husbands, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kalbfleisch, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Lamb, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Millman, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 62 cents; Miss Potter, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Rennelson, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 62 cents; Dr. J. Requa, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Siddons, 65 cents; Miss Bella M. Smith, 65 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. Nelson Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, 65 cents; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Sunderlin, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Van Epps, 62 cents; Mrs. James Vick, 62 cents; Mr. R. D. Van De Carr, 62 cents; Mrs. F. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver,

62 cents; Miss Montgomery, 62 cents —by Miss Hayes..... 49 13
 Miss Cronin, 62 cents; Mr. Thomas Daley, Honeoye Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. R. B. Lyman, Lockport, \$1.00; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. R. U. Sherman, New Hartford, \$1.00; sale of papers, \$1.1—by Treasurer..... 5 26

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,
 96 Spring street.

Donations for October.

Odd Fellows (east side) flowers.
 Mt. Hor Missionary friends, four tidies.
 Mrs. Oliver, pears.
 Mrs. Erickson, pears.
 Mrs. Leobs, pears.
 Miss Wild, two bushels of pears.
 The Misses Whitney, thirty-three glasses of jelly.
 Misses Saxton, three baskets of grapes.
 St. Paul's Sunday School, fruit and flowers.
 Mrs. C. W. Hayes, Westfield, N. Y., two glasses of jelly.
 Industrial School donation, flowers.
 Mrs. Davis, reading matter.
 Mrs. Watson, reading matter.
 Mrs. T. D. Snyder, reading matter.
 Mrs. Rebasz, reading matter.
 Mrs. D. W. Bush, reading matter.
 Master Harry Bacon, five vols. *Youth's Companion*.
 Mrs. F. A. Sherwood, children's clothing.
 Mrs. A. T. Soule, infant's clothing.
 Miss Armstrong, old cotton and sundries.
 Mrs. Oscar Craig, two pairs pillow cases.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 15, 1885, of opium poisoning, Archibald Smiley, aged 68 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct 20, 1885, John Weilhammer, from a shock from a burn, aged 17 years.

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Charity.

BY BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

Like a swift footed angel, calm
 And beautiful, her finger held on high,
 God's messenger of mercy walks
 The earth, and listens for his children's cry;
 His poor, His sick, His needy ones,
 His outcast souls who bear the stains and scars;
 Healing their miseries, with touch
 Of balm, wrought in that realm above the stars.
 Catch at the angels mantle, passing fleet,
 The Master's errands wing its shining feet.

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 36 South Washington Street.

Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer No. 66 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 5, 1885.

No. 5

We have been requested to publish the following poem and give the name of its author. We do not know by whom it was written. We first saw it in "The Changed Cross," a collection of choice poems published by A. D. F. Randolph, New York, in 1865:

God's Anvil.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His 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 great 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 heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His 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
Afflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

If the way of heaven be narrow, it is
not long, and-if the gate be straight it
opens into endless life.

Foreign Correspondence.

The following short extract is from a private letter just received, dated Dresden, Nov. 16th, 1885 :

From Baden I went to Mayence and visited the quaint old Cathedral, and mounted the tower of the Church of St. Stephen, from which I had a fine view of the fortifications, which are very strong and extensive. Napoleon I. used the tower of this church as one of his signal stations during his wars, when signals had to be sent by flags. The Germans are spending enormous sums in fortifying these towns on the Rhine and near the border, so that if France tries to win back her old territory, she will find a warm welcome.

From Mayence, I commenced the descent of the Rhine, which presents very little of interest till Bingen is reached, when the wide, flat valley above suddenly changes, and the ranges of hills come close to the river. Just here is the magnificent statue of Germania, recently erected to commemorate the union of the German states under the present Emperor.

From Bingen to Bonn the hill points are covered with old castles, some in ruins and some restored. Some of these castles are very grand in their outlines, others the merest ruins, but most of them are rich in legends. Most of the hillsides long ago have been stripped of their forests, to give place to vineyards, and this loss has robbed the hills of the Rhine of much of their native beauty; for, if you take the most beautiful hill scenery and cut off all the forests and plant vines, you will greatly diminish the beauty of the scene. Now the Rhine, if it had its native forests, but did not have its castles, would be beautiful, but not as beautiful as the highlands of the Hudson. But the Rhine as it is, with its old castles and their legends, is very beautiful; but its beauty is unique, for you cannot separate the charms of the eye from those that come with the memory of its legends. At the rocks of the Lurlei the beauties are all of nature, for at this point, there are no ruins in sight, and the bold rock rises from the river with its natural forests. Here the passage of the Rhine has always been dangerous, and the legend places on this rock, the nymph who plays in the night, and lures the marine to destruction.

J.

How to Ornament the Christmas Tree.

Last year in many cities and towns there appeared in certain churches and halls Christmas trees of marvelous beauty. The tips of the green boughs were glittering with crystals, and reflected the light in many different colors. Some of these trees, in addition to the crystals, seemed laden with golden fruit like an orange tree in an untimely frost or snow storm. Other

trees were ornamented with hand-painted flags of all nations.

The method of covering green twigs with crystals is a very simple and inexpensive one. Put into a bucket a pound or more of alum, and pour a gallon or more of boiling water upon it. Place the tree in such a position that the tips of the boughs may remain in this solution for some hours, perhaps over night. Repeat the process until as many boughs are tipped with crystals as will make the tree very beautiful. Or cut off the twigs, crystallize them, and fix them again on the boughs.

The golden fruit is simply made by gilding English walnuts. Hammer a long tack into the end of the walnut by which to suspend it after gilding. Wash the nut with the white of an egg with a feather. Then roll it in gold leaf, or powder, until it is well gilded. Or cover it with tin foil or imitation of gold leaf, as the real gold leaf is somewhat expensive.

Acted charades are popular as diversions, after the distribution of the Christmas presents. The popular word in England of late for an elaborate acted charade is "Counter-charm"—(count) (err) (charm), the whole ending with an Oriental scene of a charm and counter charm.

A Last Prayer.

[Written by Helen Jackson ("H. H.") four days before her death.]

From the DECEMBER CENTURY.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me repentant work for Thee!
August 8th.

Surgery and Music.

One of the most interesting of modern surgical operations is that intended to remedy a deficiency of the hands in piano playing. Everyone who has attempted practice on a keyed instrument knows that the strength of the fingers is not equally distributed. The third, or ring finger, cannot be lifted as high as the others from the keyboard, and displays far less strength when in action.

For example: If the middle and little fingers are pressed alternately upon the keys with the ring finger, the sound produced by the latter is not equal in volume to that made by the others.

The cause of this weakness lies in the fact that while the muscles controlling the other fingers have free play, that which governs the ring finger is connected on each side, by a short tendon, with those of its neighbors. It is supposed by physicians that this unnecessary muscle is the last trace of a former webbed structure of the hand and foot.

In some hands this tendon is absent, and sometimes it is present in one member and not in the others. In the latter case, it is usually found in the right hand.

It was some years ago suggested that surgery might remove this tendon attachment, but it is only lately that the operation has been common. It is now often performed on both hands at a sitting, and with the loss of no more than a drachm of blood.

After such an operation, the liberated finger can be elevated an inch higher than before, above the plane of the hand, and can be used with delightful freedom. The liberty of the muscle is not attained at the expense of any other; the gain in one direction is not attended by loss of power elsewhere.

It is probable that the operation will in time become a very common one, the necessary accompaniment of a musical education.

A story for the truth of which we do not in the least vouch, represents Queen Victoria as laying down an excellent rule for table manners, but whether she was justified in exempting herself from its operation, we leave for others to say. The old maxim of the law is that the sovereign can do no wrong.

It is told that Lord Tennyson and his family, including his little granddaughter, were dining at Osborne by invitation of the queen. During the meal the bread-plate ran low, and the queen took the last piece.

Thereupon the little Tennyson girl, who had been taught that it was bad manners to take the last piece on the plate, pointed her finger at the queen, and said scornfully—

"Piggy, piggy, pig!"

The queen came nobly to the rescue in this odd situation: "You are quite right my dear," said she; "nobody but the queen should take the last piece on the plate."

The latest amusing story of a wedding, told by a minister, comes from one who officiated on the occasion. It illustrates the manner in which a man's heart can swell and prompt him to almost reckless liberality under extraordinary conditions:

A big, raw-boned young farmer entered Mr. Freeman's parlor one day, accompanied by a shy but comely girl, and desired that the marriage ceremony be performed.

The minister complied with the request, and when the fatal words were spoken, the husband drew from his pocket four bright silver quarter-dollar pieces.

He extended them towards the minister on his open palm, and exclaimed—

"There, Brother F., just help yourself until you are satisfied."

The minister took one.

Whether or not the good minister expressed his satisfaction, or went away in sullen and ungrateful silence, we are not informed.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 5, 1885.

Annual Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held in Powers' building, Thursday and Friday, December 10th and 11th, 1885, during the day and evening.

The Lady Managers extend to all our citizens and those of the neighboring towns, a cordial invitation to aid us in this benevolent work. We look to the gentlemen as well as ladies and children, for encouragement, and by their presence and gifts, to manifest their interest in this labor of love. We hope to see them, one and all. The refreshment tables will be furnished with the choicest and most palatable viands, dainties and luxuries to be produced. Dinner will be served from 12 M.; supper from 5 P. M.

The fancy tables will afford an opportunity for the purchase of Christmas and New Year gifts, and will be under the charge of Miss A. S. Mumford, assisted by Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Miss Lois Whitney, Mrs. Josiah Anstice and Miss A. E. M. Wild.

Articles for the Doll's Fair may be sent to Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 71 South Washington street, or to Mrs. C. H. Babcock, 151 Plymouth Ave.

Articles for the Children's Pavilion Table will be thankfully received by Mrs. Charles H. Angel, 87 East Ave.

Mrs. Erickson Perkins will have the care of the flower and candy table.

Mrs. Clark Johnston, the care of the Mite Boxes—to her the old ones may be returned and from her new ones procured.

Subscriptions for the HOSPITAL REVIEW may be made to Mrs. Robert Mathews; also, donations for the Children's Pavilion.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, the treasurer, will

be happy to secure the cash donations for the expenses of the Hospital. The managers trust that all will cheerfully give for this object donations as they are able. "If thou hast much give plenteously; if thou hast little do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."

Donations for any of these objects may be sent to any of the lady managers:

Mrs. M. Stroh,	Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Mrs. Freeman Clarke,	Mrs. D. B. Beach,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Mrs. H. H. Morse,
Mrs. Clark Johnston,	Mrs. H. F. Smith,
Mrs. Myron Adams,	Miss A. S. Mumford,
Mrs. M. Landsberg,	Miss A. E. M. Wild,
Mrs. L. S. Chapin,	Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt,
Mrs. J. Anstice,	Mrs. A. S. Hamilton,
Mrs. Oscar Craig,	Miss Lois Whitney.

Donation Days.

The Managers this year would make a special appeal to their patrons, as their needs are unusually pressing. Their treasury is not only empty, but a debt of about \$12,000 is resting on the institution. The report of the Secretary, given in the November REVIEW, indicates the work done the past year in this institution, but it is not current expenses alone that have crippled this charity.

During the last four years necessary work or improvements, such as heating by steam, sewage, completing the small pavilions needed for isolating patients, the carrying on of the training school for nurses, finishing rooms in the dome, and other outlays, that the true interests of the Hospital made imperative, have from year to year, in addition to the current expenses, made heavy drafts upon the treasury, and the Managers feel some special efforts must be made to liquidate the debt and enable them to provide for the current expenses of the Hospital.

Those who have had sickness in their own homes know that it is expensive.

Large, well-ventilated apartments are essential to the recovery of the sick, but it costs a good deal to heat them; nourishing food is strengthening, but it has to be paid for; weak and nervous persons demand a great deal of nursing, and many assistants are necessary to properly care for the invalids.

In our frequent visits to the institution we have been amazed, in case of serious accidents, to see how quickly surgeons and surgical instruments and appliances, nurses, friends and priests could be collected, offering their ministries to the sufferer, but this is attended with heavy expenses, and the community that enjoys such privileges, we trust will liberally respond to the call of those who conscientiously and carefully seek to dispense the bounty of which they are made the almoners. The sick and the maimed, the helpless and the suffering, plead through this charity, and we trust the response on Donation Days will be proportionate to the needs of the Rochester City Hospital.

Come to the Banquet.

The ladies of the Jewish, Universalist, St. Luke's, Methodist, Brick, St. Paul's, St. Peter's and Christ churches, invite their friends to dine and sup with them at Powers' Building, on Thursday, December 10th, and on the following day (Friday, December 11th), guests will be welcomed to the tables of the Baptist, Plymouth, First Presbyterian and Central churches, and that of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. J. C. Hart and Mrs. H. H. Morse.

Supplies for the tables may be sent to Powers' Building, where ladies will be ready to receive them. Those designed to be used on Thursday should be sent on that day, and those for Friday should be sent on that day.

The little folks must be on the lookout for Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat's invitations to the Doll's Fair.

The Fancy Table.

The Fancy Table, in charge of Miss A. S. Mumford, assisted by Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Miss Lois Whitney, Mrs. Josiah Anstice and Miss A. E. M. Wild, will present an attractive display of fancy and useful articles, from which acceptable Christmas gifts may be selected. Among these are after-dinner coffee cups and saucers, decorated with dog-woods, kalmias, forget-me-nots, fringed chrysanthemums, buttercups, anemones, jasmines and grasses; royal Worcester broth-bowl, pitchers and other decorated china. For the babies there are dainty garments; one handsome white woolen cloak is lined with satin and trimmed with beaver; then there are afghans and embroidered carriage pillows, and knit and crocheted articles. In the apron line are beautifully hem-stitched aprons, and more serviceable ones for waitresses and nurses. There are chair scarfs, and satchel bags, and invalids' slippers, and sweet balsam bags, draw satchets, and an endless variety of pretty things.

In connection with this department there is to be a house keepers' table, where there will be holders, wash cloths, pickles, canned fruit, jellies and lotions.

Any donations to this table may be sent to Miss A. S. Mumford, Troup street.

The Doll's Fair.

We expect the children will go wild over the Doll's Fair. Between four and five hundred dolls are to hold a reception, and you can buy them at any price you want, from ten cents upwards. They are not to be crowded together as they were last year, for such fine babies and ladies as some of them are, must be treated with more dignity. When we were young, friends used to say: "Little folks must be seen but not heard," but people do not believe that now, and our musical dolls would feel insulted if they had to keep still. They like to be

whirled around, and will thank those who favor them with such suitable attention, by giving them tunes from the operas. We have grand dolls in tailor-made suits, with muffs, and tippets, and hats, made to order. We have baby dolls, and rubber dolls, dude dolls in swallow tail coats and stove pipe hats, horse jockey dolls in fancy costume, Punch and Judy dolls, negro dolls, and dolls with common clothes, such as children like to play with. We are to have a regular millinery department, and bonnets from fashionable milliners in Rochester and New York. The boys need not think they are forgotten for we are to have a corner for them, where there will be balls, knives, banks, soap-bubble-blowers, and lots of pretty things.

Those who saw the pretty brass bedsteads last year will find more of the same kind on Donation Day, and the boxes of dolls with complete wardrobes, bath tubs and doll furniture, the swinging cradles, and fancy penwipers, will be sure to find customers.

The Children's Pavilion Table.

The young folks, as usual, are making great preparations for Donation Days. The Pavilion Table is to be in charge of Mrs. Charles H. Angel, who for so many years has had the Children's Cot Table. She is assisted by ten little girls, many of whom have been earnest workers for the Cot Fund. You will recognize them when we tell you their names: Edith Peck, Julia Robinson, Bessie Backus, Maggie Ashley, Madge Backus, Emma Wilder, Mabel Waters, Helen Williams, Laura Williams, Victoria Raymond. They are to sell fancy and useful articles, children's toys, home-made candy, and any contributions to this table will be thankfully received, and may be sent to Mrs. C. H. Angel, 87 East avenue, or Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street. Anything that will sell will be appropriate for this table.

The Children's Pavilion Fund.

Kind friends from out of town, as well as the little folks in the city, are remembering our needs, and sending us brick money. A lady from New Jersey accompanies a donation with the following words: "Straw is no longer needed in the formation of bricks, paper being a good substitute, so I enclose a small amount to assist in the pile you are accumulating." One dollar comes to us from little Ruth Osborne, of Auburn, the second offering earned by her for the Pavilion Fund. Thomas Burgess, Jr., of St. Albans, Vermont, sends us brick money that he has earned, and his mother makes an offering for his baby brother. A friend gives us an offering for little Adelaide Devine. Russell Parker Yates subscribes for a brick, and Emily Brewster and her twin sisters, Carrie and Sally, each bring their Thanksgiving offering. We wish that on the bricks given by the dear little children we could have photographs of their sunny faces. On Donation Days Mrs. Robert Mathews will receive donations to the Children's Pavilion Fund, and Master Laurence Angel will also sell bricks.

The Hospital Review.

The Treasurer of the REVIEW will be very thankful if the subscribers to the REVIEW will renew their subscriptions on Donation Day, and thus save the trouble of collecting them from house to house. We are very anxious to increase our subscription list. We seek in the REVIEW to make known the work and needs of the Hospital and report what our friends are doing for it. We also have choice selections and some original miscellany. We will be very thankful if some of our readers will ask their neighbors to subscribe, and bring us their names, addresses, and the sixty-two cents that is the subscription price for one year.

Sheets and pillow cases are always acceptable.

The Evening Entertainment.

Through the kindness of our Jewish friends, we are able to announce that on the evening of Tuesday, December 15th, 1885, a dramatic entertainment, for the benefit of the Rochester City Hospital, will be given at the Eureka Club House, North Clinton street, on which occasion will be presented the Madison Square success, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's

ESMERALDA,

with the following cast of characters:

Elbert Rogers, a North Carolina farmer,	A. E. Wolff
Lydia Ann, his wife.	Miss Celia Stern
Esmeralda, their daughter.	Miss Mamie Garson
Dave Hardy, a young North Carolinian.	Maurice Garson
Estabrook, a man of leisure.	Herbert Grant
Jack Desmond, a young American painter,	Marcus Straus
Nora Desmond, Jack's sister.	Miss Amelia Harris
Kate Desmond, Jack's sister.	Miss Minnie B. Wolff
Marquis DeMontessin, an Adventurer,	George Drew, a Mining engineer,
	A. S. Guggenheimer

SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY.

ACT I. Interior of Old Rogers' house in North Carolina.

Under 'the shadow of Old Bald Mountain. "And this is the house." Prospects of a great speculation. The Old Man appears. Mrs. Rogers' discontent. Esmeralda's confession. Dave and his little girl. "Mebbe you know how it is with us?" The little frame house. Drew drives a bargain. The speculation progresses. Selling the land and the old house. Old Rogers pleads. "You'r not going to sell the old house, mother?" Dave's conjecture. "There's ore on this land." Dave stops the speculation. Mrs. Rogers sells the farm. The Rogerses become rich and have "city life" before them. Estabrook's generosity. The old man's despair. Esmeralda's grief. Mrs. Rogers has her contract. A revelation to Dave. "He's standing up agin mother." Mrs. Rogers argues the matter. "We have done with you forever."

ACT II. Jack Desmonds' Studio in Paris.

Nora and Kate discuss the Rogerses. The Marquis is voted a "Reptile." Estabrook as a connoisseur of art and beauty. Estabrook finds track of the Rogerses. "I've a letter in my pocket which—" Dave in luck. "Monsieur Rogers" appears. His attempt at speaking French. "Lor! we've been gay!" A hasty lunch. "Take another cake." Dave as a model. News of Esmeralda. Nora tells Dave a story. The letter which brought good news. "I am indeed a rich man if Esmeralda loves me!"

ACT. III. Drawing room in the Rogers' house, Paris.

Kate and Jack discuss Nora and Estabrook. Jack's obtuseness. His sudden taste for dancing. A plate of ice cream. A "mysterious change" in Estabrook's character. A sudden fancy for Jack. The glove. Grasping the subject. Estabrook's appreciation of panels. At close quarters. Old Rogers' return. "Them's young folks' ways." The old man and the Marquis. "Lets be soshable." The Marquis does not agree with Rogers. The latters' appeal for Esmeralda's release. "These ain't North Carolina ways." Esmeralda makes a stand. The Marquis at a discount. Esmeralda's repudiation. "Pick them up if you think they are worth it." Esmeralda and her father. "Stand back, Liddy Ann! tain't for you to tech her. Seem's like she's gone back to North Ca'liny in spite of you."

ACT IV. Jack Desmond's Studio.

A note to Mr. Rogers. Dave on the eve of a great event. The house that Dave built in North Carolina. What is to happen at 3 o'clock. Nora has reached a critical point. Estabrook, the glove and the ring. Rogers determines "to stand out for seein' things sot right." Mrs. Rogers at hand. "Mother kinder quieted down." Bringing them together. Mrs. Rogers doesn't give up. Dave's turn. The ore found in the wrong place. Mrs. Rogers is surprised. "There are such things as love and truth." Mrs. Rogers overcome. "Mother and me will be apt to come out kinder more evenen." The Marquis' downfall. "And the sun shines on the little house as it used to in the old days."

Those who have witnessed this entertainment say, that it is exceptionally fine, moral and attractive, and the best amateur performance they have ever seen. Tickets will be for sale by the Managers, and at the hall on Donation Day. Single tickets fifty cents, reserved seats seventy-five cents. The hall accommodates a thousand persons and we hope every seat will be filled.

Further notice will be given in the daily city papers.

Pavilion Bricks.

Laurance Angel, who has always worked on Donation Day for the Cot Fund, is to have a plan of the new Children's Pavilion and sell bricks for it, at twenty-five cents a brick.

More Helpers.

Fritz Ward and Cornie Wilder, are to have a grab bag on Donation Days.

Hospital Patients.

On the last day of November we visited the Hospital. The snow was just disappearing from the city streets, but it still formed a pure mantle for the Hospital lawn, from which settees, tents, and hammocks had disappeared. The sound of the hammer indicated that work was progressing within the new Children's Pavilion, the exterior of which appeared to be nearly completed. It was a day to appreciate the improvement made in the Hospital grounds by placing a stone walk from the side walk to the north entrance of the Hospital.

As we entered the reception room, the recorder was telephoning and making arrangements to summon relatives to the dying bed of a patient, who, three days before, had been brought to the Hospital, and who was evidently nearing the dark valley.

Twenty two patients were receiving treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. As we entered, the nurse was dressing the limb of a man, who, some weeks since, while making arrangements for scraping a chimney, fell and broke his hip. He still has weights attached to his limb, but, with the support of pillows and an inclined plane, he can sit up in bed, and amuse himself with a book. He and six other patients are confined to their cots. One of these is suffering from a burn, which is slowly healing; another was brought in on Thanksgiving day, with a compound fracture of the leg; the surgeons hope to save the limb. A third is an aged gentleman who needs care, having dislocated his shoulder. One man, who had been brought in from Churchville, had been injured by a railroad accident. His system had received a general shock, and it was feared there were internal injuries. The night previous he was supposed to be dying, but under the influence of stimulants he had rallied and seemed more comfortable. The man whose leg and arm had been fractured by a railroad accident, was doing as well as

could be expected, considering the severity of the wounds. The man who last month was reported as suffering from a punctured wound died on Thanksgiving day. In May last, when engaged in his work as a butcher, his knife slipped and entered his side. After being brought to the Hospital a free opening had been made, and an aspirating tube introduced; a large amount of pus had been discharged, for a time benefiting the patient; but his life could not be saved. A man recovering from dislocated hip, was sitting up for the first time. One patient had a punctured wound in the calf of the leg, made by a piece of glass. The man with gangrenous ulcer, was still in one of the pavilions, and the other was occupied by a fever patient; both of these cases required isolation.

There were twenty-one patients in the Male Medical Ward. But one man had died during the month, and he was but a few days in the Hospital. One patient who had been but three days in the Hospital, was evidently dying. He noticed but little that was going on around him and seemed unconscious of pain. One man, after undergoing a surgical operation, had his arm bandaged. One patient was afflicted with rheumatism, another with swollen limbs, a third had hernia and another paralysis. A young man was convalescing from typhoid fever. A man who came to the Hospital blind, and unable to cut up his food, had had a cataract removed and sight restored, but still had his eyes bandaged. The eczema patient, under new treatment, was improving.

There were fifteen inmates in the Female Medical Wards. A passage way to the new Children's Pavilion has been made through the Cross Ward, and the Lying-In-Ward has been divided into two rooms. In one of these was a colored consumptive woman and in another two fever patients; the third room in the Cross Ward, was occupied by a cancer patient. A woman with

diseased heart was confined most of the time to her cot. The consumptive patient who was so sick last month had died.

While the carpenters have been making changes in the Lying-In-Ward, the mothers and babies have been occupying rooms in the third story. We found six mothers, six babies, and three waiting patients. There were babies of all kinds—one a day old, and four babies had been born in forty-eight hours. One of the babies was colored. The smallest specimen of humanity we have ever seen was a little baby that weighed four pounds. Its mother called it a doll, but it seemed strong and healthy.

There were twenty patients in the Female Surgical Ward; no death had occurred during the month. One woman who had had a surgical operation for internal tumor was very feeble; another was doing well after a surgical operation for lacerated cervix and perinæum. The woman with diseased rib was improving, and the one with a compound fracture of the hip was going about with the aid of a cane; her accident occurred more than a year ago; she was crossing the street, was knocked down and in falling injured her hip. It was five months before she came to the Hospital for treatment, but she expresses great gratitude for the care and attention she has received in it. She says it is a lovely place for the sick, and she feels thankful for the kindness shown her.

The Little Folks.

If you, dear children, were to go through Rochester, we do not believe that you could find a jollier child than Sarah, our little colored girl from the Orphan Asylum, in Hubbell Park. She is between two and three years old, and has curvature of the spine, and we fear she will always be a cripple, but we think her sunny disposition will make friends for her. When we last saw her, she was sitting up in her rocking chair and the nurse was feeding

her from her duck-shaped drinking cup. She looked up to us and wanted a story. The nurse took out the box in which Sarah keeps her toys and story books, and the little thing took out her dog, and with a twinkle in her eye, and a roguish laugh, looked up to us as she said: "bow, wow." We have another little girl from the Orphan Asylum, Annabelle Pere. She is about eight years old; when she came to the Hospital she was cross-eyed, but Dr. Rider has operated upon her eye and it is doing well, though still somewhat inflamed. Rosa goes about with her crutches, and when we saw her she was mending one of her dresses. You know she is our little Jennie Wren, and working on dolls' dresses has taught her how to sew on her own clothes. Maggie Barry has come from Seneca Falls. She has a sore that makes her arm and shoulder lame, and gives her much pain. She looked pale and was lying on her cot with her arm in a sling; she is about twelve years old. The Morey girl, who fell from the car at Charlotte and had to have her leg amputated, was up, dressed, and trying to use some new crutches that she had that day received. She has recovered very rapidly and looks healthy. Minnie Bryant, who has a diseased heart, is now quite comfortable. In the Male Surgical Ward, we found four boys playing cards and one of these was Max Kraus. He was reclining on one arm and resting on the cot; he had on his head a harness, and the first thing he said to us was: "*Have you got the jack-straws?*" We hope some of our children will supply them. Freddy Lyons was in his rolling chair. Johnnie Bier, whose toe was smashed by a stone rolling on it, was at the foot of the bed. Tommy Heeney does not change much. Martin Meyers, who worked in a cabinet maker's shop, and lost a part of his arm and some of his fingers by being caught in a machine, had recovered and gone home. The youth who hurt his thigh, in the elevator at Hamilton & Mathews, was able to sit up in a chair a

little while during the day, but still keeps his cot most of the time. The little boy with stiff limbs is better, but his eye is still bandaged though the inflammation is decreasing. We must not close our account of the little folks without speaking of the baby in the upper nursery that weighed only four pounds, and is not larger than a good sized doll.

Thanksgiving Day.

How delightful it is when on Thanksgiving day the scattered children of a large family circle return to the old home, and in true New England style celebrate the autumnal jubilee. A correspondent writes us from New Haven, Conn.: "We spent the day at 'father H.'s. Sixteen were at the table—an unbroken family, into which death has not yet entered. There were three generations: three fine sons with their nice wives and children; Mrs. Cook, the daughter, and her husband, the Rev. Joseph Cook. I sat next Mr. C., and enjoyed his talks. He proposed we should all join hands and sing the doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' All the family are fine singers, including our little Josie. It was grand. Before parting in the evening we sang 'Rock of Ages.'"

To some of us Thanksgiving day brings mingled memories, and the vacant chairs remind us of those who no longer mingle with us at the festive board. It is not always easy for us to sing with the poet:

"I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to Thy breast."

As we repeated these lines to one of the Hospital patients, who for years has been confined to her cot or chair, who has but limited use of her limbs, she, with a beautiful Christian spirit, responded: "You can see sunshine through many a cloud, if you only look for it," and then she and another patient spoke of the kindness of the

ladies in providing such an excellent dinner for them on Thanksgiving day. "We had," said they, "turkey and every thing to go with it. We could not have had a better dinner at Powers Hotel. Everything looked nice and was well cooked. Miss Hebbard and Miss Field passed oranges around. You might call us the happy family."

It is delightful to feel that a few gifts and kind attentions can bring joy to those who have so many trials, and we wish all who contributed to the Thanksgiving dinner could have heard the expressions of gratitude from those who shared their bounty.

Correspondence.

The following letter explains itself, and shows where we have some kind friends:

LINCOLN, N. Y., Nov. 9th, 1885.

Mrs. M. M. Mathews:

DEAR MADAM:—The Lincoln M. E. C., have thought of making a Christmas Box for the children in the City Hospital, letting the children in the Sabbath School have this for their Christmas, instead of a tree, and let each child make some little gift. None of the children are rich and some quite poor, but we thought it would be a good thing to let them do what they could. I saw the annual report, sent to the *Post Express* by you, and thought it a good plan to write to you for information as to what would be most acceptable, what toys and books they would receive with pleasure. Would they like scrap-books, picture-books, dolls, etc.? How would they like a pretty quilt to be pieced and have it for the bed of some little child who needed something to busy its little mind and keep it away from its pain? This to be kept and passed around as it was needed. If this would be liked what size shall we make it? Have you any very sick children with you? Can you not write me something to excite the interest of the school and rouse their sympathies? We have also thought of having a concert, and taking a fee to send with the box, to enable the work of the addition to go on. Please write me at once if you can.

Yours in the faith of Christ,

MRS. B. L. PEACOCK,
LINCOLN, Wayne Co., N. Y.

When the threshold of your heart is sore with the tread of departing joys, remember that Christ is emptying you of all else, that he may fill you with himself.

Receipts for the Review.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

Dr. Samuel Holman, North Parma, by Miss Markham.....	\$.50
J. L. Bangs, Churchville, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry J. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. N. E. Swartout, Highland Park, Ill., 50 cents—by Miss Hebbard.....	1.62
Mr. H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Bier, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 62 cents; Miss E. D. Brown, 62 cents; Miss Grace A. Badger, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Barry, 65 cents; Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Davenport, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Finkle, \$1.25; Mrs. N. Gilliard, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62 cents; Miss F. B. Gregory, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 cents; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Miss E. Hanford, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 65 cents; Edmund W. Hills, \$1.25. Mrs. W. R. Hallowell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. H. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. E. I. Loop, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Moseley, 62 cents; Mrs. C. R. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Portef, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Ripsom, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Roby, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. James Sargent, 62 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. John Smith, 62 cents; Miss A. E. M. Wild, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Wolff, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, 62 cents—by Miss Hayes.....	24.26
Mrs. E. Bates, New York, 50 cents; Mrs. W. V. Baker, Troy, \$1; Mrs. M. H. Cotter, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Dann, East Avon, \$1; Miss Florence Este, Philadelphia, 56 cents; Mrs. H. Frost, Boston, \$1.50; Mrs. E. W. Holmes, Boston, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. George McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents; Mr. G. T. Palmer, East Avon, four subscriptions, \$2; Mrs. Philip Schlosser, New York, 50 cents; Mrs. J. D. F. Slee, Elmira, 50 cents; Mrs. Dr. Stoddard, 65 cents; Mrs. W. R. Sheffield, Sangerties, \$1; Mrs. D. Underhill, Buffalo, 50 cents; sale of papers, 10 cts.—by Treasurer	12.67

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,
96 Spring street.

Old cotton, second-hand clothing and reading matter thankfully received at the Hospital.

Copies of the HOSPITAL REVIEW may be obtained of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street,

Donations for November.

Florence McPherson, children's reading matter.
Mrs. F. Bottum, quilt, old cotton and reading matter.
Mrs. Miller, old cotton and books.
Mrs. Rew, Century magazines.
Mrs. E. H. Munn, reading matter.
Mrs. C. H. Angel, books.
Mrs. Oscar Craig, turkey and reading matter.
Miss Rose Hayden, two ornamented cakes.
Mrs. Martindale, bushel of sweet potatoes and a half bushel of cranberries.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke, bushel of peas.
Mrs. Swartout, one gallon oysters.
Miss Benjamin, basket of quinces and basket of pears.
Miss Julia Robinson, jelly.
Miss Edith Peck, Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. A. G. Yates, old cotton.
Mrs. J. Shatz, bed and bedding for Children's Pavilion.
George and Laura, scenes in the wild west.
Mrs. W. B. Douglas, instrument.
Alling & Corey, six dozen envelopes.
Mrs. Delano, old cotton and reading matter.

Children's Pavilion Fund

Adelaide Devine, one brick, by Miss Tuttle.....	\$.25
Russell Packer Yates, for one brick.....	.25
Mrs. C. J. Catlin, Elizabeth, N. J. "Second earned offering" of Ruth Osborne, Auburn, by Julia Robinson..	2 00
Emily Brewster's Thanksgiving offering.....	1 00
Carrie Brewster's Thanksgiving offering.....	1 00
Sallie Brewster's Thanksgiving offering.....	1 00
Thomas Burgess, Jr., St. Albans, Vt., for two bricks.....	.50
Alexander M. Burgess, St. Albans, Vt., for one brick.....	.25
Rev. Tryon Edwards, Gouverneur....	2 00

Receipts for the month.....\$ 10 28
Previously acknowledged... 1,275 24

Total receipts.....\$1,285 52
Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Nov. 1st, 1885....	93
" received during month.....	62
" births during month.....	7
	162
Number discharged during month....	54
" deaths during month.....	6
" remaining Dec. 1st, 1885.....	102
	162

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 2, 1885, fracture of the skull from railroad accident, Anna Maria Hozelwonder, aged 26 years.

November 4, 1885, from acute phthisis, Agnes Barnes, aged 26 years.

November 13, 1885, from shock following operation for cancer of rectum, Besiah Wright, aged 54 years.

November 24, 1885, heart disease, with general dropsy, Charles Moore, aged 74 years.

November 26, 1885, Henry Zimmer, from pleuro pneumonia, aged 22 years.

November 30, 1885, of Bright's disease, Geo. H. Bailey, age 54 years.

At what time was Adam married?
On his wedding Eve.

Mme. de Stael defines happiness to be, "A state of constant occupation upon some desirable object, with a continual sense of progress toward its attainment."

A little girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing round doing nothing."

THE CENTURY

for 1885-86.

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

MORE THAN 200,000 COPIES MONTHLY.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

THE WAR PAPERS BY GENERAL GRANT AND OTHERS.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, General Pope, Longstreet and others of the second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the Kearsarge and the Alabama, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. HOWELLS, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE AND GEO. W. CABLE.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Include "A Tricyle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U.

S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sideral Astronomy," papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorn, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Will be kept up to the standard which has made THE CENTURY engravings famous the world over.

PRICES. A SPECIAL OFFER.

Regular subscription price, \$4 a year. To enable new readers to get all the War Papers, with contributions from Generals Grant, Beauregard, McClellan, J. E. Johnston, Lew Wallace, Admiral Porter and others, we will send the twelve back numbers, November, 1884, to October, 1885, with a year's subscription beginning with November, 1885, or \$6 for the whole. A subscription, with the twelve numbers bound in two handsome volumes, \$7.50 for the whole. Back numbers only supplied at these prices with subscription.

A free specimen copy (back number) will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

All dealers and postmasters take subscriptions and supply numbers according to our special offer, or remittance may be made directly to

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

The ideal young people's magazine. It holds the first place among periodicals of its class.—*Boston Journal*.

ST NICHOLAS

An illustrated monthly periodical for boys and girls, appearing on the 25th of each month. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. Price, 25 cents a number, or \$3 a year, in advance. Booksellers, newsdealers, postmasters, and the publishers take subscriptions, which should begin with the November number, the first of the volume.

ST. NICHOLAS aims to both satisfy and to develop the tastes of its constituency; and its record for the past twelve years, during which it has always stood, as it stands to-day, at the head of periodicals for boys and girls, is a sufficient warrant for its excellence during the coming season. The editors announce the following as among the

LEADING FEATURES FOR 1885-86:

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Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle*.

Reason and faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch; reason is the first born, but faith inherits the blessing.—*Culverwell*.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 36 South Washington Street.

Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Per Square 1 insertion, \$1.00	Quarter Column.....\$10.00
Three Months..... 2.00	One Third Column..... 12.00
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1886.

No. 6

Donation Days.

The Donation Days, December 10th and 11th, have come and gone, and the Treasurer's report indicates how generously the citizens responded to our appeal. Many willing hands worked dilligently and untiringly for the City Hospital, and the cash receipts were larger than on any previous donation festival, and we were glad to welcome some new faces among the donors, proving that the Hospital is constantly gaining new friends. We should indeed be ungrateful if we did not appreciate the liberal contributions of our patrons, but as the amount raised was not sufficient to meet our indebtedness, and as the current expenses

are constantly going on, making large drafts upon our treasury, we must confess we cannot give up the hope that funds will yet be raised to relieve the Managers, whose hearts are still burdened by the debt resting on the institution, and whose hands are crippled when they would gladly devise liberal things for the invalids.

Our Treasurer suggests that if among the good people of Rochester who have not yet responded to the appeal, not having been able to avail themselves of the pleasure and privilege of attending the donation on the 10th and 11th of last month, one thousand could be found to give from \$1 to \$5 each, the debt would be paid quickly, and the work of the opening year taken up with

fresh courage and zeal. Any such gifts can be sent to the Treasurer or to any of the lady managers.

Through the generous courtesy of our constant benefactor, Mr. Daniel W. Powers, whose name is a synonym of large-hearted hospitality, we welcomed our friends in Powers' Hall and the adjoining apartments, and the tastefully arranged boards and tempting viands made our refreshment tables a source of large receipts.

The Reception Committee, the Treasurer of the City Hospital and the Treasurer of the "Hospital Review," were stationed at the south side of Powers' Hall. On Thursday the ladies of the Jewish, Universalist, St. Luke's, Methodist, Brick, St. Paul's, St. Peter's and Christ churches welcomed their friends, and, on the following day, guests were feasted at the tables of the First Baptist, Plymouth, First Presbyterian and Central churches, and at that of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. H. H. Morse and Mrs. J. C. Hart. Our florists made liberal contributions that, with the addition of fruit, formed centre pieces to the tables. On St. Paul's Church table was a model of St. Paul's church, given by Buck & Sanger. The stone blocks were represented by parallelograms of tongue, the window sashes by confectionery, and the interior was filled with boned turkey. On the Brick Church table was a handsome candied fruit centre piece, donated by Mr. John Roberts. On the west side of Powers' Hall was the oyster and coffee table of Mrs. Oscar Craig, Mrs. A. H. McVean, Mrs. Thomas Chester, and Mrs. H. P. Brewster. Mr. Scott W. Updike, Mr. A. O. Gordon, Mr. Wm. Pierce, Mr. R. D. Ashley and Mr. A. Wile officiated as carvers.

In the hall south of Powers' Hall, Mrs. Clarke Johnston received and distributed the mite boxes, and Miss Mattie Pond and Ella Durand sold tickets for Esmeralda. There, too, were spread the fancy tables under the direction of Mrs. C. H. Angel,

for the Children's Pavilion fund. The little folks before and during the donation worked nobly for this object, and their zeal and industry are worthy of all commendation. The ten little maidens, Edith Peck, Julia Robinson, Bessie Backus, Maggie Ashley, Madge Backus, Emma Wilder, Mabel Waters, Helen Williams, Laura Williams and Victoria Raymond, had made and collected many pretty fancy and useful articles, and on Donation Day, dressed in their Normandy caps, they presided as saleswomen at the fancy tables. Our young friend Laurance Angel, who has always labored for the Cot Fund, before and during the festival worked vigorously in selling bricks for the Pavilion, and raised \$40.00. Fritzy Ward and Connie Wilder sold soap bubble blowers one day, and the next had a Christmas tree, sent by Mr. Frost, ready for use, and from which they sold articles at ten cents each.

On the Pavilion table was a very handsome bronzed and gilded work basket, mounted on a tripod and lined with orange satin, the work of Miss Laura Selden; here, also, were some pretty landscapes painted by Miss Annice; a seaside view, by Mr. Charles Baker: a doll's bedstead and dressing table, by Mrs. S. S. Avery; a blue plush wall pocket with bronzed sprays of blackberries, and a spider web, also a scrap basket, and fancy articles by Mrs. W. J. Ashley; plush foot rests, by Mrs. L. A. Ward; painted easels, thermometer case, padlocks, and frames, by Miss Clarice Jeffrey; a doll, dressed by Jennie and Helen Osgood; painted dinner cards, by Bessie Kingman, a painted book, by Miss Fairchild, and some home-made candy.

In the large room east of the hall were the Doll's Fair and Miss Mumford's Fancy Table. The Doll's Fair contained every variety of doll that could be desired, and everything pertaining to a doll. In connection with this Fair, Mrs. C. F. Paine had prepared five hundred cornucopias of pop

corn and candy, and Clara Landsberg and Esther Chapin were very active in selling these. On Miss Mumford's Fancy Table were two very beautiful silk quilts made by Mrs. S. G. Andrews. The large one was made of pearl-colored watered silk stripes and embroidered ribbons; it was lined with pink silk, wadded with wool, and was quilted. The smaller one was for a child's bed. Miss Whitney's decorated cups, saucers, plates and dishes were very much admired. There was a fine display of toilet cushions. Some embroidered on bolting cloth were very delicate. A dainty white cloak for a child came from Mrs. A. D. Fiske, N. Y.

In one of the small rooms Misses Augusta Whitney, Bessie Kingman and Laidily Harris, made, by a sideshow, \$26.64. They had a smoking doll dressed as a dude, with white pants, blue vest, red coat, stovepipe hat and gilt trinkets. When wound up he would put a cigarette in his mouth, turn his head, wink his eyes, emit smoke from his mouth, put his eyeglass to his eye and look around with a self-satisfied air that pleased the little folks.

In another room Mrs. George H. Perkins, Mrs. W. H. Ward and Miss Selden had their "Always Ready Tea Table," where they were complimented for their Oolong and English breakfast teas. In the same room Mrs. Erickson Perkins had her Flower Table and Mrs. Alexander Thompson her candy table. Among the contributions to the flower table were a profusion of chrysanthemums, bouvardias and hyacinths. Some choice roses, lilies, and a rare orchid came from Mr. William S. Kimball.

We have endeavored to report correctly every donation, but we doubt not our list contains many errors and omissions; we will cheerfully make any correction if notice be sent to Mrs. S. H. Terry, 36 South Washington street.

The reports from the Mite boxes will appear next month.

Esmeralda.

On Tuesday evening, December 15, 1885 a select and appreciative audience gathered at the Eureka club rooms, where, according to previous announcement, members of the Eureka club and others delighted their friends with the presentation of *Esmeralda*. The appointments of the hall and the arrangements for the play were very complete, and the opinion was universally expressed that it was the best amateur performance ever given in Rochester. The characters were all well sustained, and the evening was a very enjoyable one. Mr. A. E. Wolff, both as "Farmer Rogers" and "Monsieur Rogare," enacted his part admirably. His attachment to the old home and simple country life, his fear of "Muther," his love for the little daughter, his sympathy for the lover, and his good-natured endurance of the limitations of fashionable society, including the burden of gloves and the Parisian dialect, were portrayed with great power. Miss Celia Stern as "Lydia Ann" was the dominant spirit of the play. "Excelsior" was evidently her motto, and when the old home and simple life were left behind, she gracefully accepted the rich toilets and the surroundings of high life in Paris, as if "to the manner born." The charming "*Esmeralda*," Miss Mamie Garson, won all hearts, and we wondered not that Mr. Maurice Garson as "Dave Hardy," was loath to resign his "little girl," and felt his cup of bliss was filled to the brim when once more he could claim her as his own. The studio was very artistically arranged, and the scenes within it were very life-like. Mr. J. Herbert Grant most acceptably personated "Estabrook," and Mr. Marcus Straus "Jack Desmond." Miss Amelia Harris and Miss Mamie R. Wolff were the pleasing, attractive sisters of "Jack Desmond," and their absorption in their painting at times, and their coy flirtations at others, added much to the interest of the play. Their lady-like bearing and tasteful

toilets were in harmony with their artistic surroundings. Mr. A. S. Guggenheimer made a capital "Marquis de Montessin," and the scene between him and "Monsieur Rogare" was much applauded.

We are greatly indebted to Messrs. John Rodenbeck, Martin Muldauer, George Weinman, W. C. Hadley, Gardner, R. H. Lansing and John Raybould, for their acceptable gratuitous orchestral services; to Mr. Martin E. Wolff, who displayed great taste in his arrangements as stage manager; to the Eureka club for the free use of their beautiful hall; to Mr. Joseph Levi, head usher, and Messrs. M. Hummell, S. Garson, George Perkins, Granger Hollister, Haywood Hawks and Warham Whitney, who also officiated as ushers; to Mr. Gates, of Grand Opera House, for selling tickets; to Alling & Cory, for cardboard for tickets; to the Democrat and Chronicle for printing the same; to the Union and Advertiser for programmes; to Messrs. C. J. Hayden, Jeffrey, Mudge, Milliman and Teal for chairs; to Messrs. I. H. Dewey, Salter Brothers, A. Beir, J. Ludwig, Howe & Rogers and A. Sichel for articles for decorating and furnishing the stage; and to all who in any way contributed to the success of "Esmeralda."

As the avails of the entertainment, the City Hospital reaped a benefit of \$407.50.

The Children's Pavilion Fund.

The contributions to the children's Pavilion fund come to us so full of loving work and tender memories, we feel they must be blessed by the Master. We joyfully welcome the children's offerings, as we do the breath of the first Spring violets, harbingers and earnest of greater blessings yet in store for us.

We have so many friends we hardly know where to begin to enumerate them. We desire to thank every one of them that worked so diligently for the Pavilion table before and at the Donation Festival. Our

young friend Laurance Angel comes to us with one hundred and one names and \$40 for bricks. Herbert Siddons Mann brings us \$21, his second collection of Pavilion brick money, and Miss E. G. Wilson, of Wolcott, sends us one dollar for mortar, with which to put his bricks together. The following petition was presented by Herbert Siddons Mann when collecting for the Children's Pavilion Fund:

Dear Everybody, will you please
Do what you can to help increase
My fund, and make a good array,
For me to give Donation Day?

It's for poor children who are sick,
And if you'll give me first one brick,
(That's five and twenty cents you know),
It all will help my list to grow!

But if you choose to give me more,
Your wish I'll surely not ignore,
For I want the list to be so high
That God can see it in the sky!

Eighteen bricks are collected by Marion M. Reid.

The memorial offerings that come to us are some of them very touching. One is \$5 sent from Fort Lowell, Arizona, in memory of John Throop Martin, who was born in Rochester January 22, 1884, and died January 22, 1885. Another of fifteen dollars is in memory of two little cousins, Lillian Isabel Morse and Kate Louise Howland. One is from Geneseo, "in memory of a loved one." Two are in memory of two little brothers, safe in the upper fold, and are the contents of the dear children's banks that have long been unopened; little Arthur Yates died April 16, 1879; his brother, Howard L. Yates, died April 20, 1884. A memorial offering of two dollars from the bank of Olive Joy Williams was sent on her birthday, December 3d. Eight bricks come from Fanny Converse Gould, of Brooklyn, two years old, who was so interested in the children's Pavilion that she went to sleep singing to herself: "*Four bricks from little Fanny!*" Six bricks come from Holley. Four from Chester Dewey Averell, Ogdensburg. Freddy DePuy, four years old, sends us from Tioga, Ont., two

bricks, one of which he earned. Emily, Carrie, Sallie and Franklin Brewster send us \$5 brick money, and the same amount is brought by Sylvanus J. Macy, Jr., who has just recovered from scarlet fever. Dear little Marguerita A. Ely lifts up her baby hand with her offering "for the sick children." Agnes B. Raines brings us \$1, which she earned, giving three bricks for herself and one as a birthday present for her brother Eugene. Isabella Hart sends us her annual offering of \$5; then we have \$10 from Gabrielle Clarke, and four bricks from Arthur S. Hamilton, Jr.

For a long list of offerings we must refer to Mrs. R. Mathews report. We thank all who have helped us and are always happy to receive offerings.

Thanks.

The managers of the City Hospital tender their grateful thanks to Mr. D. W. Powers for the free use of Powers' Hall and other apartments in Powers' building, and the services of his employes on Donation days; to C. J. Hayden & Co., for the use of twenty-one extension tables; to Copeland & Durgis, for the use of thirty kitchen tables; to Geddes & Co., for two Ransom ranges, and for putting up and taking down the same; to the Municipal Gas Company for two gas stoves; to Kondolf Brothers for ice; to W. H. Babcock for one half ton of coal; to K. P. Shedd for cartage; to Mr. Boyd for personal services; to several employes of the Hospital for personal services; to the Union and Advertiser for seventy-five placards; to the editors and proprietors of the city papers for gratuitous advertisements and notices, and to all who in any way by their donations, services or presence, contributed to the success of the festival.

Copies of the HOSPITAL REVIEW may be obtained of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street.

Vote of Thanks.

At the regular monthly meeting of the lady managers of the Rochester City Hospital, held January 6, 1886, upon motion it was unanimously resolved that a vote of thanks should be tendered to the Eureka Club, amateurs, for the delightful evening's entertainment given by them December 15, 1885, which not only afforded so much pleasure to the audience, but also brought into the treasury the handsome sum of \$407.50. It was also resolved that their thanks should be extended to the gentlemen of the club for the generous donation of their theater for the evening, and to all who gave their musical services, making an entertainment not soon to be forgotten. By order,
MRS. C. E. MATHEWS, Cor. Sec'y.

Dishes and Articles Left at Power's Hall.

One large square tin.
Five tin pans
Five tin pie plates.
One yellow dish.
One white dish.
One white fluted dish.
One gilt band dish.
One low glass dish.
One blue plate.
Eleven white dining plates.
One white soup dish.
One white vegetable dish.
One fork, F. B. C.
One teaspoon, F. B. C.
One olive fork.
One white bowl.
One Japan tray.
One round tray.
One saucer.
One bangle.
One shawl pin.
One bloodstone scarf pin.
One gilt hat pin.
One pair rubbers.
Fourteen handkerchiefs.
Six napkins.
One black comb.
One white apron.
One red check towel.
A square of blue velvet with chenille embroidery.
Gloves, Baskets, &c.

The articles left at the hall are at the residence of the Treasurer, 174 Spring street.

A child's purse, with small amount of money was left at the Children's Pavilion table and can be found at Mrs. C. H. Angel's, 87 East avenue.

Several articles omitted for want of room will appear next month.

RECEIPTS AT THE DONATION FESTIVAL

HELD AT

Powers' Hall, Dec. 10 and 11, 1885.

CASH DONATIONS.

D. W. Powers.....	\$ 800 00
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr.....	200 00
Hamilton & Mathews.....	100 00
Brewster, Gordon & Co.....	100 00
Samuel Wilder.....	100 00
Wm. S. Kimball.....	100 00
Smith, Perkins & Co.....	100 00
Alfred Wright.....	100 00
W. H. Gorsline.....	100 00
Geo. E. Mumford.....	100 00
L. P. Ross.....	100 00
Samuel Sloan.....	100 00
Alfred Bell.....	100 00
Freeman Clarke.....	100 00
D. A. Watson.....	100 00
Geo. C. Buell.....	100 00
Dr. W. S. Ely.....	100 00
Hough & Ford.....	100 00
George Ellwanger.....	100 00
A friend.....	100 00
Henry Bartholomay.....	100 00
Howe & Rogers.....	100 00
M. F. Reynolds.....	100 00
A. G. Yates.....	100 00
Hollister Bros.....	100 00
James C. Hart.....	100 00
Julius T. Andrews.....	70 00
A. J. Johnson.....	50 00
J. Greenwood.....	50 00
S. J. Macy.....	50 00
S. J. Arnold.....	50 00
A. S. Mann.....	50 00
Dr. Stoddard.....	50 00
J. W. Gillis.....	50 00
John W. Oothout.....	50 00
C. B. Woodworth.....	50 00
L. Adler & Bros.....	50 00
Mrs. A. Carter Wilder.....	50 00
Mrs. Wm. L. Halsey.....	50 00
C. J. Hayden & Co.....	50 00
Oscar Craig.....	50 00
Michael Stern & Co.....	50 00
Isaac Willis.....	50 00
K. P. Shedd.....	50 00
Brewster, Crittenden & Co.....	50 00
Steam Gauge and Lantern Co.....	50 00
Gilbert, Brady & Co.....	50 00
Chas. M. Everest.....	50 00
Chas. F. Pond.....	50 00
Wm. Corning.....	50 00
Chas. F. Smith.....	50 00
J. Judson.....	50 00
Mrs. M. D. Bean, Ogdensburg.....	50 00
H. H. Babcock.....	35 00
J. J. Bausch.....	25 00
Nathan Stein.....	25 00
W. B. Douglas.....	25 00
J. Fahy.....	25 00
M. Filon.....	25 00
Col. N. P. Pond.....	25 00
J. H. Wickes.....	25 00
J. E. Booth.....	25 00
D. A. Woodbury.....	25 00
H. H. Pryor.....	25 00

Hayden Furniture Co.....	25 00
Theodore Bacon.....	25 00
E. K. Warren & Son.....	25 00
Geo. W. Archer.....	25 00
M. D. L. Hayes.....	25 00
F. S. Upton.....	25 00
Taylor Bros.....	25 00
Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.....	25 00
Miss Cronin.....	25 00
Mrs. E. M. Smith.....	25 00
Miss Henriette Mumford.....	25 00
Mrs. Alfred Ely.....	25 00
Mrs. H. H. Morse.....	25 00
E. P. Reed & Co.....	25 00
H. S. Greenleaf.....	25 00
Bishop McQuaid.....	25 00
Chas. FitzSimons.....	25 00
B. D. McAlpine.....	25 00
Geo. F. Danforth.....	25 00
E. H. Cook & Co.....	25 00
E. T. Curtiss.....	25 00
F. W. Elwood.....	25 00
Dr. C. A. Dewey.....	25 00
F. A. Whittlesey.....	25 00
William Alling.....	25 00
Geo. S. Riley.....	25 00
Frederick Cook.....	25 00
Philip Will.....	25 00
Ellsworth, Luther & Co.....	25 00
B. E. Chase.....	25 00
E. M. Upton.....	25 00
Patrick Barry.....	25 00
Levi Hey.....	25 00
James Field.....	25 00
W. H. Glenly & Co.....	25 00
S. F. Hess.....	25 00
S. B. Roby.....	25 00
Sibley & Atkinson.....	25 00
A. T. Soule.....	25 00
J. W. Hannon.....	25 00
H. Likly.....	25 00
W. K. Chapin.....	25 00
H. A. Strong.....	25 00
Ira L. Otis.....	25 00
L. S. Graves.....	25 00
Estate of Wm. Churchill.....	20 00
Mrs. Maltby Strong.....	20 00
Miss Dunlap.....	18 00
Henry Lamb.....	15 00
Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus.....	15 00
B. Herman.....	15 00
Mr. Eads Hazard, New York.....	15 00
Miss Newell.....	10 00
Mrs. A. H. Rice, Boston.....	10 00
Mrs. J. C. Van Epps.....	10 00
Mrs. H. Osgood.....	10 00
Mrs. Samuel Millman.....	10 00
Mrs. D. K. Robinson.....	10 00
Mrs. D. Andrews.....	10 00
Hebrew Benevolent Socioty, by Mrs. S. S. Wile.....	10 00
Mrs. W. N. Sage.....	10 00
Mrs. John Weis.....	10 00
Mrs. Chloe Wilcox.....	10 00
C. T. Moore.....	10 00
Austin H. Cole.....	10 00
John A. Davis.....	10 00
E. W. Peck.....	10 00
Cash.....	10 00
E. R. Jennings.....	10 00

William Loop	\$10 00
Edward Brewster	10 00
N. Osborne	10 00
Sill Co.	10 00
E. H. Vredenburg	10 00
J. L. Stewart	10 00
J. Emery Jones	10 00
F. M. McFarlin	10 00
H. C. Gorton	10 00
C. W. Gorton	10 90
Levi S. Fulton	10 00
Chas. E. Hoyt	10 00
F. L. Durand	10 00
W. H. Ward	10 00
F. Goetzmann	10 00
Charles Rau	10 00
Schlicht & Field	10 00
J. G. Wagner	10 00
M. Kondolf	10 00
Louis Ernst & Son	10 00
Dr. J. O. Roe	10 00
A friend	10 00
A friend	10 00
Cash	9 51
Miss Julia Whitney	8 00
Dr. and Mrs. Anderson	7 00
Mrs. Clarke Johnston	6 00
Mrs Isaac Gibbard	5 00
Mrs. James Laney	5 00
Cash by Mrs. M.	5 00
Mrs. J. A. Collier	5 00
Mrs. Breck Perkins	5 00
James Sargent	5 00
Mrs. Ayrault	5 00
G. H. Haas	5 00
John M. Davey	5 00
Miss Alice Whittlesey	5 00
Mrs. Wm. Mudgett	5 00
H. F. Huntington	5 00
Mandeville & King	5 00
J. D. Whipple	5 00
L. S. Hoyt	5 00
Miss Mary Shaw	5 00
Mrs. J. H. Grant, in memorium E. A. U	5 00
Mrs. H. Henderson	5 00
Mrs. Fred Roth	5 00
Mrs. T. C. Bates	5 00
Mrs. G. B. Miller	5 00
H. S. Hanford	5 00
E. S. Ettenheimer	5 00
Henry Benjamin	5 00
N. A. Stone	5 00
Mrs. E. M. Moore	5 00
Geo. C. Maurer	5 00
E. H. Satterlee	5 00
Cash	5 00
Shaffer Bros	5 00
F. H. Clement	5 00
Eureka Steam Heating Co	5 00
Barr & Creelman	5 00
Caspar Wehle	5 00
John Siddons	5 00
W. G. Watson	5 00
A friend (New York)	5 00
A friend, (New York)	5 00
Mrs. Leo Stein	5 00
Geddes & Co	5 00
Dr. L. D. Walter	4 00
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith	3 00

A friend	\$3 00
A. Vogt	3 00
F. Marburger	3 00
Henry Hebing	3 00
Mrs. S. H. Terry	3 00
R. N. Cochrane	2 00
Mrs. W. F. Perry	2 00
Mrs. J. C. Barnum	2 00
C. F. Lomb	2 00
E. Wray	2 00
Mrs. J. Nichols	2 00
Mrs. John C. Moore	2 00
Miss Field	2 00
Wm. Willingham	1 00
Cash	1 50
A friend	1 00
Cash	1 00
Wm. Haight	1 00
Mrs. Reynolds	1 00
A friend	1 00
Mr. Vosburg	1 00
A friend	1 00
A friend	50
A friend	50

\$6,477 01

RECEIPTS FROM LUNCH TABLE.

Thursday, Dec. 10.

Hebrew Ladies	\$266 71
St. Luke's church	163 15
Methodist church	82 75
Brick church, including donations of	
H. S. Mackie, \$10, and F. Wright \$5.	112 55
St. Paul's church	250 00
St Peter's and Christ's church	169 34
Universalist church	100 50

\$1,145 00

Friday, Dec. 11.

Mrs. J. H. Brewster's, table	166 05
First Presbyterian church	100 55
First Baptist church	122 75
Central church	104 11
Plymouth church	90 00

\$583 46

\$1,728 46

RECEIPTS FROM FANCY ARTICLES.

Miss Mumford's table	\$ 628 48
Mrs. Hamilton's Doll Bazaar	265 83
Mrs. Eric Perkins' Flower, Candy and	
Tea Table	232 40

\$1,126 71

DONATED BILLS.

C. J. Hayden & Co	\$25.00
Copeland & Durgis	
Geddes & Co., on Ranges	5.00
Worden, on Oysters	2.00
James Field, work on cards	1.25
Union and Advertiser	
Post Express	
Democrat and Chronicle	
Morning Herald	
J. H. Pool, one barrel Oat Meal	
Kondolf, on Ice bill	60

RECAPITULATION.

Subscriptions and cash donations....	\$6,477 01
Receipts from lunch tables, Dec. 10th	1,145 00
Lunch tables, December 11th.....	533 46
Miss Mumford's table.....	628 48
Miss Hamilton's doll bazaar.....	265 83
Cash for dolls returned.....	128 57
Miss Eric Perkins' flower, candy and tea table.....	232 40
"Esmeralda," given by Eureka Club, December 15th.....	407 50

\$9,868 25

Expenses..... 343 52

Net.....\$9,524 73

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. J. P. Robinson, Geneseo, "in memory of an aged loved one,".....	\$ 1 00
Miss H. J. Paul, St. Louis, Mo.....	1 50
Chester Dewey Averell, Ogdensburg, four bricks.....	1 00
Interest on deposit to December 1, 1884.....	22 12
Contents of dear little Arthur Yates' bank, died April 16, 1879.....	3 09
Contents of dear little Howard L. Yates' bank, died April 20, 1884.....	3 00
In memory of Olive Joy Williams, from her bank on her birthday, December 3, 1885.....	2 00
Emily, Carrie, Sallie and Franklin Brewster.....	5 00
For "bricks" collected by Marion M. Reid:	
W. H. Reid, 50 cents; M. L. R., 25 cents; C. R. Reid, 55 cents; L. M. Boyce, 25 cents; Mrs. J. McCullough, 25 cents; Miss Ida McCullough, 25 cents; Mrs. K. F. Peabody, 25 cents; Mildred E. Green, 25 cents; D. Walter Brown, 25 cents; Louise C. Winne, 25 cents; Henrietta Ward Allen, 50 cents; Mary Percival Allen, 50 cents; Freeman Clarke Allen, 50 cents; W. Stuart Smith, 3d, 25 cents.....	4 50
Sylvanus J. Macy, Jr.....	5 00
Anna S. Buell, Frederick Churchill Buell, Belle F. Fuller, Jennie S. Fuller, Julia Churchill Fuller, William B. Fuller, Holley, N. Y., each one brick.....	1 50
Mrs. Maltby Strong.....	5 00
Mr. Brackett's change.....	.88
Isabel Hart's annual offering.....	5 00
Coat money.....	30
Miss Grace B. Terry.....	2 00
Arthur C. Wales, Syracuse, one brick.....	25
Howard S. Wales, Syracuse, N. Y., one brick.....	25
Marguerita Allen Ely, "for the sick children".....	5 00
Mrs. Lewis H. Lee.....	10 00
Jeannette, George and Elizabeth, each two bricks.....	1 50
A Friend.....	50

Walter Weldon, one brick.....	\$ 25
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport.....	5 00
Mrs. Thomas Knowles.....	2 00
Warren E. Woodworth, one brick.....	25
Eight bricks from little Fannie Converse Gould, Brooklyn.....	2 00
Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin.....	3 00
Two bricks from Freddie DePuy, Tioga, Ont., four years old, one of which he earned.....	50

Herbert Siddons Mann's second collection for bricks:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Siddons, \$5.00; Miss Jessie Post, 50 cents; Nellie Lattimore, 25 cents; Flossie Lattimore, 25 cents; Rev. N. M. Mann, 50 cents; Mrs. J. M. Wells, 25 cents; Mrs. B. L. Hovey, 25 cents; Grace Landsberg, 25 cents; Professor J. G. Allen, 50 cents; Mr. Lewis E. Smith, 25 cents; Mr. G. Herbert Smith, 25 cents; Mrs. H. S. Greenleaf, \$1; Marion M. Reid, 25 cents; Miss M. A. Siddons, 50 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, 25 cents; Ella Ruger Siddons, Buffalo, 50 cents; Mr. A. Ernise, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Gordon, 25 cents; Mrs. George Patton, 25 cents; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 25 cents; Mrs. C. T. Amsden, 25 cents; Miss Morse, 50 cents; Mrs. L. Andrews, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Bower, 25 cents; Mrs. I. K. B. Goodwin, 25 cents; Mrs. M. N. Van Zandt, 25 cents; Mrs. M. A. Clinton, 25 cents; Mrs. H. S. Hebard, 25 cents; Miss Alice H. Rogers, 25 cents; Henry D. Rogers, 25 cents; Louis F. Rogers, 25 cents; Philip Hoeret, 25 cents; In memory of Henry C. Vogel, \$1; Miss Fannie Shaffer, 25 cents; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 50 cents; Freddie Smith, 25 cents; Mrs. H. A. Ward, 25 cents; Miss Alice Ward, 25 cents; Mrs. Joseph T. Alling, 25 cents; Addie M. Feiock, 50 cents; Hermannichen Krieg, 25 cents; Fannie Beck, 25 cents; Florence Newman, 25 cents; Miss Mamie Mutschler, 25 cents; Mrs. F. A. Frick, 25 cents; Susie Shaner, 25 cents; Frank W. Lameris, 35 cents; Frederick Schlegel, 25 cents; Hattie Voshall, 25 cents.....	21 00
Miss E. J. Wilson, Wolcott; for mortar to put Herbert Siddons Mann's bricks together.....	1 00
Agnes B. Raines, earned, for 3 bricks.....	75
Agnes B. Raines, one brick for her brother, Eugene Raines, on his birthday.....	25
William Curtis Clark, one brick.....	25
Amon Bronson, Jr., one brick.....	25
Gabrielle Clark.....	10 00
Arthur S. Hamilton, Jr., four bricks.....	1 00
Children's Pavilion table at Donation Festival, by Mrs. C. H. Angel.....	206 05
For bricks collected by Laurance Angel: Miss Dunlap, \$1; Miss Breck, 25 cents; Miss Hunter, 25 cents; Mrs. Wood-	

Messrs. Buck & Sanger, boned turkey, vegetables.
 Mrs. A. Collins, ducks.
 " E. Curtis, chicken salad.
 " C. B. Hatch, lobster salad.
 " Andrew Hatch, chicken salad.
 " James I. Hatch, chicken salad.
 " Jonas Jones, chicken salad.
 " J. Woodbury, chicken salad.
 " A. G. Yates, lobster salad, shell oysters.
 " F. Elwood, chicken salad, cake.
 " Whitney, chicken salad, cake and jelly.
 " Ira Pratt, cabbage salad.
 " E. Glen, chicken pie, celery.
 " R. Furman, chicken pie, Saratoga potatoes.
 " B. E. Chase, chicken pie, lemon and quince jelly, mince pie, gold fish, pickles, olives.
 Miss H. Mumford, boiled ham.
 Mrs. Erickson Perkins, Charlotte Russe, jelly.
 " W. Dickinson, Charlotte Russe, biscuit.
 " J. Robbins, Charlotte Russe.
 " P. B. Hulett, Charlotte Russe.
 " M. Barker, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. M. Ellsworth, Charlotte Russe, pies, olives, nuts, grapes, cranberries.
 " James Kelly, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. E. Green, Charlotte Russe.
 " Merchant, cake.
 " Archer, cake.
 " Wheeler, cake.
 " G. Elliott, cake.
 " H. Hills, cake.
 " G. S. Killip, cake.
 Miss J. Thompson, cake, pickles.
 " Amsden, cake.
 Mrs. G. Doran, 200 biscuit.
 " F. Amsden, 50 hot rolls.
 " S. G. Andrews, bread, tongue, jelly, hot rolls.
 " N. Foote, napkins.
 Miss Lovcraft, cheese, fruit, cake.
 Mrs. Hiram Sibley, oranges.
 " D. B. Beach, ham, chocolate cake.
 " S. Dewey, biscuit.
 Mr. S. Millman, oysters.
 Mr. J. Catlin, grapes.

St. Peter's and Christ Church Table of Mrs.

**J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. J. Moreau Smith,
 Mrs. David Hoyt, Mrs. C. C. Merriman,
 Mrs. S. H. Briggs, Mrs. Samuel Wilder,
 Mrs. Wm. K. Chapin, Mrs. Herbert Ward,
 Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, Mrs. C. S. Whittemore,
 Mrs. E. Werner,
 Mrs. E. H. Pratt, Mrs. Ward Clarke,
 Mrs. Whitney Wilhams, Mrs. E. C. Warren,
 Mrs. George Raines.**

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, ducks, salad, jelly, turkey.
 " L. A. Ward, chicken pie.
 " M. K. Woodbury, lemon jelly.
 " L. F. Ward, 150 biscuit, turkey.

Mrs. Julia S. Bacon, \$1.50.
 " George Thompson, 2 bottles olives.
 " David Little, \$3.
 " Fred Allen, cake.
 " C. R. Parsons, turkey.
 " Wm. Waters, chicken salad.
 " H. W. Brown, grapes.
 " Wm. R. Corris, olives.
 " C. S. Whittemore, Charlotte Russe.
 " Herbert Ward, chicken salad.
 " S. H. Briggs, 200 biscuit.
 Miss Clara Wales, flowers and celery, jelly, pickles.
 Mrs. A. S. Mann, turkey.
 " J. W. Stebbins, Charlotte Russe.
 " Lillie Boyce, apples, jelly, Saratoga potatoes.
 " George Raines, champagne ham.
 " S. Quimby, cake.
 " C. E. Morris, 2 loaves cake.
 " E. W. Osborn, 2 dishes scalloped potatoes.
 " Frank Ward, turkey.
 " Wm. Lamb, lemon jelly, rolls.
 " E. C. Warren, turkey.
 " D. M. Dewey, 2 loaves pound cake.
 " W. Winn, cake, mince pie.
 " Mary Breck, biscuit.
 " Wm. K. Chapin, nut cake.
 " Hiram Sibley, \$5; 2 dishes Charlotte Russe, pickles.
 " W. Williams, flowers.
 Miss A. Wright, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. C. Kalbfleisch, cake.
 " J. White, flowers.
 " E. H. Pratt, turkey.
 " W. H. Ward, turkey.
 " Jacob Howe, Charlotte Russe.
 " George Clarkson, pickles, jelly, Chili sauce.
 " Carter Wilder, turkey, cranberries.
 " J. W. Whitney, chicken salad.
 " Samuel Wilder, scalloped potatoes, roast beef, chicken pie.
 " J. M. Smith, 4 ducks, pickles.
 Miss Dunlap, 6 gallons ice cream.
 Mrs. Henry Hart, pickles, celery, catsup.
 " David Hoyt, biscuit, jelly, pickles.
 " Wm. Corning, large basket celery, flowers.
 " Stowell, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss M. A. Smith, turkey.
 Mrs. M. B. Sanford, celery, cake.
 " Wm. Pitkin, olives.
 " E. H. Scranton, Charlotte Russe.
 " George Archer, Charlotte Russe.
 " F. DeWitt Clarke, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " J. E. Hayden, ham.
 " Ward Clarke, turkey.
 " S. D. Bentley, pickles.
 " E. K. Warren, olives.
 " Wm. Raines, pickles and cake.
 Mr. W. Moore, \$1.
 Mrs. Wm. Kimball, chicken salad.
 Mr. I. Teall, chicken salad.
 " E. M. Higgins, quantity Florida oranges.
 " George Selden, several dishes cranberries.
 " Hayward, sweet cream.
 " E. M. Smith, turkey.
 " J. H. Kelly, biscuit.

The table of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. H. H. Morse and Mrs. J. C. Hart.

Mrs. J. Van Epps, wine jelly.
 " Edward Harris, chicken salad.
 " J. C. Hart, pickles, oysters, grapes.
 " J. H. Brewster, chicken pie, mince pie, pickles.
 " H. H. Morse, ducks, pickles.
 " C. E. Hart, chicken pie.
 " A. S. Mann, ham.
 " D. Gordon, cake.
 " J. M. Pitkin, large basket oranges, bananas, grapes.
 " C. E. Robinson, jelly.
 " S. Brewster, turkey.
 " A. S. Hamilton, olives, cranberries.
 Mr. Frost, large box of flowers.
 Mrs. T. D. Snyder, olives.
 Mr. I. Teall, Charlotte Russe, salad.
 Mrs. Eugene Curtis, cranberries, oranges.
 Miss Dunlap, 2 dishes salad.
 Mrs. F. A. Macomber, salad.
 " J. R. Chamberlin, cake.
 " H. F. Huntington, ducks.
 Miss Danforth, turkey.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, turkey.
 " J. Hill, cake.
 " J. Oothout, biscuits.
 " Wm. Hoyt, Saratoga potatoes.
 Miss A. Mumford, biscuits.
 Mrs. Glover, nut cake.
 " H. C. Brewster, biscuits, celery.
 " Mrs. Joseph Curtis, biscuits, celery.
 Mr. Wm. N. Cogswell, turkey.
 Mrs. S. Bentley, biscuits.
 " C. C. Morse, turkey.
 Miss Jennie Benjamin, 4 quarts cream and a roll of delicious butter.
 Mrs. Whitney, croquettes.
 Miss Mumford, chicken salad.
 Mr. F. Schegel, flowers.

The Plymouth Church Table of Mrs. L. P. Ross, Mrs. George Wanzer, Mrs. Henry Brewster, Mrs. H. M. Moseley, Mrs. Wm. R. Seward, Mrs. E. W. Peck and Mrs. J. B. Moseley.

Mrs. L. W. Gage, biscuits.
 " Galusha Phillips, ham.
 " C. E. Darrow, cake, jelly.
 " H. M. Moseley, cake.
 " George Wanzer, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. S. Osgood, 200 shell oysters.
 " Wm. R. Seward, chicken pie, fruit.
 " A. H. Still, 1 gallon cream.
 " Jerome Keyes, chicken salad.
 " Henry Brewster, turkey.
 " Wm. N. Emerson, turkey.
 " A. F. Atwood, mince pie.
 " L. P. Ross, chicken salad, biscuit, Japanese napkins and Saratoga potatoes.
 " D. R. Clark, biscuit and jelly.
 " H. C. Hooker, Charlotte Russe and celery.
 " Davis, pickles.
 " W. W. Williamson, scalloped oysters.
 " Frederick Sherwood, scalloped oysters.
 " Fosch, cherry pies.
 " A. M. Moser, chicken pie and mashed potatoes.

Mrs. J. B. Moseley, mince pies and jelly.
 " Joseph Farley, turkey.
 " S. F. Hess, Charlotte Russe.
 " Hiram Hoyt, chicken pie,
 " B. H. Clark, turkey.
 " E. B. Booth, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. N. Allen, biscuit.
 " E. W. Peck, chicken salad.
 " J. H. Kent, ducks.
 " D. A. Robbins, Charlotte Russe.
 " C. R. Page, cake.
 " M. Stilwell, scalloped oysters.
 " C. E. Hoyt, chicken salad.
 Miss Mary Smith, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. Cauley, \$1.
 " Miss M. Porter, \$2.
 Mrs. Samuel Porter, \$1.

The First Baptist Church Table of Mrs. H. Munn.

Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. H. L. Achilles, Mrs. C. B. Achilles, Mrs. K. P. Shedd and Mrs. H. L. Smith.

Mrs. Edwin Griffin, ham.
 " W. N. Sage, chicken pie, cranberries.
 " Dr. Howell, chicken pie.
 " Otis H. Robinson, turkey.
 " A. S. Lane, 2 turkeys, olives.
 " A. Pomeroy, turkey.
 " Dr. Stark, turkey.
 " C. A. Morse, turkey.
 " T. Depuy, turkey.
 " C. T. Crouch, turkey.
 " Dr. Davis, ducks.
 " Henry Munn, ducks, pies, pickles.
 " J. F. Whitbeck, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. A. Stevens, Charlotte Russe.
 " L. Sunderlin, Charlotte Russe, cranberries.
 " E. O. Sage, Charlotte Russe, pies.
 " John L. Sage, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. H. Grant, Charlotte Russe.
 " F. Bishop, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. H. Cole, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss F. Kendrick, salad.
 Mrs. A. W. Mudge, salad.
 " J. W. Warrant, salad.
 " A. H. Strong, celery.
 " I. H. McGuire, vegetables.
 " C. A. Phillips, vegetables.
 " H. L. Achilles, vegetables.
 " W. H. Montgomery, vegetables.
 " A. G. Mudge, vegetables.
 " H. L. Brewster, biscuit.
 " S. Coleman, biscuit.
 " E. H. Shedd, biscuit.
 " Caldwell, biscuit.
 " C. Aiken, biscuit.
 " Roworth, bi-cuit.
 " L. R. Satterlee, cake.
 " C. T. Converse, cake.
 " S. R. Robinson, cake.
 " F. Moshier, cake.
 " C. J. Baldwin, cake.
 " S. A. Ellis, cake.
 " J. Aiken, pies.
 " L. Tower, pies.
 " R. Bowman, pies.
 " R. F. Hopwood, fruit.
 " H. E. Robbins, fruit.

Mrs. S. V. Pryor, fruit.
 " E. R. Dusenbury, fruit.
 " K. P. Shedd, fruit, nuts, raisins, olives, cheese.
 " C. J. Russell, flowers
 " E. N. Curtice, pies.
 " C. B. Achilles, jellies, pickles.
 " W. H. Crennell, jellies.
 " J. S. Barker, \$1.
 " Lutchford, \$1.
 " A. R. Pritchard, \$5.
 " H. L. Smith, Saratoga potatoes.
 " E. R. Andrews, \$2.
 " L. S. Chapin, lobster salad.

The First Presbyterian Church Table of Mrs. J. T. Fox, Mrs. Elmer Smith, Mrs. E. P. Gould, Mrs. E. Furman and Miss Nichols.

Mrs. Oscar Craig, chicken pie, pickles, pickled peaches.
 " E. Furman, Charlotte Russe, brown bread, cake.
 J. Schleyer, ham.
 Miss Wilkins, flowers.
 " M. Marshall, pies.
 Mrs. C. E. Robinson, 3 glasses jelly.
 " W. H. Perkins, Saratoga potatoes.
 " B. D. McAlpine, ham.
 " D. M. Hough, 2 ducks.
 Miss Stone, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. G. Gould, cake, pickles,
 " W. H. Ross-Lewin, chicken pie.
 " D. Walbridge, chicken pie.
 " L. Farrar, chicken pie.
 " H. D. Williams, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. Gormley, lobster salad.
 " Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 6 mince pies.
 Mr. T. D. Aldrich, large bunch bananas, four doz. oranges.
 Mrs. G. E. Jennings, cake.
 " W. Loess, ducks, pickles.
 Miss Nichols, 2 loaves cake.
 Mrs. G. Brady, \$2.
 " B. Sheldon, turkey.
 " M. Strong, turkey.
 " J. Durand, plum pudding, flowers, biscuit.
 " Wm. Mudgett, \$1.
 " A. Backus, 1 doz. celery.
 Mr. Boston, 200 oysters.
 Mrs. J. Backus, olives.
 Mr. G. M. Curtis, cream.
 Mr. Salter, flowers.
 Mr. East, turkey.
 Mr. I. Teall, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. J. T. Fox, 2 loaves cake.
 " E. P. Gould, chicken salad, pickles.
 " F. Bottum, cake.

The Fancy Table of Miss A. S. Mumford, Mrs. William E. Hoyt, Miss Lois Whitney, Mrs. Josiah Anstice and Miss A. E. M. Wild.

Miss Whitney, china and fancy work.
 Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York, fancy work.

Mrs. G. W. Smith, New York, vases and fancy articles.
 Miss Julia Whitney, fancy work.
 Miss F. A. Smith, New York, fancy work.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews, two silk quilts, 2 babies' silk hoods, 1 dozen boxes of cake, 1 dozen quarts pickles and fruits, 4 dozen shells.
 Mrs. James M. Whitney, five tidies.
 " Eugene Glen child's comforter.
 " Abbott Furness, laundry cushion, 2 trays, knit slippers.
 Miss Eastman, one cushion, 5 penwipers.
 Mrs. E. Howell, painting in water colors.
 " Mrs. Henry R. Smith, open-work handkerchief.
 " Mrs. Clarke Copeland, open-work handkerchief.
 " Mrs. William E. Hoyt, fancy and useful articles, jellies, etc.
 " Mrs. James W. Whitney, bottle of cat-sup, jar of raspberry jam. strawberry jam.
 " Herbert Ward, jar of strawberries.
 " D. B. Beach, cherries and pickles.
 Miss Emma E. Lampert, two paintings in water colors.
 " Evershed, child's skirt, pickles.
 Mrs. William Raines, pickles.
 Miss Wales, pickles.
 Mrs. Hiram Sibley, gherkins.
 " William S. Ward, 2 plum puddings.
 " Theodore Bacon, 4 jars pickles and preserves.
 A Friend, 4 glasses crab-apple jelly.
 A Friend, 1 jar of jelly.
 Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, ten quarts pickles, 4 quarts preserved fruits.
 " H. Austin Brewster, 3 quarts pickles.
 " Welsh, 4 quarts preserved fruits.
 " Thomas Chester, 6 aprons, cake napkins, set of table mats, 1 pair silk stockings, 20 boxes wax tapers, jar rose leaves.
 " Thomas H. Wood, Utica, pair infant's socks.
 Maria Lofthouse, 4 pairs mittens, 4 pairs wrist-lets.
 Mrs. Joseph Craig, Brockport, 3 pairs mittens.
 " Myron Adams, bag and duster. 2 fancy baskets.
 " W. J. Averell, Ogdensburg, bath blanket.
 " W. H. Perkins, 3 work bags, hood.
 Philip G. Mumford, 2 sets reins, 1 pair garters.
 Miss A. Thompson, Ballston, apron.
 Little Fanny Whittlesey, match receiver.
 Miss Florence Osgood, 2 sachets, needle-book, shoe-button case.
 Mrs. Day, 2 child's skirts.
 " Joseph Frost, Boston, 2 match receivers.
 " Edward Cozzens, baby blanket, silk stockings.
 " E. V. Stoddard, bread and milk set, 3 pieces.
 Miss Alice Montgomery, sachet.
 Mrs. D. H. Griffith, table scarf.
 Miss Griffith, fish napkin.
 Miss Julia Griffith, 2 flannel skirts.
 Mrs. E. D. Smith, 4 mops.
 " Josiah Anstice, cake napkin, apron, 2 mirrors, 2 flat-irons.

" M. Strong, fancy baskets, string bag.
 " M. M. Mathews, 4 spool cases, 2 needle books.
 " Stedman, 2 fancy baskets.
 " H. F. Huntington, 2 cooking aprons, 2 fancy baskets, infant's wrappers.
 R. M. Myers & Co., wrapping paper, tags and string.
 Miss Julia Cozzens, 4 cheese napkins.
 " Watson, baby blanket.
 Mrs. Mary Frost, 3 wash cloths. 2 pairs mit-
 iens.
 " Pamela Frost, pair silk socks, pair Sax-
 ony socks.
 Miss Frost, 6 pin and needle cushions.
 Mrs. Thomas McBlain, 3 worsted hoods; in-
 fant's silk hood.
 Miss Lottie Carson, painted shovel, 2 thimble
 cases.
 Mrs. Samuel Gould, Pongee apron.
 " Alexander Thompson, embroidered pil-
 low.
 " M. A. Phelan, table scarf, fancy palm-leaf
 fan.
 Miss Jeffrey, 2 hats, blotter, painted picture
 frame.
 Mrs. A. B. Smith, 2 painted slates, knitting
 bag, tidy.
 " B. R. Lawrance, 7 emery bags, 8 pen-
 wipers, 2 bags.
 " William S. Little, 1 Nightengale.
 " J. H. Brewster, pitcher, cologne bottle,
 vase, lion, canoe basket.
 " J. H. Grant, cardigan jacket.
 " George Moss, toilet set.
 " Dr. W. W. Reid, infant's socks, knit
 slippers.
 " H. N. Mayer, 1 pair infant's skirts.
 " Clarke Johnston, toilet cushion.
 " J. C. Van Epps, fancy bag, 2 sachets, 1
 twine bag.
 " Louis Chapin, 3 laundry cushions.
 Miss Augusta Whitney, 3 painted blotters.
 " Wild, fancy articles.
 " Saxton, 2 pairs mittens.
 " Anderson, 1 calendar, 5 pin cushions.
 " Nellie Wild, cardigan jacket.
 Mrs. John Ely, 2 clothes bags, thread case, 6
 lavender balls.
 " Mrs. James H. Wild, trimming for skirt.
 Miss Field, quantity of candy.
 Mrs. Ed. Walbridge, toilet set.
 Miss Whittlesey, 2 paper and string bags.
 " F. C. Whittlesey, work basket.
 " E. Benedict, New York, cardigan jacket.
 Mrs. Babcock, fascinator.
 Miss Ada H. Kent, large fancy basket.
 Mrs. Edward Harris, work basket.
 Miss Alice Whittlesey, 2 sachets.
 " Reid, 2 glasses crab-apple jelly, 1 quince
 jelly.
 Mrs. M. Landsberg, shoe bag.
 Colonel J. Keller, New York, 1½ dozen Puritan
 banners.
 Miss Mumford, sundries.
 Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone & Co., services of
 two men and use of red flannel and
 showcase.
 Mrs. H. F. Huntington and the ladies who so
 kindly assisted her in making four

comfortables.

Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, 1 piece of cheese cloth,
 7 bats of cotton.

The Children's Pavilion

Table of Mrs. C. H. Angel, assisted by Mrs.
 John Ely, Edith Peck, Julia Robinson, Bes-
 sie Backus, Madge Backus, Helen Wil-
 liams, Victoria Raymond, Laura Wil-
 liams, Emma Wilder, Maggie Ashley,
 Mabel Waters, Connie Wilder, Frity
 Ward, Lorraine Angel, Miss
 Gaffney, Miss Page, Miss
 Laura Page Ward.

Mrs. John Evans, 4 pairs socks, doll's cape.
 " Bristol, 6 dolls' capes.
 Grace Hathaway, dolls' shoes.
 Mrs. Mudge, sachet bag.
 Connie Wilder, 2 dolls' caps, \$1 for toys.
 Mrs. John Collier, Tam O'Shanter, baby's
 hood, 5 pairs crocheted slippers.
 M. A. S., 2 crocheted skirts, 2 pairs socks.
 Louisa Upton, 8 Japanese sachet bags.
 Alice Upton, hood.
 Laura Page Ward, hood, home-made candy.
 Florence Howard, sachet bag.
 Mrs. T. Chester, 2 straw boxes.
 " Robert Mathews, 5 match safes, cat's pic-
 tures.
 Mrs. M. M. Mathews, pair mittens, 3 spool
 wagons, needle book, worsted cap,
 stockings.
 Mrs. H. Stedman, doll.
 " Pells, lamp shade.
 " H. L. Ward, baby's sack and 2 sachet
 bags.
 " George Sweet, sachet bag.
 " S. G. Andrews, brush broom case, 3 silk
 bags.
 " Arthur Robinson, lamp shades.
 Miss Bellows, silk mittens.
 Hattie Thomas, blotter, doll's cape.
 Charles Backus, two paintings.
 Grace Kennedy, sachet, fancy articles.
 Mrs. Manning, painted sachet.
 Mrs. Dr. Saunders, key holder.
 " Mrs. Sarah F. Galusha, doll's bedstead,
 mattress and pillows.
 Laura Williams, 2 sachets, 8 pair balls, 5 hol-
 ders, 2 button bags, 8 blotters, 2 lamp
 shades, several dolls, Tam O'Shanter's.
 Mrs. George Williams, tidy.
 Miss Madden, pin cushion.
 Helen Williams, 3 perfume cards, 3 dolls' cheese
 cloth comforters, 8 Tam O'Shanter's,
 gilded cone, tidy.
 Mary W. Lee, paper cutter.
 Miss Backus, one-half dozen dolls' hats.
 Bessie Backus, 1 doll's straw bonnet, 1 set doll's
 furniture.
 Mrs. E. M. Day, 2 pairs knit slippers.
 Miss Loveridge, Japanese basket.
 Miss Fannie Field, 4 satin sachets.
 Miss Budlong, satin sachet.
 Mrs. C. R. Kingsley, hand-painted bag.

worth, for Marie and Florence, 50 cents; Janie Ward, 25 cents; Jasper Ward, 25 cents; Mrs. Watters, for Mabel and Edith, 50 cents; Mr. J. C. Wright, 25 cents; Ray Hill White, 25 cents; Margie White, 25 cents; Bessie Hale, 25 cents; Edith Hale, 25 cents; Mrs. Hungerford, 25 cents; Mrs. Macomber, \$5; Miss L. Killip, \$1; a friend, 25 cents; Mrs. F. Woodworth, 25 cents; Miss F. Ward, 25 cents; Harry Bacon, 50 cents; Leonard Bacon, 50 cents; Louisa Selden, 25 cents; Sayre Selden, 25 cents; Henry R. Selden, 25 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 25 cents; Miss M. A. Hayden, 25 cents; Mr. W. D. Page, 25 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, for Henrietta and Mary P. Allen, Willie and Mabel H. Webb, \$1; Miss Marie Atkinson, 50 cents; Stella Briggs, 50 cts.; Flora Briggs, 50 cents; Gertrude Perkins, \$1; Mrs. W. H. Ward, 50 cents; Margarette Duane Seldon, 25 cents; Bessie Selden, 25 cents; Charlotte Ward, 25 cents; Miss Wright, 25 cents; a friend, 25 cts.; Mr. Myron G. Peck, 50 cents; Margarette Mackey, 25 cents; Harry Mackey, 25 cents; Louis Mackey, 25 cents; Clara Landsberg, 25 cents; Mrs. H. S. Ward, 25 cents; Mrs. J. M. Whitney, 25 cents; Miss Backus, 25 cts.; Mr. Haywood Hawks, 25 cents; Fannie Rawlings, 25 cents; Bessie Wild, 25 cents; Grace Sitterly, 25 cents; Mr. T. Brown, 25 cents; Cecile Kimball, 25 cents; Ernest Kimball, 25 cents; Miss Watson, 25 cents; Wentworth Hoyt, 25 cents; Emily Louisa Farley, 25 cents; Joseph A. Farley, 25 cents; Mr. R. Clarke, 25 cents; Mabel Goss, 25 cents; Walter Goss, 25 cents; Helen Goss, 25 cents; Albert Goss, 25 cents; In memory of John Sage Darrow, 25 cents; Bessie Fitch, 50 cents; Russell Packer Yates, \$1; Mrs. E. N. Buell, \$1; Sabie Furman, 25 cents; Helen Furman, 25 cents; Fanny Furman, 25 cents; Edith Waite, 25 cents; Mrs. W. Angel, 25 cents; George, 25 cents; Endicott Tucker, \$1; Mr. Charles Wetmore, 25 cents; Marie Louisa Barry, 25 cents; Willie Barry, 25 cents; Fred Barry, 25 cents; Rose Barry, 25 cents; Miss Lily Bloss, 25 cents; Frank Pitkin, 25 cents; Douglass Furness, 25 cents; Miriam Converse, 25 cents; Frank W. Converse, 25 cents; Herbert Beakley, 25 cents; a friend, 50 cents; Miss Reid, 25 cents; Mrs. Chester, 50 cents; Muriel Smith, 50 cents; E. Smith Munn, 25 cents; Emily Lester Munn, 25 cents; Gabrielle Clarke, 50 cents; Philip Mumford, 50 cents; Joseph Curtis, \$1; Marie Brewster,

\$1; Fritz Ward, 50 cents; Laurance Angel, \$1..... 40 00
 Louise Hallenbeck, Geneva.... 2 00
 Mrs. M. A. Gibson 25
 From Mrs. I. W. Swift, Fort Lowell, Arizona, in memory of John Throop Martin, born in Rochester, January 22, 1884, died January 22, 1885.... 5 00

Receipts for the month.....\$ 381 19
 Previously acknowledged... 1,285 52

Total receipts.....\$1,666 71

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Donations for Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

The Jews Table of Mrs. M. A. Stern and Mrs. D. M. Garson.

Mrs. David Abeles, \$1.
 " A. Fechenbach, \$1.
 " Lichtenstein R. Marshall, \$2.
 " Mrs. Henry Schwartz, \$1.
 " Leo Stein, \$2.
 " Max Lowenthal, \$2.
 " E. Steinfeld, fruit.
 " Wald, \$1.
 " S. J. Beirs, \$3.
 " Mahler, \$1.50.
 " Marx David, \$1.
 " N. Stein, \$1.50.
 " U. J. Hecht, \$2.
 " Max Brickner, \$1.
 " H. Goodman, \$1.
 " I. M. Sloman, puffs.
 " Jos. Schrier, \$1.
 " A. Rosenberg, \$2.
 " E. S. Ettenheimer, \$3.
 " Jos. Katz, ducks.
 " Van Berg, wine jelly.
 " F. Hayes, tongue, cranberries.
 " N. Levi, chicken salad.
 " L. Adler, lobster salad.
 " M. Dalman, \$2.
 " I. A. Baum, \$2.
 " A. Pickard, \$2.
 " H. C. Cohn, \$1.
 " Moore, \$1.50.
 Huyler's, baskets of candy.
 Mrs. J. Wisner, 6 doz. rolls, 6 loaves bread.
 " M. Myers, \$1.
 Salter & Newdale, flowers.
 Mr. Shæfer, 4 bottles olives.
 Mr. I. Teall, Charlotte Russe.
 " C. Salmon, olives.
 Mrs. Abe Adler, \$1.
 " N. Levison, \$1.
 " Newhafer, waffles.
 " N. Newhafer, \$1.
 " L. Steifel, \$1.
 " Rosenberg, \$1.
 " I. J. Beir, \$1.

Mrs. M. Dinkelspiel, \$1.
 " S. Goldsmith, \$1.
 " H. Seligman, \$1.
 " M. Goldsmith, \$1.
 " Simon Adler, celery, confectionery.
 " Hochstetter, 6 pies.
 " Lipsky, \$2.
 " H. Lempert, \$1.
 " M. Garson, celery and confectionery.
 " Morris Lempert, cranberry jelly, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Morris Myers, cake.
 " J. Marx, \$1.
 " D. Rosenberg, \$1.
 " L. Marx, waffles.
 " E. J. Beir, \$2.
 " B. Monk, cake.
 " Jacobi, \$1.
 " Herman Rosenberg, \$2.
 " A. Stern, \$2.
 " I. Michaels, \$2.
 " G. Wile, \$1.
 " L. Block, Charlotte Russe.
 " Cauffman, \$3.
 " E. Strauss, \$3.
 " Isaac Wile, \$2.
 " Sol. Adler, white grapes, bananas.
 " L. Griesheimer, \$1.
 " Asher Beir, \$1.
 " Straussman, \$1.
 " J. W. Rosenthal, \$1.
 " A. Britonstool, \$1.
 " Jacob Ettenheimer, \$2.
 " Kerstein, \$2.
 " B. Rothschild, \$2.
 " S. Rice, Charlotte Russe.
 " Henry Garson, pickles.
 " S. Guggenheimer, \$1.
 " J. Shatz, \$1.
 " A. Hays, \$1.
 " Max Mock, \$1.
 " I. M. Hays, turkey.
 " D. M. Garson, \$3.
 " T. Myers, turkey.
 " Jack Myers, fruit.
 " M. M. Myers, fruit.
 " L. Blum, \$1.
 " Jos. Garson, 2 tongues.
 " H. Leiter, lobster salad.
 " Wm. Miller, ducks.
 " Felix Wolff, \$2.
 " S. Hays, \$1.
 " M. Schwartz, \$1.
 " A. Oppenheimer, \$1.
 " H. Rosenberg, \$3.
 " Samuel Meyers, \$1.
 " S. Savage, \$1.
 " S. Stein, \$1.
 " S. M. Benjamin, \$1.
 " L. W. Moore, \$1.
 " B. Herman, chickens, turkeys.
 " Moses Hays, turkey.
 " L. Ettenheimer, \$1.
 " Elias Wolff, \$5.
 " M. Garson, \$2.
 " H. Goodman, Sr., 2 chickens.
 " Bronner, \$2.
 " Goodman, \$2.
 " S. Stern, \$2.
 " M. A. Stern, \$3.

Mrs. H. Michaels, chicken salad.
 " Julius Wile, \$2.
 " Pincow, \$1.
 " Sichel, cake.
 " L. Garson, \$3.
 " Thalheimer, \$1.
 " Bachman, \$3.
 " M. J. Wile, \$2.

The St. Luke's Church Table of Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, Mrs. E. W. Williams, Mrs. George D. Williams, Mrs. Wilson Soule and Mrs. C. A. Benedict.

Miss J. M. Whitney, cake, biscuit, celery.
 " F. Whittlesey, cake.
 " Alfred Ely, Charlotte Russe, cake, pickles.
 Miss Shepard, cake.
 Mrs. J. Harrison, cake.
 " W. Gibbons, cake.
 " B. R. Lawrance, cake, celery.
 " H. J. Moore, cake, turkey.
 " Ephraim Moore, crullers.
 " W. C. Rowley, cake.
 " C. B. Smith, cake, biscuit.
 Miss Frost, cake, flowers.
 Mrs. Dr. Dayfoot, cakes.
 " Roswell Hart, cake.
 Miss Hawks, cakes.
 Mrs. George D. Williams, salad dressing, cranberries.
 " Wm. Churchill, cranberries, tongue.
 " Rebasz, cranberries.
 " Q. Van Voorhis, biscuit, tongues.
 " E. E. Sill, tongues.
 Miss P. Ely, chicken pies.
 Mrs. J. Anstice, chicken pie.
 " H. F. Montgomery, chicken pie.
 " J. O. Howard, ducks.
 " R. Mathews, ducks, biscuit.
 " J. E. Wolcott, ducks.
 " A. J. Johnson, \$2.
 " J. C. Moore, ham.
 " G. W. Fisher, pork, beans, apple sauce.
 " H. Anstice, \$2.
 " D. Little, \$2.50.
 " J. King, Saratoga chips.
 " Chas. Fitch, Saratoga chips.
 " W. S. Tower, Saratoga chips.
 Miss Gregory, biscuit and Saratoga chips.
 " Anderson, biscuit.
 Mrs. H. Osgood, \$3.
 " W. S. Whittlesey, biscuit.
 " Chas. Ford, scalloped oysters.
 " J. M. Winslow, 50 cts.
 " E. W. Williams, gal. pickled oysters.
 " Wilbur Griffin, lobster salad.
 " Wilson Soule, lobster salad, grapes, apples, pears, flowers, plants.
 " Mrs. Peek, \$1.
 " C. A. Babcock, ducks, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. P. Brewster, 2 ducks, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. Hoyt, wine jelly, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. B. Hathaway, Charlotte Russe.
 " T. Raines, 2 doz. ind., Charlotte Russe.
 " D. A. Watson, \$5.
 Miss Saxton, wine jelly.
 Mr. J. M. Backus, oranges, grapes, bananas.
 Miss C. Rochester, \$1.
 Mrs. Henry Hoyt, 2 doz. orgnges.

Mrs. Milton Clarke, 2 doz. lemons.
 " Wm. H. Reid, 2 dishes chicken salad.
 " Chas. Potter, 2 dishes chicken salad.
 " Allen Canning, 2 dishes chicken salad.
 " Alex. Thompson, chicken salad.
 " W. L. Dewey, chicken salad.
 " W. C. Lewis, chicken salad.
 " C. F. Smith, chicken salad.
 Miss Bellows, \$1.50.
 Mrs. R. Lewis, chicken salad.
 " R. Coats, chicken salad.
 " S. B. Raymond, chicken salad.
 " F. Gorton, chicken salad.
 " P. Farley, turkey.
 " E. M. Moore, turkey.
 " C. Rogers, turkey.
 " J. H. Rochester, turkey.
 Miss A. Wild, \$3.
 Mrs. J. E. Jones, turkey.
 " G. H. Perkins, turkey, pickles, pears, celery.
 Mr. J. Mogridge, 2 doz. celery.
 Mrs. C. A. Benedict, chickens.
 " D. Knapp, 2 quarts cream.
 " J. Eastman, cream.
 Mr. Chas. Salmon, cheese.
 Messrs. Steele & Avery, 400 Japanese napkins.
 Powers Hotel, cut sugar.
 Mrs. M. M. Mathews, \$1.
 Miss M. H. Montgomery, butter balls.
 Mrs. Geo. Elwood, cut sugar.
 " Christy, lemon ice.
 " L. Kelly, chow-chow, jelly, olives.
 " Pitkin, 6 bottles olives.
 " Wm. Eastwood, mince pies, squash pies, pickles.
 " S. F. Jenkins, \$5.

The Universalist Church Table of Mrs. H. S. Hanford, Mrs. E. E. Chace, Mrs. E. J. Sugru, Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, Mrs. G. M. Sweet, and Mrs. Douglas Bly.

Mrs. James Sargent, turkey, cranberries, jelly.
 " J. Moses, biscuit, turkey, cocoanut cake.
 " E. B. Diamond, turkey.
 " Mrs. Frederick Cook, Turkey, Charlotte Russe.
 " F. M. McFarlin, pair ducks.
 " Thos. Bolton, pair ducks.
 " I. F. Force, chicken salad.
 " H. C. Wisner, chicken salad.
 " Giles, chicken salad.
 " S. H. Murray, Charlotte Russe.
 " Douglas Bly, chicken salad, lobster salad.
 " S. Remington, chicken pie, jelly.
 " B. McFarlin, chicken pie.
 " P. B. Smith, chicken pie.
 " G. W. Crouch, chicken pie.
 " W. F. Balkham, Charlotte Russe, angel's food.
 " E. J. Sugru, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. M. Dunning, Charlotte Russe.
 " K. Clinton, Charlotte Russe, biscuit.
 " Grover, cake.
 " F. Ritter, cake.
 " Geo. Crouch, Jr., cake.
 " J. G. Ardrey, cake.

Mrs. J. A. Hinds, oranges and grapes.
 " Gifford, pickles.
 Woodbury & Lavique, bottle of olives.
 " L. Benton, Biscuit.
 " S. M. Chapman, biscuit.
 " R. Milliman, biscuit.
 " D. Hovey, celery.
 " Geo. Sweet, pickles, wine jelly.
 " H. S. Hanford, mashed potatoes, squash, turnips.
 " Seth Green, lemon pies.
 " Asa Saxe, mince and pumpkin pies.
 " W. I. Hanford, mince and pumpkin pies.
 Mr. J. W. Graves, nuts, oranges.
 Mr. J. W. Catlin, Saratoga potatoes, celery, coffee.
 Mrs. R. W. West, 200 napkins.
 " Lewis Chase, ham.
 " H. S. Greenleaf, \$5.
 " E. C. Williams, \$1.
 Mr. Joseph A. Stull, \$3.
 Mrs. E. B. Chase, \$5.
 Salter Bros., flowers.
 F. Lavigne, flowers.
 Mrs. H. Clinton, six cans fruit.

The Methodist Church Table of Mrs. C. W. Gray, Mrs. C. R. Bennett, Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, Mrs. E. T. Green, Mrs. Dr. Thurber, Mrs. James Gray, Mrs. Fred Beach and Mrs. John Wright.

Mrs. James Vick, Sr., ham, pickles.
 " James C. Gray, chicken pie.
 " I. Gibbard, chicken pie.
 " A. B. Lamberton, turkey, pickles.
 " E. Ocumpaugh, turkey.
 Capt. Levi Fulton, turkey.
 Mrs. Prizer, Charlotte Russe.
 " R. W. Chambers, Charlotte Russe.
 " F. H. Beach, Charlotte Russe.
 " D. W. Dunham, Charlotte Russe.
 " C. W. Gray, Charlotte Russe, lemon jelly, 4 pies.
 " S. A. Lattimore, Charlotte Russe, lemon jelly.
 " S. French, tongue, cake.
 " S. H. Lowe, tongue, cake.
 " M. Scofield, tongue, cake.
 " F. A. Taylor, biscuit, cranberry sauce.
 " D. W. Wright, biscuit, cake.
 Mr. N. Osborn, turkey.
 Mrs. D. Davenport, fruit, flowers.
 Mrs. W. G. Bell, money.
 Mr. Harned, brown bread, chicken salad.
 Mr. John Hall, flowers.
 Mr. Burgher, turkey.
 Miss Hallie Davis, chicken pie.
 M. H. Dutcher, celery.
 Mrs. D. W. Brooks, chicken pie.
 " Dr. Cregg, fruit.
 " M. J. Barton, chicken salad, cranberries, pickles.
 " Dagg, turkey.
 " Todd, fruit.
 " Phelps, cream.
 Miss Coffie, mashed potatoes.
 " Woods, fruit.

Mrs. Saunders, celery.
 " Wisner, pie.
 " Bascom, cake.
 " Tully, biscuit.
 " Truman, jelly.
 " N. L. Button, turkey, flowers.
 " Skelly, chicken pie.
 " Austin, Charlotte Russe.
 " Smith, cake.
 " Loomis, pie.
 " A. W. Hayes, Charlotte Russe.
 " Thurber, brown bread.
 " Bennett, cake, cranberries, baked potatoes.
 Mr. Cotchefer, roast beef.
 Mr. Harned, 5 doz. biscuit.
 Mr. T. McMillan, cranberries.
 Mr. Cramer, 100 napkins.
 Forchler Bros., honey.
 Mr. James Baker, turkey.
 Mrs. Henry, cake.
 Mr. Peacock, celery.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Brown, Charlotte Russe.
 " Mrs. Philander Davis, mashed potatoes.
 " A. King, honey.
 " Charles Salmon, Turkey.
 " James Vick, Jr., turkey.
 " John Wright, chicken pie.
 " Dr. A. Mandeville, roast chicken.
 William Corris, 2 chickens.
 Mrs. Hiram Davis, chicken salad.
 " Z. P. Taylor, chicken salad.
 " Jas. Laney, Charlotte Russe.
 " Richard Freeman, Charlotte Russe.
 " Goodwin, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Whitehead, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. H. B. Harrison, Charlotte Russe.
 " Geo. Crissey, ham.
 " Wm. Morrison, pies, celery.
 " John Morrison, Saratoga potatoes.
 " A. Y. Hagen, pies.
 " Henry S. Brown, pies.
 " W. R. Peters, cake.
 " James Chase, cake.
 " M. R. Corlette, cake.
 " N. P. Osborn, cake.
 " J. W. Mudgett, cake.
 " James Vick, cut flowers.

The Brick Church table of Mrs. S. G. Arnold, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. T. A. Newton, Mrs. John Sage, Mrs. Calvin Laney, Mrs. John Humburch, Mrs. F. Fenn, Mrs. E. Webster, Mrs. C. Lowe, Mrs. E. Wellington and Mrs. P. B. Bradley.

Mrs. S. J. Arnold, chicken salad.
 " Alfred Wright, 3 ducks, 2 squash pies, 2 quarts cream, cranberry jelly.
 " A. Prentice, Charlotte Russe.
 " S. Steele, 4 mince pies, tongue.
 " L. A. Pratt, 2 cocoanut pies.
 " Charles Angle, scalloped oysters.
 " C. F. Weaver, turkey.
 " E. Chapin, 2 loaves brown bread, Saratoga potatoes.
 " T. A. Newton, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe, pickles.

Mrs. H. H. Babcock, turkey.
 " Clarke Johnston, 2 lemon pies.
 Raymond & Rogers, turkey.
 Mrs. D. Thurston, brown bread.
 " B. L. Hovey, mashed potatoes, squash.
 " J. Disbrow, chicken pie.
 " St. John, chicken salad.
 " T. Johnson, cake.
 " H. Mackie, 2 ducks.
 " A. Clark, cider jelly, cranberry sauce.
 " Clarence Arnold, cranberry jelly.
 " J. Skilman, 100 biscuits.
 Mr. T. Aldrich, oysters, oranges.
 Mrs. A. V. Smith, scalloped oysters.
 Mr. B. Herman, turkey.
 Mrs. F. Embry, chicken pie.
 " C. Laney, olives.
 " Wm. Carson, oysters.
 " L. Chapin, 2 pumpkin pies.
 Miss Mary Shaw, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. L. Wetmore, celery.
 " D. T. Hunt, lemon pie.
 " M. L. Kentner, cocoanut cake.
 " Killie, milk and cream.
 " J. W. Hatch, Charlotte Russe.
 " John Sage, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. Whitcomb, 2 ducks.
 " J. Humburch, spiced currants.
 " E. Wellington, olives.
 " C. Bromley, ham.
 " F. S. Eddy, cake, jelly.
 " W. W. Perry, Charlotte Russe.
 " E. Webster, chicken salad.
 " H. Mathews, pickles.
 " J. Davis, tongue.
 " G. Storms, 2 ducks.
 " H. Lampert, nut cake.
 " E. M. Upton, turkey.
 " R. Ashley, nut cake.
 " Mrs. J. Marsh, \$2.
 " E. Lyon, \$2.
 " H. Strong, \$2.
 " G. Motley, \$2.
 " J. O. Hall, \$1.
 " Mrs. G. D. Warren, \$1.
 " E. P. Reed, \$1.
 " Graves, 50 cts.

The St. Paul's Church Table of Mrs. E. E. Chase, Mrs. A. G. Yates, Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth, Mrs. G. Weldon, Mrs. W. H. Pratt, Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, Mrs. T. G. Moulson, Mrs. H. E. Green, Mrs. J. Woodbury, Mrs. Jonas Jones and Mrs. J. Allen.

White Bros. center piece.
 Ernest Hart, bills of fare.
 Salter Bros. cut flowers.
 A. G. Gilman, fruit.
 Mrs. H. H. Warner, turkey, Charlotte Russe, pies.
 " James Laney, turkey.
 " James Comerford, turkey.
 " W. L. Halsey, turkey, chicken salad.
 " G. Weldon, turkey, wine jelly, grapes.
 " T. G. Moulson, turkey, ducks, butter.
 " W. H. Platt, turkey, pork and beans.
 " T. Evershed, turkey, pickles.

Victoria Raymond, \$5.
 Miss Anna Gaffney, candy.
 Miss Florence Osgood, 2 boxes of caromels.
 Fritzy Ward, toys for the trees, 6 dozen candles.
 Mrs. L. A. Ward, 3 foot cushions, 1 table spread.
 Miss Selden, basket, 6 pounds toasted almonds.
 Miss Emily Smith, sachet bag, 2 blotters, 1 doll.
 Mrs. S. Wilder, handkerchief case.
 Jennie and Helen Osgood, dressed doll.
 Steele & Avery, 20 books.
 Miss Clarice Jeffrey, 2 padlock keyholders, 1 painted thermometer, 2 painted frames.
 Mrs. Arnold, candy.
 J. George Cramer, boxes for candy.
 Mr. George Clarke, \$5.
 Willie Webb, \$5.
 Edith Peck, 2 painted blotters, 1 painted photograph case.
 Mrs. Edward Peck, 2 sachets, dish of chocolates.
 Miss Fannie Corbett and Miss Fichtner, 6 cotton-batting dolls, 2 colored boy dolls.
 Freeman Clarke Allen, \$5.
 Miss Florence and Minnie Montgomery, fan, wall pocket.
 Miss Kross, New York, apron.
 T. W. Whittlesey, figs.
 Mr. C. H. Higgins, basket of very nice oranges.
 Maggie Ashley, pin cushions and animals.
 Miss Lois Whitney and Mrs. W. J. Ashley, scrap basket, blotters, wall pockets, etc.
 Mrs. Dumble, sachet bag, pin cushion.
 Miss Hattie Fairchild, engagement books.
 Mrs. W. J. Ashley, shaving cases, etc.
 Mrs. L. F. Ward, plush paper bag.
 Laurence Angel, toys, etc.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel, fancy articles, candy, etc.
 Frost Brothers, fir tree
 Nanny Brinkerhoof, cologne, 3 twine cases, duster.
 Mr. Lee, 3 pairs doll's shoes.
 M. Louisa Backus, 3 sachet bags.
 Miss Julia Backus, 4 court-plaster cases, 2 sachet bags, paper dolls.
 Florence McAlpine, paper dolls.
 Grace Haywood, paper dolls.
 Bessie Kingman, 1 dozen dinner cards, painted paper cutter, sachet bag.
 Madge Backus, dusters, 3 doll's comforters.
 Mrs. Baker, painted plate and fan.
 " Elder, Detroit, shaving case.
 Maria Elder, Detroit, fans, lamp shade.
 Mrs. Dupuy, Detroit, sachet bag.
 " Wooley, Detroit, sachet bag.
 Miss Fannie Wilder, fan and china basket.
 Mabel Waters, 8 silk hoods for dolls.
 A Friend, silk rattle.
 Mrs. E. D. Smith, 1 dozen mops.
 " Maltby Strong, 6 baskets.
 Miss Alling, 2 spool wagons.
 Miss Annice, 2 paintings.
 Bessie Raines, 2 jewel cases, 2 shell necklaces.
 Mrs. Reuben Hills, glass vase, 2 painted eggs.
 " Folsom, 2 key-holders, painted dust-pan, 2 eye-glass cases.
 A Friend, 6 dusters and bags, 4 sachet bags.
 Mrs. Frost, knitted wash cloth.

C. B. Woodworth & Co., 4 dozen perfumes.
 From Mrs. Wetmore's class of little girls at Brick Church, \$3.50.
 Mr. Eastwood, 6 pairs dolls' shoes.
 Mrs. Whitney Williams, 2 sachets, 2 button bags, doll's skirt.
 " Russell, sachet bag.
 " Sidney Avery, doll's bedstead, dressing table.
 In memory of Lillian Isabel Morse and Kate Louisa Howland through Mrs. George R. Morse, Mrs. Henry S. Howland and Mrs. G. W. Rennelson, \$15.

Dolls' Fair of Mrs. A. S. Hamilton and Mrs. C. H. Babcock.

Steele and Avery, 1,000 envelopes.
 Democrat and Chronicle, 1,000 invitations, and printing the same.
 Dolls' beds were dressed by: Miss Alice Hunter, 2; Mrs. Furness, Mrs. E. C. Warren, Mrs. W. H. Mathews, Mrs. J. W. Canfield, Miss Alice Sage, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Dr. Wood and Miss Clara Wales.
 Dolls' cradles dressed by: Miss Lottie Dewey, Mrs. J. H. Emery.
 Dolls' baby baskets: Mrs. Irving Morse, Mrs. Thomas Hawks, Mrs. Jennie Christy.
 Miss Clara Landsberg, 1 bow and arrow.
 Mrs. C. F. Paine, 500 cornucopias of popcorn and candy.
 Miss Cauley, 10 dolls' hats.
 Mrs. M. A. Phelan, 8 dolls' hats, 1 fan.
 Miss Fairchild, painting, 8 brush brooms.
 Mrs. M. D. Fenner, painting 2 rag dolls.
 Mr. K. Y. Alling, painting 1 rag doll.
 Miss Ada Kent, painting 1 rag doll.
 Mr. C. C. Burns, painting 2 rag dolls.
 Dolls dressed by Miss Ella Sage and friends, 14; Mrs. H. H. Howard, 13; Miss Richmond, Mrs. Van Husen, Miss Rowena Sill, 2; Miss Grace Hathaway, Miss Florence Peake, Miss M. Louise Stowell, 2; Mrs. C. P. Ford, Misses Joiner, 2; Miss St. Jermain, Miss Wray, 2; Miss Martha Joiner, Miss Eleanor Watson, Mrs. W. A. Hubbard, Jr., Miss Bella Tart, Miss Alice Duncan, Miss Grace Solomon, Miss Waite, Miss Alice Churchill, Miss Edith Peck, Mrs. G. W. Sill, Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Eddy, Miss Webster, Mrs. Hough, 3; Mrs. Dally, Mrs. E. Walbridge, Young ladies of Miss Bliss's school, Mrs. B. P. Ward, Mrs. Tolman, Miss P. S. Ely, Miss Hattie E. Smith, 2; Miss Frank Keener, Miss Eva Stevenson, Mrs. A. Luetchford, Miss Annie L. McEvans, 2; Miss Mary D. Hart, Miss Lillie E. Walker, Miss Elizabeth F. Reid, Miss Jennie Reid, Mrs. S. McDowell; Mrs. S. Briggs, 2; Mrs. E. Pratt, the Misses Pratt, 4; Mrs. Culver, Mrs. Thomas Hawks, Mrs. McKindley, Mrs. Liddle, Mrs. A. Clarke, Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. Henry Mathews, Mrs. Whitney Williams, Mrs. George Williams, Miss Mamie Strong, Miss Alice Ives, Miss Ella Gould, Mrs. J. W. Whitney, Miss Bella Brewster, 6; Mrs. Tower, Miss Bellows, 5; Mrs. C. Babcock, Mrs. Amon Bronson, Mrs. G. W. Sill, and Miss A. Bronson, 23; Miss Mamie Stone, Miss Hollister, Miss Lemon, Mrs. George Morse.

The Flower and Candy Table of Mrs. Erickson Perkins, Miss Wilder, Miss Watson, Miss Platt, Miss Brewster, Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Miss Macy, Miss Ruth Hart and Miss B. Watson.

Miss J. Anstice and Miss Wales, chrysanthemums.

Mr. William S. Kimball, large quantity of fine roses, choice orchid.

Flowers from Miss Whitney, Miss Julia Whitney, Mrs. A. Erickson, Mrs. W. L. Halsey, Mrs. William Corning, Mrs. E. Perkins, Miss Wilder, White Brothers, Neudahl & Holmede, F. Schlegel, Mr. C. P. Barry, Mr. John Neugent, Frost Brothers, Mr. King and Salter Brothers.

Candy from Mr. J. Alexander Hayden.

Library for the Children's Pavilion.

Our thoughtful friend, Mrs. John Durand, has contributed a valuable collection of beautifully illustrated children's books as a nucleus of a children's library. She also has sent some very nice games, which are to be kept till the Pavilion is opened. The following is a list of the books :

- "Marigold Garden," pictures and rhymes, by Kate Greenaway.
- "St. Nicholas," bound, vol. V.
- "Pepper and Salt," by Howard Pyle.
- "Four Feet, Two Feet and No Feet," by Laura E. Richards.
- "Cat Stories," by H. H.
- "Little People of the Air," by the authors of "Little Playfellows."
- "Babylonia, 1885."
- "Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones," by Mary J. Morrison.
- "The Viking Bodleys," by Horace E. Scudder.
- "Little People's Art Book," by Francis "Boz." and Bodfish.
- "The Lives of the Presidents of the United States," in words of one syllable, illustrated, by Helen W. Pierson.
- "Swiss Family Robinson."
- "Little Folks of Other Lands," by Fannie P. Chaplin and Mrs. F. A. Humphrey.
- "My Wife's Relations," by H. A. H.
- "Nurse Bundle."
- "Polly and I."
- "Mr. Stubb's Brother."
- "Out of Town," by F. E. Weatherly, illustrated in color by Linnie Watt.
- "A, B, C" drawn in colors, by T. Pym.
- "Child's Bible Story Book."
- "Cheerful Sundays."
- "Sunday Evening Hour."

In addition to the above books are the three following, printed on linen :

- "Noah's Ark."
- "Every Baby's A B C."
- "Little Bo Peep."

Accompanying the books were a box of paints, a checker board, the game of rainbow backgammon, a case of English jackstraws, and a box of sectional building blocks.

Games were also sent by Louise and Flora Robinson.

Receipts for the Review.

DECEMBER, 1885.

Bascom & Morgan, adv., \$5; Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Laney, 62 cents; D. Leary, 62 cents; D. Leary, adv., \$10, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....\$16 86
 Mrs. A. D. Blair (2 subs.), \$1.24; Mrs. R. D. Charles, Cuba, 50 cents; Mrs. W. S. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Mandeville, Olean, \$1; Miss H. J. Paul, St. Louis, Mo., 50 cents; Mrs. J. W. Searing, Saugerties, 50 cents; Mrs. D. A. Watson, 63 cents; Mrs. F. D. Ward, Geneseo, \$1; sale of papers, 20 cents —by Treasurer.....\$6 81
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. R. B. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Ayeault, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Austice, 63 cents; Mrs. G. W. Archer, 62 cents; Miss Julia Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. J. J. Bausch, 62 cents; Mrs. Horace Brewster, 62 cents; Miss R. M. Booth, for Miss Graves, Vergennes, Vt., 50 cents; Miss H. H. Backus, 62 cents; Mr. H. F. Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. William H. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. S. M. Ben?amin, 63 cents; Miss Julia Barton, 62 cents; Mr. James Brackett, 62 cents; Mrs. G. L. Beardslee, St. Paul, Minn., 50 cents; J. H. Boucher, \$1; Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Beebe for Mrs. J. Buell, Holley, 50 cents; Mrs. Oscar Craig, 62 cents; Mrs. B. E. Chase, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Chester, 62 cents; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. William Churchill, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Cole, 65 cents; Mrs. J. Cauffman, 62 cents; Mr. J. Craighead, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Caulfield, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Dupuy, Tioga, Ont., 50 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Daly, 62 cents; E. Darrow, 62 cents; Mrs. Alfred Ely, 75 cents; Mrs. Colonel Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Eastwood, 62 cents; Mrs. R. French, \$1; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cents; Mrs. G. A. Furness, 62 cents; Miss E. C. Field, Albion, 50 cents; Miss S. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Gorton, 75 cents; Mrs. E. Griffen, \$1 25; Mrs. E. Glen, 65 cents; Mrs. J. H. Grant, \$1.24; Mrs. N. H. Galusha, \$1 25; Mrs. D. M. Gordon, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Hough, 65 cents; Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Hay

ward, 75 cents; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Hart for Mrs. D. B. Eells, Cleveland, Ohio, 50 cents; Mrs. A. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Hoyt, Jr., 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Huntington, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Hill 62 cents; Mrs. E. E. Howell, 62 cents; Mrs. Charles Jones, Geneseo, \$1; Miss A. Jeffrey, 62 cents; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Kimball, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Knowles, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Helly, 62 cents; Miss L. King, 62 cents; Mrs. W. L. Kingman, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Landsberg, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Lee, 62 cents; Miss C. C. Levett, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Luetichford, 62 cents; Miss A. S. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, 62 cents; W. C. Morey, 75 cents; Mrs. S. A. Merriam, 62 cents. Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, 62 cents; R. Milliman, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Munn, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Meyer, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Martindale, \$1.25; Mrs. E. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. A. McVean, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Nichols, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Pratt, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cents; Mrs. R. W. Peck, 62 cents; Miss H. E. Phelps, 62 cents; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mrs. O. H. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. George Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. L. P. Ross, \$1.25; M. F. Reynolds, 62 cents; Miss C. L. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Reid, 75 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Mrs. S. C. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cents; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Thompson, 62 cents; Miss E. Thompkins, 62 cents; Mrs. Z. VanVoorhis, 62 cents; Mrs. J. V. Van Ingen, 62 cents; Mrs. W. W. Varney, 62 cents; Mrs. E. C. Warren, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Wright, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Woodworth, 62 cents; Miss C. Wales, 62 cents; Arthur C. Wales, Syracuse, 50 cents; Miss M. J. Watson, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Wilkins, 62 cents; Mrs. George Weldon, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Whitney, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Wanzer, 62 cents; Mrs. A. C. Wilder, \$1.25; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. H. D. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Wait, 62 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents; Miss Whitney, 61 cents—by Treasurer, December 10th and 11th.... \$91 00

Donations for December.

Mrs. U. C. Rogers, Albion, reading matter.
 " C. H. Chamberlin, Oakfield, quilt.
 " S. J. Arnold, quilt
 " Dr. Stoddard, baby's wrap.
 " John E. Baker, old cotton.
 Friends, old cotton.
 Mrs. E. E. Lord, reading matter.
 " C. M. Lee, reading matter.

Mr. J. Poole, 1 bbl. oat meal.
 Mrs. Franklin Brewster, checkerboard, dice, dominos.
 " J. H. Marfindale, oranges
 Miss Ellen Field, oranges for nurses.
 Mrs. Dr. Strong, box of oranges and reading matter.
 Moore & Cole, a quantity of grapes.
 Grace and Mary Louise Lawrance, Christmas tree, trimmed.
 Miss Tompkins, oranges, candy, toys, 2 books.
 Enterprise Manufacturing Co., meat cutter.
 Miss Cornelia W. Smith, books, 6 volumes.
 Louise and Flora Robinson, games.
 Mrs. John Durand, 25 choice and valuable books and 5 games for the Children's Pavilion.
 Mr. Thomas McBlain, 4 turkeys.
 Mr. Goetzman, turkey, celery.

Hospital Pictures.

The Christmas hours are fast waning. The day ushered in by St. Peter's chimes is almost past. The well-filled stockings have been emptied, and around many a festive board thanks have been returned to Him who "setteth the solitary in families." Within the Hospital wards Christian ministries have cheered the desolate, and youthful hearts and smiling faces have illustrated the words of the Master: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A part of our morning hours was spent with the invalids, and we would recall some of the scenes painted on memory's tablet.

Within the Cross ward, a wan and wasted woman, suffering from internal cancer, weeps beside her cot, and tenderly gazes at a group of five plump, healthy-looking children, gathered near her. Perhaps, as she wipes away the tears, she is thinking of next Christmas, when her little flock may be a motherless band. Four of these she brought across the water from her German home; the baby was born in Rochester, and since its birth the mother has never been well. For months she has been an inmate of the Hospital. A wreath of evergreens and bright holly berries hangs upon her white bed curtains; on the cot are two dolls, a box of handkerchiefs, a set of toy cups and saucers, and a little basket filled with fruit and candy. In a market basket

near by are a profusion of books and games. At the foot of the bed sits the oldest of the children, a manly boy of twelve and a half years, holding on his knee, in a fatherly manner, his baby sister, not two years old. Beside him are three other children, neatly and comfortably clad. Since the mother has been sick at the Hospital, the oldest boy has cooked for and cared for his brothers and sisters, while his father was at work earning means for their support. The baby sister, some months since, was accidentally burned, and for weeks the boy brought her a long distance every day in his arms, from his home to the City Hospital, that the wounds might be carefully dressed by a Hospital nurse. Visitors at the City Hospital were touched by the kind attentions of the boy to his sister, procured for him a baby carriage, visited the family at their home, provided them with warm clothing, and sent to their house as a Christmas gift a liberal supply of useful articles, toys and books. Christmas morning the boy has brought with him his brothers and sisters and a market basket filled with their Christmas gifts, to gladden the sick mother in the Hospital, and show her how kindly friends have remembered them. A recital of this story in the Hospital reception room draws from a kind-hearted friend a generous offering for the benefit of the family.

Within the Female Surgical Ward are two sisters clad in fresh mourning, who, in memory of their mother, recently deceased, have brought Christmas wreaths and hung one on each cot in the ward. They are waiting the arrival of cake and ice cream, that with their own hands they may distribute their Christmas offering to each inmate of the Ward. The door bell rings, and a youthful Sabbath School teacher with fourteen of her pupils enters the ward, bringing materials for fancy work, books, toys and useful articles, Christmas gifts for the sick children in the Hospital. They gather around little Sarah, the colored baby from the Orphan Asylum, who, in her

plaster of Paris jacket, is propped up in her reclining chair, with her Topsy and other dolls and playthings about her, and the class from the Mission School sing a Christmas carol and distribute their gifts, and then remember the sick children in the other wards. As we leave the ward one of the inmates says to us: "We are a joyful, happy party here to-day, we must not think of sorrows."

It is noon in the Male Surgical Ward. A tempting Christmas dinner has been provided for all the patients. In one corner of the room a wife who has come from Fairport to spend Christmas with her husband, who has a broken leg, sits on a cot beside him eating her dinner, and cheering her husband by her presence. A low table has been spread in the ward for Max Kraus, Tommy Heeney and Freddy Lyons. Soup, chicken, mashed potatoes and cranberries, with mince pie for dessert, have been placed before them, and they evidently appreciate it. As we take notes, one of them looks up archly and says: "*Are you going to put the cranberries in?*" "Of course," we reply, "we would not leave out the cranberries."

Turkeys, Christmas cards, games, books, and a profusion of grapes and oranges were sent as Christmas offerings to the invalids, and were fully appreciated by the recipients, who on festive days love to be remembered.

Christmas Evening, 1885.

The Rochester Club have donated to the City Hospital a wagon-load of magazines and papers, consisting of Harper's Monthly, London Graphics, Puck, Life, The Century, Atlantic Monthly, Galaxy, Spirit of the Times, Harper's Illustrated Weekly, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine, Punch, Daily Graphic, &c. These are in the custody of Misses Julia Robinson and Alice Peck, and every Saturday they carry selections from these and distribute them in the Hospital Wards among the patients, who greatly enjoy them.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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JAMES BRACKETT, 1st Vice-President
SYLVANUS J. MACY, 2d Vice-President
CHAS. F. POND, Secretary.

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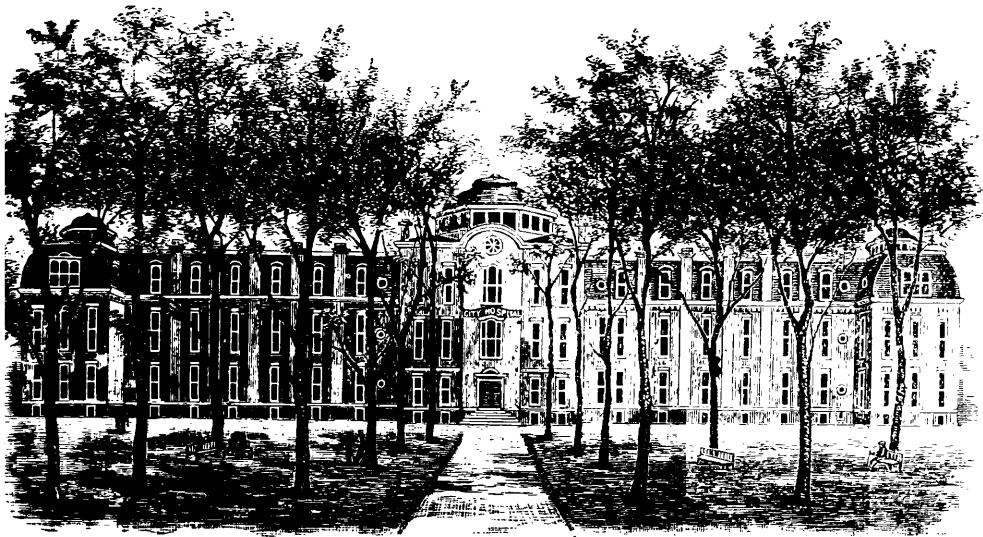
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 9, 1886.

No. 7

Faded.

[The following exquisite lines given to a husband by his wife accompanied by her photograph, have never been published.]

A picture of a faded face,
Dear Love, I give to you—
Not half so fair as in its youth—
When first it met your view :
And yet, my Darling, as you gaze
Methinks you'll gladly trace
The lines of many loving thoughts
In Nellie's care-worn face !

The glossy braids you once admired
Are sadly altered now—
For time has wreathed a snowy crown
And placed it on my brow—
And yet, Dear Sharer of my Life,
You'll feel 'tis sweetly true :
Though raven locks have turned to white,
I've grown gray—loving you !

My eyes have lost the sparkling light
With which they brightly shone—
When 'neath the moons of long ago
We two, walked out alone—
And yet through all the changing scenes
Of old times and of new,
In joy or grief, they've always beamed
With tenderness for you !

My heart ! You will not find it there—
There is no magic art
By which an image can be formed
Of woman's loving heart—
But Oh ! my husband, if you place
Your hand upon your own,
You'll feel it softly throbbing there.
It could not beat alone !

NELLIE.

The feet that took their first step
upon a mother's knee, can never stray
beyond the influence of her daily
prayer.

Fancied Ailments.

A well-known physician several years ago was spending his summer vacation at the country seat of a leader in public affairs, a man noted for his moral courage and powerful intellect. He was shocked on the evening of his arrival to see his host turn pale, stagger to the sofa, and gasp loudly for breath. The wife of the fainting man, a worn, wan little woman, quietly brought a glass of water, and stood by him until he recovered.

He rose presently. "It is my heart, doctor. Agonizing pains! I am confident that it is *angina pectoris*. My end will be a sudden one."

"Does your physician?"—began his guest, shocked and sympathetic.

"N-no. But I know. The pain is simply intolerable."

Professional etiquette kept the visitor silent, though he shrewdly suspected the pain was referable to flatulency. His host speedily recovered his spirits, and the evening passed pleasantly.

The next morning, however, the great statesman appeared at the breakfast-table in a gloomy, irritable mood. The doors and windows were all shut, the temperature of the house was kept at fever-heat, and servants were scolded because, "knowing the condition of his lungs, they permitted draughts to enter."

"I am convinced that I have all the premonitory symptoms of pneumonia," he insisted. His wife appeared, pale and heavy-eyed, having been up all night in attendance upon him. As he really had only a slight cold, he forgot it before noon.

Almost every day brought some new symptoms of pneumonia, heart trouble or Bright's disease, which were his favorite ailments. When his guest left him, he bade him a solemn farewell, saying, "I shall make a sudden end, doctor. You'll see my death in the paper some morning, and I suppose you'll say, 'Poor Blank! I wonder he held out so long!'"

"The man," said the doctor, in telling

the story lately, "is living yet, and promises to reach a hale, hearty old age. But his wife is dead. She was not strong, and neither body nor mind could stand the wear and tear of his incessant complaints."

This is not so extreme a case as may at first appear. It is so common a one that an eminent physician, who makes a specialty of nervous complaints, wrote a book descriptive of the patient with imaginary ailments, and his "victims," or nurses and family.

Unoccupied women and men whose large interests in the world make them especially dread death, are most apt to exaggerate slight symptoms into dangerous diseases. One of the bravest of American soldiers would make his family wretched if he tore his finger with a pin or suffered from tooth-ache.

"Human courage," said General Lee, "should rise to the height of human calamity." It should also, if it be genuine, sink to the level of sea-sickness or a bee-sting.

God's Anvil.

In the December Review was a request to publish the poem "God's Anvil," and to give the name of the author. It was written by Julius Sturm, a German poet. I saw it first in the second series of the "Hymns of the Ages," published by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, in 1861. My impression is that he was a son of Johann Sturm, a German Philologist, who was born at Schleiden in 1507, and died at Strasbourg in 1589. His works were very numerous. His system of education exerted great influence throughout Germany. He was a Lutheran, but liberal to all who suffered for religious opinions. Miss Catharine Winkworth translated many of these German hymns—which breathe so much of genuine love and trust in God, when crushed with the deepest sorrow and affliction, as to enable one to say, in sweet submission:

As God will!"

And at his heaviest blows hold still."

M.

Snow Birds.

Youths' Companion.

How changed the fields since when the summer skies

Bent over them—a shield of tenderest blue ;
When from the grass, with' bright, wide-open eyes,

Sweet violets looked through tears of sparkling dew !

Then golden buttercup and silvery head
Of dandelion nodded on the leas,
As down and petal felt the soft, light tread
Of feet unsandalled, of the summer breeze.

Then on the morning silence rich did pour
And plash and dimple showers of liquid sound ;

A bobolink's mad fancy bubbled o'er.
As if a shattered rainbow fell around.

Through orchard trees a flash of orange flame
Showed where the oriole hastened to his mate ;

The ruby-throated humming-bird grew tame,
And came to rest him on the garden gate.

But now the fields are blanketed with snow ;
Smooth, white and soft as fleece of wool it lies,

Or drifts before the biting winds that blow
From cold, gray cloud-tents of the northern skies.

From wood and orchard, leaf and bloom are gone ;

To garden shrubs few seeds and berries cling ;

The nests are empty—all their tenants flown
Until the coming of another spring.

Through blinding snows, that fill the wintry air,

A merry flock of piping birds appear ;
From colder regions of the north they fare,
To bring a hearty greeting of "good cheer."

Who will not bless the rank, uncomely weeds
That fill the untilled corners of the fence,
To furnish forth a banquet of dry seeds,—
For such a greeting but scant recompense ?

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

The Opening of the Margaret Williamson Memorial Hospital.

When we look around us, we who are living in China can see thousands who are daily suffering untold miseries through diseases that might be cured or alleviated by the Western doctor or surgeon. This is not because the native population have not the opportunity of availing themselves of the science of the different medical gentlemen who

reside in the East, for in nearly every treaty port there are free hospitals, but, as a rule, the natives prefer to consult the ignorant Buddhist or Taoist priests, or the native doctor, who, as a rule, is still more ignorant.

The first dispensary that we know of was opened in Macao in 1820 by Dr. Morrison. Dr. Lockhart opened a hospital in connection with the London Missionary Society at Chusan in 1840, and another in Shanghai, which has been doing good work ever since. These were among the first, but scores have been opened in all parts of China since then. It was Dr. Lockhart's opinion that "the most important of all agencies for obtaining an entrance into China seems to be the medical missionary."

In the "Memorials of James Henderson, M. D.," the medical missionary to China, we find :

"Although China has reached what some are pleased to call the highest degree of cultivation of which a nation is capable without the Gospel, it presents, I believe, more physical suffering for want of medical knowledge, than any other nation on the face of the earth."

The prejudices of the country have deterred the women of China from taking advantage of foreign hospitals, for in China, even brothers and sisters do not freely associate after the boys commence their studies ; there is then no wonder the women of China are not allowed, although suffering from dire diseases, to take the advantages offered them by a foreign doctor. But this has now been overcome, and *the first hospital exclusively for relieving the sufferings of Chinese women was opened yesterday afternoon.*—*Shanghai Mercury*, June, 1885.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a Lynn teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat.

Frowns blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants.

Do to-day thy nearest duty.

The Wolf Spider.

Suddenly appears on the wall a dark gray fly or perhaps a beetle. It moves with wonderful quickness, but always by fits and starts, sometimes one way and then another. All at once it darts a few inches from the wall and then flies back again to the same spot. This action is several times repeated, and is so quick that the creature's wings cannot be seen. I approach the wall more closely and find that the creature is neither fly nor beetle, nor even an insect. It is a hunting spider, and of course has no wings. How then did it fly from the wall and back again? I have long been familiar with these pretty and active spiders. I have often seen them slide cautiously towards a fly, leap upon it, and have a sharp tussle with it before it succumbed to the venomous fangs. Window sills, especially when facing southward, are happy hunting grounds for this spider. I have often seen spider and fly tumble together off the window sill, and presently the spider return still clasping its prey. It had saved itself from falling to the ground by spinning a thread as it rolled off the sill, and was able to regain its position by climbing up the thread. But until lately I had never seen it leap from a perpendicular wall, and to all appearances fly back again. The thread affords the means whereby this remarkable feat is performed. It is extremely elastic, and when the spider has reached the end of its leap the thread contracts and jerks it back again, just as a child throws a ball away from him and draws it back to his hand by an india-rubber thread which is attached to it. How I had failed to notice this action for so many years I cannot imagine. Even the common wolf spider will act in the same way. I caught a glimpse of the creature crouching in the wall under the shadow of a vine leaf, so that I could not identify it. Suddenly it darted from the wall and alighted on the ground at some little distance, the elastic thread causing it to describe a slow and graceful curve, just

as if it had wings. As it darted from the wall I put the net over it, and, much to my surprise, found that it was no insect, but a wolf spider. — *Longman's Magazine.*

The Smallest Dog in the World.

BY C. J. RUSSELL.

"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Maclaine of England, and in honor of his extreme tininess, is now carefully preserved under a glass case.

Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting-place for him.

Of course Tiny was of no account against a rat. Indeed, a hearty, self-respecting Mouse would have stood its ground against the little fellow. But if Tiny had not strength, he did have courage, and would bark as lustily as his little lungs would let him at the biggest rat that ever lived—when the rat was dead.

To tell the whole truth, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to eat, but he had no appetite. He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course, he caught cold easily, and then, oh, dear! how pitifully he did sneeze!

A lesson in Physics: Teacher—What is velocity? Pupil—Velocity is what a man puts down a hot plate with.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts, that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

"Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 9, 1886.

The Children's Pavilion.

We are going to have a grand jubilee, dear children, and we invite you all to our housewarming. You know the new Pavilion is at last finished, but we are not going to tell you a word about it, for we expect you all to come and see it for yourselves. You must bring ten cents as an admission fee, and we hope to show you where the dear little sick children are to be cared for. A great many of you have given bricks for this building, or contributed to the cot fund, and we want you all to feel you have a share in the Children's Pavilion. So, come one and all, on

THURSDAY, THE ELEVENTH OF FEBRUARY,

You must bring with you your young friends, your brothers and sisters, and your mothers and fathers. Everybody that feels a sympathy for sick children will be welcome.

The Pavilion is to be beautifully trimmed and well lighted. In the lower ward there are to be ten tables, representing ten cots, and it is hoped enough will be made at each table to provide a cot and its furniture.

These tables are to be in charge of young people dressed in Mikado costumes, and are to be supplied with a variety of fancy and housekeeping articles; there will be a basket table, a paper table, and candy, popped corn and peanuts will be ready for the little ones. Some of the children who have worked for the Pavilion are trying to raise money to furnish a small room on the lower floor.

The Pavilion will be open from two till ten P. M. Supper will be served from five till eight o'clock. The Euterpe Club will furnish music in the evening, and the children will dance, and sing some of the Mikado songs. We should be glad to have

some of the little children who would like to dance come in fancy costumes, it would add so much to the beauty of the scene. Mrs. Robert Mathews will have a large card-board, illustrating, in an original way, the condition of the Pavilion fund.

Those who have charge of the opening of the new Children's Pavilion hope to welcome a very large number of their friends, and they feel sure there are many who will respond to this invitation.

A small admission fee of ten cents will be charged at the opening of the Pavilion.

The Hospital Patients.

Through the sharp frosty air, on the first morning of February, we wended our way to the City Hospital, and found most of the patients in their wards, as the cold blasts and slippery sidewalks offered few inducements to tempt the invalids to leave their comfortable quarters within the Hospital.

Our first visit was in the Female Surgical Ward, where fifteen patients were receiving treatment. One death had occurred during the month, and that was a very sad one. Mrs. J., the German woman, had died of internal cancer. The aged German woman, known in the ward as *grossmutter*, had fallen in the hall and broken her arm. The accident occurred two weeks before this, and the old lady was doing as well as could be expected. Tilly had had another surgical operation; this was the removal of another piece of diseased flesh. This poor girl has need of great patience to bear the repeated drawbacks that try her sorely. One patient was confined to her bed with an abscess. "Grandmother" W. was busy with her patchwork. A patient who a few weeks before had been knocked down by a horse and buggy, and had received scalp wounds, was improving. A woman suffering from an eruptive disease was slowly gaining.

There were twenty-three patients in the Female Medical Ward. Every bed was oc-

cupied. No death had occurred during the month. Four of the inmates were confined to their cots. One of them was a consumptive; two had cancers; another had diseased kidneys. One of the cancer patients had recently undergone a surgical operation and appeared to be benefited by it; another patient who, three weeks before had submitted to a surgical operation, was up and around the ward. A patient, who for a long time had kept her bed, afflicted with some disease of the stomach, was up and dressed. One patient was convalescing from nervous prostration.

Five of the twenty-two patients in the Male Medical Ward were confined to their cots, one of them had a sore throat; another, a diseased heart; a third, a German, had some abdominal trouble; a fourth, inflammation of the eye, and a fifth was the eczema patient. There were no fever patients and no death had occurred in the ward.

The Pavilions were both occupied, the one by a diphtheria patient, and the other by a man with a gangrenous foot.

There were nineteen under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Two patients only were confined to their beds; the one has a burnt leg that heals very slowly; the other has an abscess. The painter who fell from the new building, opposite the Brick Church, had so far recovered as to have gone home. The chimney-sweep had also left the hospital greatly improved. A man from Toronto had a broken jaw. He stated that when going to the depot at night, he was struck by a sand-bag and his jaw was broken. For three weeks he had taken only liquids, but he had so much improved he could eat solids. The man from Fairport with a broken leg had so far recovered that he had gone home. The man whose leg and arm were broken by the cars had so far recovered as to be able to go about on crutches.

A Touching Scene.

Last month in our "Hospital Pictures," we described a touching scene in the Cross Ward, where, on Christmas Day, a German boy had come with his brother and sister, bringing his baby sister in his arms, and Christmas gifts in a market basket, to show the sick mother what nice Christmas gifts they had received. The mother was suffering from internal cancer, and her little family of five children were cared for by the oldest of their number, a boy of thirteen years. The father, a German cabinet-maker, was absent through the day, earning money to support his children. The family frequently visited the Hospital, and their affection for one another, their kind attentions to the mother, and the manly spirit manifested by the oldest boy, who for a long while, daily brought his baby sister in his arms to the Hospital, that a burnt limb might be carefully dressed by a hospital nurse, greatly interested the matron, nurses, patients and visitors of the Hospital in the family.

Medical aid, surgical skill and hospital nursing could soften the rugged pathway to the dark valley, but could not avert the approach of the dark robed visitant. Repeated hemorrhages, early in January, indicated that the end was not far off, and on the 14th the beloved mother fell asleep in Jesus. The day before her death the German clergyman had administered to her the Holy Communion. After this, the baby was brought to her mother, and as she held it in her arms, the mother and child both fell asleep. A recent hemorrhage gave a peculiar pallor to the mother, she looked like marble, and in strange contrast was the plump, rosy-cheeked baby sleeping in her arms.

On Sunday the husband spent the day with his wife, and at five o'clock Monday morning left her to join his little family. Not many hours had passed before it was evident the mother was sinking, and a mes-

senger was despatched to summon the loved-ones. Two of the children were called from school and returned with the messenger to the Hospital. They were soon followed by two other children and the father bringing the baby in his arms. They were too late. The gentle spirit had left its frail tenement, and a more heartrending scene than the group around the dead mother we hope never again to witness.

Miss Hebbard and the nurse, as tenderly and gently as if she had been their own sister, prepared the pale sleeper for her burial. The German clergyman from Allen street conducted the funeral rites in the Hospital chapel, which was filled by friends and neighbors of the family, and by Hospital inmates. A kind lady, who had become deeply interested in the family, had brought bouquets of colored flowers for each child, and before the casket was closed, the children gathered about the mother, each putting a bunch of bright flowers around her head, till it seemed enshrined in a sweet halo; then the father, baby in arms, bent over for the last parting, and the children gave the last kiss. Those who were present say they never saw such grief; the wails and moans of the father and children were heartrending; and every one in the room was sobbing. The children had to be taken away, the coffin was closed, and the six mourners, the baby wrapped in its mother's shawl, in the arms of the father, followed the remains to Mt. Hope. The baby did not understand what was passing. She seemed to feel the mother was sleeping, but when, at Mt. Hope, she saw her placed in the ground, she commenced calling: Mamma! Mamma! and could not be pacified, and all night long she kept up the crying and the calling for Mamma, so that there was no sleep in the house.

The father was so prostrated by his grief that for a week he could neither work nor eat, but kind friends are interested for him,

and we trust the motherless children will be cared for.

The noble boy who had so tenderly nursed his little sister is called by her, Mamma, and most truly does he deserve the name.

A kind-hearted German widow, who has six children of her own, prepared a nice Christmas dinner and welcomed the children of the sick mother, and the day of the funeral she also provided for them.

Substantial Appreciation.

The following is an extract from a letter recently sent to one of the physicians of the Rochester City Hospital. It is a substantial expression of appreciation of the care given by the institution to those who avail themselves of its advantages.

"It is just about a year since I went to make my five weeks' visit at the hospital, and with the remembrance of that time, and the natural feeling of thankfulness that that trial belongs to the past instead of the present, comes a desire to do a little something for the institution that proved so good a friend to me in time of need. I enclose, therefore, a check for \$100, which I shall be very glad if you will pay into the treasury, or wherever it is most needed."

The following invitation has been sent to some of our young friends, who have been especially interested in the Children's Pavilion. We here repeat it, extending the invitation to all the children of the city:

A Japanese Fancy Dress Reception will be held at the opening of the Children's Pavilion, Rochester City Hospital, on Thursday, February 14th, 1886, from 3 to 10 p. m. Supper from 5 to 8. Dancing at 8½ o'clock.

You and your friends are cordially invited to be present—in Japanese costume if convenient.

"It is the first step that costs."—French proverb.

The Little Folks.

On entering the Female Surgical Ward we found little Sarah, the colored child from the Orphan Asylum, seated by the register, looking very comfortable in her rocking-chair, with her playthings about her. Every person who visits the ward becomes interested in this sweet, patient, sunny little child. She is now about three years old, has a curvature of the spine that has made it necessary for her to wear a plaster of, Paris jacket, but she is improving, and of her own accord had just walked a few steps. Under hospital treatment she seems to be acquiring the use of her limbs. She always has a smile for everybody that speaks to her. On our last visit we found she had a new playmate, in a little girl, Theodosia Banta, who has lately been brought to the Hospital. This child is six years old. Some time ago she had a very large abscess, and since then she has been gradually becoming more and more deformed. She went to the Industrial School, and took a severe cold going to and from school, and the physician who saw her at the Industrial School thought she might be benefited by hospital treatment. So she has come to the Hospital, and we hope she will improve here. The nurse says she is a pleasant child, contented, good and happy all the day long. Rosa, the German girl, with abscesses near the knee, keeps busy with her needle; her abscesses discharge less than they did. A new patient was sitting near her, her finger, on which had been a felon, was wrapped up, and her arm in a sling, and she was receiving treatment for other diseases.

Minnie Bryant, who has trouble with her heart, is so well she goes out for a walk every pleasant day.

Lawrence Fisher, the boy who came to the Hospital some time since with rheumatism in the knees, was so much improved that he could walk about quite well without a cane, but lately his eyes have troubled him,

and now his right eye is so inflamed that he wears a bandage over it, and he feels so sick that he keeps his bed. Freddy Lyons and Tommy Heeney are about as usual. Max Kraus was lying on his cot, looking very pale. He still wears his plaster of Paris jacket and head harness. Louis Maul is a new patient, he has been with us but a few weeks. He is thirteen years old, and when he came to the Hospital he was fearfully afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. It was the worst case we have ever heard of. He is now so much better that there was nothing unnatural in his movements to attract our attention as we stood by him. He said that the physicians thought his disease was caused by the dust of tobacco, which he inhaled while working in a tobacco factory.

George Tanner, the boy who had a lacerated wound, the result of an injury in Hamilton & Mathews' elevator, had gone home greatly improved.

More help from the little folks. The following notes indicate that our young friends are not forgetting us:

FRIDAY, Jan. 8, 1886.

Miss Hebbard:

I send you a small donation from the Infant Department of Park Avenue Baptist Church. It is the contents of a birthday box which we opened on our festival last week.

Truly yours,

H. H. SATTERLEE.

FORT LOWELL, }
Dec. 29th, 1885. }

Mrs. Mathews:

DEAR MADAM—Please accept these "four bricks" for the Children's Pavilion, in memory of my little brother Jackie, who was born in Rochester. It is my Christmas money.

Yours, resp't.,

[12 yr's old.] W. SWIFT MARTIN.

Do not forget the opening of the Pavilion.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Four "bricks" from W. Swift Martin, Fort Lowell, Arizona, in memory of his little brother Jackie, who was born in Rochester.....	1 00
Miss A. K. Green.....	38
Infant Department of the Park avenue Baptist Church.....	2 37
M. E. Sudday School, at Lincoln, N. Y., by Mrs. B. L. Peacock.....	2 00
Mrs. B. L. Peacock's family and friends, Lincoln, N. Y.....	1 00
"Penny collection" from Miss A. J. Anderson's class in St. Luke's Church Sunday School.....	1 25
"Earned Pennies" from the Infant Department of Plymouth Church Sunday School.....	2 87
Miss Belle M. Smith, for one brick.....	25
Libbie and Florence Messenger.....	6
An unknown friend, through Herbert Siddons Mann.....	1 00
Receipts for the month.....	12 18
Previously acknowledged...	1,666 71
Total receipts.....	\$1,678 89

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Cots and Their Furniture.

As some persons have intimated a desire to furnish cots for the New Children's Pavilion, a room will be set apart at the opening of the Pavilion, where any person desirous of obtaining the necessary articles can be supplied by ladies in charge, who will give any necessary information. A part of the furniture of a cot or the entire appointments can be procured from these ladies at the opening of the Pavilion at the following prices :

Bedstead.....	\$ 6 40
Springs.....	3 40
Mattress of felt, such as is used in the Hospital.....	8 00
Pillows of the same material, each.....	1 00
Three pairs of sheets, ready made, \$1.25 per pair.....	3 75
Three pairs of pillow-cases, at 35 cents a pair.....	1 05
Blankets, averaging a pair.....	2 75
Two quilts at \$1.00 each.....	2 00
Curtains and rings for shielding the beds.....	1 25

Total.....\$29 60

Rubber cloth will be needed, also strips of carpet or rugs, chairs and a bureau-washstand for every two beds.

The following poem, accompanied by a dollar, is a response to Herbert Siddons Mann's appeal for the Children's Pavilion Fund, published in our January REVIEW :

To Herbert S. Mann, from a friend:

Dear Herbert Mann, if all who can,
Would aid the fund for which you plead,
'Twould greatly help the children dear,
Toward the Pavilion which they need.

Your warm appeal has made me feel,
A wish to help the children's band ;
And so, four "bricks" are here enclosed,
To reach you through the Treasurer's hand.

Blest be the boy, who finds a joy,
In seeking to make others blest.
From Heaven above, divinely sent,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

A name * like yours, I trust assures,
A manhood, generous, faithful, true :
A heart to feel for others' needs ;
A help to them—a joy to you.

Such the brief message this may send
From an unknown, but loving friend.
* Mann.

Herbert S. Mann's Reply.

Thank you. I am only four years old, but I know how to thank folks. I send you my love.

HERBERT.

We wish we could show our readers the original of the reply, printed in large letters, with pencil, by the little fellow himself..

The children from two Sabbath School classes in the Central Church have sent us most useful gifts, and our library has received valuable additions.

The sheets for the Pavilion cots should be two yards and five eights of a yard long when they are hemmed, and one yard and three-fourths wide. The pillow-cases when hemmed should be one yard long and one and a quarter wide.

The Euterpe Club very kindly accepts the invitation of the managers, to sing on the occasion of the opening of the Children's Pavilion.

Artistic Decorations.

One of Rochester's fair daughters is modestly wearing her laurels, and we are sure they are worthily earned. A few days since we were favored by a sight of some china, decorated by her, that was designed as a wedding gift to one who ere long will be welcomed as a bride in her Rochester home. Deft fingers and refined taste had delicately fashioned a set of plates, freighted with pleasant memories of seaside life, where other music than that of the murmuring billow had fallen on the listening ear. These plates represent views near Nantucket's wave washed shores. There are the home cottage, the old street, the village church, the windmill, the cottage hearth with its cheerful blaze, the stranded wreck, and the sandy beach with its clam-bake fire. The set makes a beautiful wedding gift that will pleasantly recall bygone days.

Another of Rochester's daughters, whose blessed mother was long the honored Recorder of the City Hospital, is achieving success in a western city, receiving orders for artistic work, that shows how rapidly the youthful taste for brush and pencil has developed. The compensation offered indicates the quality of the work and also how well it is appreciated.

Success to all home talent.

Notice.

Our books show the names of two hundred and sixty-five subscribers, whose subscriptions are due at this date. We shall be very grateful to have the money forwarded to the Treasurer of the REVIEW, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street. One or two cent stamps can be sent when not convenient to send the money.

Copies of the HOSPITAL REVIEW may be had of Mrs. Robert Mathews 96 Spring Street.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No.	Amt.	No.	Amt.
875, N. Y. city...	\$19 12	696.....	2 05
842.....	2 67	874.....	2 01
733.....	81	700.....	1 72
828.....	1 50	683.....	9 24
847.....	2 12	820.....	4 25
885.....	13 48	806.....	50
810.....	4 18	833.....	2 88
659.....	19 49	860.....	1 73
882.....	1 83	797.....	1 66
266.....	1 05	801.....	1 33
697.....	61	811.....	4 84
883.....	64	906.....	1 52
837.....	32	105.....	2 35
884.....	1 17	787.....	1 00
656.....	2 59	889.....	11
638.....	2 54	899.....	10
689.....	16	896.....	45
805.....	1 01	905.....	30
848.....	64	774.....	1 13
735.....	25	786.....	24
702.....	3 37	778.....	37
740.....	1 52	863.....	5 45
363.....	60	726.....	47
853.....	2 17	881.....	2 65
704.....	91	849.....	1 60
804.....	1 28	817.....	1 19
844.....	30	834.....	1 20
857.....	37	867.....	4 17
856.....	43	783.....	41
836.....	1 09	892.....	2 81
840.....	44	859.....	1 48
790.....	50	866.....	1 75
880.....	75	178.....	4 28
879.....	1 09	842.....	2 34
415.....	1 50	893.....	10
799.....	95	858.....	78
839.....	3 41		53
837.....	1 00	809.....	3 10
845.....	1 68	887.....	22

ADDITIONAL CASH DONATIONS.

Miss Elizabeth Elwood.....	\$100 00
B. R. McGuire.....	10 00
W. S. Lee, London, Eng.....	8 00
	\$118 00

RECAPITULATION.

Cash donations.....	\$6,595 01
Lunch tables.....	1,728 46
Fancy articles, dolls' bazaar and flower table.....	1,255 28
Esmeralda.....	407 50
Total.....	\$9,986 25
Donation expenses.....	343 52
	\$9,642 73

DONATED BILLS.

Schmidt & Kaelber.....	\$ 60
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.	

We publish this month some articles that were crowded out of last month's paper by our long lists of donations on Donation Day.

Menu.

The following menu used at the First Baptist table, appropriately decorated with hand painted designs, was prepared by Miss Kate W. Smith. Our copy of it, without the witty illustrations, does not do justice to the original :

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,

HOSPITAL DONATION, DEC. 11, 1885.

"Sit down and feed and welcome to our table."—*As You Like It*.

MENU.

"And once more I shower a hearty welcome on ye. Welcome all."—*Henry VIII*.

Raw oysters, oyster soup, celery.

"Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell? No, nor I neither."—*King Lear*.

Roast turkey, roast duck, roast pig.

"Weke! Weke! cries the pig prepared for the spit."—*Titus Andronicus*.

Sweet potatoes, Saratoga potatoes, squash, turnip.

"Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves."—*Merry Wives*.

Chicken pie, escalloped oysters

"I drink and eat, array myself and live."—*Measure for Measure*.

Chicken salad, olives.

"A dish that I do love to feed upon."—*Taming of the Shrew*.

Plum pudding, mince pie, squash pie, pumpkin pie.

"For goodness sake consider what you do, or you may hurt yourself."—*Henry VIII*.

Charlotte Russe, wine jelly, assorted cakes.

"Ah! what a life were this—how sweet! how lovely."—*Henry VI*.

Coffee, tea.

"This drink comforteth the brain and heart, and helpeth digestion."—*Bacon*.

Fruit, nuts, raisins

"Do you look for ale and cake here, you rude rascals?"—*Henry VIII*.

"Welcome ever smiles and farewell goes out sighing."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

Dishes and Articles Left at Power's Hall.

One large square tin.

Five tin pans.

Five tin pie plates.

One white dish.

One white fluted dish.

One gilt band dish.

One low glass dish.

One blue plate.

Eleven white dining plates.

One white soup dish.

One white vegetable dish.

One olive fork.

One white bowl.

One Japan tray.

One round tray.

One saucer.

One shawl pin.

One bloodstone scarf pin.

One gilt hat pin.

One pair rubbers.

Fourteen handkerchiefs.

Six napkins.

One black comb.

One white apron.

One red check towel.

A square of blue velvet with chenille embroidery.

Gloves, baskets, &c.

These articles left at the hall are at the residence of the Treasurer, 96 Spring street.

Donations.

Mrs. Gardiner, old cotton.

Mrs. M. Strong, reading matter.

Miss Ellen Field, old cotton.

A friend, dressing gown.

Mr. I. Willis, reading matter.

Miss A. K. Green, second-hand clothing and bed-quilt.

Miss E. P. Maynard and others from Brockport, second-hand clothing and reading matter.

A friend, quilt and second-hand clothing.

Lincoln Sabbath School of Walworth, N. Y., 14 bed-tidies and one quilt, cards, picture-books, playthings for children, fruit and jelly, and old cotton and money.

Late Mrs. William Burke by Miss Sallie Hall, two dozen picture cards.

Sunday School classes of W. B. Leavitt and Miss May Dunn, Central Church, 44 "Consolidated Hymns."

Mrs. J. M. Proctor, Albion, one table and chair.

Mrs. C. F. Weaver, old cotton and reading matter.

Mrs. Cornelia Ward Smith, 10 volumes of books.

Mrs. A. H. Rice, Boston, 13 volumes of books.

Miss Hopkins, second-hand clothing.

Joseph Lovecraft & Son, two loads kindling wood.

Dr. Ely, meat press.

Miss Anderson, reading matter.

Miss Frost, reading matter and old cotton.

Mrs. S. H. Terry, reading matter.

Receipts for the Review.

January, 1886.

Mrs. C. Smith, Andover, Mass., by Mrs. S. H. Terry.....	\$ 1 00
Mrs. C. C. Beaman, Coldwater, 50 cents; Mrs. R. L. Field, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Hotto, 50 cents; Miss K. Patten, 63 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Mrs. Clark Woodworth, 62 cents, by Miss Pixley.....	4 11
Mrs. Hosford, \$1.00; Mrs. A. D. Keeney, \$1.00; Mrs. Moffet, 50 cents; Mrs. W. C. Patterson, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Page, \$1.00; Mrs. E. M. Read, \$1.00; Mrs. R. T. Tuttle, \$1.00, all of Perry, N. Y., by Miss Mamie L. Read, Perry....	6 00
Mrs. H. M. Arnold, 50 cents; Mrs. C. O. Beach, 50 cents; Rev. W. A. Coale, 50 cents; Miss Mamie Cottrell, 50 cents; Mrs. B. Church, 50 cents; Mrs. L. Dickinson, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Goodwin, 50 cents; Mr. T. Hanby, 50 cents; Mrs. George Mercer, 50 cents; Mrs. Millsaugh, 50 cents; Mrs. M. E. Norton, 50 cents; Mrs. T. F. Olmstead, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Richmond, 50 cents; Arthur I. Strang, 50 cents; Mrs. W. A. Stev- ens, 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. Walker, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Willard, 50 cents, all of Geneseo, N. Y., by Mrs. L. Dickinson, Geneseo.....	8 50
Mr. J. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Aus- tin Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Brizzee, Oswayo, Penn., 50 cents; Mrs. C. L. Bartlett, Lexington, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. A. E. Crabbe, 62 cents; Miss A. K. Green, 62 cents; Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., Seneca Falls, 50 cents; Mrs. C. H. Manning, Manchester, N. H., 50 cents; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 62 cents; * Arthur G. Sill, Sodus Point, 50 cents; Mrs. F. M. Smith, Albion, 50 cents; Union and Advertiser Company, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. H. S. Ware, Niagara Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. A. G. Yates, 62 cents, by Treasurer.....	13 34

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS,
Treasurer, 96 Spring street.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 14,
1886, of senile decay, Col. C. R. Babbitt, aged
65.

At the City Hospital, January 18, 1886, of
internal cancer, Henrietta Jischke, aged 33.

A Dinner and a Kiss.

Pittsburg Commercial.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle,
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this—";
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopped at the sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay;
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our humble dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

A Curiosity.

Each of the following verses contains all the
letters of the alphabet save the vowel most
used in the language, which does not once
appear in any one of them. The verses were
published some years since in an English
paper:

"A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair,
Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
To quizz his awkward air.

"Quixotic boys who look for joys,
Quixotic hazards run;
A lass annoys with trivial toys,
Opposing man for fun.

"A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might;
To quizz in vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right."

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Jan. 1st, 1886....	98
" received during month.....	44
" births during month.....	4
Number discharged during month....	42
" deaths during month.....	2
" remaining Feb. 1st, 1886,.....	98
	146

ROCHESTER, N. Y

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1886.

No. 8

Ash Wednesday.

By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley—Written on the anniversary of the deaths of his mother and wife.

O day of ashes ! twice for me
Thy mournful title hast thou earned,
For twice my life of life by thee
Has been to dust and ashes turned.

No need, dark day, that thou shouldst borrow
The trappings of a formal sorrow ;
In thee are cherished fresh and deep
Long memories that cannot sleep.

My mother—on that fatal day,
O'er seas and deserts far apart,
The guardian genius passed away
That nursed my very mind and heart.

The oracle that never failed,
The faith serene that never quailed,
The kindred soul that knew my thought
Before its speech or form was wrought.

My wife—when closed that fatal night ;
My being turned once more to stone,
I watched her spirit take its flight,
And found myself again alone.

The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light.

Now that those scenes of bliss are gone,
Now that the long years roll away,
The two Ash Wednesdays blend in one,
One and yet almost festal day :

The emblem of that union blest,
Where lofty souls together rest,
Star differing each from star in glory,
Yet telling each its own high story.

When this day bids us from within
Look out on human strifes and storms ;
The worst man's hopes, the best man's sins,
The world's base arts, faith's hollow forms—

One answer comes in accents dear,
 Yet as the piercing sunbeam clear,
 The secret of the better life
 Read by my mother and my wife.

A Mid-Winter's Voyage.

The following extracts are from a private letter received in this city, February 27th, 1886.

We left Liverpool at 9:30 A. M. Wednesday, January 20th, in the *Cephalonia*. It was very cold. There were only eight cabin passengers. Our first day's run was splendid, 336 miles; the second was nearly as good, 314. Friday evening we were all in the gentlemen's smoking room, for it was the most comfortable place on the ship. We had gathered in this room to see the purser magnetize a cane. He rubbed his hands over it a few times and then it stood up by itself; then he took his cap and let it hang on the top. After witnessing his feats I was almost afraid to be near him, lest he should bewitch me. After the exhibitions with the cane were over, the captain told us stories about frightful storms at sea, and then what a very safe ship the *Cephalonia* was. He said we were going on well and should be in Boston the next Friday. I did not sleep very well that night, and awoke about four in the morn, and did not go to sleep again. At five everything was quiet, and we were making good time, when I heard the most frightful noise I have ever heard. It sounded as if bricks and pieces of iron were being ground up in the machinery, and then it felt as if the ship were shaken by a giant. This appeared to last about five minutes, but I do not suppose it was so long, then all was still. A little while after the engines started again, but, as the same noise was repeated, they were stopped at once. I was not frightened; I had perfect confidence in the captain, and knew he would notify me if there was anything for us to do, so I did not leave my berth till it was time to dress for breakfast. Miss G., one of our passengers, was so very sea-sick most of the time, and found it so hard to dress and undress, that she had gone to bed dressed, and as soon as the noise stopped she came out of her room and said, "What has happened? Are we sinking? Is the ship filling with water?" Mr. T., our artist passenger, said in a most comforting way, "I don't think we are, but

I will go and see." All the others went on deck, but it was perfectly dark, and they could not see a thing nor find out anything. At breakfast I asked the captain what had happened, and he told me we had broken our shaft and lost our propeller. Then I asked what we were going to do, and he quietly said, "Return to Queens-town."

At about twelve, we signalled the *Egypt*, bound for New York. She came very near us; we lowered a lifeboat. It was a most exciting scene, for, though the sea was quiet, the little boat seemed as if it would be knocked to pieces before it could get away from the big ship. The men worked finely; they were under excellent discipline. It was dreadful to have the little boat go out of sight for five minutes together.

After we had said to the *Egypt* all we wished she sailed away, and as the wind was against us we could only drift and watch for a sail. We were perfectly safe; we had food that would have lasted us six months, and we were too far away from land to be in danger of being dashed against rocks, and no storm could have hurt us while drifting.

Monday, at about 4 A. M., we saw a light and sent up a rocket. The *Viola* answered and came to our relief. She is a very little steamer, and told us she could only take us about four miles an hour in such a sea. All the morning we were making fast, and at about one o'clock we started. I for one was very thankful. All that week the little *Viola* did nobly, and on Saturday we reached Queenstown, just when we were expected in Boston.

We all slept quietly at anchor, and Sunday morning while the *Aurania* was waiting for the mails, we and all our luggage were transferred to that ship, bound for New York.

We made our second start Sunday, at about two o'clock. From the moment we started the sea began to rise, and we had a really frightful time. Had I been seasick you would very naturally have thought I was prejudiced; but I was perfectly well, and as hungry as possible all the time. The ship was driven at the most frightful head seas. We did nothing but ship seas. The noise was simply deafening, and the ship was strained at every joint, so that everything was soaked. In my room everything

was drenched. At one time I thought we were going to the bottom. One very heavy sea struck the ship, and, before she could recover, a second, and we went lower; for a few seconds the sensation was dreadful. I shall always feel we would have been lost had we forced the ship, but we stopped the engines, and in this way escaped the third wave. The captain said it was the worst passage he had had since he had been on the *Aurania*, about two years. We lost a sail and broke our pumps, and stopped in mid-ocean to repair, so that we could continue our journey. We were between two and three days overdue. C. S. B.

Millais' Huguenot.

The Huguenot celebrations held a few months since, at home and abroad, have revived and deepened the interest felt in the Huguenots, and everything associated with them has now a peculiar attraction.

A London contributor to a New York paper, over the signature A. de G. S., in a recent article, gives an interesting description of a collection of paintings exhibited this winter in Grosvenor Gallery, under the direction of Sir Coutts Lindsay, where were displayed one hundred and fifty-nine completed works and sketches by Millais, illustrating "the three distinct epochs and manner that mark the genius of Millais as the boy, the young man and the veteran."

Before alluding to the works of the artist, the author gives a sketch of the man whom he speaks of as "the most renowned of living English painters, and the only English artist who has been made a Baronet on the strength and merit of his art."

When but nine years old Millais received from the Society of Arts a silver medal for his drawing from the antique, and in 1840, when but eleven years of age, he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy, "the youngest aspirant to fame that ever found entrance there."

After describing other works of Millais, the writer gives the following interesting notice of "The Huguenot."

But no picture in the entire collection attracts so much attention and admiration as the well known but rarely seen "Huguenot." It may be said of it to-day, as it was said of it in 1852, when exhibited at the Royal Academy that "crowds stood before it all day long, men lingered there for hours, and went away but to return." Millais was but three-and-twenty when he painted it, and it raised him to the height of his reputation, remaining to this day his masterpiece. The *motif* is given in the following order issued by the Duke of Guise, Aug. 24, 1572. "When the clock of the Palais de Justice shall sound upon the great bell at daybreak, then each good Catholic must bind a strip of white linen round his arm, and place a fair white cross in his cap." So familiar are we with the engraving that any description is in this instance superfluous. The girl leans again-t her Protestant lover in the abandonment of despair; in vain she strives to tie the white favor of freedom about his arm; he stays her not so much with his hand as with the look of courage and denial written on his face. He holds her tenderly to his breast—she is the sweetheart of his life—but he owns a higher allegiance than to her, holds a fealty above earthly greatness, and so denies her pleading and goes from her. The man's face is wonderful in its intense love, yet firm decision. The girl's fair beauty is worn and pale with the struggle, the features grow contracted and despairing as you gaze, until with her you feel all is useless—he will never yield. The technique displayed throughout is beyond criticism, the deep purple velvet of the man's coat, the figured black damask robe of the girl, the lace about her throat, the pale yellow puffings in the sleeves, the old red brick wall against which they stand, covered with lichens and spun across by hoary spiders, the leaves hanging motionless above them, the orange flowers of the wild nasturtium, the scarlet petal that has dropped upon the man's sleeve, all are rendered with undeviating fidelity, and all contribute to and define the sentiment that runs throughout the composition. It was 30 years since Millais had looked upon the masterpiece of his youth, and it was with a sigh of satisfaction that he turned from it: there was nothing he desired to add, nothing he wished to take away. The models who sat for him were his old friend Mr. Arthur, now General, Lempriere, as the Huguenot, and Miss Euphemia Gay, now Lady, Millais, for the girl. The picture was originally painted for Mr. David White, a dealer, for the insignificant sum of £150, which was paid in installments, and to which was added another £50, as so much had been realized from the engraving. It became the property of Mr. Miller, of Preston, who in his will desired it should never be removed from his Preston house until the death of his wife, when it passes to the picture gallery of that town. Mrs. Miller, however, with the consent of his trustees, has allowed it to pass into Sir Coutts Lindsay's care during the exhibition.

In connection with the above we republish the following poem:

Millais' Huguenot.

(To H—, playing Mendelssohn's "*Lied ohne Worte*," No. 18.)

Your favorite picture rises up before me,
When'er you play that tune.

I see two figures standing in a garden,
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's, with pleading face turned up-
wards,
Wild with a great alarm ;
Trembling with haste she binds her broidered
kerchief
About the other's arm,

Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers
With a deep meaning, though she cannot read
it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With summer flowers ablow?
What gives the woman's voice its passionate
pleading?
What makes the man's so low?

"See, love !" she murmurs ; you shall wear my
kerchief,
It is the badge, I know ;
And it will bear you safely through the con-
flict,
If—if, indeed you go !

You will not wear it ? Will not wear my ker-
chief ?
Nay ! Do not tell me why.
I will not listen ! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die.

Hush ! Do not answer ! It is death, I tell you !
Indeed I speak the truth.
You, standing there, so warm with life and
vigor,
So bright with health and youth.

You would go hence out of the glowing sun-
shine,
Out of the garden's bloom,
Out of the living, thinking, feeling present,
Into the unknown gloom !"

Then he makes answer ; " Hush ! oh, hush,
my darling !
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,
If such a thing might be !

If such a thing might be !—but not through
falsehood—
I could not come to you,
I dare not stand here, in your pure sweet
presence,
Knowing myself untrue."

"It is no sin !" The wild voice interrupts him,
"This is no open strife.
Have you not often dreamt a nobler war-
fare,
In which to spend your life ?

Oh, for my sake—though but for my sake,
wear it !

Think what my life would be,
If you, who give it first true worth and mean-
ing,
Were taken now from me.

Think of the long, long days, so slowly pass-
ing !

Think of the endless years !
I am so young ! Must I live out my lifetime,
With neither hopes nor fears ?"

He speaks again, in mournful tones and
tender,

But with unswerving faith—
"Should not love make us braver, aye and
stronger,
Either for life or death ?

And life is hardest ! Oh, my love ! My treasure!
If I could bear your part
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it
With an unshrinking heart.

Child ! Child ! I little dreamt in that bright
summer,
When first your love I sought,
Of all the future store of woe and anguish.
When I, unknowing wrought.

But you'll forgive me ? Yes, you will forgive
me,
I know when I am dead !
I would have loved you—but words have scant
meaning ;
God loved you more instead !"

Then there is silence in the sunny garden,
Until, with faltering tone,
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to him,
"Forgive me !—go—My own."

So human love and faith, by death unshaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm,
Albeit low until the passionate pleading
Is hushed in deepest calm.

Birth of a Poem.

From the Literary Life.

Doubtless many of our readers have read
Gen. W. S. Lytle's fine poem, "*Cleopatra*,"
written the night before the battle in which
he was killed. The Pittsburg leader relates
the romantic circumstances under which it
was written. They were told by the late
Col. Realf to a gentleman.

He spoke of the night before the battle
at which Gen. W. S. Lytle fell. The two,
Realf and Lytle, lay together in the
general's tent.

They were both given to writing poetry
at such times, and each had an unfinished
poem on hand, and they read and criticised
each other's efforts humorously for some
time, when said Lytle :

"Realf, I shall never live to finish that poem."

"Nonsense," said I, "you will live to write volumes of such stuff."

"A feeling has suddenly come over me," continued the general solemnly, "which is more startling than a prophecy, that I shall be killed in to-morrow's fight. As I spoke to you I saw the green hills of the Ohio as I stood among them. They began to recede from me in a weird way, and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like the lightning's shock that I should never see them again."

I rallied him for his superstition, but the belief had become strangely impressed upon his mind, and he succeeded in so far thrilling me with his own unnatural fear that I begged him to finish his poem before he slept, that such fine work might not be lost to the world.

In the small hours the general awakened me from a slumber into which I had fallen, to read to me that beautiful poem, which must live as long as our literature survives, beginning

*I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast.*

My eyes filled with tears as he read. He said not a word as he concluded, but placed the manuscript in his pocket and lay down to sleep.

Before dawn came the call to arms. When I next saw poor Lytle he was cold in death among heaps of slain. I thought of the poem, and, searching the pocket where I had seen him put it, drew it forth and it was forwarded among other things to his friends.

We give below the poem referred to in the above article.

*I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart-secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.*

*Should the base plebian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse Octavia
Weeps within her widow'd home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, angurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.*

*As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.*

*Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell:
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!*

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1886.

THE NEW CHILDREN'S PAVILION.

THE GRAND OPENING.

According to previous announcement, the new Children's Pavilion was thrown open for a grand housewarming on Thursday afternoon, February 11th, and if the number of little folks and their parents who responded to the call is a test of the interest felt in this department of the Hospital, the sick poor children of Rochester will long hold a place in the hearts of this community. As we took the West avenue car for the Hospital, we counted thirteen children within it, and the car, crowded to its utmost capacity, was a type of the Pavilion, every nook and corner of which seemed completely filled, from early afternoon till long past the hour when the little folks are ordinarily sleeping soundly in their own homes. The managers had made, as they supposed, ample arrangements for welcoming their guests, exhibiting the Pavilion, and entertaining the children; but the unprecedented crowd that favored them with their presence prevented those in charge from ministering as they would have done to the comfort of their guests, and the managers regret they were so poorly able to supply the needs of their friends, and provide more ample apartments for those who were present at the opening of the Pavilion.

It was decidedly a Japanese day at the

Pavilion. We were greatly indebted to Carroll & Southard for the use and arrangement of his tapestries, screens, fans, parasols and Japanese wares, that, mingled with evergreens, converted the wards of the Pavilion into bowers of beauty, and made appropriate surroundings for the little ones, who, in Oriental costumes, presided at the table and took part in the Mikado dances and marches and also in the solos, duetts and choruses from the Japanese opera.

The following ladies were in charge :

Arrangement Committee—Miss A. S. Mumford, Miss A. E. Wild, Miss L. E. Whitney, Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, Mrs. Robert Mathews, Mrs. C. H. Angel.

Refreshments—Mrs. John H. Brewster, Mrs. H. H. Morse.

Fancy articles—Miss L. E. Whitney, Mrs. Mrs. John Ely.

Japanese and paper articles — Miss A. E. Wild, Mrs. H. Anstice.

Baskets—Mrs. L. S. Ettenheimer.

Domestic articles—Mrs. C. H. Angel.

Flowers—Mrs. Josiah Anstice.

Tea tables—Mrs. George H. Perkins, Mrs. William H. Ward.

The fancy, flower, tea and refreshment tables were on the first floor of the Pavilion. The Mikado exercises and the singing by the Euterpe club were in the second story, and all who could get near enough to enjoy these exercises expressed much pleasure at the musical and operatic entertainments, but lack of space limited the number of those who could participate in these pleasures. Mrs. Frank Bottum accompanied the children on the piano, and the following little folks took part in the Mikado opera :

Misses Tilley Lowenthal, Connie Wilder, Mamie Harris, Bessie Fitch, Mary Dodds, Lois Whittlesey, Matie Dayfoot, Carrie Wolcott, Henrietta Hamilton, Katie Roby, Marion Reid, Margery Bronson, Eloise Bush, Helen Osgood, Mamie Peck, Madge Backus, Cecile Macy, Fannie Rawlings, Louise Kelly, Helen Williams, Gertrude Perkins, Sophie Wile, Mamie Little, Carrie Rice, Stella Levi, Stella Dinkelspiel, Stella Garson, Fannie Whittlesey, Carrie Little, Augusta Whitney, Laura Williams, Mabel Waters, Emily Harris, Victoria Raymond, Julia Robinson, Emma Wilder, Grace Haywood; Masters Russell Yates, Buell Mills, Fred Barry, Tim Little, Joe Johnson, Frank Bemis, Harry Walker, Ned Sage, Joe Hone,

Phil Mumford, Alfred Osgood, Willy Barry, Beekman Little, George Huntington, Lawrence Fitch, Emile Landsberg, Charlie Robinson and Samuel Adams.

Mrs. Robert Mathews had an ingenious chart indicating how much was needed to complete the last payment of \$5000 now due on the Children's Pavilion. This chart is divided into 5000 squares; each square represents a dollar; ten squares represent \$10, and one hundred squares, \$100. As fast as the dollars are contributed the squares are crossed off.

The cash donations received on the opening of the Pavilion, the entrance fees and receipts from the supper, amounting in all to \$478.70, were applied to the building fund; the receipts from the candy, flower and fancy tables were appropriated towards furnishing the Pavilion.

Cash Receipts at the Opening of the Children's Pavilion.

February 11th, 1886.

Receipts at the door.....	\$168 10
From Supper.....	113 67
Cash Donations.....	196 93

Total..... \$478 70

This amount will be paid to the building fund.

Receipts from Tables.

February 11th, 1886.

Miss Wild's Japanese table.....	\$ 51 84
Mrs. Ettenheimer's basket table.....	55 88
Mrs. John Ely's fancy table.....	85 25
Miss Whitney's china table.....	55 50
Mrs. Angel's domestic table.....	25 00
Mrs. Anstice's flower table.....	30 00
Miss Mumford's candy table.....	70 00
Mrs. Geo. Perkins' tea table.....	19 10
Mrs. Chapin and Adams, furniture and bedding.....	28 65

FOR FURNISHING A BED.

Mrs. James Hart (Isabel Bed).....	30 00
Mrs. W. E. Hoyt.....	30 00
Miss Henrietta Mumford.....	30 00
Also to endow a bed for one year....	200 00
Mrs. S. S. Gould, Seneca Falls.....	30 00
Mrs. Freeman Clarke.....	80 00
Mr. Edward Brewster.....	50 00
Miss Hebbard.....	48 00

\$ 919 23

This amount will be used for the furnishing of the Children's Wards.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

The Children's Pavilion.

The main entrance to our new Children's Pavilion is very pleasing, and much taste has been shown in the selection of appropriate furniture for the front hall and reception room. The floor of these is covered with a nice linoleum, and a pretty Madras lace of old gold and ecru tints veils the front windows. A choice black walnut hat stand and black walnut sofa and chairs upholstered in brown leather, are the nicest and most substantial and appropriate things that could have been found for the place. Four beautiful clocks are noticeable on the walls of the Pavilion. Two pretty cabinets of cherry are designed for the Children's Wards. Quite a number of cots and cradles that have previously been given to the Hospital have been removed to the Pavilion, and some very handsome new ones have been added. A number of pictures have also been donated. Samples of iron bedsteads are found in the Wards, and furniture has been given for some of them. Some of the managers and other friends of the Hospital have signified their intention of furnishing cots or rooms, and next month we hope to report that enough is supplied to enable us to remove the little folks into their new Hospital.

You will see, dear children, by the report of the Treasurer that we have now \$4,331.44 to raise to cancel the debt on the Pavilion and we must also furnish the building to some extent before the little folks can take possession of it.

We know your hearts are with us, and we are sure you will all love to help us. We want to see all the empty squares in Mrs. Mathews' Pavilion chart crossed off, and the Pavilion comfortably furnished. Perhaps in some of our Sabbath schools offerings will be made to raise the needed funds.

The following letters indicate what some of our young friends are doing for us. Little Mabel Frances Taylor, only two years and a half old, has collected \$3.50

ROCHESTER, Feb. 12th, 1886.

Mrs. Mathews :

DEAR MADAM,—Please to accept ten (10) representative bricks for the "Childrens' Pavilion," from my ten (10) "children," and won't you pray that they may all be represented in that "building," not made with hands.

Yours in fellowship,

7 PROSPECT ST., MRS. W. F. PARRY.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 27, 1886.

Mrs. Mathews :

Please accept for the Pavilion Fund the enclosed contribution, \$8.75, the proceeds of an entertainment given by the C. C. C. (Children's Charity Club) at the residence of Mr. H. S. Hanford, 245 University ave., on the evening of the 26th inst.

Members of the club :

MAY GORDON,
BESSIE WISNER,
HATTIE ARNOLD,
MAUD GILES,
BESSIE DICKINSON,
ANNA BARNARD,
FREDDA CLARK,
JOSEPHINE HANFORD.

Contributions at the Opening of the Pavilion.

As the friends of the Hospital had so recently provided refreshments at the Donation Festival, the lady managers supplied the supper tables and kept no record of donations to them.

The Domestic Table of Mrs. C. H. Angel, assisted by Misses Julia Robinson, Edith Peck, Laura Williams, Helen Williams, Madge Backus, and Bessie Backus.

Miss Emma B. Jennings, a very handsome pitcher, beautifully painted in Forget-me-nots; also, 1 doz. towels for Pavilion.

From Mrs. A. S. Hamilton's table at Donation, dolls' shoes, dolls, wooden shoe, etc.

Bessie Backus, aprons.

Madge Backus, dusters, holders, towels.

Helen Williams, dusters, holders, towels.

Miss Grace B. Terry, 2 bags and dusters.

Miss Edith Peck, bags and dusters.

Mrs. H. L. Ward, clothes bag.

E. B. Diamon, quantity of bubble-blowers or smoke balloons.

May French, 2 holders.

Julia Robinson, 5 baby bibs.

Mrs. Evans, 4 aprons.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, nail-boxes.

Ray Hill White and Margie White, \$1.

Mrs. L. F. Ward, 2 aprons.

Mrs. C. H. Angel, articles for domestic table.

Through Laurance Angel, fifty bricks for Cecilia M. Kimball and fifty for Ernest Kimball.

The Basket Table of Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer,
assisted by Misses Julia Wald, Stella
Levi, Stella Garson, Tillie Lowenthal,
Carrie Rice, Sophia Wile and Stella
Dinkelspiel.

Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., Kirley,
Bullock & Scofield, J. Fahy & Co., Bush &
Bull and Joseph Shatz, ribbons.

Huyler's, Oaks & Stern, West & Moses, Max
Lowenthal, Mathews & Servis, Mrs. Wald,
Salter Brothers and Francis L. Hughes, bas-
kets.

George C. Barnard, Woodbury, Morse & Co.,
J. G. Luitweiler, bronzes, &c.
Receipts from sales.....\$55.88

The Fancy Table of Miss L. E. Whitney.

Mrs. Roscoe Ashley, mat.
Mrs. Wm. Hoyt, fancy articles.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, hood.
Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York, socks.
Miss Lois E. Whitney, china.
Emily Harris, doll.

Augusta Whitney, Maggie Ashley, Louise
Kelly, Ada Dewey and Miss Mumford, fancy
articles, &c.

Victoria Raymond, cash \$4.

Through Augusta Whitney, cash \$20 00

Sales at table.....\$31.00

Cash from Augusta and Victoria.. 24.00

\$55.00

The Sales-room for Cot Furniture of Mrs.

Myron Adams and Mrs. L. S. Chapin.

Hugh Satterlee, pair pillow cases.
Miss Emily Hunter, white spread.
Mrs. Hathaway, white spread.
Mrs. Carter Wilder, pillow, pair sheets,
pair pillow cases, white spread, pair blank-
ets.

Miss Janet Huntington, pair blankets.

Elizabeth Huntington, pair sheets.

George Huntington, white spread.

Louise Kelly, pair sheets, pair pillow cases.

Mrs. Sloan and children, Marion Jones and
Frank Jones, bed sheets, blankets, pillows,
pillow cases, white spread.

The Boys' Tables.

Pop-corn, Mrs. Charles E. Fitch, Mrs. David
Little, Mrs. Myron Adams, Miss Jeannie Os-
good, Miss Alice Peck, Mrs. Dr. Farley.

Candy, Miss Walker and friends; Miss Kate
W. Smith, Mrs. E. Peck, Mrs. Alex. Thomp-
son, Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Mrs. D. H. Grif-
fith, Alfred Osgood.

Scales, bags, &c., Mrs. A. S. Hamilton.

Sundries, Miss Mumford.

**The Tea Table of Mrs. George H. Perkins
and Miss Laura Selden.**

H. Wisner & Co., china and use of china.
Scrantom & Wetmore, Japanese napkins.

The Flower Table of Mrs. Josiah Anstice,
assisted by Misses Alice Montgomery,
Gertrude Perkins, Cecile Macy and Belle
Backus.

Miss Sarah Frost, Mrs. G. H. Perkins, Mrs.
Wm. S. Kimball, Miss Henrietta Mumford,
Mr. Levi Fulton and Mr. Keller, flowers.

Miscellaneous Donations.

Mr. Greenwood, four very handsome clocks,
book.

Miss Julia Whitney, bedstead, spring mat-
tress, picture.

Mrs. George W. Smith, wash stand set.

Miss Lois E. Whitney, sheets, pillow-
cases, blankets, spread, pictures.

Sheets hemmed by Misses H. F. Griffith,
Julia Griffith, Clarice Jeffrey, A. S. Mumford,
Carrie Brewster, Julia Whitney, Lois E. Whit-
ney, Mrs. George Perkins, Mrs. Max Lands-
berg, Mrs. Henry Smith and Mrs. Wm. H.
Ward.

Eight pairs of sheet, six pairs of pillow-
cases, four pairs of blankets, and two counterpanes,
contributed and made by Mrs. H. E. Hooker.
Mrs. E. E. Howell, Miss Carpenter, Mrs. H.
Smith, Mrs. H. Willis, Mrs. C. Wait, Mrs.
Gould, Mrs. John Goss, Mrs. N. Castle, Mrs.
Quinby, Mrs. J. I. Roberts, Mrs. Wm. Robinson,
Mrs. F. N. Embrey, Mrs. W. P. Hawkins and
Mrs. M. Adams.

Mrs. F. Gorton, 5 pictures framed.

Miss Mumford, 1 picture.

Mrs. C. M. Lee, 8 pictures.

Thanks.

The managers would gratefully acknow-
ledge their indebtedness to the Euterpe
Club for their acceptable musical services
at the opening of the Children's Pavilion;
to Carroll & Southard for the use of articles
and for work in decorating the Pavilion;
to Bush & Hoyt for the use of chairs; to
Copeland & Durgis for the use of tables;
to Messrs. Henry Williams and William
Bulger for receiving admission fees at the
doors; and to all who in any way con-
tributed to the success of the opening.

The Potter Legacy.

The \$5000 legacy from the late Henry
S. Potter was received on the 25th of Feb-
ruary last. This will be invested, and the
interest used for the City Hospital.

Anniversary Exercises.

The graduating exercises connected with the fourth annual commencement of the Training School for Nurses, at the Rochester City Hospital, will be held at the Chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, March 25th, 1885.

The following young ladies having completed their two years' course of study are members of the graduating class: Miss N. A. Lewis, Onondaga Valley, Onondaga Co., N. Y.; Miss E. Hollister, Brockport, N. Y.; Miss L. M. Mitchell, Lima, N. Y.; Miss E. Da Belle, Churchville, N. Y.; Miss L. L. Jakokes, Albany, N. Y.; Miss E. A. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont.; Miss E. H. Casson, Addison, Steuben Co., N. Y.; Miss J. M. Corby, Honeoye Falls, N. Y., and Miss E. C. Sanford, North Bergen, N. Y. Further particulars will be given in the daily papers.

The Hospital Patients.

On the fifth instant we visited the Hospital and found some changes had been made on the first floor of the main building. The small room east of the main hall, on the south side of the house, formerly used as a dispensary, has been fitted up as an office for the Recorder, and the room east of it and connected with it is appropriated as a dispensary. This change gives the Recorder a more quiet place for her writing, and obviates the necessity of moving books and writing materials from the reception room for patients, as has heretofore been necessary, whenever the room was needed for a surgical operation. Now the large room on the south side of the building, west of the main hall, will be used as a reception room for patients, an operating room and a library, and the removal from it of the Recorder's desk and papers will make it more available for its other uses.

We found fourteen under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward, four of whom were confined most of the time to their

cots. The patient who had had diseased flesh removed from her limb was improving. The young woman who had a felon on her finger last month had recovered from that trouble, but was suffering from a weak stomach. She was sitting up in bed making an apron for one of the little girls in the Hospital who was very scantily clothed. A middle-aged woman had fallen and broken her right hip, and the physicians were adjusting appliances for the support of her limb, to which weights were attached. The cancer patient was weak and suffering, but very patient and uncomplaining. A young woman with abscess in the side sits up most of the day. The one with broken wrist has recovered and gone home. The one who, a long time since, fractured her hip, has had a shoe with a high sole made for her that facilitates her walking. "*Grossmutter*" was up and dressed, without sling or bandage, and appeared to be doing remarkably well.

In the Maternity Ward were three mothers, three babies and four waiting patients.

No death had occurred the past month in the Female Medical Ward where there were eighteen patients. Five of these were confined to their beds. One of them had a diseased heart, another was suffering from cancer, a third from pleurisy, a fourth had an abscess on her side, and another was seeking relief for some difficulty with the stomach by the application of a blister; one woman was recovering from a surgical operation and another had consumption.

There were seventeen inmates of the Male Medical Ward. One patient had died of consumption. Only two men were confined to their cots. The eczema patient was improving slowly, as was also a man with ulcers on his limbs. One man had his eye bandaged; he was suffering from an abscess, but it pained him less than it had done. A man with diseased heart had been quite sick, but was better, up and dressed. One man afflicted with rheuma-

tism and another with some abdominal trouble, were improving. One patient was very sick, had been delirious, but most of the others were convalescing.

Nineteen were being cared for in the Male Surgical Ward. On the second of March, a man who fell on Front street, and fractured his skull, was brought to the Hospital by policemen, and died three-quarters of an hour afterward. Three patients kept their cots. One of them had a broken leg, another an abscess, and the third is the man with the burnt leg, and he is not any better than he was last month; the sores do not heal rapidly. One man, wearing a sling, had broken his arm while coupling cars on the Genesee Valley Road. The colored paralytic has been very miserable, but is now somewhat more comfortable.

One of the Pavilions was occupied by a diphtheria patient, another by a man with gangrenous foot.

The Little Folks.

Sarah, the little colored baby from the Orphan Asylum, interests everybody that visits the Hospital. When last we saw her she was taking a sponge bath, encased in her plaster of Paris jacket. She is a sweet, patient little child, and is improving under Hospital treatment, but we fear will always be feeble. A new patient has come to us from the Church Home, Clara Shaw, an orphan, eleven years old. She was sorely afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance when she came to the Hospital. Her spasms were so strong that boards had to be placed beside her cot, and some one was kept near her all day long lest she should throw herself off the bed. Now she rests quietly, the boards have been removed, and the twitching motions have almost disappeared. Theodosia Banta, who had a curvature of the spine and a bad cough, has nearly recovered from her cough, and efforts are to be made to lessen the curvature. She is a delicate child, but very sweet and gentle. She is six years old

but very small for her age. Minnie Bryant is looking remarkably well. Rosa was taking a bath, so we did not see her. Ida Rivers, who has had trouble with her eye, is better. Louis Maul, who had St. Vitus's Dance so badly, has recovered and gone home. Lorenz Fisher's knees and eyes are both better. Max Krauss goes about with his plaster of Paris jacket and his head harness, but does not feel very well. Freddy Lyons was in his rocking-chair and Thomas Heeney was out at play.

Appointments.

With the completion of the Children's Pavilion, and the increase of work in every department of the institution, the following appointments to the hospital service have recently been made: Dr. M. L. Mallory, Assistant Visiting Physician, Drs. J. J. Kempe and H. T. Williams, Assistant Visiting Surgeons, Dr. W. J. Herriman, Assistant Pathologist.

Thanks.

We are indebted to Dr. L. D. Walter, dentist, for valuable professional services. For several years Dr. Walter has kindly responded to all requests which have been made for his services for our patients, and has rendered the same cheerfully and gratuitously.

As the season of the year is approaching when housekeepers make changes in their homes, we would suggest that two lounges are greatly needed at the Hospital. Bureaus, tables, chairs, rocking-chairs and match safes are also needed. Who will supply us?

Mr. Charles Backus, at the last Donation Festival, contributed to the table of Mrs. C. H. Angel two pretty water colors, both views of the lake; they were very much admired, but by mistake were credited to Mr. Baker.

Receipts for the Review.

February, 1886.

Mrs. W. L. Halsey, by Miss Mumford...	\$ 68
Miss D. Cossett, by Miss Pixley.....	1 25
Mr. C. Alverson, Moscow, 50 cents; Mrs. N. Holbrook, Moscow, \$1, by Mr. L. Dickinson. Geneseo.....	1 50
Alling & Cory, adv., \$5; W. A. Grain-ger, adv., \$5; Mechanics' Savings Bank., adv., \$15; C. F. Paine & Co., adv., \$5; Mrs. E. Ray, Batavia, 50 cents; Smith, Perkins & Co., adv., \$5; J. Schleyer, adv., \$5; James Vick, adv., \$10; Woodbury, Morse & Co., adv., by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	55 50
Mrs. Myron Adams, 62 cents; Mr W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va., 50 cents; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, (2 subs) \$1.12; Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Cory, 62 cents; Miss Carpenter, 62 cents; Miss M. Cochrane, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Dagge, Brighton, \$1.00; Mrs. G. Ellwanger, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Evans, Niagara Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. P. S. Frost, for Mrs. L. B. Cash, Little Falls, Minn., 50 cents; Miss M. Howard, 62 cents; Miss Hatha-way, Arkport, 50 cents; Mr. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station, \$1.00; Hamilton & Mathews, adv., \$5.00; Dr. J. E. Line, 62 cents; Hon. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50 cents; Miss H. Oothout, 65 cents; Mrs. E. Prizer, 62 cents; Mrs. A. H. Porter, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs. A. W. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents; Miss Spencer, Bergen Point, N. J., 50 cents; Mrs. George Taylor, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall, 62 cents; Miss E. M. Thomas, Cuba, 50 cents; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. M. Wells, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs. C. S. Whittemore, 62 cents; Mrs. F. S. Webster, Washington, D. C., 50 cents; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 62 cents, by Treasurer.....	24 97

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS,

Treasurer, 96 Spring street.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Edna King Mandeville.....	\$ 25
Lois Sibley Mandeville.....	25
Mr. B. Herman.....	1 00
Mr. D. Leary.....	1 00
Mr. W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va.....	50
Cash.....	11
Collected by Mabel Frances Taylor, 24 years old.....	3 50
Fred Kalbfleisch Taylor.....	1 00
"Proceeds of a juvenile show," under the management of Grace Hyatt and Kate Wetmore.....	1 00

"In loving memory of E. A. U. Entered into rest March 7, 1883".....	5 00
Mrs. H. H. Morse.....	1 00
Mrs. J. H. Brewster.....	1 00
Mr. John Mogridge.....	2 00
Mr. J. P. Varnum.....	1 00
Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	1 00
Mr. Samuel Wilder.....	5 00
Mrs. D. Andrews.....	1 00
Warren E. Woodworth, one brick.....	25
Marie and Florence Woodworth, each one brick.....	50
Sidney A. Pool, Charlie P. Rebasz, Mortimer T. Rebasz and E. Alice Rebasz, each one brick.....	1 00
In memory of Caroline Thompson.....	5 00
Mrs. R. T. French.....	5 00
Mrs. M. Strong.....	5 00
Cushions, etc.....	30
Amon and Marjorie Bronson.....	1 00
Mrs. Henry Scranton.....	1 00
Mrs. Alfred Ely.....	1 00
Grace, Elliot and Mary Louise Lawrence.....	5 00
Susan Pond.....	5 00
Allen J. Cuming.....	1 00
Bessie Bristol.....	1 00
Alice Buell.....	50
Clara Bigelow, one brick.....	25
Clara Sewell Huntton, one brick.....	25
Gussie Whitney, two bricks.....	50
Miss Reid, one brick.....	25
Miss Jennie Reid, one brick.....	25
Miss D. C. Stone, one brick.....	25
Mrs. Hiram Sibley.....	5 00
Louise and James J. Averell.....	5 00
Sadie Ward, Albany, one brick.....	25
Grace E. Hathaway.....	1 00
Walter Sill, two bricks.....	50
Kate L. Rogers, one brick.....	25
Alice M. Rogers, one brick.....	25
Alice Little, one brick.....	25
Frank Nott Brown, two bricks.....	50
Miss Mason.....	25
Miss Louise Follett.....	25
Helen Osgood, five bricks.....	1 25
Elizabeth Huntington, one brick.....	25
May Carpenter, one brick.....	25
Dottie Gilman, one brick.....	25
Clara Churchill, one brick.....	25
Margarita Allen Ely, one brick.....	25
Mary Talcott Ely, New York, one brick.....	25
Minnie Peck, one brick.....	25
Wentworth Hoyt, one brick.....	25
Mrs. W. E. Hoyt.....	1 00
Mr. Renfrew, one brick.....	25
Mrs. J. L. Evans.....	1 00
Mr. J. H. Boucher.....	2 00
Florence Seymour.....	1 00
Grace Coffin.....	1 00
Mrs. Edward M. Smith.....	10 00
Mr. Robert Mathews.....	1 00
A Friend.....	1 00
Emily, Carrie, Sallie and Franklin Brewster.....	4 00
"Postage, M. D".....	2 00
Burr Hoyt, one brick.....	25
Miss C. L. Rochester.....	1 00
Miss Alethea E. Craig, Medina.....	50
Emma Tiffany.....	1 00
Lizzie Tanner.....	1 00

Ruth Ward, one brick.....	25
"Odd pennies".....	11
Supper tables at the opening of the Pavilion.....	114 42
Receipts at the doors at the opening.....	168 10
Eugene E. Strouss, four bricks.....	1 00
"Ten representative bricks from the ten children of Mrs. W. F. Parry".....	2 50
Marion Gould.....	5 00
Mollie Knapp.....	2 00
"Baby" Woodbury.....	2 00
Infant department of the 1st Baptist Sunday school.....	5 66
Bessie and Lawrence Fitch.....	2 00
Two bricks from Mrs. Edward Ray, Batavia, in memory of her little granddaughter, Mattie P. Ray.....	50
Mrs. A. D. Smith.....	25 00
Cecillia Mitchell Kimball, fifty bricks.....	12 50
Ernest Kimball, fifty bricks.....	12 50
Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva.....	50
"Memorial gift from a friend," Geneva.....	2 00
Mrs. P. Barry.....	10 00
Dr. W. S. Ely.....	10 00
Mary Louise Lawrence, one brick.....	25
Proceeds of an entertainment given by the members of the Children's Charity Club—May Gordon, Bessie Wisner, Hattie Arnold, Maud Giles, Bessie Dickinson, Anna Barnard, Fredda Clark and Josephine Hanford.....	8 75

Receipts for the month.....\$ 489 70
Previously acknowledged... 1,678 89

Total receipts.....\$2,168 59

We still require \$4,331.41 to complete the last payment on the Childrens' Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Contributions are urgently solicited to make up this amount, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the treasurer of the fund.

Vick's Monthly.

While the newspapers are reporting blizzards, and the mercury is ranging near the zero point, Vick's Monthly refreshes us with its brightly tinted Ramanas roses and its free blooming Clematis Virginiana. They carry us back to blue skies and summer rambles. We feel as if the time would surely come when the winter would be over and gone, and now is the season to look over the catalogues and make our selections of seeds and plants for summer use. Vick's Magazines have always practical hints that are instructive to the regular gardener as well as to the amateur.

Donations.

Mrs. Frederick P. Allen and Mrs. William Webb, two very handsome cherry cabinets for the Children's Ward in the Pavilion.
Mrs. C. E. Mathews, second-hand clothing for nursery.
Mrs. Wm. Little, reading matter.
Mrs. J. Shatz, reading matter.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, second-hand clothing.
Mr. Joseph A. Johnson, a very nice black walnut crib, with springs, hair mattress, comforter, blanket, sheets and pillow cases.
Mrs. S. Stern, quantity of second-hand clothing for children.
Fritz Ward, games for children.
Mrs. Thompson, reading matter.
Mrs. L. Gordon, two pictures for the Pavilion.
J. M. Fiske, pair of slippers, two night-shirts.
Mrs. Cass Williams, old cotton.
Mrs. William Corning, salad, barberries, apples and large box of flowers.
Miss Henrietta Mumford, picture.
Mrs. Roberts, scrap-book and infant's clothing.
Mrs. E. W. Hoyt, screen for Pavilion.
The sewing women of Epiphany Church, five bed tidies.
Mrs. Tomsitt, two pictures for Pavilion.
Mrs. S. M. Bentley, reading matter.
Genesee Valley Club, ice-cream, 100 tarts, cake, Charlotte Russe, candy ornaments.
Mrs. H. M. Jennings, two pairs of pillows for Pavilion.
Mrs. Hoyt, table cover.
Mrs. Wile, four sets of gentleman's underwear, six pairs of socks, six night shirts, dressing gown.
Mrs. Stafford, three baby's slips.
Dr. W. S. Ely, surgical table.
Dr. David Little, 6 large rubber dilators.
Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, a very nice hard wood floor for Male Surgical Ward.

The following persons have recently been received as members of the Training School for Nurses: Miss M. M. Langferd, Vernon, Oneida Co., N. Y.; Miss D. C. Walters, Geneseo, N. Y.; Miss N. L. Marsh, Akron, N. Y., and Miss E. McElroy, Woodhull, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Miss H. L. Newcomb, of this city, has been received as a probationer.

Two scrap books, filled with pretty pictures, have been given to the Pavilion by a kindergarten school opposite the Hospital.

Lied.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 24th, 1886, of shock from injury, John C. Carney, aged 41.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 25th, 1886, Edward F. Pratt, of Milwaukee, of hemorrhage at base of brain.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Feb. 1st, 1886	102	
“ received during month.....	38	
“ births during month.....	2	
		142
Number discharged during month....	53	
“ deaths during month.....	2	
“ remaining March 1st, 1886....	87	
		142

Furnished cots given to the Pavilion are to be named by their donors. One furnished by Mrs. James C. Hart is called "The Isabel Cot," it being named for her youngest daughter.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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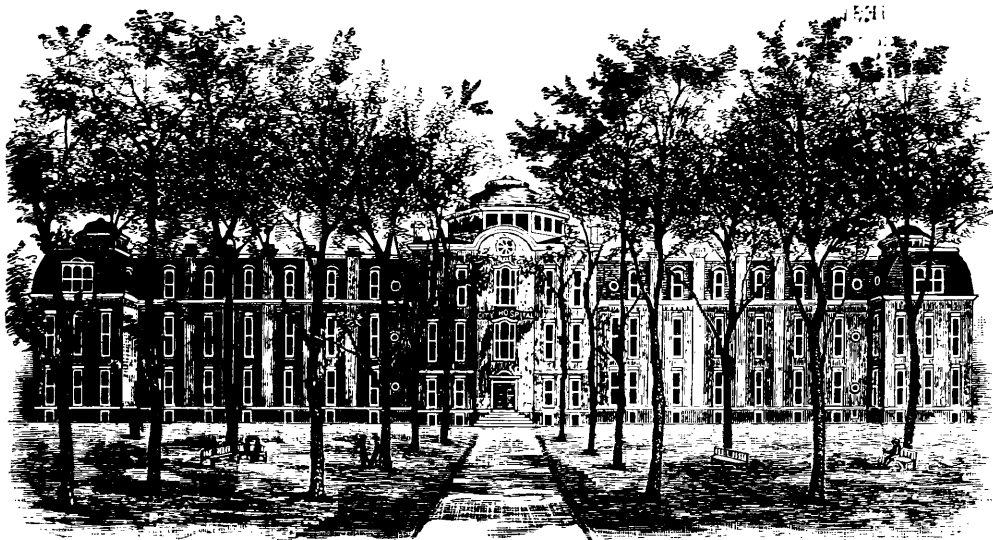
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1886.

No. 9

The Aspen.

GOOD FRIDAY.

An ancient legend reads that when Christ was led to the cross, every tree He passed was ordered to bow its head. All, with the exception of the aspen, obeyed the command. This irreverent, disobedient tree was judged and sentenced to tremble and bend at every footstep and every zephyr forever.

Bend low thy heads, ye trees,
For Christ is on His way
To Calvary to-day.
Bend low, the moment seize
When He is passing by,
Bend low and sigh!

Sigh soft and bend thy crest,
The Master passeth by
On Calvary to die.
Ye oak, in beauty drest,
Abase thy lofty crown,
Ye oak—bend down.

Ye graceful willow, weep!
The Master passeth on,
Aye, soon He will be gone;
Let thy fair tresses sweep
The path which He will pass
In verdant grass.

Aspen, bend thy proud head,
The Master comes to-day;
Hasten to worship pay.
Bend leaves to river's bed,
Let every upper spray
Lie low to-day.

But aspen listened not;
The Holy Christ passed by
On Calvary to die.
Proud aspen, all thy lot
Is now to bend thy leaves
To every breeze.

Tremble, ye aspen, quake!
It was foretold that day
That till the sun's last ray
Should fade, thou'dst ever shake,
Thy leaves should quivering shine
Till life's decline.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1886.

Fourth Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses.

Notwithstanding the numerous attractions elsewhere, on Thursday evening, March 25th, a large and appreciative audience assembled in the Chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, to witness the anniversary exercises connected with the graduation of the fourth class of Nurses from the Training School at the Rochester City Hospital.

The presence of so many of our citizens and the attention manifested on the occasion indicate the interest felt in this branch of Hospital work. Only those who in hours of pain and weakness have received the grateful, tender ministries of a skillful nurse, or, when exhausted by long anxious vigils with loved ones, have welcomed the soothing, comforting presence of a trained nurse, can fully appreciate what is being done for the public in the Training School for Nurses, at our City Hospital. Could the Hospital wards speak they would be vocal with songs of thanksgiving for blessings that have flowed through this channel. We shall never forget the gentle touch and patient motherly care of one of the Nurses, as for weary hours she watched beside a young child, whose life was saved by tracheotomy and the faithful nursing that followed the operation. A piece of an egg shell had lodged in the child's windpipe; the skillful surgeon had removed it, but his services would have been of little avail had they not been seconded by constant watchfulness. Among those who were interested spectators at the anniversary exercises were some patients who had received the personal services of the pupils of the Training School, and some of the floral offerings to the graduates were tributes of grateful affection, for faithful care in hours of weakness.

Twenty-eight Nurses, after a two years' course of practical study in our City Hospital and in private homes, have gone forth equipped for their useful, self denying profession. In the homes of the rich and the poor, the high and the low, they will pursue their calling, and who can estimate the value of such work?

At the anniversary exercises the rostrum was decorated by plants and flowers from White Brothers. Seated on the platform were Dr. Howard Osgood, D. D., Hon. C. R. Parsons, and Members of the Hospital Medical and Surgical Staffs. The Lady Managers and Trustees of the Hospital occupied the front seats in the body of the Chapel, and on the west side were the graduating class, numbering nine, sixteen under graduates in their pretty Normandy caps, and three probationers.

John W. Whitbeck, M. D., presided; the opening prayer by Rev. Howard Osgood, D. D., was followed by Kjerulf's "Sweedish Song," by Mrs. J. H. Stedman, whose songs are always welcome. The following address was then made by our Mayor, Hon. C. R. Parsons:

What can I say to the members of a graduating class of nurses that will be profitable or interesting to them, is a question which, for the past week, has been uppermost in my mind. It is certainly not because of any knowledge I possess of the art in which these young ladies have been so well instructed for the past two years, that the invitation was given to me to participate in the exercises of this evening. I must assume, therefore, that it is as the representative of the people of this city that I am here and that my remarks, brief as they must be, are to be addressed, not to the graduates alone, but to those who have gathered here on this occasion to manifest their interest in the great and good work which is being so successfully carried on. The Training School is but another reminder that the beautiful city of which we have so much right to boast,

is not backward in its deeds of love, or in its acts of humanity, which are so well calculated to extend our reputation as a progressive and enlightened community. As a people, we have much for which to be thankful, and at no other season of the year can we more appropriately express that thankfulness or make humble acknowledgment for all the blessings we enjoy. Rochester is not alone a city of homes and of flowers; it is a city of manufactories—a city of teeming streets and of glittering spires; and I point with pride to-night to our flourishing schools and to our galleries of art, to our asylums for the fatherless, and to our institutions for the sick, the aged, and the unfortunate.

How thankful we should be that there are women and men in our midst who give liberally of their time and of their means to the end that our charities may be successful charities, and that our city shall be noted and prospered for her good works. I sincerely believe that every community is as much dependent upon WOMAN and her benign influence for prosperity and success as it is upon the liberality and enterprise of its citizens generally; and most appropriately has it been said that it is her

“Nobler part

To warm, to soften, to expand the heart,
To polish manners, to exalt the mind,
To brighten, beautify, and bless mankind.”

And what is true of the women of Rochester to-day, is also true of the women of other times and of other places. We have only to look back three decades for one of the grandest illustrations of what a resolute, educated and kind hearted woman can accomplish under the most adverse circumstances. I refer to the time when dark clouds of war settled over Europe; when the invasion of the Crimea by the armies of England and of France was ordered by the governments of those countries, and when, because of the rigors of winter and the sufferings incident to war, and imperfect hospital regulations, the soldiers felt that the hour of gloom and adversity had come. It

was then that Florence Nightingale, with her corps of trained and experienced nurses brought order out of chaos; and by affording care and administering consolation the sufferings of all were alleviated and the lives of many were saved. That heroic woman earned the blessings of the sick and wounded as well as the gratitude of her country, and no eulogy can do justice to the talent, the energy and the devotion she displayed. And what was the result? Down went the rate of mortality under her skillful care. In a single month it was reduced from 42 to 31 per cent., in another fortnight it was down to 14 per cent., then to 10, then to 5, and 4, and finally to 2. Is there not much in this example and in the history of this illustrious nurse to encourage the devoted educators and the students of our Training School for nurses? My answer is yes, and I doubt not it strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of all present. Then what prompted the establishment of a training school of the character mentioned in Rochester? The best interests of the sick demanded it, and the physician and untrained nurse alike saw the necessity of the step. What has been accomplished? Up to this time 320 applications for membership have been received. These applications have come from various parts of our land, and this fact alone attests the popularity and the renown the school has already achieved, in the little more than five years of its existence. Its graduates now number twenty-eight, and the benefits it has conferred are so wide-spread and varied that they can never be accurately known. Deep, indeed, should be our measure of thanks to those who have made the Training School what it is. And now, members of the graduating class, a single word to you and my task is finished.

As you go out into the toilsome sphere of your most praiseworthy profession you will take with you the credentials of your attainments, and the memory of the cheering compliment which this audience has bestowed

upon the event of your commencement. This crowd of witnesses testifies to the auspicious beginning of your career of usefulness, and I doubt not that they do it in full confidence of the success which awaits you if you persevere in the honorable, self-sacrificing and laborious service in which you have enlisted. That you may so persevere is the wish of all of us. Then will many a home be brighter, many a heart be lighter, because of your presence. Then will you do a work which will be a benefit to the age in which you live, and worthy yourselves and the noble institution from which you go to-night.

The following poem by Tennyson was rendered in the deaf-mute language by Miss Willey, of the the Deaf-Mute Institute in our city, and interpreted by Professor Westervelt :

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

This was a novel feature in the entertainment, and the audience listened with almost breathless attention, as, with inimitable grace and power, Miss Willey illustrated the rolling, dashing and breaking of the waves ; the shouts and cry of the fisherman's boy ; the furling of the sail and the rowing of his boat by the sailor boy ; the majestic movement of "the stately ships," and again the breaking waves as they dashed against the rocky shore. It was the poetry of pantomime. The following essays and poem were read by members of the graduating class :

PRACTICAL HINTS.

What not to do in a sick room is one way of learning what to do in it. Do not allow unnecessary noises, such as rattling windows, creaking doors, and squeaking shoes, as these are peculiarly annoying to the sensitive nerves of the sick ; and such may with a little care and forethought easily be remedied. All whispering should be avoided both in the room and outside the door, as whatever is not intended for the patient's ear should not be said in his presence. Doors should be opened and shut carefully, as sudden and sharp sounds are especially bad. The nurse should do all she possibly can to make the sick-room the brightest and pleasantest room in the house. Plants in the windows would be very cheery, and freshly cut flowers of a sweet odor, not too strong, would be pleasing. All medicines and articles of food should be taken from the room as soon as done with. The nurse herself should be dressed in some soft material that will not rustle. She should be quiet, quick without hurry, gentle without slowness. She should be mindful of that needful virtue cleanliness, and of order, which give an air of quiet and secure content. In addressing the patient the attention should first be fixed, then he should be spoken to distinctly but not loudly. The wants of the patient should be anticipated before they are expressed ; darkening rooms when necessary as in case of inflammation of the eyes, and at other times opening windows and blinds to allow the sun to come in and brighten both room and patient. As the patient becomes convalescent changes could be made in the room, furniture and pictures rearranged, ornaments introduced. The patient's appetite should be tempted, by the nurse preparing, from time to time, delicacies in an inviting way. Fresh fruits, of all kinds, nicely arranged in a pretty dish will often tempt the appetite. All these little points should be thought of, for neglect of them will mar the comfort of

the sick one. Often times the patient will be depressed and discouraged; the nurse should always be cheerful and hopeful, thinking of her patient and not of herself. She should be good, tender and kind, remembering that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." ELLEN A. TAYLOR.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

There is no success in life where there are no obstacles to overcome, and the value of all work depends greatly upon the difficulty and repeated attempts it requires to perform it successfully. Nor is the nurse's work free from these obstacles and discouragements. Whether it is chosen from a pecuniary point of view or from a moral and spiritual standpoint, the needs are the same, only in the latter case does the worker derive the most benefit. "So run that ye may obtain," is the apostolic injunction, and if we interpret it, "So order your life and methods of working that you will be successful," we will find that we can act upon it with great benefit. We can hand a cup of cold water to a thankless patient if he needs it, with a cheerful face and willing hand, knowing it is right to do so. We can check the inclination to utter a hasty word even in just vindication of ourselves, when some unjust complaint is made against us. In many ways does a nurse have to acquire self-control over her speech, her sympathy, her feelings, her prejudices; it is a training-school in more than one sense. Moral courage is another faculty that must needs be developed; for this the nurse needs ample fund—in fact, there is no time, place or surrounding in which she is not called to exercise it. Let those attest, who have found suddenly devolving upon them the unpleasant duty of denying a patient something anticipated, whose wish gratified, would prove productive of harm, or who have endeavored to induce or kindly compel one to submit to any treatment or accept any food or remedy against which his or her mind is set. This also calls forth

tact and firmness, without which one can hardly be successful. Many an opportunity for observation presents itself to us, each new feature in the work conveying to us a hint of something deeper, more difficult or possibly a simpler and better method of execution. Then let us take courage, looking upward, doing our work conscientiously, faithfully, each little duty completed in itself, the great sum total will be a grand accomplishment. Then may we hear the bidding, "Come up higher!" our life-work fully rounded and completed.

E. C. SANFORD.

OUR HOSPITAL AND ITS WORK.

I come before you friends to-night,
To say a word or two
Of life in grand old R. C. H.,
Also the work we do.

And should the sprite who rules my pen,
Bring more of rhyme than reason,
I trust you'll judge with kindly hearts
Nor deem my folly, treason.

A nurse's life though full of care,
Is not devoid of pleasure,
For Satan finds no work for those
Who haven't any leisure.

Then 'tis a blessed thing to know
That 'mid this world's great throng,
We've lent a helping hand to those
Who must be helped along.

We take our patients as they come,
Of rich or poor relation,
For when we're striving life to save,
We never think of station.

But all alike are here received
To share our ministrations,
Our Powders, Pills and Poulitices,
And skilled manipulations;

And if we have a chance to add,
Words which if fully spoken,
May help to cleanse some sin stained soul,
Or cheer some heart near broken,

We do it gladly, proud to know,
Though humble our position,
We yet may do the Master's work,
And claim a noble mission.

If any think our lives are sad,
And the Hospital a prison,
Let them but oftener visit us,
They'll soon change that decision

For in this noble R. C. H.,
A little world is moving,
Which by its peace and unity
Each day is plainly proving

That Wisdom, Firmness, Love and Skill,
Hold it within their keeping,

And the best good of human kind,
The end and aim they're seeking.

And if there are among you some
Who'd like our work to try,
Only the cool and self possessed,
None others need apply.

J. M. CORBY.

The audience were then favored by Miss Louise Alling, who rendered in a pleasing and acceptable manner, Hiles' "Doubting Heart." Mr. E. Huntington accompanied her, as he did also Mrs. Stedman, on the piano.

The nine graduates—Misses N. A. Lewis, E. Hollister, E. DaBelle, L. L. Jacokes, E. H. Casson, L. M. Mitchell, E. A. Taylor, J. M. Corby and E. C. Sanford, then took their places in front of the rostrum, while William S. Ely, M. D., addressed them in the following words, after which they received from him their diplomas:

Fifty years ago, standing in one of London's greatest hospitals, a distinguished English physician addressed a company of medical students in words, which with slight change may fittingly be repeated on this occasion.

"Diseases are not abstractions—they are modes of acting, different from the natural and healthy modes, modes of suffering and modes of dying, and there must be a living, moving, sentient body for all this. This body must be your study, and your continual care, your active, willing, earnest care. Nothing must make you shrink from it. In its weakness and infirmities, in the dishonors of its corruption, you must still value it—still stay by it—to mark its hunger and thirst, its sleeping and waking, its heat and its cold; to hear its complaints, to register its groans. And is it possible to feel an interest in all this? Aye, indeed it is, a greater, far greater interest than ever painter or sculptor took in the form and beauties of its health.

Whence comes this interest? At first, perhaps, it seldom comes naturally. A mere sense of duty must engender it; and still for awhile a mere sense of duty must keep it

alive. Presently the quick, curious, restless spirit of science enlivens it, and then it becomes an excitement, and then a pleasure, and then the deliberate choice of the mind.

When the interest of attending the sick has reached this point, there arises from it, or has already arisen, a skill in caring for patients. And the skill may exalt the interest, and the interest may improve the skill, until in process of time, experience forms the consummate nurse. But does the interest of nursing the sick necessarily stop here? The question may seem strange. If it has led to the readiest discernment and the highest skill, and formed the consummate nurse, why need it go further? But what if humanity shall warm it? Then this interest, this excitement, this intellectual pleasure is exalted into a principle, and invested with a moral motive and passes into the heart. What if it be carried still further? What if religion should animate it? Why then happy indeed is that woman whose mind, whose moral nature and whose spiritual being are all harmoniously engaged in the daily business of her life, with whom the same act has become her own happiness a dispensation of mercy to her fellow creatures, and the worship of God."

Such a nurse each one of you may become if you have duly profited by the instruction offered to you in the hospital, and have a true idea of the character of your mission.

Miss Willey again entertained the audience, this time reciting "The Old Clock on the Stairs," by Longfellow. The benediction pronounced by Dr. Osgood then closed the public exercises.

Kind friends provided a class supper at the Hospital, which was greatly enjoyed later in the evening.

A Card of Thanks.

We wish to return our sincere thanks to those who so kindly remembered us with a Class Supper on the evening of March 25th.

CLASS OF '86.

Annual Subscription.

As the funds raised for the benefit of the City Hospital, on Donation Day and at other times, are inadequate to the payment of current expenses, and as usually about six months after Donation Day the managers are perplexed to know how to increase their resources, last June, in accordance with a custom adopted in many cities where the Hospitals are not largely endowed, a proposition was made, that there should be an annual subscription of five dollars for the benefit of the City Hospital. Many of our citizens cheerfully responded to this suggestion, and as the managers feel a pressing need of increasing their funds, it was decided at the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers, held at the Hospital, April 12th, that an appeal should at once be made, with a view of enlarging the number of those who are ready to aid the Hospital. If one thousand persons would contribute annually five dollars each, this would secure to the Hospital an additional income of \$5,000.

Persons who last year gave their names as annual subscribers will confer a favor on the managers, by sending to them or the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 174 Spring street, their names and the amount of their annual subscriptions; those who left the city for their summer excursions last year, before the public appeal, are earnestly requested to indicate their interest in the Hospital by sending their names and the amount they are ready to contribute to the Treasurer or any of the Lady Managers.

We all know that sickness is expensive. Large, airy, well ventilated rooms, nourishing food, quiet, and careful nursing, are the conditions that favor recovery from sickness, but they are often expensive essentials, and to provide these for the invalids the Managers now appeal to the liberality of our citizens, trusting that they will make a generous response. Subscriptions of any amount will be gratefully received.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. J. H. Martindale.....	\$100.00
Gertie and Mamie Blakesley, May Carpenter, and Dottie Gilman.....	1.50
DONATIONS IN BILLS.	
L. S. Graves & Son	80
Sam'l Sloan, on bedsteads for pavilion ..	12.00
H. D. Ostermoor & Son, on mattresses ..	5.56

Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

The New Pavilion.

The furnishing of the new Children's Pavilion is progressing very rapidly. The Nursery in the second story is very attractive; we saw two dear little babies in it sleeping in one crib, but as their peepers were closed we could not tell whether they were blue or black-eyed, but they looked very peaceful and healthy, and I fancy they thought they had found very comfortable quarters.

The large room north of the main entrance, on the ground floor, is appropriated as a Girls' Ward, and the one south of it as a Boys' Ward; in both of these quite a large number of beds have already been provided and furnished by kind friends. These beds are to be named for children, but the names of only a few of them have as yet been designated. Mrs. Freeman Clarke has furnished three beds for her grand children; one of these is a memorial cot for Freeman Clarke Webb; this is in the Boys' Ward, where Miss A. S. Mumford has furnished two beds, and Miss Henrietta Mumford, Mrs. John Ely, Mrs. Oscar Craig and Mrs. Wm. Hoyt have each furnished a bed. In the Girls' Ward a bed has been furnished by each of the following persons: Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., Seneca Falls; Mrs. Josiah Anstice, Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer, Mrs. Fred. Allen, Mrs. J. C. Hart and Mrs. John Ely. Mrs. Hart has named her bed "The Isabel Bed" for her little daughter, and Mrs. John Ely calls hers "The Marguerita Bed," in honor of her baby niece. There are some very pretty small bureaus in the Girls' Ward, and others are to be placed in the Boys' Ward. Mrs. Freeman Clarke has given some very nice rugs and chairs, and her daughters Mrs. William Webb and Mrs. Fred Allen have given two very handsome small cherry cabinets for the wards. A number of pictures adorn the walls. Miss Anna Wild is to furnish a room that opens out of the Girls' Ward, and "The Julia and Edith Room," is a little gem. It

has been furnished by Julia Robinson and Edith Peck. The bedstead is of painted iron, ornamented with brass. The bureau, table, chairs and mirror frame are of cherry-wood, contrasting well with the blue toilet set, chair cushions, and fancy articles. "Julia and Edith Room" is embroidered in blue on the bureau and table scarfs, towels, &c. Conspicuous in this room is an engraving of Carl Mullers "Heilige Nacht," representing the infant Saviour in the manger. This is in memory of Katie Little, who died December 10th, 1882. Two pretty mats harmonizing with the other furniture adorn this room.

Miss Lois Whitney has furnished a room that is to be named for the little girls who aided her in preparing articles for her table at the opening of the Pavilion. She has taken the initial letters of their Christian names and formed from these the word "Maleva," that is to designate the room.

Children's Fair.

On the afternoon of March 6th, Edith Peck and Julia Robinson held a fair at the house of Mr. Arthur Robinson, South Washington street, to raise money to furnish a room in the Children's Pavilion. They worked long and industriously, and collected a great variety of fancy and useful articles.

Edith Peck and Julia Robinson had charge of the Fancy Table; Minnie Peck and Cornelia Robinson of the Basket Table; Charlie Robinson and Jane Porter Robinson of the Candy Table; and Alice Peck of the Ice Cream, Cake and Chocolate Table.

Their receipts were \$83, to which must be added a donation of of \$20, and \$5 from "Katie's Bank."

Donations to Pavilion.

Mr. G. E. Mumford, gas fixtures and chandeliers.

Mrs. A. G. Yates, one chandelier.

Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, one chandelier.

Mrs. Cochrane, one chandelier.

Mrs. John H. Brewster, hall light.

Misses Whitney, gas fixture.

Mrs. S. J. Macy, gas fixture.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, gas fixtures.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the third of April we visited the Hospital and found that a large number of patients had died there the past month. One of these was brought to the Hospital in a dying condition, and another survived his arrival but two days.

Ten were receiving treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. One man was confined to his cot; he had been driving over bad roads, had been thrown from his wagon, and fractured his leg below the knee, and had also bruised his face. On the next cot the man with the burnt leg was sitting up, whittling window wedges, and interesting three boys who watched his work. An aged rheumatic patient was slowly moving about leaning on his cane; another aged man had ulcers on his leg. A man who three weeks before had fallen down stairs and broken his wrist was doing well. George Griffin, the colored paralytic, an old servant of Gen. Martindale, has been in the Hospital since June 6th, 1883; he died on the 11th of March; he has at times suffered much, and has required great care, but his last years were brightened by faithful hospital nursing.

Four persons had died in the Male Medical Ward, two of them were paralytics, one had consumption, and the fourth, a German, had a diseased heart. One patient, a consumptive, was very low, he had been but a few weeks in the hospital, and was rapidly failing. Twenty-one were receiving treatment. Two of them were eye patients. The eczema patient had just been rubbed and had an application of oil, and was not very comfortable; his faithful wife who has so constantly cheered him by her presence was by sickness prevented from visiting him, and he greatly missed her.

No death had occurred in the Female Medical Wards where nine patients were confined to their cots, some of these were suffering from general debility, one, an English girl, had malarial fever; another, a

girl seventeen years old, had fallen while skating in a rink, and had injured her back; one mother had a beautiful baby three months old, it was her fifth child, but the mother needed Hospital care; one woman was suffering acutely with rheumatism in her arm, she had slept but one night for a week; a cancer patient was very feeble; a patient who had come from the Home of the Friendless had a diseased heart and could not lie down; Minnie Bryant had been more feeble than usual.

There are four babies, four mothers, and six waiting patients in the Hospital.

There is but little change in our young patients: the girl with St. Vitus's Dance has had a relapse, but is now better; Tommy has three sores and Freddy one; Max has had a new plaster of Paris jacket; Sarah and Theodocia are still being treated for curvature of the spine.

Seventeen are receiving treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. One woman is confined to her cot with a broken leg; Tilly, from whose limb a piece of diseased flesh had been cut, is better, up and about the ward.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mary Louise Lawrance.....	\$ 25
Mrs. James Laney	5.00
Eunice VanAlstyne, Albany, by Minnie Peck.....	25
A friend.....	1.00
A friend, Detroit, Michigan	2.00
Edith Peck and Julia Robinson.....	8.00
Mr. Oliver Benedict, New York	1.00
Mrs. Eliza Loop.....	10.00
Mrs. H. F. Hart	1.00
Mrs. R. B. Claxton, Philadelphia.....	5.00
Miss Fannie Hooker, Skaneateles.....	25

Receipts for the month \$33.75
Previously acknowledged..... \$2.168.59

Total receipts \$2.202.34

We still require \$4.287.66 to complete the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Contributions are urgently solicited to make up this amount, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the treasurer of the fund, or to any of the managers of the Hospital.

Wanted.

Furniture for two small rooms, east of the Female Medical Wards, that are to be fitted up for very sick persons who should be removed from the Female Wards. There are also needed a lounge, bureaus and chairs. This is the season of the year when housekeepers are rearranging their homes. Perhaps some of our friends can send us some second hand furniture that will be as useful to us as new.

Help From the Little Folks.

Four little girls, Gertie and Mamie Blakesley, May Carpenter and Dottie Gilman, had a Mikado entertainment and charged a penny a ticket. They earned a dollar and fifty cents, and brought it for the Pavilion Fund. Mrs. Mathews' report tells you how much is needed to pay the debt on the Pavilion, and we hope all the little folks will help us raise this amount.

Boys' Clothing.

We have boys ten, eleven and twelve years old, that are quite destitute of suitable clothing. Second hand garments will be very acceptable.

Thanks.

We are again indebted to Mr. E. Kuichling for handsomely lettering the Nurses' Diplomas.

It is pleasant to notice the interest felt by the graduates of the Training School for Nurses in their Alma Mater. They love to come back to the Hospital, and feel as interested in its prosperity as do the graduates of our colleges in the institutions where they have received their diplomas.

Copies of the Review may be had of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street.

Receipts for the Review.

MARCH, 1886.

Mrs. W. J. Averell, Ogdensburg, 50 cts.; James Pierson, Lockport, 50 cts., by Mrs. W. H. Perkins	\$ 1.00
Odenbach & Shale, 62 cts.; Dwight Palmer, adv., \$3.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews	5.62
Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 62 cts; Mrs. L. H. Al-ling, 62 cts; Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cts; Mrs. G. C. Buell, 62 cts; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cts; Mrs. E. F. Brewster, 62c; Mrs. F. M. Bottum, 62 cts; Mrs. H. Hoyt, 62 cts; Mrs. H. Howard, 62 cts; Mrs. C. E. Hart, 62c; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cts; P. McConnell, 62 cts; Mrs. M. C. Phelan, 62 cts; Mrs. A. Reynolds, 62 cts; Mrs. C. Rogers, 62 cts; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cts; Mrs. C. B. Smith, 62 cts., by Annie L. McEwan	10.54
Mrs. C. P. Achilles, 65 cts; Mr. Edward Brewster, 50c; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 5 subs., \$3.00; Mrs. A. J. Cuming, 62c; Mrs. W. D. Fitzhugh, Mt Morris, \$2.50; Mrs. U. Meyer, 92 cts; Mr. J. Owens, Brockport, \$1.00; Mrs. Benj. Rhodes, Niagara Falls, 50 cts; Mrs. A. Smith, Jacksonville, Florida, \$1.00; Mrs. J. W. Swift, Fort Lowell, Arizona, \$1.00, by Treasurer	12.02
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, <i>Treasurer</i> , 96 Spring St.	

Donations for March.

Mrs. C. M. Lee, 12 pictures.
Mr. J. W. Gillis, 4 picture frames.
Mrs. M. Strong, reading matter.
Mrs. Wm. L. Halsey, pictures for children.
Miss Henrietta Mumford, reading matter for children.
Lewis Chase, reading matter.
Maria Ferreira, a quantity of reading matter, 2 shawls for children, (1 marked Little Sarah), and several games.
Edith Peck and Julia Robinson, jelly for the children.
Miss Mumford, games, second hand clothing, reading matter, &c.
Mrs. S. H. Terry, Scientific American and other papers.
Misses Ferreira, Charlotte Russe and cake for surgical ward.
W. S. Ely, M. D., Vienna coffee pot, painting cards for bulletin board.
H. B. Williams, bulletin board.
Walter Hubbell Sill, 2 pairs of pillow cases.
Mrs. Edward Cozzens, old linen and playthings for children.
E. Darrow & Co., several copies of Harper's Weekly.
Dr. Little, 6 rubber bags.
Miss Laura W. Williams, books and toys.
Friend, a quantity of "Graphics."
Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, 1 towel rack.

Old Cotton is always acceptable.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 1st, 1886, of compression of the brain, August Kurrow.
At the Hospital, March 2, 1886, of phthisis pulmonalis, Edward Bryant, aged 27 years.
At the Hospital, March 6, 1886, of aortic aneurism, Benedict Lehmann, aged 51 years.
At the Hospital, March 8, 1886, of abscess of left lung, Mrs. Dellphemeia Eisenburg, aged 26 years
At the Hospital, March 11, 1886, of paralysis, George Griffin, aged 78 years.
At the Hospital, March 14, 1886, an infant, 22 days old.
At the Hospital, March 20, 1886, of cerebral embolism, Henry Goodger, aged 72 years.
At the Hospital, March 26th, 1886, of cerebrel embolism, John Weaver, aged 80 years.
At the Hospital, March 27, 1886, of general debility, Mary S. Dunlap, aged 65 years.

The dishes, baskets, &c., left at Powers' Hall at the Donation, have been sent to the Hospital except the following, which may still be found at the house of the Treasurer, 174 Spring St.
1 gold banded china dish.
1 white fluted dish.
1 glass dish belonging to a fruit or flower stand.
2 blue plates.
1 glass salt cellar.
5 deep tin baking pans.
1 square tin pan to hold small cakes.
1 olive fork.
1 blood-stone scarf pin.
1 gilt hat pin.
1 horn shawl pin.
1 piece of blue velvet chenille embroidery.
MRS. W. H. PERKINS.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital March 1, 1886	87
" received during month	62
" births during month	5
	154
Number discharged during month	37
" deaths during month	9
" remaining April 1, 1886	08
	154

The sacred page
With calm attention scan! If on thy soul,
As thou dost read, a ray of purer light
Break in, oh check it not, give it full scope!
Admitted, it will break the clouds which long
Have dimmed thy sight, and lead thee, till at
last
Convictions like the sun's meridian beams
Illuminate thy mind. *Samuel Hayes.*

Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite; the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

"Dear Child, She Wanted to Help Me."

BY MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care ;
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the building,
The work some day to be tried ;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And even when trying most truly
The meagre success I had won.

"It's nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"
I said : "It will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve him,
And sometimes I know I have tried ;
But I am sure when he sees such building
He will never let it abide."

Just then I turned the garment
That no rent should be left behind,
My eyes caught an odd little bundle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes.
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me ;
I knew 'twas the best she could do ;
But oh ! what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue.

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt her grow more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew his meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down his temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew.

Perhaps, as he looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing my marring and bungling,
And how far it is all from the right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said to her,
"Dear child she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

And for the real love that is in it,
The work shall be perfect as mine ;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constrain me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One
Which would tenderly guide and hold me,
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart is strong and restful,
And my eyes are unto him.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

Wine Inspires a Speech and Causes a Wife to be Clubbed.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.

"It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Romish priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added : "Our professions take us into homes, and lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy, are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged ; "please think of some."

"I was called to see the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her ; a lovely bouquet of flowers on the stand by her side. Two little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion.

"My wife fell down stairs, said her husband, 'and I fear has hurt herself seriously.'

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen and almost black, and one rib was broken.

"How do you find her?" asked the husband anxiously.

"I will ask the question, if you please, how did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell on the stairway."

"I hesitated, I was not in a Paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side.

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and a glance at her. My resolve was taken.

"Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck," I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said, hesitatingly.

"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are, to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom, and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me upstairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone, and I pounded her and left her. She tried to follow me but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, upstairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and awoke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for the morning engagements. I pledge you my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her crying; but she would not permit a physician to be sent for, lest it should disgrace me; I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself, more or less when she fell.' And with an honest quiver of his lip he added: 'She is an angel and I am a devil.'

"And what are wine bibbers?"

"Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave, while she lived and suffered. When her true, noble, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and the Providence that so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut the 'beloved wife!' He has gone to her now, in the land of no license!

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."—*National Temperance Advocate*.

How Long Shall we Sleep.

The fact is, that as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more because we want more. Six hours' sleep will do very well for a ploughman or bricklayer, or any other man who has no exhaustion but that produced by manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after his labor is over the better. But for a man whose labor is mental, the stress of work is on his brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application, neither early to bed nor early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the intervals between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and refreshment. To him an hour after midnight is probably as good as two hours before it, and even then his sleep will not so completely and quickly restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later, but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest.

There wants nothing but a believing prayer to turn the promise into a performance.

Only Me.

A little figure glided through the hall ;
 "Is that you, Pet?" the words came tenderly,
 A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
 "It isn't Pet, mamma ; it's only me."

The quivering baby lips !—they had not meant
 To utter any word could plant a sting ;
 But to that mother-heart a strange pang went,
 She heard, and stood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face
 Thrilled 'neath unwonted kisses rained above ;
 And from that moment, Only Me had place
 And part with Pet in tender mother-love.

The more believers love God, the
 more they love one another ; as the
 lines of a circle, the nearer they come
 to the centre the nearer they come to
 each other.—*Charnock.*

Whosoever will, let him take the
 water of life freely. Take Jesus as he
 offers himself to you, and all the bless-
 ings of life and glory are yours forever.
Romaine.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

MRS. MALBY STRONG. MRS. WM. H. PERKINS
 MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
 MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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 class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be ad-
 dressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 36 South
 Washington Street.

Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing
 Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer
 No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested
 to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secre-
 tary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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Per Square 1 insertion, \$1.00	Quarter Column.....\$10.00
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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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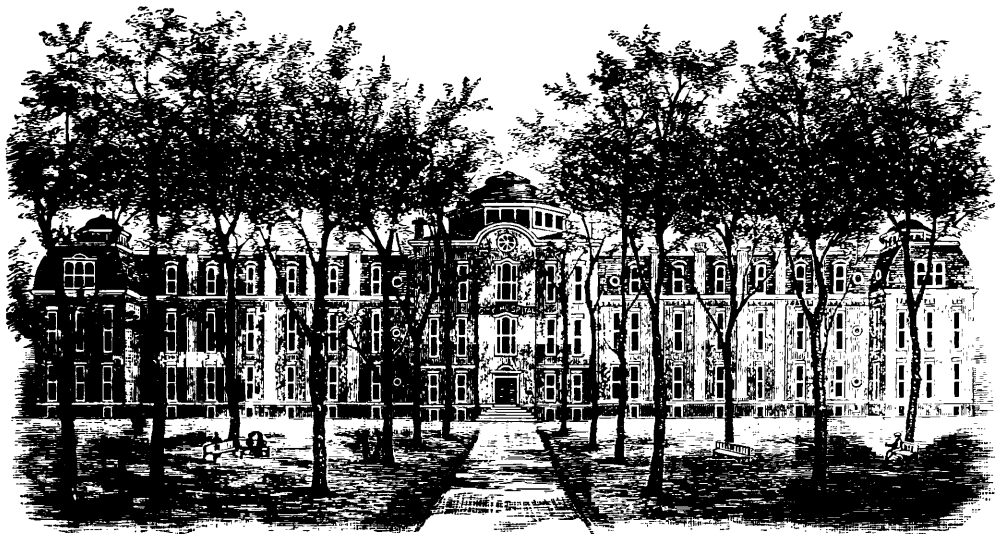
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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1886.

No. 10

A Beautiful Poem by an Unknown Author.

To the Editor of the Detroit Free Press :

Among my papers for many years has been the manuscript of a little poem, the author of which I have never known, nor can I now remember how it came into my hands. I do not think that it has ever been in print and inclose you a copy. I do not know whether *arbutus* is found in your Michigan woods, but many in this city will remember

"Kneeling in damp mosses,
With their hands among the leaves,"

in their earlier homes among the New York or New England hills. Such will, I think, agree with me that the unknown singer has caught something of the grace and fragrance of the dainty flower he celebrates. By the way, it is a ruthless bit of vandalism for modern editors

of Webster and Worcester to place the accent upon the first syllable of *arbutus* and place so much good verse under the shadow of incorrectness.

WALTER BUELL.

Detroit, April 15.

ARBUTUS.

We were seeking but *arbutus*,
My fair laughing love and I;
Nor would even violets suit us,
For we passed them ever by.

And we scorned to pluck wild pansies,
Purple banks within our reach;
Ah! we had sweet thoughts without them,
That had never yet found speech.

"I have found it!" cried my lady,
Showing buds cool winds had fanned;
"Is it mine?" I asked, inclosing
More than flowers, within my hand.

Ah! that moment, by ambitions
Hid from even memory's light;
With dead hopes as thickly covered,
As those flowers, by leaves, from sight.

Yet as surely as the spring comes,
 With that feeling in the air,
 Of a subtle life pervading
 Root and branch, now brown and bare,

I am haunted by this memory,
 Changing with a varying power,
 Till each rapturous thought reviving
 Seems the echo of one hour.

Standing last night in a ball-room
 I but caught the fleeting glance
 Of a fair young face, uplifted
 In the pauses of the dance.

Toward dark eyes that were bestowing
 More than woman oft receives—
 I was kneeling in damp mosses,
 With my hands among the leaves.

In the years that were before them,
 Will that waltz tune ever be,
 What some slight thing is to most men,
 What arbutus is to me?

FOR THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Consul Jarvis and his Merinos.

At the recent convention of wool growers and sheep shearers held at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., April 27th, Mr. John P. Ray, of Richmond, alludes to the late Mr. Jarvis, American Consul at Lisbon, and his Merino sheep. By so doing, he awakens pleasant memories of summer vacations and winter evenings spent at Weathersfield Bow, where, under the shadow of Mt. Ascutney, among the green hills of Vermont, Consul Jarvis reared his imported Merinos, and in his hospitable home entertained his guests with incidents associated with Napoleon's invasion of Spain and Portugal, and the political influences that, at the beginning of the present century, opened the door for the exporting of the Spanish Merinos.

For more than a thousand years, the Spanish government had protected and cherished her fine-wooled sheep, and it was estimated that, at the time of the French invasion, there were six millions of them within her provinces. These were divided into two classes, the Transhumantes, or traveling sheep, and the Estantes, or stationary ones; the former were greatly superior to the latter. These were owned in flocks of from 5,000 to 30,000, the larger ones being placed under a Mayoral, who had the entire control of the flock, and annually accounted to the owner for the net income. Two shepherds, four dogs, and a pack horse or mule were allowed for every thousand sheep.

The Transhumantes were divided into three classes, the Leonesa, the Segovian, and the Sorian. The Leonesa were esteemed the finest sheep in Spain, and in summer were pastured on the hills of Leon and the two Castiles, and in winter on the plains of Spanish Estremadura. They usually migrated in April and October, and very wide roads and ample pasture grounds were provided by law to supply their needs during their journeys. The shepherd-dogs that accompanied them were large,

strong animals, resembling the St. Bernard dogs, and capable of defending the flocks from wolves that were liable to attack the sheep in their mountain pastures. The sheep were sheared in May, and the wool sent to St. Andero and Bilbao for sale.

The laws of Spain made the exporting of sheep a crime, punishable with death.

The sheep that were sent to New York, by Chancellor Livingston, Minister to France, were from a flock that the King of France had obtained from the King of Spain.

Col. David Humphreys, Minister to Spain, when retiring from office, in 1802, was offered the customary present of a number of bars of silver, but declined the gift, on the ground that its acceptance would be a violation of the laws of the United States but afterwards indicated that, for the benefit of his country, he would accept some Merinos. He was informed that the laws of Spain would not allow such a gift, but that, "doubtless he might obtain some himself, and no notice would be taken of it." He profited by the suggestion, bought one hundred pure Merinos, that, with proper passports, under the care of a small guard of Portuguese soldiers, were safely conducted to Lisbon, and in April, 1802, were shipped for Derby, Conn., where, after a fifty days' voyage, all but nine, that died on the passage, were safely landed.

At this time, Mr. Jarvis was Consul to Portugal, and Charge d' Affaires at Lisbon, and stimulated by Mr. Humphreys' success, he made efforts to obtain Merinos for himself, but learned that at that time it was impossible to procure them. He watched patiently for the right moment, and his official position as American Consul kept him posted on Spanish affairs, and, a few years later, in 1809, at the time of Napoleon's invasion, when Spain was distracted with civil discensions and foreign aggressions, he was more successful, and purchased and sent to the United States, two hundred of the royal Escuriales—the only Escuriales that ever came to this country. The Escurial flock formerly belonged to Philip II, but when he built the Escurial palace, he gave the sheep, as a source of revenue, to the friars who occupied the convent connected with the palace.

Mr. Jarvis first shipped twelve of his Escurials with a shepherd, and instructed his consignee not to sell them for less than a hundred and fifty dollars apiece. One sheep died on the passage; the remaining eleven sold for fifteen thousand dollars. Twelve more of this flock were sent to Alexandria; two of these were given to Ex-President Jefferson, and two to President Madison.

When Napoleon's armies a second time invaded Spain, and under Joseph Bonaparte approached Madrid, the Junta, the High Court of State, fled to Badajos, and, in order to raise funds, authorized the sale of some of the confiscated sheep that were pasturing in Estremadura. The first four flocks that were sold by the Junta were the Paulars, Aguirres, Negretes and Montarcos.

The Paular flock once belonged to the Carthusian friars of Paular, on the borders of Andalusia, who paid great attention to their horses

and sheep. The novitiates for the priesthood were required, after their matins, to spend a portion of each day in superintending the shepherds. When Don Manuel de Godoy, Prince of the Peace, the favorite of Charles IV, came into power, he purchased the Paular flock, and when he was banished to Italy, it was confiscated by the Junta, and afterwards sold to replenish their exhausted finances.

Four thousand of the Paulars were purchased and sent to England, for the King; the remainder were bought by Col. John Downie, commissary of the British army, and by William Jarvis, on the condition that the Junta would grant licenses to carry them out of Spain.

The care that was taken to secure certificates of the identity of the Paular sheep, indicates the high estimate in which they were held by the Spanish authorities.

The family of Mr. Jarvis still retains many curious papers relating to this flock. The following extracts are translations of some of them:

CERTIFICATE AND PASSPORT FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE JUNTA.

"I, Don Fermin Coronado, Honorary Paymaster of the Army, General of the Master-ships of Military Orders, Rents and Confiscations, *Secretary to the Governmental Junta* of the Province of Estremadura, in the Department of Real Estate, and its Commission of Subsistence, and the direction of Cabanas, etc., etc.—

"Do hereby certify that the said Governmental Junta, by its decree of the 24th of the present month, has sold to Col. John Downie, Commissary of the British army, two thousand eight hundred and fifteen ewes, eleven hundred and thirty males (3,945 in all); eighteen dogs, five shepherd ponies, and five mess kettles, all pertaining to the Cabana, confiscated from Don Manuel Godoy, called the *Paular Flock*, and which are to have a free passage to Lisbon, or any other convenient port. And, at the request of the said Commissary, I give this certificate at the city of Badajoz, on the 25th day of June, 1810.

FERMIN CORONADO."

The passport from the Marquis of Romana, Captain General of the Spanish armies (after enumerating a long list of his titles), grants "a safe passport to Cipriano Garcia Elias, to take to Lisbon a flock from the sheep-farm del Paular, confiscated from Don Manuel Godoy, and sold by the Junta of this Province to the English Commissary General, Don Juan Downie. The military and civil authorities along his route will put no hindrance in his way; he is accompanied by four shepherds.

"All civil officers, therefore, subject to my jurisdiction, are directed, and all others are urgently requested, not to allow any impediment to his journey, but to give him all necessary assistance, in accordance with the royal service. Given at headquarters, Badajoz, the 25th day of June, 1810.

ROMANA."

On the left of the name is engraved the royal arms of Spain.

CERTIFICATE OF THE MAYORAL, DON JOSE ALVAREZ Y SUARES.

"I, Don Jose Alvarez y Suarez, Mayoral of the fine Transhumante Leonesa Cabana, called the Paular, certify, that for ten years previous to the sale of this flock, I was the assistant mayoral, during which time it belonged to the Carthusian Order, del Paular; that in the year 1795 it was sold by the said Carthusian Order to Don Manuel de Godoy, Prince of Peace, in which year I entered upon the sole charge of it, and so remained for fourteen years, making in all, twenty-four years previous to the confiscation by the government of the property of the said Godoy, that I have had charge of it, and during all this time, there has been no mixture of any other cabana with this; and that at this date, there has been sold by the Governmental Junta of the Province of Estremadura, to John Downie, Col. of the royal armies of Spain, and Commissary General of the British army, two thousand eight hundred and fifteen ewes, and eleven hundred and thirty-two males (in all, 3,947), all of the best quality and condition, from the said flock, this cabana being the choicest and best of the kingdom, and its wool being held in the highest estimation in foreign countries.

In evidence of which, I give this certificate, at the good castle of Piedra, where the flock has been delivered, this 27th day of June, 1810.

JOSE ALVAREZ Y SUARES.

"I also certify, that as mayoral of this cabana, I have accompanied it to Lisbon, in accordance with directions from the Junta of Estremadura; and in my presence Col. Downie has delivered to Don Guillermo Jarvis, the number of seven hundred and fifty ewes, and two hundred and fifty males, making in all, one thousand head, of the same cabana del Paular; and in truth of which I hereunto set my hand at this city of Lisbon, this 10th July, 1810.

JOSE ALVAREZ Y SUARES."

Mr. Jarvis was very anxious to introduce into the United States the Spanish sheep; and therefore purchased, shipped from Lisbon, and sent to this country, fourteen hundred Paulars, seventeen hundred Aguirres, two hundred Escurials, one hundred and thirty Negretes, and two hundred Montarcos (in all 3,630), more than all others together. He said, "they were such sheep as could not have been obtained in Spain, had it not been for the invasion of the French, and the distracted state of the country resulting therefrom." About one hundred of these sheep were sent to Wiscasset and Portland, eleven hundred to Boston and Newburyport, fifteen hundred to New York, three hundred and fifty to Baltimore, one hundred to Alexandria, and two hundred to Norfolk and Richmond.

When Mr. Jarvis retired from public life, and returned to his native land, he intended to purchase a plantation in Virginia, and stock it with superior breeds of animals, but he finally selected, as his future home, a very large, fertile and valuable farm at Weathersfield, Vermont, on the bank of the Connecticut River where it makes a bow. It was a warm, sunny spot, sheltered by high hills, within a few miles of

Mt. Ascutney, one of the Green Mountain range. Its rich meadows and neighboring hills offered good pasturage for the imported Merinos.

The Paular shepherds had selected for Mr. Jarvis three hundred sheep; half of these were Paulars, a fourth Aguirres, one eighth Escurials and the other eighth Montarcos and Negretes. These had been shipped to Newburyport, and in 1811, under charge of a Spanish shepherd, a shepherd dog, Coronel, and a favorite pointer, Piniasco, they were driven from Newburyport to the Consul's new farm at Weathersfield Bow. A hundred more sheep came from Boston, and among the live stock were Dutch cattle. Portuguese swine, goats and donkeys, and Virginia horses.

The green hills of Vermont were rich summer pasture grounds for the Merinos, but the rigorous wintry blasts were not like the milder airs of the Estremadura plains, and the foreign sheep were therefore wintered and fed in large, commodious barns built for them near the Consul's house. The lambs born in the early spring were most carefully nurtured. I have often heard the second wife of William Jarvis say that when in the spring of 1817, she came as a bride to Weathersfield, she was shocked to find one of the best and sunniest rooms in the house devoted to the use of young lambs, where clad in warm jackets they were tenderly reared.

In conformity to Spanish custom, Mr. Jarvis bred his respective flocks of Merinos separately, till 1816 or 1817, when he mixed them. He found in 1834, by comparing samples of his recent clippings, with those of the Paular flock that he had received when in Lisbon, that his flock had improved.

Believing that the prosperity of his country would be largely promoted by encouraging American manufactures, for many years he had some of his own wool manufactured into flannel and fulled cloth, and, regardless of appearance, wore garments made from it himself, and used it for winter clothing for his children. Blue flannel suits are now the fashionable costume of our seaside resorts, but when, fifty or sixty years ago, the Consul's daughters appeared in Boston, in their high-necked, long-sleeved, blue merino flannel dresses, they looked quite *outré* to those not "to the manner born."

For nearly half a century William Jarvis was the life and centre of Weathersfield Bow. He was farmer, physician, banker, friend. He never lost his interest in the Merinos. His home was the synonym for hospitality, culture and good cheer, and seldom did a relative depart from it without a substantial remembrance in the form of merino flannel, made at his woolen factory at Quechee.

I last visited Mr. Jarvis in the summer of 1857, and found him, at the age of eighty-seven hale and healthy, full of life, vivacity and anecdote, courtly in his manners, and more genial and hospitable than almost any other man I ever met. Every day, just after breakfast, a small Canadian pony was brought to his gate, and, mounted on that, with his feet reaching almost to the ground, he would take his morning ride, survey his broad acres,

and sometimes greet his only son as he returned from "salting" the Merinos.

Of the ten children born in the Weathersfield Homestead but three survive. Its present occupant is a daughter of William Jarvis, the wife of Col. Leavitt Hunt, a brother of the late William M. Hunt, the American painter. Artistic decorations and modern improvements have added their attractions to the spot, but we doubt not among the inherited and treasured possessions may still be found some of Consul Jarvis' Merinos.

H. S. T.

The First Hindoo Female M. D.

From the New York Observer.

I have just attended a meeting of unusual interest and significance. Our beautiful Academy of Music was filled, tier upon tier, with an expectant assembly, gathered to witness the exercises of the thirty-fourth annual Commencement of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. This is the oldest institution of its kind in the world. Its existence and prosperity are full of meaning, but what gave a special interest to to-day's proceedings was the fact that in the graduating class, there was a Hindoo woman of high caste, Mrs. Anandibai Joshee, who goes forth, the first of her sex in India, a regular diplomated doctor of medicine. Her husband, late an official under the Indian Government, came to this country to witness her graduation. There came, also, her friend, the learned Pundita Ramabia, a native of the Madras Presidency, who, for two years, has occupied the chair of Sanskrit in a Woman's college in Cheltenham, England.

When the audience had filled the house, the Corporators of the College, headed by the President, T. Morris Perot, filed in, and took seats upon the stage. With them came the Pundita Ramabai, leading by the hand her young daughter. She was dressed in a flowing white robe, a part of this serving as a hood to cover her dark hair. Her complexion was light for a Hindoo, and her face seemed young. The little girl had tresses of raven blackness, and the face of a typical Hindoo. For the moment, these two were the cynosure of all eyes, diverting attention from the lady mem-

bers of the Faculty, who now came in, led by the Dean, Dr. Rachel L. Bodley. After these were seated on the broad stage, the students came in a body, graduates and undergraduates, and occupied the seats immediately in front of the stage.

The graduating class numbered thirty-three. The four continents were represented, Europe, by one from Russia; Asia by two from India, one of these the daughter of an American missionary, the other, Mrs. Joshee; Africa by an intelligent looking negro, and America by the remaining twenty-nine from twelve States of the Union. When the young Hindoo doctor appeared, there was loud applause. She was richly dressed in native costume, and seemed little over four and a half feet in height.

The exercises were the customary ones on such occasions. Rev. Dr. McCook, of the Tabernacle Presbyterian church, whose recent book on the "Women Friends of Jesus" has been favorably received, was very fittingly chosen to make the opening prayer.

After the prayer Dean Bodley called the graduates by name to the platform. They formed two successive arcs about the President's chair, receiving from him legal notification of their having obtained the degree of M. D. A diploma was passed from hand to hand. An interesting and sensible address was then made to the graduates by Prof. Clara Marshall, M. D., who reminded them of the dignity of their calling, and exhorted them to pursue it with untiring energy and unsullied purity. After the distribution of bouquets and gifts the exercises closed with the benediction.

We may well wish God's special favor to rest upon Dr. Anandibai Joshee, as she goes to carry the blessings of Christian science to her country-women in India. Her coming will mark an epoch in the medical treatment of the millions of the women of that land. Her sisters will not lose caste by her touch when she ministers to them. But what is one among so many? Already the medical women of our American missions have done something toward

alleviating the miseries that suffering and sickness entail upon the women of India, but a native Brahmin doctor, a woman, will be about as great a benefaction as America could send to the Hindoo world. The Pundita, as she sat before the vast audience in the Academy, was the only spectator there who could entirely appreciate the significance of the scene, when her Hindoo sister came up with her American fellow students to receive from this Pennsylvania college her degree as a Doctor of Medicine.

JOSEPH H. DULLES.

Another munificent gift has been made by the Vanderbilt family to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The gift is by Cornelius, William K., Frederick W., and George W. Vanderbilt, who have each contributed the sum of \$62,500, making a total of \$250,000, with which they propose the erection of a building on the grounds on the corner of Sixtieth street and Tenth avenue—given the college by their father—to be known as the Vanderbilt Clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The building, which the sons intend to be a memorial to their father, will be used for the purpose of clinical teaching exclusively. All the clinical lectures now given in the college building will be delivered there, and a number of small rooms will be provided for private clinical instruction to students. It will be virtually a large dispensary.

Joaquin Miller says the graveyard on the old battlefield of New Orleans "is beautiful enough to make one in love with death." It is at once an orange-grove and flower-garden. The gardeners and grave-diggers have gathered a pyramid of British cannon-balls. The lines from the Confederate poet, Gen. O'Hara, are set up on a bronze tablet at the gate of every Federal graveyard, I believe, in the United States:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

· ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1886.

The Hospital Patients.

On the first Tuesday of March we visited the Hospital and found the grounds very attractive in their Spring verdure. The bright dandelions gave a golden hue to the lawn, and the pickaxes, spades, pounders, and other tools piled together at the gateway, ready for removal, indicated work had been accomplished on the grounds. A new stone walk had been laid from the main walk to the front steps of the Children's Pavilion, and the lawn, that had been necessarily marred by the erection of the Pavilion, had been graded, under the direction of Mr. Gorsline, partially sodded and seeded. The bank west of the Pavilion had been sodded and everything around the new building seemed in good order. Many of the patients were seated under the trees and on the steps of the Pavilion.

In one of the small Pavilions were a brother and sister sick with the scarlet fever, and in the other the man with a gangrenous foot had had it amputated.

Fifteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward; four of these were confined most of the time to the bed. The man with a burnt limb was able to sit up a little while each afternoon, but his limb heals very slowly. A man who had shot himself twice, near the eye, was sitting in a rocking chair with bandages about his head.

One man who had fallen in an elevator had suffered from a compound dislocation of one of his finger joints, and for some time his memory was weakened and his mind wandering, but he was improving. Another man who, in consequence of the breaking of an elevator rope, had fallen more than forty feet, had crushed his heel bone which had penetrated the flesh of his right foot; he had also broken the bone of his left ankle, and dislocated one of his fingers. He was doing

remarkably well. The man who had been thrown from and run over by a cart, fracturing his leg, was gaining and expecting soon to sit up.

There were twenty-one patients in the Male Medical Ward. Four of these kept their beds. Mr. Pratt who had been in the Hospital since February, 1883, had died of cerebral apoplexy. One man had cancer of the throat, his case being very much like that of Gen. Grant; another had cancer of the neck. A young English Jew was brought to the Hospital in the ambulance, he was but eighteen years old, had difficulty in breathing, pain in the chest and was unable to lie down. Two years before he had a similar attack, and appeared to be suffering from some disease of the heart. One man had diseased heart and lungs; another was convalescing from nervous attacks; two had rheumatism. The eczema patient was trying a new kind of ointment which it was hoped would benefit him.

There were twenty inmates of the Female Medical Ward, four of whom were confined to their beds. A cancer patient had died.

Of the sixteen patients of the Female Surgical Ward three were confined to their cots. One woman had had a cataract removed the day previous. The patient with fractured thigh was improving. The chronic patients had changed but little.

In the Nursery were six babies, but one of whom was over four weeks old; the youngest was nine days old. There were six mothers and four waiting patients.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

We found Max Kraus, the German boy, who wears the plaster of Paris jacket and the head harness, and Freddy Lyons, who has an abscess on the hip, each with a crutch beside him, sitting on the door steps, while Tommy Heeney, who has also an abscess, was standing near them as they threw and caught bags of beans, using them instead of balls. They seemed very happy to play out of doors. George Doane whose eyes have

troubled him, was within doors. Frank N. Brown, a boy fifteen years old, who was catching a ride on the cars, fell off at Coldwater, where he was run over and one leg fearfully crushed and the other broken. Three hours after the accident he was brought to the Hospital, his wounds examined and stimulants given him, but he failed very fast only living a few hours. Daniel Akey was stabbed in his left side by an Italian who sold peanuts; Dan was in bed but very comfortable and free from pain. The little girl from the Church Home had recovered from the St. Vitus's Dance and was playing on the back lawn with Theodosia Banta, who has a curvature of the spine, and with Mary Ella Thompson, a little girl ten years old who fell and hurt her knee, but who is now nearly well. Sarah, the happy little colored girl, was in bed. Max has been home and spent two days with his friends, he says he liked to be at home because he could sit up as late as he wanted to.

The New Pavilion.

The Children's Pavilion is nearly furnished and when some wire screens have been put on the west windows the children are to be removed to it. It looks very attractive. Several new beds and rugs and pictures have been placed in it, and there are pretty wash stand bureaus in the Boys' Ward like those in the Girls' Ward. The "Paul" room, named for Paul C. Wild, three years old, is furnished with iron and brass bedstead, cherry bureau and tables, pretty rugs and chairs, and six lovely pictures. The toilet set and other fancy articles are of blue, contrasting well with the cherry wood. An Easter Memorial of \$30 is sent us for the "Arthur and Howard L. Yates bed." Mrs. L. S. Ettenheimer calls her bed the "Estelle Bed."

Copies of the Review may be obtained of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring Street.

Annual Subscription.

As the funds raised for the benefit of the City Hospital, on Donation Day and at other times, are inadequate to the payment of current expenses, and as usually about six months after Donation Day the managers are perplexed to know how to increase their resources, last June, in accordance with a custom adopted in many cities where the Hospitals are not largely endowed, a proposition was made, that there should be an annual subscription of five dollars for the benefit of the City Hospital. Many of our citizens cheerfully responded to this suggestion, and as the managers feel a pressing need of increasing their funds, it was decided at the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers, held at the Hospital, April 12th, that an appeal should at once be made, with a view of enlarging the number of those who are ready to aid the Hospital. If one thousand persons would contribute annually five dollars each, this would secure to the Hospital an additional income of \$5,000.

Persons who last year gave their names as annual subscribers will confer a favor on the managers, by sending to them or the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 174 Spring street, their names and the amount of their annual subscriptions; those who left the city for their summer excursions last year, before the public appeal, are earnestly requested to indicate their interest in the Hospital by sending their names and the amount they are ready to contribute to the Treasurer or any of the Lady Managers.

We all know that sickness is expensive. Large, airy, well ventilated rooms, nourishing food, quiet, and careful nursing, are the conditions that favor recovery from sickness, but they are often expensive essentials, and to provide these for the invalids the Managers now appeal to the liberality of our citizens, trusting that they will make a generous response. Subscriptions of any amount will be gratefully received.

RESPONSE.

Last month we published the above appeal and in response the following donations have been received. We hope next month to publish the names and gifts of many more friends:

By Mrs. C. E. Mathews:

Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	\$5.00
Mrs. Robt. Mathews.....	5.00
Robt. Mathews.....	5.00
Mrs. W. Pitkin.....	5.00

By Mrs. H. F. Huntington :	
Mrs. H. F. Huntington	\$5.00
Judge Danforth	5.00
A Friend	5.00
By Mrs. Max Landsberg :	
H. Michaels	5.00
Jos. Michaels	5.00
M. Strauss	5.00
I. Stern	5.00
I. M. Sloman	5.00
Mrs. Leo S. Stein	5.00
S. Stern	5.00
J. M. Wile	5.00
M. Brickner	5.00
Mrs. Leah Rosenberg	5.00
Michael Filon	5.00
By Mrs. W. H. Perkins :	
C. P. Dewey	5.00
Sill Stove Works	5.00
Jas. Brackett	5.00
Mrs. Chas. FitzSimons	5.00
Mr. Willis	5.00
By Miss Whitney :	
Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. S. G. Andrews	5.00
Miss Whitney	5.00
By Mrs. W. E. Hoyt	10.00
By Mrs. M. Strong :	
Mrs. Oscar Craig	5.00
Mrs. Samuel Gould	5.00
Mrs. C. B. Woodworth	5.00
Mrs. Elmer C. Smith	5.00
Mrs. J. H. Kent	5.00
Mrs. Maltby Strong	5.00
By Mrs. J. H. Brewster :	
Mrs. D. M. Gordon	5.00
Mrs. Horace Brewster	5.00
Mrs. Henry C. Brewster	5.00
Mrs. S. L. Brewster	5.00
Mr. J. H. Brewster	5.00
A Friend	5.00
Mrs. E. F. Brewster	5.00
Mrs. J. H. Brewster	5.00
By Mrs. Henry H. Morse :	
Mrs. Alfred Ely	10.00
Mrs. Charles E. Hart	5.00
Mrs. Alexander Thompson	5.00

The following persons have been received into the Nurses' Training School : Miss M. A. Sercomb, Cleveland, Ohio ; Miss M. L. Davidson, Johnstown, N. Y. ; Miss H. E. Bessee, Rome, N. Y. ; also the following probationers : Miss C. P. Andrews, Norwich, N. Y. ; Miss S. E. Hyatt, Gilford Village, N. H. ; and Miss S. M. Read, Rochester, N. Y.

A friend of the Hospital who has been cared for by a trained nurse in a recent illness, has given ten dollars to our Training School, as an expression of her appreciation of the care she received when ill.

A Memory.

It is now a long while, dear children, since we first introduced you to Rosa Uehlin, our little German friend, who came to the Hospital September 18th, 1883. She was then twelve years old, and was suffering from a chronic abscess on the lower part of her left thigh, which had kept her in bed, at the Industrial School, most of the time since July. She was a beautiful child, with very expressive features, soft, wavy hair, and dark, bright eyes. She had a face a painter would delight to copy, and she was as lovely as she was beautiful. Her sweet, gentle manners made her a favorite in the Hospital, and we know to many of you her name is a household word. For long, weary months Rosa has been a sufferer, her abscess discharging sometimes in several places, but she was always patient, uncomplaining and cheerful, and everybody loved her. She was an industrious little girl, and when too unwell to go out on the lawn, busied herself with her needle. Dr. L. used to call her little Jenny Wren, she made so many dresses for her dolls.

Once again we must ask you to visit Rosa. Come with us on the last Saturday of April and enter the City Hospital by the West Avenue door. The group of children that are following us are from the Industrial School, and their Matron is with them. They remember and love Rosa, and have come to see her once more. Go up stairs with us and enter the Hospital Chapel and you will see why we have asked you to join us. The Chapel is very full but I think we can find a seat. In the center of it, clothed in pure white, with lilies of the valley in her hands, and wreathed about with roses and smilax is a pale young sleeper. How beautiful she is! The casket holds only the precious remains of Rosa. She is not here. To-morrow is Easter, and Rosa would not change places with one of you, dear children, for she will spend it in Heaven. If you shed tears as you gaze at the peaceful, pla-

cid brow you must also rejoice, for the little sufferer has passed where pain and sickness never enter. Do you love Jesus? Rosa loved him and has entered the fold of the Good Shepherd. Last year she publicly told her love by uniting with the Westminster Church.

Now turn from Rosa to the groups who are gathered around her. The children nearest her are from the Industrial School. Behind them are the Hospital children, you know most of them, Max Kraus and Theodosia Banta have on their plaster of Paris jackets, but you can't see these, but you will know Max by the straps about his head; the little boy who has thrown down his crutch is Freddy Lyons, and Tommy Heeney is close by; the little girl from the Church Home and a new patient who has a lame knee are here. The woman with a cap is "Grossmutter," and "Grandmother W." is the other old lady. The young women with the pretty white Normandy caps are the nurses from the Training School, they are seated in the hall because the Chapel is so crowded. Those in the corner of the Chapel, clad in mourning, at the Minister's left hand, are the family of Rosa, her father, mother, brothers and sisters. The minister who reads about Jairus' daughter is Rosa's pastor, Rev. Mr. Gardiner, and the German clergyman, Rev. A. Richter, is the pastor of her family. Many of those who are weeping are the Hospital patients, who loved the dear gentle Rosa, who was ever ready to do some act of kindness for them. The flowers that Rosa holds in her hands were brought this morning by St. Luke's Flower Mission, and the beautiful pure roses, fitting symbol for the lovely Rosa, were given by Misses Cole and Corby of the Training School for Nurses. Two weeks and a half before her death Rosa complained of headache, which increased in severity and terminated in cerebellar meningitis, of which she died, April 23, 1886, aged fifteen years.

Rosa had looked forward with a great

deal of pleasure to a home in the new Children's Pavilion. What Memorial shall we place there of Rosa Uehlin?

The Pavilion Fund.

Much interest has been manifested in the furnishing of cots for the new Children's Pavilion. We think there are now as many beds provided as we at present need, and we thank our kind friends for the readiness with which they have responded to our wants. Our Pavilion Fund has not increased much the past month. One dear little girl sends us from St. Paul, Minn., with her Easter offering for the fund the following note:

DEAR AUNT LIBBIE:—I send as an Easter offering four bricks for the Children's Pavilion. Mamma and I send love to you and your mamma. NELLIE BEARDSLEE.

We hope now that the beds are provided the children will work vigorously to pay off the debt that is resting on the Pavilion, for we shall not feel the building is really ours till it is paid for. Mrs. Mathews' report gives the amount needed.

We wish that on Children's Sunday an offering could be made in all the Churches for the Pavilion Fund. Sabbath School collections would also help us.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

TO MAY 1st, 1886.

Perry A. Bly.....	\$2 00
Nellie Beardslee, St. Paul, Minn., Easter offering—four bricks.....	1 00
Bettie Boorman, four bricks.....	1 00

Receipts for the month	\$4 00
Previously acknowledged	\$2,202 34

Total receipts.....\$2,206 34

We still require \$4,293.66 to complete the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt.

Contributions to this Fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring Street, the Treasurer.

Old cotton is always acceptable.

Receipts for the Review.

APRIL, 1886.

Mrs. Dr. Milne, Geneseo, by Mrs. L. Dickinson	\$ 50
Miss Ellen Breck, by Mrs. Dr. Strong.	62
Mrs. R. B. Claxton, Philadelphia, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins	1 00
Mrs. J. D. F. Richards, for Mrs. C. B. Smith, New York, by Mrs. S. H. Terry..	1 00
E. S. Ettenheimer & Co., adv., \$5; Howe & Rogers, adv., \$5; A. W. Mudge, adv., \$5; S. Sloan, adv., \$5; C. B. Woodworth & Sons, adv., \$5, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews	25 00
Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. N. L. Button, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62 cents; Mrs. H. W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. J. P. Cleary, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred Cook, 62 cents; Miss Dunlap, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Fisher, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, \$1; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62 cents; Mrs. R. F. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Harris, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. B. R. Lawrance, 62 cents; Mrs. G. McAllaster, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, 62 cents; Miss S. Newell, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Osburn, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Powers, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Rapalje, 62 cents; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sproat, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. R. A. Sibley, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Wolcott, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Wilder, 62 cents; Mrs. E. K. Warren, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith..	22 70
Mrs. J. W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bly, 62 cents; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Mrs. C. T. Converse, 62 cents; Mrs. T. B. Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. W. B. Douglas, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Dann, East Avon, \$1; Mrs. C. E. Finkle, \$1.25; Miss F. Hooker, Skaneateles, 50 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Henry Herman, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Jones, Pawlet, Vermont, \$1.50; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Marcus, Buffalo, 50 cents; Mrs. J. McDonald, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, 61 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Mr. G. Palmer, East Avon, 4 subs., \$2; Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Van Auken, Oswego, 50 cents; Mrs. Warham Whitney, 62 cents, by Treasurer	16 54
Miss Bettie Boorman, 62 cents; Mrs. W. R. Humphrey, Ithaca, 50 cents; Mrs. P. H. Rew, 65 cents; Mrs. Leo Stein, 62 cents, by, Mrs. Converse	2 39
Sale of papers	50

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, *Treasurer*,

96 Spring Street.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 8th, 1886, of Casanoma of Breast, Jane Peet, aged 77 years.

At the Hospital, April 18th, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Henry Steele, aged 44 years.

At the Hospital, April 20th, from railroad accident, Frank N. Brown, aged 15 years.

At the Hospital, April 23d, of Cerebellar Meningitis, Rosa Uehlin, aged 15 years.

At the Hospital, April 25th, of Cerebral Apoplexy, George F. Pratt, aged 68 years.

Donations for April, 1886.

Miss Danforth, second hand clothing.
Mrs. Corning, dutch cheese and grapes.
Mrs. Arthur S. Hamilton, two suits of boys' clothing, and quantity of second hand clothing for two children.

Mrs. G. W. Davis, reading matter.
Mrs. Oscar Craig, 1 pair of sheets.
Mrs. C. E. Converse, 2 pair of sheets, 2 white counterpanes, old cotton, 1 woolen long shawl, afghan for Children's Pavilion.

E. Darrow & Co., 10 copies Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

Mrs. Henry Brewster, a largenumber of Harper's Weekly and Evangelists.

Mrs. W. L. Halsey, magazines.
Mrs. John S. Morgan, from St. Peter's church, Memorial Star.

Mrs. C. H. Angel, second hand clothing, rug for Pavilion.

Mrs. Seward Whittlesey, 3 night robes for children.

Mrs. Webster, picture, "The Cherub Choir," for Pavilion.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, second hand clothing.
Mr. James Brackett, old cotton.

Mrs. G. B. Miller, magazines.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital April 1, 1886	108
" received during month	55
" births during month	6
	169
Number discharged during month	60
" deaths during month	5
" remaining May 1, 1886	104
	169

John VanKorff, a patient recently admitted, has been rendering himself very useful to us by painting different parts of the Hospital. At the time of our visit he was engaged in oiling the floor of the upper Male Ward.

There are still two small rooms that need furnishing. Second hand furniture will be as acceptable as new. They are designed for ward patients who are too sick to remain in the wards. We also need a lounge, and chairs would be very acceptable.

The Tear-kerchief.

Dear to the wedded Tyrol maiden,
 Parting from home with fond good-byes,
 Is the white handkerchief, tear-laden,
 That dries her filial eyes.

Her mother wrought the gift, and gave her
 For that rare hour, and thr'o the years
 That snowy woof of love shall never
 Be wet with other tears.

First souvenir of farewell weeping,
 Shelays it tenderly away,
 To hold thenceforth in holy keeping
 Thoughts of her marriage day.

And, when her daughters are bespoken
 For bridal honors, for each one
 Her hands that weave the same white token
 Will not disturb her own.

Thro' sorrows ending and beginning,
 Till all her years of life are told,
 So long that sacred slip of linen
 She may no more unfold.

Untouched while age and cares' corrosion
 Write wrinkles on her cheek and brow,
 It lies—sole relic of emotion
 From youth's first altar-vow.

Till, when death comes at last, undreaded,
 Sad friends uncover from its place
 The brodered gossamer, and spread it
 Over her placid face,

Where all the patience of affection,
 Made perfect, smiles in shrouded sleep,
 And peace with weeping recollection
 Seals eyes that cannot weep.

O love and death! Our first tear-shedding
 Turns dew of gladness, where between
 The earthly and the heavenly wedding
 Hope lingers ever green.

Each life within its mortal measure
 Some grief embalmed in silence holds,
 Like the tear-kerchief with the treasure
 Its tender web enfolds.

Nor dries one drop of holy feeling
 From eyelids wet when morning rose,
 But comes at night to touch with healing
 Those eyelids when they close.

For He to whose supreme compassion
 Each pain the suffering soul endears,
 For love's sweet hour of consolation
 Preserves His children's tears.

Youth's Companion.

Theron Brown.

Mendelssohn's Courtship.

Meanwhile Mendelssohn married, and the story of his wooing, as first told by Berthold Auerbach, makes a pretty variation on the old theme. It was, in this case, no short idyll of "she was beautiful and he fell in love." To begin with, it was all prosaic enough. A certain Adam Gugenheim, a trader at Hamburg, caused it to be hinted to Mendelssohn that he had a virtuous and blue-eyed but portionless daughter, named Fromet, who had heard of the philosopher's fame, and had read portions of his books; and who, mutual friends considered, would make him a careful and loving helpmate. So Mendelssohn, who was now thirty-two years old, and desirous to "settle," went to the merchant's house and saw the prim German maiden, and talked with her; and was pleased enough with her talk, or perhaps with the silent eloquence of the blue eyes, to go next day to the father, and to say he thought Fromet would suit him for a wife. But to his surprise Gugenheim hesitated, and stiffness and embarrassment seemed to have taken the place of the yesterday's cordial greeting; still, it was no objection on his part, he managed at last to stammer out. For a minute Mendelssohn was hopelessly puzzled, but only for a minute; then it flashed upon him, "It is she who objects?" he exclaimed, "then it must be my hump!" and the poor father of course could only uncomfortably respond with apologetic platitudes about the unaccountability of girls' fancies. The humor as well as the pathos of the situation touched Mendelssohn, for he had no vanity to be piqued, and he instantly resolved to do his best to win this Senta-like maiden, who, less fortunate than the Dutch heroine had had her pretty dreams of a hero dispelled, instead of accentuated by actual vision. Might he see her once again, he asked, to say farewell? "Certainly," answered the father, glad that his awkward mission was ending so amicably. So Mendelssohn went again, and found Fromet with the blue eyes bent steadily over her work; perhaps to hide a tear as much as to prevent a glance, for Fromet, as the sequel shows, was a tender hearted maiden, and although she did not like to look at her deformed suitor she did not want to wound him. Then Mendelssohn began to talk, beautiful, glowing talk, and the spell which his writings had exercised began again to work on the girl. From

philosophy to love in its impersonal form is an easy transition. She grew interested and self forgetful. "And do you think that marriages are made in Heaven?" she eagerly questioned, as some early quaint superstition on this most attractive of themes was vividly touched upon by her visitor. "Surely," he replied, "and some old beliefs on this head assert that all such contracts are settled in childhood. Strange to say, a special legend attaches itself to my fortune in this matter; and as our talk has led to this subject perhaps I may venture to tell it to you. The twin spirit which fate allotted to me, I am told, was fair, blue eyes, and richly endowed with all spiritual charms, but alas! ill luck had added to her physical gifts a hump. A chorus of lamentation arose from the angels who minister in these matters. The 'pity of it' was so evident. The burden of such a deformity might well outweigh all the other gifts of her beautiful youth, might render her morose, self conscious, unhappy. If the load now had been but laid on a man! And the angels pondered, wondering, waiting to see if any would volunteer to take the maiden's burden from her. And I sprang up, and prayed that it might be laid upon my shoulders. And it was settled so." There was a minute's pause, and then, so the story goes, the work was passionately thrown down, and the tender blue eyes were streaming, and the rest we may imagine. The simple loving heart was won, and Fromet became his wife.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

No Light in the Window.

A train sped along in the night, with drowsy passengers outstretched upon the seats. The conductor was observed peering frequently out of the windows into the frosty darkness. The night was black, and nothing could be seen but a sheen of snow over the shadowy landscape, and yet the conductor shaded his eyes with his two hands, and held his face—a weary looking face it was—close to the window-pane.

"Looking to see if your girl is up yet?" jokingly inquired a passenger, with a coarse laugh.

The conductor looked around, and with a husky voice he replied, simply,—

"Yes."

And then the bantering passenger became garrulous and familiar.

"Ah, I see. Going to get married and quit the road. Going to marry a farmer's daughter. Is she worth much?"

"She's worth a million to me," and the conductor deigned no more replies. The whistle of the locomotive was heard, and he pressed his eyes still closer to the window, seeming to fasten his gaze upon some object in the darkness. Then he rose up to leave the car, but staggered and was obliged to take hold of the backs of the seats to support himself.

The passengers gathered round to inquire the nature of the trouble, when the brakeman came in and led him into the baggage-car. The conductor's face was as white as the snowbanks which fringed the iron roadway.

"Poor Sam!" said the brakeman, upon his return. "It's a bad night for him. Four weeks his little girl has been ill. Night after night he was at her bed, but then she got better, and he came back to his train.

"He arranged with his wife that if all was well with the little one, she'd display a lighted lamp right in the window of the sick room. The boys all knew of it, and every night we looked for the light almost as eagerly as Sam himself. He lives by the side of the track back here a few miles—and to-night there was no light in the window for Sam."—*Chicago Herald Train Talk*.

Ice in the Sick Room.

A correspondent of the National Druggist thus writes: The writer's son suffered with typhoid fever during the heated term of last summer, when the temperature of the room often rose to 90° or 95°, and the patient's temperature ran up to 105° F. and over. A number of tubs were placed in the room and kept filled with ice, and the doors kept closed. The temperature of the room sank to 80° or less, an average of 12° or 15° below the temperature of the other rooms in the house, and the cooler atmosphere not only added to the

comfort of the patient, but, aided in keeping down the body-temperature, and materially contributed to final recovery. We would strongly urge the use of ice in the room as a measure of comfort and luxury for all who are confined to their beds during hot summer days, if they can afford the expense, which if ice for cooling purposes is taken, is very moderate—the cost last summer being only fifteen cents a 100 pounds, and the average consumption somewhat less than 1000 pounds a day.

One of our Lady Managers conferred a great favor on the invalids by giving the use of her carriage to them for two hours. This was a rare treat to those confined most of the time to the Hospital Wards.

Daily living seemeth weary
To the one who never works;
Duty always seemeth dreary
To the one who duty shirks.

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Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer No. 96 Spring Street.

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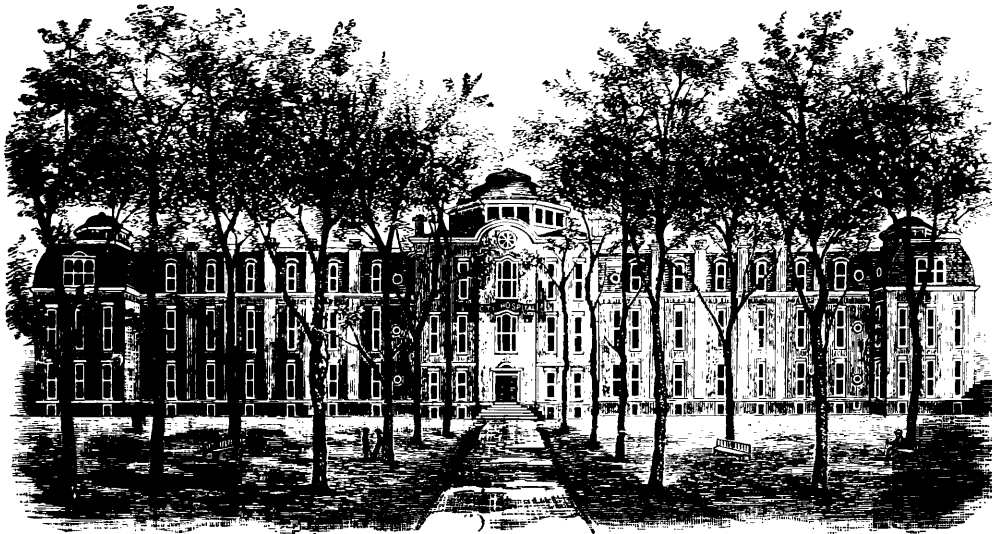
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1886.

No. 11

Last Easter-Tide.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"It's an omen for good," spoke one friendly neighbor,

As crossing the threshold he came to my side:
"The robin is building her nest in the archway
Just over your door, and so near Easter-tide!"

"An omen for good for the whole year," he told me:

So I bade all be cautious passing the door,
Lest robin be frightened, the nest she was making

Be left in the archway, and finished no more.

She built her soft, warm nest—the dear little mother!

For the wee ones to come she waited her time.

I watched as she fed and then brooded her children,

So much as I'd tended and comforted mine.

* * * * *

The year has gone by, and the nest is now empty;

It's Easter again, but ere Winter had sped,
Right over the threshold and under the archway

The bearers stept softly who bore out my dead!

"'An omen for good'! O how false spoke my neighbor!"

I said as I sat in the darkness and gloom,
And thought of the households unbroken and happy,

With the sunshine of Easter filling the room.

The Lord saw my sorrow: He came in His pity,
And lifted my soul from the darkness of night,

And He told of the joy and peace of the loved one

Who had risen with Him to glory and light.

O what must it be to have risen forever

Above all these fetters that bind us below!

Yes, little robin, if you came with an omen,

'Twas one that was good for the dear child,
I know.

The Old, Old Story.

By Rev. Frederick G. Clark, D. D.

It was not told by a minister, not even in the Sunday-school, but in the home of a devoted teacher to a congregation of one. This is the way the story was told, and this is the way it went down into one human heart.

A poor ragged boy was found one Sunday by the teacher among the regular scholars of her class. The lady had no idea how the thing happened. But there the boy was in his pitiful plight, and the other boys were having a little fun over the awkwardness and poverty of the stranger. The teacher drew the boy close to her side and asked his name. Hanging his head he muttered "My name is Jimmy."

"How old are you?" was asked with other questions, which drew out the fact that the boy was ten years old, and that he could not read. The case was so pitiful that the teacher only whispered, "I want you to go home with me after school."

At length the teacher was seated in the house with the strange boy, to whom she gave an apple to make him feel at home, when the conversation went on something like this:

"Jimmy, is your mother living?"

"I never had any mother as I knowed of. I allers lived with Benjamin the bone-picker."

"Well, Jimmy, I hope you love Jesus."

"Jesus—who is He?"

"Why, Jimmy, you must have heard of Jesus—stop and think."

With an honest and wondering look the boy replied, "Upon my word and honor I never heard tell on Him. I suppose He is some great and big gentleman what wouldn't speak to Jimmy."

The teacher had never before met a person that had not heard of Jesus. At first a strange chill came over her, and next a thrill of joy at being permitted to tell the story of the Cross to another for the first time. A prayer was sent up—"Lord help me," and the lady went

on talking of Jesus. The boy listened with a stare of bewilderment; his gaze was riveted more and more upon his teacher as he drew closer and closer to her until his elbow rested on her lap. Tears came, filling his eyes and running down his cheeks, when he said, "It seems awful strange; nobody ever told me before that Jesus died for me. Are you sure there is no mistake about it? I allers thought I was of no account anyhow. Please tell me where they buried Him. I wish I could put some flowers on His grave."

When the teacher could recover her self-control after the pathos of these words, she said, "Jimmy, I have not told you the best of all. The grave could not hold Jesus;" and she went on to tell the boy about the resurrection and ascension. Her listener was spell-bound, as he heard still further of Christ's praying for Jimmy, and that He was just as near to him as the boy was to the teacher, and that Jesus had a home for him in heaven by-and-by.

The story had now penetrated Jimmy's heart, and he said, "I don't see how anybody could help loving One that died for 'em; but how can I tell what He wants me to do? I can't see Him, nor hear Him talk. I wish I had seen Him before He died."

The teacher went on to tell about the Bible, about the strength Christ gives to them who try to obey Him, and how near we can all be to Him now that he is risen from the dead.

Jimmy said inquiringly, "You told me that Jesus would come and live in my heart, but I know He wont stay where there is so much badness. Only yesterday I tried to steal some apples, and when I feel awful hungry, I just think I could steal anything. How can I get this awful feelin' out of me, so as to be good?" to which the teacher replied by telling more of the love of Christ and His cleansing blood.

"Now please, teacher," said the boy, "wont you tell Mr. Jesus who I am? I don't know how to ask Him, as long as I can't see Him. Mebbe I wont ask

Him mannerly-like, and He wont answer me."

The teacher replied that praying is talking to Jesus. "You can tell Him just what you want, and ask Him for it."

"Well," replied Jimmy, "I think I would like to have you tell Him about me first, for you have known Him so long, and He will take more notice of Jimmy if somebody comes with him."

They knelt in prayer, the teacher introducing Jimmy to Jesus, as the boy expressed it. Then in honest and rude faith Jimmy said, "I feel so well acquainted with Him now, you bet it wont be the last time I'll talk to Him."

The boy took up his old torn cap as if hurrying away, when the teacher said, "What is your hurry, Jimmy?"

In a subdued and confidential tone the boy replied, "I want to hurry home and tell Benjamin about Jesus; he is so sickly-like, and it would be an awful thing if he should die and not hear about Jesus." Then half covering his mouth with his hand, he whispered, "And he told me to steal the apples, and that is why I am in such a hurry. Good-bye."

This is a real incident. Such paganism may be found within pistol shot of our church spires. Here we see the charm of the old, old story, as fresh and powerful as ever. How many of us could tell the story so simply? What Christianity wants most to-day, is not a better philosophy, but lives so true and hearts so loving, that it shall not be so hard to get the story told.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

HOME ETIQUETTE.

The Comfort, Beauty and Use of Politeness in the Family.

Philadelphia Call.

The ease and negligence of home often induce carelessness as to the etiquette, the impression being that politeness and polish are only needed in society, and that carelessness of manner is appropriate to home life. All such views

are erroneous. There is positive comfort in politeness, and etiquette is as important at home as abroad. We distinguish etiquette as the outward expression of politeness. It has to do with forms and attentions, which are external. A lady in society is treated with a certain deference which manifests itself in delicate attentions. Children in society are treated with considerate kindness, which is always considerably expressed. There are rules of etiquette which relate to the many little attentions and formulas. These in society are carefully graded, and often rigidly enforced. They may be made onerous, and so oppressive. But etiquette is clearly defined.

We do not advocate an etiquette for the home so rigid as to be burdensome. Yet it may be the means of teaching politeness to children. Those who have an instinctive politeness easily fall in with the rules of etiquette. But all have not this instinct. Some are careless, rude, selfish, inconsiderate. These need discipline. To give this is not to lecture on the rules of good order or politeness. It must be instilled more by example than precept. And where the parents are careful to observe the forms of politeness, its importance is naturally impressed and its rules are speedily learned. Therefore, all deference that would be shown in the public society should mark intercourse at home. And if husband and wife are courteous, children imbibe and practice it. Example is the great teacher in this line.

Beyond this courtesy exerts a very decided influence on character. Trained to the etiquette of politeness gives a balance and evenness to character. Its very inception involves self-control and conscious restraint. It is with most second nature. The forms and rules are acquired and the habits slowly grafted on. Where this is done so much has been accomplished in the line of self-control that its influence extends to temper and habits of mind. Such persons are apt to be self-contained in

all emergencies. A gentleman will be such under all provocations and amid all trials and tests. Hence children thus educated receive something more than polish. It is something to gracefully escort a lady to dinner, or to maintain an agreeable conversation, or to show at all times the air of good breeding; but the value of it all is in the traits of mind that have been imparted. A clean person will feel clean, and one accustomed to politeness will naturally realize the elevation of feeling that attends courtesy. So habits formed at home are important, and the habit of courtesy ranks among the first.

Singular Diseases.

Among the most singular diseases which have been developed in modern times is that of *aphasia*, in which the patient loses the memory of certain words, or rather the power to attach the proper word to an idea.

A victim of this disease recently lost the ability to pronounce any word but "Yes," while his brain was as active and clear as before. He would read the morning paper, and proceed to make lively comments on the news to his family, all of which consisted of the single word "Yes," uttered with every variety of inflection. He, meanwhile, was totally unaware that he was not speaking with all his wonted fluency and force. A cure was effected in this case, and the mind of the patient was found to be clear and untouched by this strange ailment.

Another remarkable disease is noted by an American specialist in cerebral affections, and also by a famous Spanish physician, Armanque Y Tuset. *Miriatchit* is a disease which originated among the prisoners of Eastern Siberia.

The patient is irresistibly impelled to imitate the words spoken by his companion; he can, in fact, make no other sounds than those which he hears. This disease is chronic and contagious, and is accompanied by fever, great dilation of the pupils of the eyes, and in-

cessant laughter, and leaves the patient exhausted; the events of the time in which he has been affected being an utter blank to him. After the attack is past, the patient recovers his full strength of mind, and loses the inclination to imitate like a mocking-bird.

Now, the story of these strange diseases oppresses us like a nightmare-horror. But is there no more commonplace mental ailment which has in it even deeper loss and tragedy? A young man, for example, gives himself up to money-making, or a young girl to the pursuit of fashion, for years, with the result that they forget, not spoken words, like the victim of *aphasia*, but ideas, principles and feelings.

The soul, dwarfed and shrunken, knows nothing of the wide, noble life once possible to it, but goes about like an imbecile, crying out, "Dress! dress!" or "Money! money!"

Or, the lad or girl, just setting out in life, afraid to act from the law of common sense and conscience within, becomes a silly imitator of others, and receives from some one whom he or she regards as a social power, ideas of duty, or manners, even of religion. These weak creatures do not, like the Siberian *miriatscha*, echo the words only of their companions, but their thoughts and actions, and so become, in brain and soul, base copies of poor originals.

When these singular neural diseases are cured, the brain, we are told, is unimpaired. But for the commoner ailments we have described, there is no cure. They attack the soul itself,—the seat of life. Their work is not for this world only, but for eternity.

Among the passengers on the St. Louis Express a few days since was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright looking nurse girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams, and his viciousness toward the patient nurse. He tore

her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness, the mother would chide her sharply, and say,—

“Let him have it, Mary. Let him alone.”

Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time, a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand, and said, coaxingly,—

“Harry musn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!”

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out, sharply,—

“Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once.”

“But, ma'am, it's a”—

“Let him have it, I say.”

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp, and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

The mother awoke again.

“Mary!” she cried. “Let him have it!” Mary turned in her seat, and said, confusedly,—

“He's got it, ma'am?”

Water-Pitchers, or Side-Saddle Flowers.

As it is pretty generally known, all of the Water-pitchers are insect catchers. Every one who has eyes and knows how to use them has probably observed the strange fascination which purple colors have for insects. If we break off, close to the root, one of the funnel-shaped tubes of *S. flava*, on inverting it there will flow out a putrid mass of the consistency of pea-soup, wherein dragon-flies, ants and moths of various species do duty instead of peas. Though Sar-

racenia be the name the odor from the tube reminds us of anything but the spices of Arabia felix. An examination of the tube discloses the appliances by which the plant so successfully captures its prey. From the curved rim of the wide-mouthed funnel broad streaks of Tyrian purple extend downward toward the bottom of the tube. These streaks or veins are polished as smooth as glass, and make very slippery pathways even for insects. From the upper portion of the interior surface of the tube exudes a sweetish substance akin to the nectar of flowers. This is the bait that attracts the insects, and the foolish creatures seem utterly unable to resist the seductions of the painted and slippery paths referred to, and following the purple streaks downward they are not long discovering a great change in the character of the nectar, for while that above is wholly innocuous, below it has intoxicating properties, as many botanists think, or, as seems to me the case, it becomes more sticky, and getting into the minute orifices by which the insect breathes, suffocates him. No sooner does the silly fly discover this unlooked for change than he tries to retrace his way, but, though the ingress was easy enough, the egress is, ah! how difficult. Stupified, or asphyxiated, by the treacherous nectar, he is unable to maintain his foothold upon the polished surface, and down he tumbles into the pot below.

Thus the complicated arrangements of tubular leaves, purple streaks, innocuous nectar above and poisonous nectar below, together with water secreted by the roots for dissolving the bodies of captured flies, are exceedingly favorable to the destruction of insect life. Any one who effects to doubt the matter can easily examine it for himself.—*Gerald McCarthy, in Vick's Magazine for June.*

A standing antidote for poison by poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications, it is said, will cure the most aggravated cases.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1886.

Annual Examination of First-Year Pupils.

Ever since the establishment of the Training School for Nurses connected with the Hospital, it has been the aim of those in charge to increase the efficiency of the School by the adoption of measures which would make the training more valuable to the pupils. Whereas formerly but a single examination known as the final examination was held by the staff each year, hereafter two examinations will be held yearly, one of pupils who have finished the two years course and are candidates for graduation, and the other of the pupils who have completed the first year of training. The range of studies now gone over in the two years course is so wide that it has been impossible to compass them all in a single examination.

Accordingly, the first year pupils, known as the class of 1887, now in the School, will be examined by the staff of the Hospital on June 15th upon the following subjects :

- Care of sick room.
- Bed making.
- Bathing patients.
- Poultices.
- Enemata.
- Douches.
- Feeding patients.
- Moving patients.
- Stupes.
- General division of medicines.
- Pain, nausea and vomiting.
- Weights and measures.
- Application and dressing of blisters.
- Application of bandages.
- Keeping of records.
- Disinfection.
- General anatomy.
- Care of eye after operations.

Care of wounds.

Preparation of diet.

Names of gynecological instruments.

Tampons—Dossils.

The result of this examination will determine the fitness of the pupils to go on with the second year of training.

Special Lectures to the Pupils of the Training School.

Dr. E. H. Howard, physician in charge of the Monroe County Insane Asylum, has kindly consented to give one or more lectures to the pupils of our Training School, on *The Nursing of Cases Marked by Mental Derangement*.

The time of the lectures will be announced hereafter.

The City Hospital.

On the last day of May—Decoration Day—we visited the Hospital, and found everything in and around it neat and attractive. The green lawn and its inviting seats had tempted many of the invalids to leave the wards, and paint and whitewash had given the basement a fresh, clean appearance. Five immense clothes baskets, filled with sheets, pillow-cases and towels, indicated what had been done in the laundry, and a boiler holding a hundred gallons, for supplying the Hospital with warm water, was one of the new improvements that will add much to the comfort of the inmates. In the dining room of the Male Wards the patients were eating dinner. In the kitchen where the cooking was done for the wards, the cooks and assistants were just dishing up dinner, which consisted of roast pork and veal, baked beans and potatoes. In the next kitchen, where they were preparing food for the private patients and the general family table, there were also roast pork, veal, beans, potatoes and Indian meal pudding, and the trays, each with its card, were waiting to receive something for the private patients, and everything looked neat and

inviting. In the diet kitchen two nurses had been preparing chickens, custards, beef juice, and chicken and mutton broth. We never saw cooking premises neater or better regulated than those at the Hospital, and the system and order that prevail add much to the credit of those who regulate the culinary department.

In the nurses' dining room seats and places were arranged for twenty-two nurses. A coat of paint had improved the general appearance of the room. Housekeepers consider themselves ready for congratulations when their Spring house-cleaning is completed, and as a party of ladies inspected the Hospital, and found how thorough had been the work of scrubbing brush, soap and water, they felt great credit was due to our matron who has supervised this work.

The Invalids.

On our last monthly visit, in going our rounds we found less of extreme suffering than usual. No victims of recent severe accidents and no very feeble patients presented cases of special interest to the general visitor, though no one can pass through the wards or go among the sufferers without finding much to call forth sympathy. The bright sunshine, soft air and attractions connected with Decoration Day, had allured all who were able to leave the wards.

Fourteen were receiving treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Two were confined to their cots and two were suffering from wounds received in an elevator. The man who had a compound contused fracture of one foot, and a simple fracture of the other, was still in bed; the other man who had been injured in his hip by a fall from an elevator had had a relapse, but was convalescing. The patient who was burnt is slowly improving, goes out of doors and sits up several hours during the day. The man whose gangrenous foot was amputated is still in one of the small pavilions. There were ten

inmates in the Male Medical Ward. One man had died from cancer in the throat. Two men were confined to their cots. One was quite helpless. The eczema patient was slightly improved. Three of the invalids were out on the lawn. A man who had had hemorrhage of the lungs was improving, as was also an eye patient who was receiving treatment from Dr. Rider. One patient was convalescing from the effects of poison taken before he came to the Hospital.

There were eighteen under treatment in the Female Medical Ward, five of whom were confined to their beds. No death had occurred during the month. Some patients were suffering from diseased hearts, some from rheumatism, one from chronic sore throat. In one department of this Ward new curtains had been placed on the bedsteads. These snowy white curtains give a clean, neat appearance to the cots, and when drawn together give privacy to the occupant. Minnie Bryant, who has been a long time with us, afflicted with rheumatism and diseased heart, was very feeble, suffering acutely from pain in the region of the heart and from difficulty in breathing. One woman was troubled with nervous prostration and another German patient was a new comer. One chronic patient had swollen limbs that discharged a good deal.

There were twelve patients in the Lower Female Surgical Ward. The one who some time since broke her hip had been sitting up. She goes about on crutches and gets out of doors every day and sits up three or four hours.

The Children's Pavilion.

The Children's Pavilion is at last occupied, and if the little folks had gone with us when we visited it, they would have seen on the piazza, swinging in a comfortable hammock, little Sarah, the colored child from the Orphan Asylum. She you know has a curvature of the spine, but she looked

very happy and had a little black doll in her arms, and while we were talking to her, Mrs. Robert Mathews gave her the beautiful French doll Daisy, sent by the "Busy Bees" of Perry, to the sickest child in the Pavilion. You must read in our paper what the little folks from Perry have done for our Pavilion children.

In the Girls' Ward we have Theodicia Banta, who also has a curvature of the spine, and who came from the Industrial School, and Clara Shaw from the Church Home, who had St. Vitus' dance, but is now almost well. Ida Rivers who has had granulated eyelids, but is now better, is occupying the "Paul" room where the curtains are partly drawn to soften the light, as her eyes are weak.

Our Pavilion boys are Max Kraus, who still wears the plaster of Paris jacket and the head harness, and Tommy Heeney, who was born in the Asylum and has an abscess, and Freddy Lyons who has abscesses and is lame.

In the Nursery were two pretty girl babies. Mrs. C. H. Angel has decided to name her cot the "Three Little Maids' Cot," and over it she has a picture of "three little girls from school," dressed in Mikado costumes, and as we were looking at the cot and picture, a Mikado bed spread, sent by the "Busy Bees" of Perry, was thrown over the cot.

The bed given by Mrs. James Laney, as an Easter offering, is named in memory of her children, "the Jamie and Cora Laney bed." Mrs. James Laney has also given a child's invalid chair, and, in memory of her husband, a large leather-covered wheel chair for the Male Ward of the Hospital. Two little tables have been placed in the Wards as dining tables for the children. Mrs. Roberts has given a cup and a picture that will please the children. A little baby is talking to a dog and saying: "Can't you talk?" A sly kitty is peeping at them.

Two children who had scarlet fever in one of the small, separate pavilions have recovered and gone home. The pavilion has been fumigated and is to be painted. Diphtheria and scarlet fever patients, or those suffering from contagious diseases, are not taken into the Hospital or Children's Pavilion.

We have had one death and a sad one, the result of a railroad accident, in our Children's Pavilion. On the 19th of May Andrew Conners, 9 years old, was brought to the Hospital in such a condition that his arm had to be amputated, but it did not save him; he died on the 21st. He said he had been to see his grandmother and was returning home and while crossing the track was fearfully injured by the cars.

The first occupant of the "Julia and Edith Room," Rosa Uehlin, the little girl who died in April, was long an inmate of the Hospital. When she first begun to be sick she had a headache, and one day when she wanted to be quiet, she threw herself on the bed in that room, the nurse covered her over and she had a sweet nap. A little child who has for years been a great sufferer, was brought to the Hospital as her friends had been long caring for her, but all night long the nurse held her in her arms and could not pacify her. She cried incessantly, and the mother in the morning took her home. The poor little thing has been for years an invalid.

♦♦♦
BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: "The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Gleason in one of his lectures, is a vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth, and the child instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it; but it has never been known to fail—not even in very severe cases.

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For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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Blanche Howard's second offering for bricks.....	.75
Mrs. Mary S. Porter's class in Plymouth Sunday School, second offering— Mabel Moser, Maida Finding, Minnie Peck, Alice McArthur, Irene Allen, Annie Campbell.....	1.50
Cash.....	25.00

Receipts for the month	\$39.75
Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,206.34

Total receipts.....\$2,246.09

We still require \$4,253.91 to complete, the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Who will help us? Contributions to this Fund are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer.

The following note explains itself:

MY DEAR MRS. MATHEWS:

Please accept the enclosed \$1.50 as an additional contribution to the Pavilion fund, by my Sunday School class at Plymouth Church. Sincerely your friend,

MARY S. PORTER.

Saturday, June 5th.

The names of the scholars are the following:

Mabel Moser, Maida Finding, Minnie Peck, Alice McArthur, Irene Allen, Annie Campbell.

New Towels.

A donation of fifty new towels, all hemmed, was very acceptable. Sheet, pillow cases and towels are in great demand at the Hospital, and as they are constantly wearing out we are always thankful for them.

A Memory.

F. J. A.

In the midst of June sunshine and summer verdure, while the birds were carolling above her, and the flower-scented breezes wafting their incense around her, surrounded by loving friends, there was borne from the home long brightened by her presence, to her resting place in "God's Acre," one whose warm heart and busy hands have oft responded to a call from the Hospital, as at our annual donations she efficiently and untiringly labored for the success of the festival.

Eminently practical in her nature, clear in her judgment, pronounced and conscientious in her religious character, and indefatigable in her zeal for the accomplishment of labors of love, she has left a void not easily filled in the home circle, the Sabbath School, the Mission School, the church and the Female Charitable Society. We would not, with irreverent touch, lift the veil that screens the sacred spot, where as daughter and sister her Christian faith bore precious fruit; but, in the church and Sabbath School, her zeal and efficiency were known and seen of all men, and her faithful labors in behalf of the poor and needy or afflicted children of the Infant Sabbath School, that she clothed, visited and instructed, will make the name of Fannie J. Alling long remembered as a model Sabbath School teacher. May her mantle fall on a worthy successor. To one of her active temperament the trial of long protracted and painful illness was peculiarly trying, but the grace that made her an active laborer in the Master's vineyard, supported and strengthened her through the weary months of suffering. While we offer our sympathies to her bereaved family we rejoice that the memory of her useful life abides. A touching tribute to the departed, from the children of her Infant and Mission Sabbath School classes, was the

lining of her grave with snowballs and the covering of it with flowers.

During her own sickness last spring, Miss Alling planned and directed the arrangement of her own flower garden, designing to make from it weekly offerings to St. Luke's Flower Mission, for the inmates of the City Hospital.

Receipts for the Review.

MAY, 1886.

Mrs. J. A. Stevens, by Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin.....	\$.65
J. T. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. F. C. Armstrong, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Adler, 62 cents; Mrs. F. B. Bishop, 62 cents; W. H. Benjamin, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bennett, 62 cents; W. F. Balkam, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Brewster, 62 cents; Miss Danforth, \$1.25; Mrs. W. K. Daggs, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Davis, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, 62 cents; C. M. Everest, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Epstein, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Ford, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Farley, \$1.25; Mrs. M. R. Fairman, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Frick, 62 cents; M. Filon, 62 cents; Mrs. R. H. Furman, 62 cents; M. Greentree, 62 cents; Miss Bessie Gilman, \$1.25; Mrs. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; D. C. Hyde, 62 cents; Miss A. A. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Knapp, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kalbfleisch, 62 cents; L. W. Kaufman, 62 cents; H. Lomb, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; J. McCabe, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, 62 cents; Mrs. O. W. Moore, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 62 cents; Miss Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peek, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, 62 cents; Mrs. Arthur Robinson, 62 cents; Geo. W. Ross-Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Rothschilds, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Strauss, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Street, 62 cents; Mrs. O. S. Stull, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Upton, 62 cents; Mrs. James Upton, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. White, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. E. F. Wilson, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Wolff, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith.....	87.85
Mrs. Geo. Breck, New York, 50 cents; Mrs. S. M. Bentley, Holyoke, Mass., 50 cents; Miss H. J. Paul, 15 cents, by Treasurer.....	1.15

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, *Treasurer*,
96 Spring Street.

Copies of THE HOSPITAL REVIEW may be had of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kind Friends in Perry, N. Y.

PERRY, May 18th, 1886.

Mrs. Robert Mathews :

DEAR MADAM—Enclosed you will draft for \$10 to be used for the Childrens' Pavilion for bricks, from the Busy Bees, a society of little girls who have been working very hard for different objects. They have sent to the Rochester Orphan Asylum a very nice box this last week, and \$10 to a little girl in Sitka, Alaska, for whom they have been working for some time. You will also get by express a "Mikado" quilt and doll to be used for the sick ward. We have made the quilt as light as we could, so that it could be used for a spread. We thought it would amuse a sick child for some time; the doll the children wish kept for the child that needs to be comforted the most just now, and when *she* is better, to be used for the next one that needs her, so that she can be kept for the "sickest child," as the children say, hoping in that way she may be the most comfort to the little ones afflicted. While writing, I have had one dollar handed to me to buy four bricks, from the Infant Class, Presbyterian Church, Mrs. M. S. Noble, teacher. I trust that the box will reach you safely and that I shall hear from you soon, I remain, Respectfully,

MRS. G. R. TRAVER,

Pres. "Busy Bees," Perry, Wyoming Co.

Three books for the Pavilion library have been sent by Miss Hill, of Brooklyn, and a bound volume of "The Young Christian Soldier" has been sent by Mrs. E. J. Catlin, of Elizabeth, N. J. Two bricks come to us as an offering from Virginia Jeffrey Smith. We have received from the "Busy Bees," of Perry, the doll and the Mikado quilt which will be very acceptable to the inmates of the Pavilion. The doll is a lovely French one; a little beauty, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes and flaxen curls.

It is dressed in blue with a muslin cap and a drab mantle on her arm. In a box is a night dress, another day dress, and a comb for the pretty curls. Tied to the hand is a card on which the following lines are written:

*"Daisy is my name,**As nurse I have great fame.**With some sick child, pray let me stay,**I can watch at night, and play all day.**But this I wish, dear little girl,**That my golden hair may be kept in curl.**With willing hands and willing feet,**My mission I hope will be complete.**I came from far across the seas,**To join the swarm of 'Busy Bees;'**They send me to you and believe**'Tis more blessed to give than to receive.'"*

The doll was given to little Sarah in the hammock. The Mikado quilt was a pretty calico, with palm leaves, fans, birds, butterflies and other insects, animals and wild flowers. It was thrown over the "Three Little Maids' Bed," that had the picture of the "Three Little Girls from School," in Mikado costume hanging over it.

Donations for May.

Mrs. George Taylor, reading matter and old cotton.

Miss A. Mumford, second-hand clothing, papers, etc., for the children.

Miss Hopkins, second-hand clothing.

Miss L. S. Chapin, oranges and papers.

Mrs. J. H. Grant, infants' clothing.

Mrs. B. K. Lawrance, a glass for whipping cream, egg poachers.

Mrs. C. S. Wales, old cotton and reading matter.

Mrs. H. C. Roberts, picture and drinking cup for Pavilion.

Miss Wright, two silent comforters.

Mrs. G. C. Buell, old cotton.

George H. Clarke, picture for Pavilion.

Willie Webb, flowers for the children.

Mrs. C. J. Catlin, Elizabeth, N. J., one bound copy of Christian Soldier.

Miss Anna Hill, Brooklyn, N. Y., three books for Pavilion.

"Busy Bee Society," Perry, N. Y., beautiful French doll and clothes, also Mikado quilt.

Mrs. Leo Stein, fifty new towels.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital May 1, 1886	104
" received during month.....	53
" births during month.....	1
	158
Number discharged during month....	70
" deaths during month.....	8
" remaining June 1, 1886.....	85
	158

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 5, 1886, of cerebral menengitis, Katie Bahls, aged 18 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 19, 1886, of cancer of throat, Edward Bushler, aged 72 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 21, 1886, of injury by cars, Andrew Connors, aged 9 years.

Persian Proverb.

We have been requested by an "in-mate of the Hospital" to publish the following:

"There was once seen lying in the heat of the day upon a crowded street, the body of a dog. Death had robbed him of all that was noble in life, so that in passing one and another would remark: 'Behold his matted hair!'

His sunken eyes!' 'His bleeding side!' 'How he stinketh!' Until one drew near, and stooping, lifted the drooping head and saith: 'Behold his teeth; whiter are they than pearls!' And as He spake, the glory of God shone around Him, and the people beheld Christ, the Lord, standing in their midst."

If our Lord can thus find pearls in the carcass of a dog, cannot He find good in thine heart, my brother?

The Union Blues have put a nice new carpet on their room and fitted it up in good style. The Brick church has also re-furnished its room, and Mr. Seth J. Arnold has given a pretty new carpet for it. Minges & Shale have repaired a child's invalid chair. For all these favors we are very grateful.

A school in Lockport, taught by Miss Hibbard, has become interested in the Pavilion and has put up a box, where the scholars on their birthdays can put in a birthday offering. As the fruit of this they have sent one dollar to pay for one square in the Pavilion chart. We hope their good example will be followed.

At Set of Sun.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,

And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance, most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then we may count the day well spent.

Or, on the other hand, if we,
In looking through the day, can see

A place or spot
Where we an unkind act put down,
Or where we smiled when wont to frown,
Or crushed some thought
That cumbered the heart-ground where it stood—
Then know the Lord counts that day good.

But if, through all the life-long day,
You eased no heart by yea or nay;

If through it all
You've done no thing! that you can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

The Century Dictionary.

For the past five years the Century Company has been engaged in preparing a dictionary of the English language, which Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale College, is editor-in-chief,—the purpose being to make a more comprehensive work than has yet appeared in popular form, to include in addition to a very full collection of individual words in all departments of the language, all technical phrases, not self-explaining, in law, the mechanical arts, the sciences, etc. Indeed, it is designed to make this dictionary so complete in its definitions of all branches of science and art that even the specialist will need nothing further. The number of "new" words in many of these departments is said to be surprisingly great. The dictionary will also have a remarkably complete system of cross-references, and will embody in itself a dictionary of synonyms which will add greatly to its value.

A prominent feature of the new work will be its encyclopedic character. Its definitions will be fuller and more complete than is customary in works of this kind; it will go further into the various uses and meaning of words and in many cases will give full explanations and descriptions of matters historical, scientific, legal, mechanical, etc. Quite an army of persons has been at work for several years reading standard American and English books in search of quotations, of which an immense number will be used. American writers, such as Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Irving, Whitier, Longfellow, Holmes, and our distinguished scientists, are receiving special attention.

The publishers are taking great pains with the illustrations, of which there will be about 5,000. They are employing the same class of artists and engravers that contribute to their magazines, and they mean to make the result something hitherto unknown in the world of dictionaries. Each picture as it is drawn, and again after it is engaged, is submitted to a specialist to whose department it belongs, that its scientific accuracy may be guaranteed. Of these specialists there are about thirty, working at their homes in New York, Baltimore, Washington, New Haven, Cambridge and elsewhere, each being individually responsible for all the definitions in his department, and all under the general supervision of Professor Whitney, who with himself has special charge of the definitions in the department of philology, in which he is famous, and of the spelling and pronunciation. It is understood that he will not adopt a phonetic method of spelling though on theoretical grounds he is known to favor it. Professor Whitney is not only recognized as the most eminent American philologist, but the London *Saturday Review* has recently

pronounced him the foremost English-Speaking scholar in his department. In addition to the specialists, a force of about fifty assistants has been busy collating material and preparing copy for the printer, the final work on which is done with type-writing machines at the Century Co. office.

The inception of this scheme was a desire to improve and Americanize the "Imperial Dictionary" of Great Britain, brought out in this country by The Century Company five years ago. As the work of altering it advanced, it became apparent that a better plan was to begin *de novo*, and so the far greater work of making a new dictionary of the English language was begun. Two or three years must still elapse before it will appear, and in the mean time opportunity is offered by the publishers to contribute material and suggestions to it. Much valuable matter has been received in this way from many scholars and practical men all over the world.

It is estimated that upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars will be spent upon the Century Dictionary before it is ready for publication. The work of type-setting and printing will be done by the De Vinne Press, in the new building into which they have recently moved.

"Think not alone of what the Lord has taken,
Thou, whom His love has of some great joy bereft;

But in the moment thou art most forsaken
Think what His love has left.

For the dear life of such remembered sweetness
Lived close with thine, thy life must be more

sweet,
And for the spirit ripened to completeness
Thine must be more complete."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 36 South Washington Street.

Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer No. 96 Spring Street.

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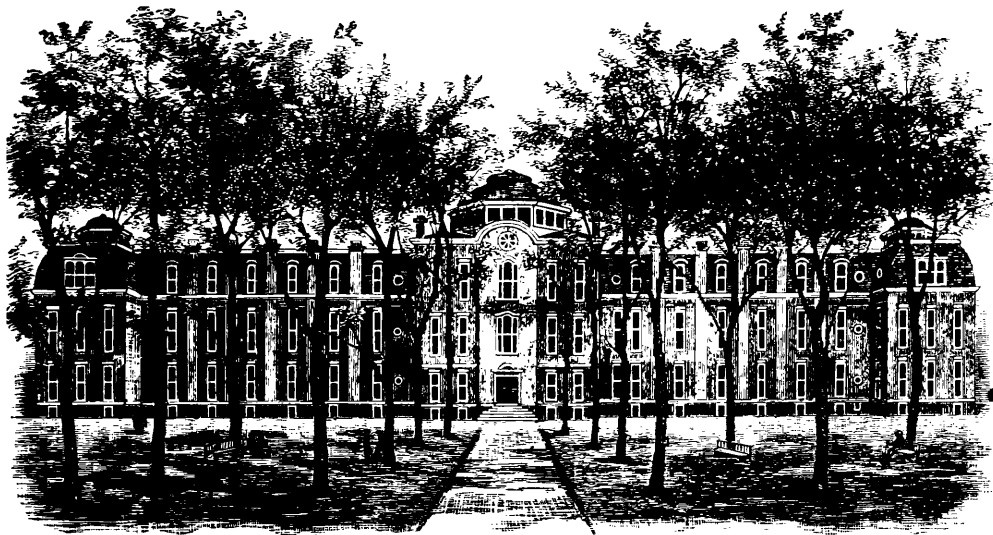
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1886.

No. 12

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

This number closes the twenty-second volume of *THE HOSPITAL REVIEW*.

It was first published August 15, 1864, when the care of the sick and wounded soldiers was a prominent feature of Hospital work. It then contained only eight pages, but in January, 1865, it was enlarged. The regular issue is sixteen pages.

It is now, as it ever has been, a channel of communication between the Hospital workers and the outside world. It seeks to impart to its readers a knowledge of our work, and thus to awaken and increase their interest in the Hospital, to enlist their sympathy and co-operation, to make known its wants, hopes and aims, and to return thanks for favors, services and donations.

We present this month an enlarged number, and in place of our ordinary miscellaneous selections we give a number of original articles,

designed to convey, in a definite form, to our numerous friends, some information about our work and our wants.

Many inquiries reach us about our Hospital, Nurse's Training School, and Children's Pavilion, and we have endeavored to answer these inquiries.

We trust this may reach some who will take a new or fresh interest in the Hospital.

THE REVIEW has a Miscellaneous Department, containing original and selected articles, and stories to interest and benefit the young. It has also its advertising columns.

The subscription price, including postage, is sixty-two cents a year to residents in the city, and fifty cents to others. We are very anxious to obtain more subscribers. This number will be sent to some who are not accustomed to receive the REVIEW, hoping they may be induced to send their names and money to the Treasurer, 96 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—was opened in 1864, and has accommodations for one hundred and seventy-five patients. It is situated on West Avenue and Troup street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location, and are so spacious as to suggest rural quiet and enjoyment. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes.

Patients are here received on City or County orders or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it.

The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious disease are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into 22 private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. These rooms are reached by an elevator, and combine all the advantages of a first-class hotel with the quiet, trained nursing and attention of a Hospital. The charge to patients in private rooms is from eight to sixteen dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.

Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. C. E. Converse, Recorder, at the Hospital. There are separate accommodations for sick and injured children in the Children's Pavilion.

The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most approved principles. The Hospital is open to patients from any part of the country. It is under the direction of the following officers:

OFFICERS OF ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

July 1, 1886.

Directors.

D. W. Powers, President.	
M. F. Reynolds, Vice-President.	
H. S. Hanford, Secretary and Treasurer.	
Samuel Wilder, A. S. Hamilton, L. P. Ross, W. H. Gorsline, A. J. Johnson,	} Executive Committee.
John H. Brewster, Chas. F. Pond, W. S. Kimball,	
S. J. Macy, G. H. Perkins, John Greenwood,	} Auditing Committee.
C. C. Morse, Jas. Brackett, J. L. Angle, R. A. Sibley,	
Rev. Max Landsberg,	Com. on Membership.
	Geo. E. Mumford, J. J. Bausch, Samuel Sloan, S. J. Arnold, Alfred Wright.

Lady Managers.

Mrs. M. Strong, President.	
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Treasurer.	
Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Sec'y.	
Mrs. D. B. Beach, Recording Secretary.	
Mrs. Matlby Strong, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Mrs. A. D. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. H. H. Morse, Miss A. S. Mumford,	} Executive Com.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke, Mrs. Myron Adams, Mrs. Henry F. Smith, Mrs. Louis S. Chapin, Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Mrs. Oscar Craig,	
Mrs. Clark Johnston, Mrs. M. Landsberg, Miss A. E. M. Wild, Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, Mrs. J. Anstice, Miss L. E. Whitney.	

Medical Staff.

William S. Ely, M. D., E. V. Stoddard, M. D.,
Charles A. Dewey, M. D.

Surgical Staff.

H. H. Langworthy, M. D., David Little, M. D.,
John W. Whitbeck, M. D.

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

Assistant Visiting Physician.

M. L. Mallory, M. D.

Assistant Visiting Surgeons.

J. J. Kempe, M. D., H. T. Williams, M. D.

Assistant Pathologist.

W. J. Herriman, M. D.

House Officers.

W. A. Oliver, M. D., B. E. Manchester, M. D.
Matron.

Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

Recorder.

Mrs. C. E. Converse.

Supervising Nurse.

Miss L. A. Markham.

Private Rooms.

These are a special feature of the Hospital, and, in comfort and advantages offered, are not surpassed by any institution in the country. They are heated by steam, are well ventilated; and, having no pipes or plumbing connected with them, they are free from any possible exposure to sewer gas.

Patients occupying private rooms may employ any physician whom they prefer, and it is intended that every facility shall be furnished to physicians of any school of medicine for the care of their patients in our private rooms.

Rest, Massage and Electricity.

Special advantages are offered in private rooms and wards for the treatment of cases of neurasthenia, or "nerve tire" and "womb-ills" by rest, massage and electricity.

The combined treatment referred to was first brought to notice in a systematic manner by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia. It is specially beneficial in cases of nervous exhaustion occurring in women. The pupils of the Training School are taught Massage and Swedish movements, and those who are most proficient are assigned to patients needing these modes of treatment.

The Lying-in Department

of the Hospital embraces a Ward and private rooms for the care of Lying-in women. Every opportunity is offered for quiet and seclusion in these cases. Wet-nurses may be obtained at times from the Lying-in Ward, for which a charge of one dollar is to be paid to the Hospital.

Isolated Pavilions.

There are two small pavilions on the Hospital grounds, for the use of patients whom it is not deemed advisable to treat in the Hospital building proper. Mr. Harvey Hall, once a patient in the Hospital, bequeathed to it \$500. His relatives, Messrs. E. C. Hall and S. W. Dibble, of New York, contributed \$150, and this money was appropriated to the building and furnishing of a pavilion known as the Hall Pavilion. The second pavilion was built with money contributed by members of the Medical Staff.

Quiet, seclusion and adequate care and nursing in cases of operations, or where isolation is advisable, are perfectly combined in these pavilions. They are thoroughly fumigated, disinfected and ventilated, at the termination of each case treated in them.

The Hospital Libraries.

The Hospital is provided with a good library of general reading for the patients. Our citizens have made valuable contributions from their private libraries. Cheerful and entertaining books for the sick are always acceptable. Each volume when received is catalogued and numbered, and the name of the donor is affixed to it.

We have also the nucleus of a Medical Library of special interest to the Medical and Surgical Staff, to which physicians are invited to contribute, and thus make it a valuable library for study and reference, accessible to physicians in the city or country.

The Children's Cot.

The raising of a fund to endow a cot in the Hospital, to be called "The Children's Cot," which should provide perpetually, for the care of a sick child, was begun February, 1877, and completed December, 1883. Its purpose was to awaken an interest in young persons and children, in the work of the Hospital, and from this beginning has grown the Children's Pavilion.

The Cot stands in the Boys' Ward, and a suitable tablet is soon to be placed on the wall over it, by the same generous donor, who gave the little bed and its belongings, which since 1877, has been occupied, and known as, "The Children's Cot.

We would urge upon those who contributed towards this endowment, the need of continued assistance, to enable us to pay the debt on the Pavilion Building, and support the afflicted little ones under our care.

The Children's Pavilion.

The Children's Pavilion is the daughter of the Children's Cot. Though the child has outgrown her mother she would not forget her feeble birth.

For many years, those familiar with Hospital work have felt the great importance of

separating the sick or injured children from the adult patients, but as there was no space in the City Hospital that could be devoted exclusively to the little folks, they were received into the public wards, where their physical needs were attended to, sometimes at the expense of their moral culture.

At the Donation Festival, December 6, 1883, sufficient funds were raised to complete the \$3,000 endowment of the Children's Cot, and at once three of the Lady Managers each gave a sum of money for "*bricks for the Children's Pavilion*," and thus started a Pavilion Fund. Other friends imitated their example, and \$41.93, a surplus over the \$3,000 raised for the Children's Cot, was transferred to the Children's Pavilion Fund, and at the close of December, 1883, there were \$49.43 in the treasury.

The little folks who had worked so vigorously for the Cot Fund entered into the spirit of the enterprise and labored effectively for the Pavilion, and by brick money, Easter, memorial, and Thanksgiving offerings, by fairs, exhibitions, contributions from clubs, fancy tables, and special efforts on donation days, the fund has steadily increased. A large proportion of the money raised has come from children.

On Donation Day, 1884, the fund amounted to \$739.80, and the next year, December 11, 1885, it was \$1,666.71, and now it has amounted to \$2,309.62.

At a meeting of the Directors, Physicians, and Lady Managers of the Hospital, held July 7, 1885, it was decided to appropriate the Cot money, the Pavilion fund, and other money available for the purpose, amounting to \$7,000, towards the erection of a Children's Pavilion and proceed at once with the work.

With appropriate exercises the corner stone of the Pavilion was laid July 31, 1885, and on the 11th of February, 1886, the building was formally opened. It was a gala day, long to be remembered. The Pavilion was decorated with Japanese devices and emblems, and more than fifty little folks, boys and girls, dressed in oriental costumes, took part in the Mikado Opera, and many of them worked energetically at the tables, to raise funds for furnishing the Pavilion. Over sixteen hundred guests testified by their presence their interest in this charity. The entrance fees, cash donations, and receipts from the supper table, amounting to \$478.70, were added to the Pavilion fund, and receipts from different tables and cash donations amounted to \$919.22.

The Children's Pavilion is situated northwest of the west wing of the City Hospital. It is of brick eighty feet long by thirty-two wide, two stories and a half high, with a fine dormer roof. It is connected with the Hospital, but the main entrance is from the Hospital lawn on the east. Beneath the shelter of a friendly piazza there are hammocks for the little ones. The Boys' and Girls' Wards are on the lower floor, and the nursery and private rooms are on the second floor. The rooms and cots are many of them named for the children who have furnished them, or in memory of little ones, some of whom have entered the fold of the Good Shepherd. The "*Maleva Room*" takes its name from the initials of the Christian names of the little girls who furnished it: the "*Julia and Edith Room*" is named for two young misses who have proved invaluable helpers; the "*Paul Room*" is an aunt's tribute to a pet nephew. In the wards we have the "*Jamie and Cora Laney Bed*," the "*Freeman Clarke Webb bed*," the "*Arthur and Howard L. Yates Bed*," the "*Children's Cot*," the "*Wentworth Bed*," the "*Marguerita Bed*," the "*Stella Bed*," the "*Three Little Maids' Bed*," the "*Rosalinda Bed*," the "*Isabel Bed*," and others, the names of which have not yet been selected.

A choice collection of children's books, given last winter, by Mrs. John Durand, forms the nucleus of a children's library.

The Children's Pavilion, now occupied by the little folks, is an attractive, sunny, cheerful abode, where, under the best sanitary conditions, with skillful physicians and surgeons, and trained nurses, the children of the rich and the poor can receive help in the time of need.

A debt of \$4,190.38 still rests upon the Pavilion, and an ingenious chart, devised by Mrs. Robert Mathews, hangs in the Hospital, indicating what is needed to remove the debt. It was prepared when \$5,000 were due. It is divided into 5,000 squares, each square representing a dollar. As fast as the dollars are contributed the squares are crossed off. Offerings for this object will be gratefully received by Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer of the Pavilion Fund, 96 Spring street.

Hours for Visitors.

Visitors will be admitted to the Hospital from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 4 daily. Visitors are not admitted on Sundays, except by special permission from the Matron or Supervising nurse.

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

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

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

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, *family names*, by which they shall be known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognize this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital has been so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

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

We subjoin a copy of the contract which the Directors of the Hospital are prepared to execute with those parties who name a ward, or name and endow a perpetual free bed in a ward or private room, according to accompanying figures. Persons interested will have the privilege of naming the parts of the Hospital for which the sums given by them are adequate—and these names will go on forever—all of the records of the Hospital will embody them, and they will be inscribed, with a date if desired, upon a neat tablet, set in the wall. The directors will furnish a guarantee duly attested, making the action binding for all time:

Naming of the Large Wards.....	\$10,000 each
“ End Wards....	5,000 “
“ Small Wards.	3,000 “
“ Private Rooms....	2,000 “
“ a Bed in a Ward.....	1,000 “
For Perpetual Bed in Private Room	7,000 “
“ Perpetual Bed in a Ward.....	5,000 “
“ Bed during the life of the donor	3,000 “
“ Bed in a Private Ward for a year	300 “
“ Bed in a General Ward for a year	200 “

MRS. M. STRONG,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. A. D. SMITH,
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER,
MRS. H. H. MORSE,
MISS A. S. MUMFORD.

Executive Com. Lady Managers.

Copy of Contract.

This indenture, made this ——— day of ——— A. D., 188—, between “The Rochester City Hospital,” a body corporate under Chapter 233 of the Laws of 1847, and the acts amendatory thereof, of the first part, and — of the second part, witnesseth: That in consideration of the sum of ——— dollars paid into the permanent fund of said Hospital by the party of the second part, the party of the first part hereby agrees and covenants that such name or inscription as the party of the second part may designate, duly inscribed on a metal or stone tablet, shall be attached to such bed

or portion as said party of the second part may designate then being unendowed, which portion of said Hospital shall bear such name or inscription, publicly affixed to it for all time to come; and said bed or portion shall be known by such name, in the clinical and other records of said Hospital, whenever reference is made to said bed or portion. And the said party of the first part, by this instrument doth further covenant and agree with the party of the second part, that in case of damage or destruction of said Hospital by fire or other causes, and in case the same is repaired or rebuilt, the same portion, or an equivalent portion, of such Hospital structure as shall subsequently be erected, shall bear, and continue to bear said name or inscription, by which it shall be known.

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

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

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

On this — day of — 188—, —to me personally known, came before me who being by me sworn, did say that he resides in the city of Rochester, and is President of the Rochester City Hospital and of its Board of Directors; that the seal affixed to the following is the corporate seal of said Hospital and Board, and was thereto affixed by order of said

Board of Directors, at a meeting thereof, duly convened; and that he signed the same as President of said Hospital and said Board of Directors, by virtue of a like order of said Board of Directors.

It will be seen below, that the suggestions embodied in the foregoing article have been acted upon already, by several parties interested in the Hospital.

Endowed Beds.

THE ERICKSON BED.

Mrs. W. S. Nichols of New York, and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins of Rochester, daughters of the late Mr. Aaron Erickson, in memory of their father, gave \$5,000 for the endowment of a *Perpetual Free Bed*. A neat marble tablet, inscribed the "Erickson Perpetual Free Bed," was set in the wall of the Female Medical Ward.

THE GREENWOOD BED.

Mr. John Greenwood, one of our most honored citizens, by the payment of \$5,000 has also endowed a *Perpetual Free Bed*. On the wall of the main hall of the Hospital is a tablet of brass, in the form of a Greek cross, on which is the following inscription: A Free Bed Endowed in Perpetuity by John Greenwood, 1883. "All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

We call attention to these worthy acts, and hope that others, by thus adding to our endowment fund, will prove themselves imperishable benefactors of the Hospital.

THE CHILDREN'S COT

was endowed by the gift of \$3,000, the offerings of children and their friends.

THE FEMALE CHARITABLE SOCIETY

was the first to endow a bed in the Hospital. A portion of the funds available for this purpose were the proceeds of the sale of a Charity School lot, given by the late Col. Wm. Fitzhugh, and \$500 of it the bequest of the late Everard Peck.

THE FIREMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

Endowed the second bed for the benefit of their members.

Miss H. S. Mumford recently gave \$300 to maintain a free bed for a year in the Children's Pavilion.

Names of Private Rooms and Wards.

Some of the wards and many of the private rooms which are tasteful, homelike and attractive in their appointments, bear the names of churches, societies or individuals, that have furnished them and keep them in repair. The parlor furniture is supplied by the First Baptist Church. We have the Hebrew Ward; the Union Blues' Room; St. Paul's Church Room; Second Baptist, St. Luke's, Brick, First Presbyterian, Central, Universalist, and Plymouth Church Rooms; also, the Reynolds, the Bullard, the Greentree, the Atkinson, the Dunlap, the VanEpps, the Strong, the McKennan, and the Halsey Rooms. They retain their names only so long as they are kept in order by churches or individuals who have furnished them.

Training School for Nurses.

By an act of the Legislature the charter of the Hospital was so amended as to incorporate our Training School and make it a proper object for special bequests. It should be liberally endowed, and we trust that the friends of the Hospital and friends of the sick will remember this feature of our work by liberal sums during their lives, or in their final testaments.

Conditions for Admission of Pupils to Training School for Nurses.

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

Applicants must be single women; between twenty and thirty-five years of age; possessed of a good education; of perfect health and unexceptionable moral character. They shall reside in the Hospital, and devote their time to the care of the patients, under the direction of the Supervising Nurse and the Attending Physicians and Surgeons.

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

Applicants, whose letters are satisfactory, will be directed to make personal application

to the Committee on Admissions, that their qualifications for the work may be more fully ascertained. Those who are accepted will serve on probation one month, before being regularly enrolled as pupils of the school.

Instructions to Applicants.

Application must be made in your own handwriting and addressed to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, 96 Spring street, Rochester, N. Y.

1. State your name in full, and present address.
2. State whether single, widowed or divorced. If widowed or divorced, state whether you have, or have had any children.
3. State the date and place of your birth.
4. State height and weight.
5. State where educated, when you left school, and what your occupations have been.
6. State whether perfectly strong and well.
7. Have you fear of any disease to the care of which you might be assigned?
8. State whether you are a member of of regular attendant at any church, and if so, name the denomination.
9. Give names and address of two persons to be referred to as to your character, and state how long each has known you.

Rules for Nurses in the Training School of the Rochester City Hospital.

I.

Nurses will be appointed by the Training School Committee of the Lady Managers. Term of service is two years. Any nurse whose services are not satisfactory may be discharged at any time. A Diploma will be issued only to those nurses who pass a satisfactory examination upon the subjects taught during the course.

II.

Nurses will be subject to the Supervising Nurse, or such person as may be placed in charge by the Lady Managers, prompt obedience to whose orders will be required, and also to the Rules and Regulations of the Hospital. The nurses will wear while on duty noiseless shoes, and the uniform adopted for the School.

III.

They will meet the Medical officers when they enter the wards, and be prepared to give

such information about the patients as may be desired. They will maintain order in their respective wards, and report any impropriety on the part of the patients or helpers to the Supervising Nurse.

IV.

They will keep an account of all articles sent to the laundry from their wards, and if not returned in proper condition, report the same to the Matron. Nurses will apply to the Matron for such articles, needed for the care of the sick, as are under her charge.

V.

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

VI.

Written orders for extra diet prescribed by the Attending Physicians must be left in the office, in season for preparation. Each nurse will serve a stated time in the Nurses' Diet Kitchen.

VII.

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

VIII.

Particular attention must be given by the Nurses to their rooms, also to their clothing and persons (hair, teeth, fingernails, etc.,) to make themselves acceptable to the sick.

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

Nurses will be at their meals, if possible in season. No nurse shall order anything different from what is provided. The Supervising Nurse will see that any nurse who is ill has proper diet.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

The Supervising Nurse will not permit any pupil in the School to be absent from the Hospital after 9:30 P. M. without special permission, and without knowing where the nurse is to be during such absence.

Nurses will retire to their rooms at or before 10 P. M. and lights must be extinguished by 10:30.

XV.

The Supervising Nurse will keep a written record of delinquencies on the part of each pupil and report the same monthly (or immediately, when it is thought the act is intentional) to the Committee in charge of the School, who will take proper action thereupon.

By "delinquencies" are meant all violations of rules or neglect of duty, or disregard of written or verbal instructions given from time to time by the Supervising nurse.

Each pupil will be informed of the delinquencies which it is the duty of the Supervising Nurse to record in compliance with these instructions.

XVI.

No comments will be made by nurses upon the treatment of patients by different physicians, but all will be shown equal respect and obedience.

The peculiarities and weaknesses of patients will be treated with consideration, and due reticence will be observed concerning their histories, diseases and treatment.

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

Instruction Given to Pupils in the Training School.

Some persons have expressed surprise that two years are required for the acquisition of the knowledge which a nurse should possess.

But the time is not too long. Besides daily bedside instruction and practical training, about one hundred lectures are given during the course, by members of the Medical and Surgical Staff, on subjects connected with the work of the nurse. To these lectures we can only refer briefly and in part. They relate to the elements of anatomy, physiology and hygiene, the counting of the pulse and respiration, the use of the fever thermometer, the secretions, the introduction of the catheter, the administering of injections, the use of medicines and the various modes of relieving pain, the preparation of food, the care of patients during and after confinement, baths and attention to the skin, fomentations, cups, leeches, the application and dressing of blisters, the preparation of poultices, the care of patients before, during and after operations, the care of surgical instruments, the preparation and application of bandages, the nursing of contagious diseases, the care of the eye when diseased, and after operations, the nursing of sick children, hemorrhage, ventilation, disinfection, poisons, artificial respiration, massage, passive and Swedish movements, laying out of a dead body, etc.

Special attention is given to bedside instruction and the endeavor is made to cultivate the faculty of observation, and to make it of practical value, by requiring the nurses to keep written records of cases in the intervals of the physician's visits, so that he can the better understand the condition of the patient during his absence.

It will be seen in another article that a nurses' diet kitchen has been established, where nurses are taught cooking for the sick, and where they are obliged to serve a month or more, devoting their time exclusively to the preparation of articles of diet. In these and other ways the nurse becomes able to appreciate the condition of different patients, and to contribute to their relief in a manner that would be impossible without such training.

Nurses' Diet Kitchen.

The Nurses' Diet Kitchen was opened December 1st, 1882, and is designed to give the pupils of the Training School practical famil-

ilarity with the preparation of articles of diet for the sick. Each nurse is obliged to serve for a month or more in the Diet Kitchen. We mention only a portion of the articles prepared therein, from a list furnished to us by the Supervising Nurse:

Gruels of all kinds, beef-tea, beef-juice, chicken and mutton broth, oysters in various ways, plain omelets, broiled steak and chops, eggs, hominy, rice, porridge, lemon, orange and wine jellies, graham mush, tomatoes, potatoes, pears, apples, flaxseed tea, brown and gluten bread, and milk toast.

These and other articles, as they are ordered by the attending Physicians, are transcribed by the Ward Nurses on proper blanks, which are then sent to the Nurse on duty in the Diet Kitchen.

Nurses for Private Patients in City or Country.

Advanced pupils will be assigned to the care of private patients in the city or beyond its limits, when the services of a trained nurse are desired. Application should be made to the Supervising Nurse at the Hospital, and should state the nature of the case and the probable length of time the nurse will be required.

Nurses thus sent out continue under the direction of the Hospital, and are subject to recall at any time if the exigencies of the Hospital require their presence. The price for a nurse will be two dollars per day, or ten dollars per week, payment to be made to the Recorder at the Hospital. Traveling expenses, and washing, where nurses are sent out of the city, will be paid by persons engaging them.

We would respectfully suggest, to insure the vigilant care of the sick, that the nurse should have a proper amount of sleep, and an opportunity for at least one hour's daily exercise in the open air. Nurses depended upon for night watching should be provided with a midnight lunch.

Special Lectures to the Pupils of the Training School.

Dr. E. H. Howard, physician in charge of the Monroe County Insane Asylum, has kindly consented to give one or more lectures to the pupils of our training School, on *The Nursing of Cases Marked by Mental Derangement*.

The time of the lectures will be announced hereafter.

Annual Examination of First-Year Pupils.

Ever since the establishment of the Training School for Nurses connected with the Hospital, it has been the aim of those in charge to increase the efficiency of the School by the adoption of measures which would make the training more valuable to the pupils. Whereas formerly a final examination was held by the Staff each year, hereafter two examinations will be held yearly, one of pupils who have finished the two years' course and are candidates for graduation, and the other of the pupils who have completed the first year of training. The range of studies now gone over in the two years' course is so wide that it has been impossible to compass them all in a single examination.

The first year pupils, known as the class of 1887, now in the School, were examined by the Staff of the Hospital on June 15th and 19th upon the following subjects :

Care of sick-room.
Bed-making.
Bathing patients.
Poultices.
Enemata.
Douches.
Feeding patients.
Moving patients.
Stupes.
General division of medicines.
Pain, nausea and vomiting.
Weights and measures.
Application and dressing of blisters.
Application of bandages.
Keeping of records.
Disinfection.
General anatomy.
Care of eye after operations.
Care of wounds.
Preparation of diet.
Names of gynecological instruments.
Tampons—Dossils.

The result of these examinations determines the fitness of the pupils to go on with the second year of training.

List of Graduates.

The following are the graduates from the Training School for Nurses :

1883.

Miss L. A. Markham, Miss M. E. Campbell,
Miss E. Dickinson, Miss M. E. Dyson.

1884.

Miss C. E. Sherman, Miss K. A. Hathaway,
Miss S. Tytler, Miss A. J. Conroy,
Miss S. H. Perry, Miss F. A. Ostrander,
Miss A. J. Sherman, Miss F. A. Mitchell,
Miss M. B. Bullard.

1885.

Miss C. Mueller, Miss M. L. Foulds.
Miss D. M. Hull, Miss F. E. Thorne,
Miss M. R. Thorne, Mrs. E. L. Spencer.

1886

Miss N. A. Lewis, Miss E. Hollister,
Miss E. Da Belle, Miss L. L. Jacokes,
Miss E. H. Casson, Miss L. M. Mitchell,
Miss E. A. Taylor, Miss J. M. Corby,
Miss E. C. Sanford.

Miss L. A. Markham was appointed Super-
vising Nurse in 1883, immediately after she
graduated, and still holds this position. Miss
M. E. Campbell has been for a year Superin-
tendent of the Auburn, (N. Y.) City Hospital.
Two of the graduates, Miss Mueller and Mrs.
Spencer, have married. Miss Perry entered
the school after having received the degree of
M. D. at Buffalo Medical College, and is now
practising medicine in this city. Four of the
graduates are studying medicine. The others
named are occupied in this city and vicinity.
Their work has been so satisfactory that their
services are in constant demand.

Nurses' Diploma.

The following is the form of Diploma
issued to the Nurses at the Commence-
ment exercises held in the Spring of each
year :

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

(Cut of Hospital.)

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

This is to certify that.....has
pursued and satisfactorily completed the pre-
scribed course of Instruction for the regular
term of two years, at the Training School for
Nurses of the Rochester City Hospital, and has
upon examination given satisfactory evidence
of her qualifications as a Nurse. Given at the
City of Rochester, New York, this.....
....day of....in the year of our Lord eighteen
hundred and eighty....

Signed by the President of the Board of
Directors, Secretary, Executive Committee of
Lady Managers, Medical and Surgical Staff,
and bearing the seal of the Hospital.

Our Greatest Want.

In 1866 there were treated by Dr. Rider, in the Hospital, fourteen cases of eye disease. Now, twenty years later, we have about that number of patients constantly under treatment. Statistics, that are not at hand, would show a constant increase of cases, proportionate to the other departments, though no provision has as yet been made for their exclusive accommodation. The disadvantages of placing such patients promiscuously in all the wards is being felt more and more each day. Accidents, not infrequent, arising from inability to arrange proper light, ventilation, and attention, are too well remembered by patients, and reflect upon both the Institution and the attending physician.

We have separate and exclusive accommodations for the other departments, and we must have them for this, where so much depends upon the after treatment of operations, which equal in number, probably, all others performed in the Hospital during the last twenty years.

There is no room for these patients at present. What we need is a separate building, with operating room, nurse's room, and three or four small wards. It is an outlay fully warranted, even demanded, by present conditions. No one can walk through the wards of the house without noticing the bandaged eyes of patients from all parts of our state, and feeling that all that lies in our power should be done to contribute to the success of their search for light. Some action must be taken in this matter soon. The children are well provided for; let us have as good facilities for our patients who come to us blind, and who would be less apt to leave us in the same condition if we have an Ophthalmic Pavilion named after some Good Samaritan.

House Officers.

I. Two assistants to the Medical and Surgical staff are annually appointed by the Medical and Surgical staff from recent graduates in medicine. They shall be termed the Senior House Officer and the Junior House Officer, and shall serve for one year, unless sooner discharged, entering upon their duties April 1st and October 1st respectively. They shall reside in the Hospital and render their profes-

sional services exclusively to its inmates, under the direction of the attending physicians and surgeons.

II. They shall carry out the instructions of the Staff of the Hospital with reference to the arrangement, care and treatment of patients; shall accompany the attending physician and surgeon as they may direct, and physicians visiting private patients on their stated visits.

III. The Senior House Officer shall have charge of the dispensary and all medical and surgical appliances, shall see that prescriptions are promptly and carefully dispensed and that all instruments are in a serviceable condition.

IV. He shall maintain proper ventilation in the wards, observe that the nurses are efficient, and shall report any disorderly conduct on the part of patients or attendants to the attending physician and surgeon.

V. He may refuse admission to the Hospital to any case of contagious or infectious disease until the advice of the attending physician or surgeon can be obtained; in cases of emergency, he shall act on his best judgment, sending without delay for one or more of the attending medical officers.

VI. He shall allow no person unconnected with the Hospital, unless invited by the attending physician or surgeon, to accompany them into the wards, or at any time to make an examination of patients.

VII. He shall keep a full clinical record of all cases in the Hospital, making such entries as the attending medical officers shall direct.

VIII. He shall make a daily morning and evening visit through the wards; shall notify the relatives or friends of patients who may be seriously ill, and send for such religious adviser as the patient may desire.

IX. The Hospital shall at no time be left without the attendance of one of the House Officers.

X. In the performance of the foregoing duties the Junior House Officer shall render such aid as may be desired by the Senior House Officer and in the absence of the latter, will assume his duties.

Application for the position of House Officer should be made to Dr. E. V. Stoddard, Secretary of the Staff, Rochester, N. Y.

Chapel Services.

For a year or two after the opening of the Hospital a short religious service was held every Sunday afternoon in one of the larger wards, and afterwards in the large upper hall. In the changes in the main building incident to the putting up of the west mansard, a room was set apart for a Chapel, and furnished by the ladies of St. Peter's Church, with carpet, reading-desk, chairs and books. In the recent changes the Chapel has been greatly improved and a new carpet and cabinet organ have been provided.

For a few years some of our city pastors took charge of the services, but for many years students from the Rochester Theological Seminary have conducted the Sunday afternoon services very faithfully and acceptably. Many of these young men have done efficient mission work, visiting the patients in the wards during the week, and by reading or prayer, comforting the sick and dying. In the summer months the religious services have been conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Flower Mission.

This Mission was organized by some young ladies of St. Luke's Church in the summer of 1875. A committee of ladies meet every Saturday morning in St. Luke's Guild Room, to receive contributions of flowers, which they make into bouquets and carry to the City Hospital, and every week each patient receives a bouquet. In the summer the ladies are dependent upon the kindness of their friends to supply them from their gardens, and in winter the sum of 25 cents is collected from members. Members of the Mission, if notified, will gladly call for flowers. Contributions of money, flowers, fruit and delicacies are earnestly solicited, and may be sent any Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, to St. Luke's Guild Room (in the rear of the Church). Only those who have witnessed the lighting up of wan and pale faces, as the visitor draws near with pleasant words and bright flowers, can appreciate the value of this humble mission.

Besides the contributions by the Flower Mission, many of the friends of the sick bring offerings of fruit, flowers, and delicacies, for which we are duly grateful. At Christmas and Easter every patient receives a card with the flowers.

Annual Donation.

As the annual expenses of the Rochester City Hospital far exceed the receipts from paying patients, and as the interest from the endowment fund is comparatively small, the Lady Managers are accustomed, soon after Thanksgiving, to hold an Annual Donation Festival, the avails of which are devoted to the payment of the current expenses of the Hospital. The Festival is under the direction of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, some of whom act as a reception committee. Mrs. William H. Perkins, the treasurer, receives the cash donations.

Refreshment tables, laden with the substantial and delicacies of the season, are provided and served by the ladies of many of the churches, and friends from the city and country are cordially invited to partake of the tempting viands, and offer their gifts to the Hospital. The price for a dinner is one dollar; for a supper fifty cents.

Fancy tables display a pleasing variety of artistic embroidery, decorated china, and useful and ornamental articles, and afford a timely opportunity for procuring Christmas gifts. Candy, flower and ice-cream tables, are pleasant features on Donation Day, and the mite boxes are then received and distributed.

The children manifest their interest in the Hospital by their contributions to the Children's Pavilion Table and Endowment Fund, and by other devices to raise money.

The Treasurer of THE HOSPITAL REVIEW, Mrs. Robert Mathews, receives subscriptions to the REVIEW, and welcomes new subscribers. The city papers gratuitously notice and advertise our festivals, and citizens and friends by their contributions, their presence, their personal services, and the loaning of needed articles, unite in making our donation festivals noble offerings to this worthy charity.

Mite Boxes.

The Mite Boxes were first distributed at the Hospital donation December 9th, 1875, at the suggestion of one of the Lady Managers. The wants of the Hospital were so urgent, that it was hoped the receipts from this source would supply some of the more pressing demands, for which the regular monthly receipts were not available. The results have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The following report shows the amount of money received and how expended :

Received from February 1, 1876, to July 1, 1886	\$3,603 76
Cost of mite boxes to July 1, 1886 ..	\$ 215 22
Ice house and repairs	630 68
Root house and repairs.....	501 00
Morgue.....	662 16
Painting, repairs and furnishing in Hospital.....	1,205 87
Balance on stone walk.....	388 00
	<hr/>
	\$3,602 93
Balance	88
	<hr/>
	\$3,603 76

Will not such grand success prompt the friends of the Hospital to be ready to receive the Mite Boxes and thus do all in their power in this small way to help on the work?

Wants.

Money, to apply on the various departments of the Hospital, is our great want, but everything that is useful in a family is acceptable. Donations are solicited of fuel, flour, provisions of every description, fresh and canned fruit and vegetables, eggs, butter, delicacies for the sick, pillows, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, old quilts or bed tidies, made of factory and cotton batting quilted together, and clothing for males or females. We want also infant's clothing, and old cotton, for all of which there is a frequent demand.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the last Monday of June we visited the Hospital and found the settees and hammocks, on the Hospital lawn, the attractive lounging places for many of the invalids. One of the small pavilions was being disinfected after the departure of scarlet fever patients; the Hall Pavilion was occupied by a man whose gangrenous foot had been amputated, and who was gaining slowly.

Sixteen were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. One man had died during the month of cancer. Two men were confined to their cots; the one was the eczema patient, who gains very slowly; the other was suffering from some disease of the bowels. An eye patient had had a successful operation and returned home; another was waiting to have a cataract removed. One man had his eye bandaged, it having been injured while he was at work as a stone cutter. One aged man was

blind. Some of the inmates were afflicted with rheumatism, others with cancers.

No death had occurred in the Male Surgical Ward, where eight were receiving treatment. The man whose feet were injured by falling in an elevator was sitting up in bed; one of his feet was doing well, the other was improving very slowly. The man with an ulcerated leg was so much better that he was expecting very soon to return to his home. The man who so long has suffered from a burnt limb is very much better and on pleasant days goes out of doors. There was but little change in the individuals suffering from chronic diseases. A boy eighteen years old, whose hand had been injured by a sandpaper machine while smoothing wood for a mosaic floor, had his entire fore arm enclosed in a box, and immersed in heated water, kept at a certain temperature by a lamp beneath it and a tube passing through the water; the wound looked angry and inflamed, and the arm and hand were much swollen. Another patient had lost two fingers and the top of a third, they having been cut off by a buzz saw.

Two of the fifteen inmates of the Female Surgical Ward were confined to their cots. Four eye patients who had had cataracts removed were all doing well. Some persons were afflicted with cancers. The woman whose hip was fractured was up, dressed and going about on crutches. Tilly has had no operation of late. "Grossmutter" and "Grandmother" were about in their ordinary condition.

There were sixteen under treatment in the Female Medical Ward. Minnie Bryant, who has been in the Hospital more than two years, had died of disease of the heart. Some of the patients in this ward were suffering from eczema, diseases of the heart and kidneys, consumption, paralysis, internal cancers, chronic pleurisy with effusion, and rheumatism.

The Children's Pavilion.

Five mothers and four babies were in the Nursery, and it was a pretty sight to see the little ones all sleeping soundly in a large cot.

In the Boys' Ward we found our little German friend, Max Kraus, who has curvature of the spine, Tommy H., who has two abscesses, and Freddy L., who has one, on his hip. A new patient, Joe Smith, ten years old, had been thrown down by boys and broken his arm at the elbow. He wore a sling, but did not appear to be suffering much.

In the Girls' Ward was Theodosia Banta, seven years old, who wears a plaster of Paris jacket to benefit her spine which has a curvature. Sarah, the little colored girl, with diseased spine, when last we saw her, was taking a nap in the hammock on the Pavilion piazza, with the French doll, that we have named Daisy Perry, in her arms. Ida Rivers, who has granulated eyelids is much better, she occupied the "Paul" room and the shades were partially drawn to soften the light for her sensitive eyes.

The "Julia and Edith Room."

The good works of our little friends Edith Peck and Julia Robinson have attracted the attention of a friend of children in the most eastern of the New England States.

Miss Sophie May of Norridgewock, Maine, who writes such pretty stories for children, heard of the little girls who had worked so hard to raise money for the Cot Fund, and then to furnish a room in the Children's Pavilion, and sent to them the following letter, addressed to "Misses Edith and Julia, Care Mr. Wm. F. Peck, No. 48 Atkinson St., Rochester, N.Y."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Ever since Mrs. G. told me a few weeks ago of your lovely work for suffering children, I have wanted to write and say to you that I am glad you are both alive upon the earth. I think I should know you—with caps—for I have seen your photograph. I was sorry to hear of the hasty flight of the poor "Birdie." (A little girl who occupied their room only one night.) She did not know what was best for her, did she?

I would like to do a small thing for your children. Do you think any of them would enjoy reading my little books? If you say "yes," and will specify which one of the four sets they would probably choose, I will gladly forward it by express.

I saw your city in April, and thought it very beautiful. Wishing you health, happiness, and success in all your works, I am yours with sincere admiration, respect and sympathy.

SOPHIE MAY.

The little girls accepted Miss May's kind offer, and have received from her the Flaxie Frizzle set, consisting of six volumes, bound in red, and nicely illustrated, a most acceptable present for the "Julia and Edith Room." We trust many sick children will enjoy these stories, and we wish their kind donor could look in upon our Hospital children and see them as they read her books.

Cash Donations.

Legacy from the late Mrs. George J. Whitney \$3,000 00
Mrs. Clarence Mitchell, Lakewood, N.J. \$10 00
Mr. Alfred Wright..... 25 00

Annual Subscriptions.

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS.

By Mrs. D. Andrews :
Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb, Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., Buck & Sanger, Mr. Bloss, Hayden Furnishing Co., W. H. Bowman, Mrs. Saml. Wilder, Mrs. W. C. Powers, W. H. Cogswell, Alling & Cory, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Theodore Bacon, Mrs. L. G. Corning, \$5.00 each.....\$65 00
Mrs. D. A. Watson.....\$25 00
Mrs. E. C. Warren, Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, Ballard & Hurlburt, \$2.00 each.....\$6 00
Cash, Cash, Mrs. Frank Ward, Miss Julia Griffith, \$1.00 each\$4 00
By Mrs. H. F. Huntington :
Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. D. W. Wright, Mrs. Isaac Gibbard, Alphonso Collins, Mrs. Joseph Flint, Mrs. W. A. Williamson, \$5.00 each.....\$30 00
By Mrs. Landsberg :
Mrs. Frank B. Bishop\$5 00
By Mrs. C. E. Mathews :
Miss Hebbard.....\$5 00
By Mrs. W. H. Perkins :
Mrs. Howard Osgood, Mrs. Clarke Johnston, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. W. J. Averell, Ogdensburg; Mrs. B. R. Lawrence, Mrs. C. W. Trotter, Mrs. K. P. Shedd, A. DeVos, Mrs. W. S. Kimball, Mrs. J. H. Stedman, \$5.00 each....\$50 00
Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin, Wilson & Co., \$10.00 each\$20 00
By Mrs. Strong :
Mr. James Johnston.....\$5 00
By Miss Wild :
Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, H. A. Brewster, Haywood Hawks, Miss A. E. M. Wild, \$5.00 each\$20 00

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, *Treasurer.*

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital June 1	85
Received during month.....	65
Births.....	5
	155
Discharged during month.....	55
Deaths	2
Remaining in Hospital July 1 ...	98

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Miss M. E. Bowen, Boston.....	\$ 5 00
Interest on deposit.....	3 47
Proceeds of fair held by May Carpenter and Gertie Blakeslee, assisted by Annie and Josie Quinn, May Blakeslee, Jessie Woodworth and Alice Rogers.....	9 06
Dr. W. S. Ely.....	10 00
Mr. S. J. Macy.....	5 00
Mr. John H. Brewster.....	10 00
"A Friend".....	5 00
Dr. M. L. Mallory.....	5 00
Mr. Edward Brewster.....	1 00
Mr. R. A. Sibley.....	10 00

Receipts for the month..... \$63 53
Previously acknowledged..... 2,246 09

Total Receipts\$2,309 62

We still require \$4,190.38 to complete the last payment for the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt, Contributions are urgently solicited to make up this amount, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the treasurer of the fund.

Receipts for the Review.

FOR JUNE, 1886.

Mrs. W. Clarke, New York, by Mrs. S. H. Terry.....	\$ 50
Mrs. C. N. Wixom, Starkey, by Mrs. C. E. Converse.....	50
E. T. H. Cottman, 65 cents; Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy, San Francisco, \$1, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins....	1 65
E. B. Booth & Son, adv., \$5; Burke. Fitz Simons, Hone & Co., adv., \$26; E. H. Cook Co., adv., \$10; H. Likly & Co., adv., \$5; Oaks & Stern, adv., \$5; K. P. Shedd, adv., \$5; H. C. Wisner, adv., \$5, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	\$61 00
J. V. Alexander, 62 cents; C. H. Amsden, 62 cents; Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62 cents; Mrs. Theodore Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, 62 cents; Miss Caldwell, 62 cents; Mrs. M. W. Cooke, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Deavenport, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W.	

Elwood, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Mrs. J. S. Killip, 62 cents; Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, 62 cents; Mrs. F. A. Macomber, 62 cents; Dr. M. L. Mallory, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Millman, 62 cents; Geo. S. Riley, 65 cents; Miss Shelton, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Moréau Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. Van Voorhis, for Mrs. L. Van Voorhis, Fishers, 50 cents; Mrs. J. C. Van Epps, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Wallace, 62 cents, by Miss H. Smith.....\$15 41
Mrs. W. Y. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. E. I. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; Miss Gregory, 62 cents; Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, \$1; Mrs. R. Johnston, \$1; Mrs. C. D. Miller, Geneva, \$1; Mr. Thomas McBlain, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin, 3 subs., \$1.86; sale of papers, 25 cents, by Treasurer..... 9 09

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, *Treasurer*,
96 Spring Street.

Donations for June.

E. Darrow & Co., 6 match safes.
Mrs. Leo Stein, 50 new towels.
Mrs. Loop, flowers.
Mrs. Crowell, reading matter.
Mrs. Oscar Craig, 4 large cans of fruit.
Miss M. W. Montgomery, reading matter and old cotton.
Bouquets from the First Methodist Church Sunday School, June 13th.
A friend, old cotton.
Mrs. Landsberg, old cotton.
Mrs. S. M. Bentley, several copies of Christian at Work.
Cecile Kimball, flowers for little Sarah.
Chase Brothers, large quantity of reading matter.
Mr. Edward Brewster, 2 door mats.
Mr. Cottman, handsome plush covered chair for parlor.
Joseph Lovecraft & Son, 2 loads kindling.
Mrs. Hungerford, old cotton.
Mrs. Stull, flowers, strawberries and lettuce, for wards.
Mt. Vernon Union Mission Sabbath School, flowers.
A friend, quantity of Harper's Magazines, Observers, and other reading matter.
For Mrs. Allen's Cot, Children's Pavilion, 10 volumes of Rollo's Tour in Europe.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 14th, 1886, Mary Bryant, aged 17 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 14th, 1886, of cancer of neck and spinal cord, William Lilley, aged 55 years.

Famous Doctors.

The medical profession has one advantage—it is one of the necessities of civilization. The very man who pokes fun at the doctors sends for a physician the moment he falls ill. Addison said that medical men were "like the British army in Caesar's time; some stay in chariots, and some on foot." But when the genial humorist was taken sick, he sent for the best doctor in London, and submitted to be bled, or cupped, or leached; for in those days every disease was ascribed to inflammation, which must be subdued by letting the blood flow.

The medical science of that time merited Addison's sly sarcasm, that a nation abounding in physicians is always thin of people.

The medical profession has also another advantage. Any man of average ability, good character, and steady purpose, may gain a living by medicine, though he may fail to win a fortune. If, however, he is of the stuff out of which great surgeons and physicians are made, he may become wealthy.

Sir Astley Cooper, the eminent London surgeon, practised five years before his income rose to five hundred dollars a year. But from that time it went steadily up, until in one year it reached one hundred and five thousand dollars. His average yearly income, for a long time, was seventy-five thousand dollars. Even this amount was exceeded by the receipts of another London surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie.

Sir Henry Holland limited his professional income to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, in order to retain leisure for study, recreation and travel. But Dr. Chambers gave himself so entirely to his practice, that he rushed through the streets, driven post-haste, at ten miles an hour, and scarcely ever ate one regular meal a day.

He was frequently ill, and his sicknesses reduced the amount of his yearly fees to forty-seven thousand dollars. Once, when laid aside by an injury to his right hand through blood-poisoning, malicious people said that his fingers had become crooked from the continual habit of taking fees.—*Youths' Companion*.

When a storm is coming, don't wait for rain before getting under cover, and don't carry metal tools when thunder sounds overhead. Better leave the hoeing, or the hay, and get in safe quarters in time, and don't sit in the barn in a storm. Close the windows of the house, let the fire down, and keep out of rooms where there is fire. Sit in the middle of the largest room you can choose, away from stoves, or stove-pipes, pillars, mirrors, iron chairs, registers or gas-fixtures—let alone telephones or electric lights. In a storm any of these things may conduct lightning, and it is just as foolhardy to despise these precautions as to be careless about loaded guns.

At night, draw the bed out from the corner of the room, as far from the wall and chimney as possible. Out of doors, keep away from walls, trees, streams or wells, and telegraph poles. Seek shelter in an open hollow, or under bushes, choosing the valley rather than the hill-top or side.

You don't want to take chances with lightning, but taking every caution, keep as free of fear as you can, for the chances are in your favor. People who take care of themselves are not the ones who are injured by lightning.

The great ship at sea never thinks of the harbor when the sun is shining and the waves are at rest; it is only when the storm breaks that she discovers her need of a safe shelter. So we must all be shown our feebleness, in order that we may seek and acknowledge the safe harbor, Jesus.—*Margaret S. Tennant*.

Do you feel that you are able to do nobler and better work than you are doing, and that circumstances compel you to waste your power in the apparently unimportant details of common daily drudgery? Be of good cheer; "circumstances" is often only another name for Divine providence.

If a canoe be connected by a cord with a distant ship, one in the canoe may draw himself to the ship, if he cannot draw the ship to himself. So, as has been said, is it with prayer. If it do not bring God to man, it will bring man to God. And this is always well for man.—*W. P. Breed*.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

MESSRS. J. & R. LAMB, the Church Decorators and Furnishers of 59 Carmine Street, NEW YORK, will send free, on request, to the readers of the *Review*, their Illustrated Hand Books. These embrace Stained and Mosaic Glass, Memorial Windows for Churches, Domestic Glass and Interior Decorations, Church Metal Work (Memorial Brass Pulpits, Lecterns, Altar Crosses and Vases, etc.) Memorial Tablets of Bronze, Brass, Carved Wood and Carved Stone, Church Furniture and Carved Wood Work, Embroideries, Banners, Hangings, Altar Cloths, Vestments, &c., Mosaics, Communion Plate and Alms-Basins, Prie-Dieu, Crucifixes of Ivory, Gold and Silver, Bronze and Boxwood, &c., &c.

Special designs and photographs of work done by the firm, are submitted on application.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

MRS. MALTBY STRONG, MRS. WM. H. PERKINS
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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

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

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 36 South Washington Street.

Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Per Square 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

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