

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

388/18/12

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1868.

No. 1.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer,

Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

For the Hospital Review.

Eyes.

Eyes, beaming and bright,

Eyes, tender and true,

If pure be your light,

What matters the hue?

Eyes, full of blessing,

Eyes, saint-like and calm,

Eyes, love confessing,

For grief have a balm.

The sparkle of jet,

The melting of blue,

We ne'er can forget

If they were but true.

Brown eyes have beauty

That makes the heart yearn;

Gray eyes to duty

Are steadfast and stern.

Eyes, hazel and soft,

Will visit our dreams;

And laughing eyes oft

Can charm with their gleams.

Light eyes for gladness

Will ever seem meant;

Dark eyes for sadness

And earnest intent.

Sweet eyes of the past

Now grown dim with tears,

On you has been cast

The shadow of years.

Eyes closed in slumber,

No more to awake;

Hearts without number

For you bleed and break!

KATE CAMERON.

For the Hospital Review.

The Pride of Lexington.

"Come immediately," wrote my sick soldier brother. Unexpected as was the summons, an hour after found me on my way to the depot, and the next evening at six, beside my brother's cot in Hospital No. 2, Lexington, Ky.

Just before arriving, as the cars were slowly nearing the city, a lady in the seat in front, pointed out of the window and said, "Do you see that statue? It is Henry Clay's. You must visit our cemetery if you remain long in our place."

I looked in the direction indicated, and there, in full view, towering above those trees so luxuriantly green, was the buff colored statue of Henry Clay. One might almost imagine it standing on the tops of those trees, did not an occasional opening among the leaves reveal the pedestal of the same buff or rather cream colored stone.

The attitude was that of a speaker, one hand raised, as if in the act of uttering some important and forcible remark, while the other held at his side a half unrolled manuscript.

"Have you visited our cemetery?" "Oh, you must visit the cemetery," was said to me almost daily during my stay; but not until my brother looked up and said, "Yes, Maria, you must see the cemetery," did I yield to the solicitations, and become one of a small party, formed to accompany me. The tasteful and elegant mansion of Mrs. Morgan, mother of the notorious rebel General—the long, old-fashioned, two-storied, and somewhat dilapidated wooden structure in which President Lincoln won and wed his wife, I must leave unnoticed, together with many other objects of interest, pointed out to me on my way thither. I hesitate, too, when I think of attempting to describe this beautiful resting place for the dead. That arched gateway, so tastefully decorated, that excellent carriage-way "smooth as a house floor," winding its way among those noble trees, clothed in the luxuriant foliage of deep green, so peculiar to that region, with here and there the white and gray of the many monuments, peering through, with Henry Clay's the crowning one of all, in the back ground, only half hidden from the view, present a picture or reality rather, which needs to be seen to be appreciated.

The chaste and beautiful designs of many of the stones, together with the exquisite workmanship of some, are a study for an artist. Scattered among their own forest trees, I noticed the maple, so familiar to me, and among the evergreens, our hemlock. A preference, however, seemed naturally and tastefully, to be given to their own forest trees. Everything had the choicest care. Nothing seemed overdone. The flowers were scattered in just the right profusion. This cemetery may truly be styled the pride of Lexington. Just here I cannot forbear relating a little incident

which occurred as we were looking at the different monuments. A soldier called my attention to one upon which was carved an open Bible, bearing these words: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." I remarked, "If we live the life of the righteous, of course we shall die the death of the righteous."

The soldier, as if a new thought had struck him, turned slowly away and repeated thoughtfully, "If we live the life of the righteous, of course we shall die the death!"

But I must not fail to describe a peculiarity, known as the "Soldiers' Circles." Of these there were two, one for the union men, and one for the rebels. As these Circles were alike, a description of one will answer for both. The graves were ranged side by side, with the feet pointing toward a mound in the center, where, I was told it was intended to erect a monument. Around this mound, between it and the graves, and also leading to the carriage-way, was a smooth gravel walk some three feet wide. There had been dug first one row or circle of graves and then another outside of that; and another, and still another until, with the mound for the center, it had widened till it had reached the carriage-way, and although no more room in that direction, they were still extending the Circle by digging graves at the sides. All but those newly made, were neatly sodded and each had evidently the best of care.

"This circle," thought I, as I stood in the center, "is one whose influence is felt far and wide." Yes, these circles end not there. They widen and widen, until for each of those hearts which have ceased to beat, other hearts in all parts of our land have felt that they must almost cease their beating too.

MARIA P. W. GRANT.

A frog does not remember when he was a tadpole, but others do.

From Hours at Home.

Grand-father's Pet.

This is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago—
Quiet and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow;
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands
and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room—
With the fragrance fled away!

Effie, Grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face—
I seem to hear her yet,
Singing about the place;
But the clouds roll on, and the streets are drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Effie is singing elsewhere—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she be quiet, and buried, and dead,
I should not wonder much.

For she was so young, you know—
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me, so,
Though I was gray and old;
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see;
And it still looked living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown dressed,
Not to hear my footsteps sound,
In the room where she used to rest.

Nay! though I am dull and blind,
Since men are bad and base,
The Lord is much too kind
To mar such a sweet young face.
Why, when we stood by her still bedside,
She seemed to breathe like a living thing!
And when I murmured her name and cried,
She seemed to be listening!

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men with their prayers un-
true—
Nay! rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do!

A weary path I have trod;
And now I feel no fear—
For I cannot think that God
Is so far, since she was here!
As I stand, I can see the blue eyes shine,
And the small arms reach through the curtain-
ed gloom—
While the breath of the great Lord God divine
Stirs the little white rose of a room!

From the Advocate and Guardian.

Two Rooms.

The first room had a look of comfort, as if one would like to sit down in the easy chair, and read by the bay window filled with deep green plants, over which the sunshine fell, turning the stalks into transparent columns. It was just warm enough, and the curtains shut out the wind and melting snow of the streets. On the table were books new and old, and magazines with their leaves cut. In the arch of the window a singing bird trilled, and tossed his pretty yellow head. It was not a room to leave easily, on this forlorn day, when the sky was rainy, and the wind piercing.

The second room was bare, with the exception of a group of children on the floor, who were eating bread and molasses, their copper-toed shoes clattering noisily on the old boards. A cooking-stove made the low-ceiled room like the temperature of the torrid zone, and everything was dingy and uninviting.

In the first room, harmonious colors, and good pictures made it a pleasure to be there alone. The other was displeasing, and the visitor shrank a little from the children, who drew near to look at her furs, and the rings on her ungloved hand. Yet the children in this poor home, laughing, pouting, clinging, blue-eyed children, lying in baby-tones and coaxing to be held, made it richer than the silent room of luxuries, which was never littered or disturbed by busy hands and feet.

The lady had left her tempting house,

to visit this family. For them she braved the wind and wet streets, hearing a call from their poverty louder than the appeal of books and music. She knew the secret charm of walking in the print of holy footsteps which "went about doing good," not waiting at home for the needy. The children pressed about their visitor, won by her smiles, and through the dirt stains she saw dimples in the cheeks, and rosy mouths, and eager eyes, and soft white necks. She felt how easily their mother could hug them to her bosom, and rejoice to call them her own. In a corner, however, apart from the others, a little girl, paler and more quiet, sat in a rude rocking-chair. Her long lashes, shaded eyes that often drooped.

"What is her name?" asked the lady.

"Come here, Celia, and show your eye."

The child hesitated, and looked on the floor. The visitor saw, however, as she advanced, that a film had spread over one of her mild, brown eyes, making it useless. The quick thought sprang into her heart of a surgeon who had marvelous power in removing such calamities, and she began to plan how it could be accomplished. The little girl could not receive proper care and treatment in this home, with so large a family, for she was too delicate to bear very well their coarse food and rough ways, in her usual health. Should she pity this child, and do nothing more? This was not the compassion of that good man, who carried a sufferer to an inn, binding up his wounds, and giving freely oil and wine. This was not the pity of our sympathizing Lord, who made clay for the blind man's eyes, and rebuked the fever. She had a little room at home, with pretty buff cottage furniture, and there the child might sleep. She would offer to take her home, and engage the surgeon to operate on her eyes, at her own expense. Then she thought, with joy, of a large bill in her porte-monnaie, put aside for an ornament, and thus the charity would come from her own purse. How many large and generous thoughts arose, it is impossible to say. She gave without one grudging reservation, and the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

The mother was incredulous at first, and began to cry at the mention of the surgeon's sharp instruments. The little Celia looked from one to the other in doubt. The faith of the visitor, however, conquered

her fears, and made her feel safe in the promise of help. Her childish belief was stronger than her mother's, who stood crying over the baby in her arm.

* * * * *

The first room darkened and subdued, revealed two figures—a lady, and a child with bandages over her brow. As the little one rocked back and forth in her small chair, the lady told stories, or sang snatches of ballads, and sometimes she wound the music box, and let it tinkle through its sweet variety. They were waiting for the day to come when the eye might bear a stronger light, for the surgeon had already removed the dark curtain.

There was great joy in that house when the child could see. They led her about from room to room, pointing out statues in crimson niches, and pictures, for her wonder and delight. The operation was entirely successful, and the child's fawn-like eyes, were clear as mountain brooks.

There was greater joy in the second room, when Celia went home, able to see like the other children, the cloud gone from the meek eyes. But the lady was not satisfied until she had gained her heart's request, and taken Celia to her home to be educated as a daughter. It was hard to bear the thought of losing the gentle child from the splendor of that house, for she was becoming dearer to all there than their choicest possessions of marble and carving.

The jewel was never purchased, and it was not needed, with the living gem shining through the quiet house. She was a far more beautiful adornment in the lustre of her girlhood, and never once did her adopted mother regret the spending of that money. The other children grew and thrived in their poor home, and became sturdy workers; while this transplanted flower, more suited to tender culture, ever blessed the home of her adoption.

AGATHA.

There's our grandmother, says a contemporary, a striking instance why women should vote. She's paid taxes on a dog for the last ten years, and now declares she won't stand it any longer—she'll either vote or kill the dog.

KNOTTY.—Some say that European affairs are in a knot; others that they are not.

Go, Feel what I have Felt.

Go, feel what I have felt;
 Go, bear what I have borne—
 Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
 And the cold world's proud scorn:
 Then suffer on from year to year—
 The sole relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
 Implore, beseech, and pray—
 Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay;
 Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
 Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept—
 O'er a loved father's fall—
 See every promised blessing swpet—
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
 Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
 That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen,
 Go, see the strong man bowed—
 With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
 And cold and livid brow;
 Go, catch his withering glance, and see
 There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to my mother's side,
 And her crushed bosom cheer;
 Thine own deep anguish hide;
 Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear.
 Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
 The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
 With fading frame and trembling limb,
 And trace the ruin back to him
 Whose plighted faith in early youth
 Promised eternal love and truth;
 But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 The promise to the cursed cup:
 And led her down through love and life,
 That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife;
 And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
 That withering blight, the drunkard's child.

Go, hear, and feel, and see, and know,
 All that my soul hath felt and known;
 Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
 See if it's beauty can atone—
 Think if its flavor you will try,
 When all proclaim 'tis drink and die!

Tell me I HATE the bowl!
 Hate, is a feeble word:
 I loathe—ABHOR—my very soul
 With strong disgust is stirred—
 When'er I see, or hear, or tell
 Of the dark beverage of hell!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1868.

A New Year.

Can our readers realize that we commence this month our Fifth Volume—our Fifth Year? Such is the fact; but we must confess that we do not enter upon it with the same eager hope and full assurance of success, as a year ago, or indeed any of the previous years of our existence. Our growth the past year has not been equal to our expectations—and we are very much disappointed at the returns of the past month. All our special pleading seems to have been of no avail. We doubt if our suggestions last month were even so much as read by anybody. As one of our Managers remarked a few days since—“There is no reason why our circulation does not increase more rapidly—no one ever refuses to take the paper when asked to do so—it only requires effort on the part of our friends.” The result of Miss Falls' single efforts in our city, proves this truth most conclusively—and we all feel it—but what is to be done? Will our friends, each and all, in town and in country, help us and help us *now*, when we so much need it, or shall our enterprise fail for the want of effort—for the want of what would cost individually so little? If each of our friends would do a half, or we might say even a tenth of what Miss Falls has done, we should feel no lack. Our Hospital is increasing daily in numbers and interest. The New Wing must soon, it seems to us, be an imperative necessity—but our resources do not increase in proportion to the demands made upon them. The field for labor and usefulness widens before us. Must we leave it barren and untilled? Numbers of weary sufferers are flocking to us from all around—must we close our doors upon them for want of room—want of means? “The harvest

truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." We urge the spread of our paper because we believe the success and enlargement of our Hospital work so closely identified with it. We believe that we have only to make known our wants and aims and generous hearts everywhere will respond to our appeals, and willing hands be found ready to help us. Wherever our *Review* has gone forth, it has accomplished a blessed work for us. Those who have never visited our Hospital or city, have, through its columns, become deeply interested in us, and our little paper has been welcomed not only as a voice from the Hospital, but for its own sake. If our circulation has not increased as we could desire, it is for lack of effort. Shall this be said longer? Look at our paper receipts this month, and do you wonder that we are discouraged? But we begin to-day a new year, and let it be with new purposes, new resolutions, and *new subscribers* in abundance, will flow in. Once more, we call upon our Agents to be faithful and prompt in making their returns, and to our friends everywhere, to *remember the Review!*

Visit to the Hospital.

We have very little new to write about our visit this month. We found all about as usual. Before going into the wards, we paid a little visit to Mr. and Mrs. S., from Clarkson—private patients—nice Christian people, whose presence in the Hospital seems to bring a blessing with it. In the Male Ward we found our old friend Mr. W., looking cheery as ever, and sitting at a table with a number of others, playing dominoes. Mr. A., with sciatic rheumatism, still here and improving. R. K., injured by a fall from a building, recovered and gone. M. C., the German with a broken arm, doing well. Mr. T., a new patient, with paralysis in his arms. T. C., was one of the party sitting at the table playing dominoes, and in passing him we asked, "Well, what is the matter with

you?" "O, only a leg off," was the cool reply. "Only a leg off," in the service of his country! Nor is he the only one here—across the table from him, was J. R., another soldier who had lost a leg—J. M. H., one with an arm gone—F. C., suffering with general debility from exposure in the army—L. W., shot in the hand—J. M., blind from injuries in the service—P. S., still another soldier with a leg gone—and so on, a still longer list we might mention—martyrs to our country's cause. Can we do too much for these? Four new soldiers came during the month. C. N., is a patient with paralysis.

Our three little boys met us with smiling faces, and are all doing well. J. McC., comfortable. P. H., is a new patient, with neuralgia in the head. Mr. C., has a bad cough, and is waiting to go to the Church Home. Poor Matteson T., died soon after our last visit.

Bridget, about as usual. A. H., a new patient from the city, with heart disease. M. K., about the same. Sarah, from the Orphan Asylum, still suffering very much with her eye. Mrs B., seemed enjoying a pretty bouquet which had just been sent her. Grandma, bright and feeling well. M. M., no better. Mrs. C., with dysentery, failing.

Had a little visit with Willie in the nursery, who, strange to say, finds no home as yet. One of the little girls, mentioned last month, has been adopted.

The Hospital continues full and to increase in number every day. Every bed, with one exception, in St. Luke's Ward, is taken by soldiers—and the Hebrew Ward is full.

One of the sad events of the month in the Hospital, was the death, by suicide, of Sarah Paul—a notice of which appeared in all the daily papers at the time. The following which we copy from the *Express*, gives the painful words in the case:

"A woman named Sarah Paul committed suicide yesterday by taking poison, and died at the

Hospital. She was a drinking, worthless woman, who had no habitation or friends. She has been known here twenty years. She was seen to take the poison, (arsenic,) at Spencer's Intelligence Office, where she was in search of employment, and told that she had procured it to kill rats. Mr. Spencer remarked to her that she had been taking slow poison for years, not thinking that she was in earnest. She was taken from Spring Street, where she fell down, to the Hospital, where she died in about two hours.

Dr. Ely was called, and gave as his opinion that her death was caused by arsenic. She was about forty-five years of age."

Another suicide, that of Emma Wheeler, reported in the daily papers, and which created some sensation throughout the city, was felt with peculiar sadness at the Hospital, where she had been for a long time an inmate, and was kindly remembered. Her rash and untimely end contains a fearful warning to the young; but alas—will it be heeded!

The Church Home.

All true lovers of benevolence will give a cordial welcome to this new organization which now takes its place among our sister Charities. Its design is to provide a home for all who have need, irrespective of age, sex or circumstances, who have any claim upon the Episcopal Church. If any one precept is clearly and strongly enjoined throughout the Scriptures, and especially in the New Testament, it is that of the Church to provide for its own poor. The injunction to Christians is, "to do good as far as possible to all men, but especially to those of the household of faith." While our city was smaller it was deemed expedient for the different denominations of Christians to unite in their plans for benevolence; and outside of the Roman Catholic Institution, we believe all of our city charities are the result of this combined effort. But our institutions are outgrowing themselves, and their capacities. Applications, for instance, to the Home for the Friendless, are refused almost daily, for want of room, and the need either of additional buildings or of another similar institution,

has long been felt. A gratifying feature of the Church Home is that it provides for old men as well as women. Hitherto there has been no place for such in their desolate old age but the Poor House. It is situated on Mount Hope Avenue, opposite King's Nursery. The lot, which comprises over an acre, together with the buildings, were generously donated by Mr. Geo. R. Clarke and Mr. Geo. E. Mumford. The location is a very beautiful one, and accessible to the street-cars. The house is of brick, too small for their purpose, and we believe it is their design to commence a new and more commodious building this Fall. We visited the Institution a few days since, and were very pleasantly impressed with all we saw. The house and grounds wear the look at present of a cozy, country home. A row of flowering shrubs lines the path each side to the front door—fruit trees, grape vines—and a garden, &c. &c., added to the cheerful picture—while across the way the rich nursery garden was in bloom, scarlet geraniums and verbenas brightening the view, and green and leafy quiet all around. Everything within was in harmony with the outside,—simple, home-like and inviting. The Matron, an efficient English lady—a widow—who gives her services from love to Christ—met us with a pleasant welcome, and lead us through the various apartments. Few and small they were to be sure, but everywhere was the same tidy, cheerful air tempting us to linger. Nearly all the furniture was donated by Mrs. Asa Sprague and Mrs. Ashley, from their household store—and the carpets, chairs, couches, tables, beds, bureaus, &c. had, from this very circumstance, a refined home atmosphere, not common in such institutions—and looked as if they each could tell a pleasant domestic story. In the parlor was the piano—on the handsome old-fashioned side-board gleamed the family tea-service, and we were shown into the china closet, well filled with *real* china—some of it white,

but a large portion consisting of an old-fashioned blue set, which would have a precious value in the eyes of many for its antiquity, and its old aristocratic air.

The inmates are at present but five in number—one an old lady and blind, who is a member of St. Luke's—and four children, who looked well, and happy, and well cared for. Additions to the number are daily expected, and various applications for admittance, have already been received. The Church Home begins its existence certainly with most flattering prospects of success and usefulness, and we bid it a hearty God-speed!

A Suggestion to our Friends in Avon.

In reply to the note given below, we would ask—Will not some one or more of our friends in Avon volunteer their services as Agents for our paper, and canvass thoroughly the town for this purpose? We have no agents to send there except one should volunteer to do this work for us; and with the encouragement held out in this letter, we do earnestly hope that some one will be found ready to respond to the suggestion here made. We want a good faithful agent to represent our cause in every town around us. Very much has been accomplished for us in this way, and very much more may yet be done. Indeed our agents are our great reliance in their respective towns. Let us have more volunteers in this good work! Friends in Avon, we await your response!


EAST AVON P. O., Aug. 4, 1868.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS:

Dear Madam—Enclosed please find fifty cents. Send the *Review* one year. I presume you can get a goodly number of subscribers by sending an agent to canvass the town.

Yours truly,

G. T. P.

 We notice in our List of Donations, a very acceptable package of Clothing and other articles, from the Ladies of East Groveland. They will please accept our thanks.

Letter from Alexandria Bay.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, August, 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:

I have thought much of you toiling at your editorial labors while I am having pleasant rest and cool breezes in this far-off spot, which seems for many years to have presented its attractions to travelers from our own and other cities. The village at the Bay contains perhaps, four or five hundred inhabitants. Looking at the rocks which meet the eye everywhere, one might wonder how they get a living; but I am told there is much business done in the lumber trade from the country adjacent. When out on the smooth waters of the broad river, rowing about among its "thousand islands," which extend for forty miles from Kingston, I saw, for the first time, a "French Village." It is a large raft, with many cabins and sails, towed by a propeller; each raft has its separate house, and all the small rafts are secured together, giving it the appearance of a moving town. For a moment I thought one of the islands was going off. It interested me much, and I thought some of your young readers might thank me for telling them of it. To the quiet, the clear healthy air, the delightful enjoyment of being rowed among the channels formed by the islands, is added the comfort of a clean, home-like hotel, where away from fashion, show and noise, one finds just what one needs as a relief from the heat, the bustle, and the cares of city life. To the Christian there is another attraction, in the little stone church, which is opened every Sunday for service. It has been built nineteen years I was told. A minister of the gospel came here; no Sabbath bell broke on the stillness of the sweet scene, no one proclaimed the "good news," and visitors as well as those who dwelt here, were in danger of forgetting their Creator and their God. The good man could not have it so, and collected the

means to erect a church—the people did what they could—and it is still a mission station. The truth, as it is in Jesus, is faithfully preached—"He being dead, yet speaketh." The first object which meets the eye on entering the church, is a simple tablet—the inscription a model, it seemed to me so brief, yet so touching—it is as follows:

"IN MEMORY OF

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

He founded this Church, itself a monument of his love to God and man.

Like his divine Master, he went about doing good, and far from his home he sowed precious seed beside these waters.

On the Lord's day, April 24th, 1862, he preached his last sermon, in Florence, Italy, and quickly went to rest."

"The memory of the just is blessed."

I fear I have made my letter too long, so will only add that wherever I am I shall always feel an interest in your labors.

Yours truly, A.

Correspondence.

A city subscriber writes:

I have received so much pleasure in the reading of your little paper during the past year, I again desire my name to be placed among your list of subscribers for another year. Enclosed you will find dues for the past year.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, on Tuesday, June 30, 1868, of fracture of the neck, Thomas Kildray, aged 56 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Wednesday, July 22d, from the effects of poison, Sarah Paul.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Monday, July 27, 1868, of injuries received at the Depot, by the cars, Mrs. Mary White.

Superintendent's Report for July.

1868, July 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 87
Received during the month, 25—112
Discharged, 25
Died, 2— 27
—
Remaining Aug. 1st, 1868, 85

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM JULY 15th to AUGUST 15th, 1868.

Mrs. Erickson—Potatoes and Pie Plant.
Mrs. Mumford—Cherries.
A Friend—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Joseph B. Sprague and Mrs. Ashley—One Rubber Bed, 3 Rubber Pillows, 15 Shirts, 4 pairs Drawers, 6 pairs Socks, Dressing Gown, 4 Linen Sheets, 3 Comfortables.
Mrs. McMaster—Boquets and Hanging Basket.
Mrs. D. D. T. Moore—Six Shirts.
A Lady Manager—One dozen Cucumbers,

FROM LADIES OF EAST GROVELAND.

Mrs. Capt. Culbertson—Babies' Clothes.
Miss Maggie Culbertson—One Under Garment.
Mrs. R. Johnston—One Shirt, Bandages and Dried Fruit.
Mrs. A. Harrison—One Sheet and Dried Fruit.
Mrs. A. Boyd—One Shirt, 1 Sheet, a Pillow Case, roll of Old Linen and Children's Clothing.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM JULY 15 to AUGUST 15.

Miss Van Nortwick, Flagtown, N. J.—By
Mrs. Arner, \$0 50
Mrs. O. E. Sibley, Buffalo; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Mrs. Monicha, Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, (with postage for 2 years,) Mrs. James Sargent—By Mrs. Mathews, 2 75
Mr. G. T. Palmer, E. Avon; P. B. Reed, Scottsville; Mrs. McPherson; Mr. Purdy, Chili Centre—By Mrs. Perkins, ... 2 00
Mrs. L. S. Dows, (2 years) Miss E. A. C. Hayes, Jas. Hallach—By Miss Hibbard 2 00

Cash Donations and Receipts.

A Friend—By Mrs. Mathews, \$0.50
Little Monte Rochester, Cincinnati, 0.20
Sale of Tatting—By Miss Hibbard, 0.60

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy and Dr. Whitbeck.

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

Children's Department.

From the Advocate and Guardian.

Mary's Fall and Rise Again.

A bright morning in August, and several children fashionably attired, were sporting about the side piazza of the — House, at Newport, when a little girl, of quite a different appearance, advanced from the street, and ascended the broad steps. As she walked across the piazza towards the door, a little miss, in a short, white frock, called to her.

"What do you want, beggar girl?" and, receiving no answer, ran to the door, just as she reached it, repeating the demand, "What do you want?"

"Are you speaking to me?" asked the new comer, gravely, looking up in surprise; "and was it to me you gave the name 'beggar-girl'?" I have no more right to that name than you have to being called a lady. And instead of prying into my business, you would be better employed in ripping the tucks out of that frock of yours, and letting it down some. And if your mother was too poor to buy you a new frock, when you outgrew that one, you're big enough to do something to earn a piece of calico, and not be idling round, with your clothes up to your knees, and pushing yourself in the way of respectable people."

As the last word was uttered the speaker passed on, leaving the little maid, to whom the rebuke was given, red with anger, while the group who had gathered round the two, indulged in a hearty laugh.

"You got it that time, Miss Pert," exclaimed Eddie, the discomfited young lady's brother, "and didn't find out after all what the little girl wanted. You had better run in," he continued, "and rip the tucks out of your frock. It does look outgrown, sure enough; and, between it and the standing-out hoops, you do appear more like a ballet-girl than a lady—ha, ha, ha."

And the boys all laughed again, but the girls did not join so heartily in it, as their frocks were mostly of the same scant pattern. Nor did they like being made fun of, and, as the boys kept up the joke, and even improved on it, the young ladies retired, and seeking mammas, papas and elder sisters, the story, with many changes and exaggerations, was soon told all over the hotel.

It caused considerable feeling, and stirred up quite a debate among the guests. The fashionables were indignant, and declared it was an outrage that a common child should insult one of their set; while some only laughed, and agreed with Eddie, that the young ladies were, indeed, dressed like anything but modest little maidens. Others stoutly maintained that the strange little girl had a perfect right to resent insolence, no matter what quarter it came from. And so the house was divided, and under much excitement, upon a matter that was so small in itself.

But who was this little girl, whose visit of the morning had occasioned so much commotion? She was described to the proprietor, and described to the house-keeper, and described to the clerk; and it was at last decided that she must be little Mary Murphy, the lace-washer's daughter, who sometimes came to the hotel on errands for her mother. Upon this, two or three ladies declared that they would withdraw their custom from Mrs. Murphy—they would rather send their laces to New York to be washed than employ her again; but it was quickly answered that Mrs. Murphy was a very superior hand—had always more work than she could conveniently do, and would be glad of an excuse to drop some of her customers. And so the discussion continued, and the boarders at — House had something new to occupy their thoughts and tongues for one day.

But Mary Murphy little dreamed of the notoriety her few sharp words had gained for her at the hotel. When she had performed her errand, she returned quietly home; departing through a different door from the one at which she had entered. She had a misgiving that what she had done would not please her father. She told her mother the story; and Mrs. Murphy said she did not see any harm in a little girl's taking her own part among children like herself. Yet she did not know, any more than Mary, what father would think about it. But when he heard the story, he made no comment; only asked quietly,

"What was your uppermost feeling when you first answered the little girl's question?"

Mary thought a moment, then answered humbly, "I was angry, father."

"And what," again asked Murphy, "was

your motive in advising her to rip the tucks out of her frock?"

Mary thought again, and hung her head as she answered, "I only wanted to annoy her, by letting her know that she didn't look as nice as she thought she did."

"And did you really suppose," was the next question, "that she had outgrown her frock, and that her mother was too poor to buy her another?"

Mary's face was now crimson, and her voice very low, as she answered, "No, sir, I knew she was some rich person's child."

"Then," pursued Murphy, "when you so well displayed your self-respect, independence and wit, three dark sins were mingled with them; anger, malice, and falsehood. Do you think they were pleasing in the sight of God?"

Mary's answer now was a burst of tears. Murphy said no more; but when, in a little while, the child crept out of the room, he and her mother both knew that she had gone to her closet to pray for pardon.

But Murphy had not finished the matter yet. When night came, and Mary was about retiring, he drew her towards him, and encircling her with his arm, said, "Come, tell me how you're going to settle with that little girl up at — House?"

"I don't know, father," she answered, "she gave the first offense."

"True, and you haven't to repent of her offense—your business is with your own."

"Well, what ought I to do, father?" asked the child, meekly.

"You followed her example, to-day," said Murphy, "in using naughty language, and I'd like to set her a good example to-morrow, by acknowledging that you were wrong."

"But they won't believe her," observed Mrs. Murphy. "Every one in the hotel will think that we made the child take back the words because I do up the ladies' laces."

"Margaret," said Murphy, with emphasis, "I never knew the first case of a professor of religion, growing up to the stature of a man or woman in Christ Jesus, who was influenced by what the world would think. I believe that's the very reason of our having so many poor, weak-kneed Christians. They enter the church, and pretend to serve the Master, and yet are in bondage to the world. No, we have but one line of duty, and that is, to

do what's right in the sight of God; and He who takes care of all our other interests, will take care of our reputation also."

"I know you're right," said Mrs. Murphy, "but I wish Mary had to humble herself to some neighbor's child instead of one of them stuck-up things on the hill."

"Now, that's pride, Margaret," said Murphy. "The 'neighbor's' children, and the 'stuck-up' children, are on the same level in the sight of God; and Mary must learn to walk among them all with the same gentle, Christian spirit."

"I'll do it, father," said Mary, with energy. "I'll go up there to-morrow, and tell that little girl that I'm sorry I spoke to her in a wrong temper; and I won't mind what they'll say or think."

"God bless you, darling," said Murphy, "and keep your little tender feet on the highway of holiness."

Mary then kissed her father and mother and retired; and the angel of peace watched over her through the night.

There was as much talk at the — House next day, over Mary's visit, as there had been over that of the preceding day. Some said, as Mrs. Murphy conjectured, that the child was sent by her mother to make peace lest the matter might interfere with her business, but Eddie declared he would not believe that the little girl came thro' any mean motive. "For she didn't look mean," he said, "but looked good, and seemed to feel pleasantly, just as one would feel when doing right. If there was meanness anywhere," he added, addressing his sister, "it was in her who gave the provocation, and had not candor to confess it."

And the largest number agreed with the little boy.

SHEELAH.

A DOLL'S HOSPITAL.—A London toy dealer advertises his establishment as "Dolly's Hospital." He undertakes to cure all complaints incidental to dollhood. Lost hair is restored, bodily defects are remedied; impaired vision corrected; damaged limbs made whole, and young heads put upon old shoulders.

What Can I Do?

Are there none poor whom I can help?
None blind to whom I can read?
None sad whom I can cheer?
None sinful for whom I can pray?

Miscellaneous.

The Pin and the Needle.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

A Pin and a Needle in a basket lay,
Exempt from household labors,
And so they fell a quarreling, one day,
Like other idle neighbors.

II.

"Pray, what's the use?" the saucy Pin exclaimed,
"Of such as you?—you noddy!
Before fine ladies you must be ashamed
To show your headless body!"

III.

"Who cares about your brazen little head?
I hold it in derision;
'Tis good for naught,"—the needle sharply said,
"Without an eye for vision!"

IV.

"Tut!" said the other, piqued at this reply,
"What profit do you find it,
When any thread—unless you mind your eye—
Can in a moment blind it!"

V.

"If," said the Needle, "what you say were true,
I'll leave it to the Thimble,
If I am not as bright again as you,
And twenty times as nimble!"

VI.

"Grant," said the Pin, "you speak the simple
truth,
Beyond the slightest cavil,
You'll die so much the sooner—in your youth,
Worn out with toil and travel!"

VII.

"Fie!" said the Needle, "to my fate I trust;
I scorn to be a laggard
And live and die—like you—consumed with rust,
Mis-shapen, old and haggard!"

VIII.

Unhappy boaster! for it came to pass
The Needle scarce had spoken,
When she was taken by an awkward lass,
And in the eye was broken!

IX.

Whereat the Pin (which meets the damsel's view)
Around the neck is threaded,

And after many struggles to get through,
Is suddenly beheaded!

X.

"Well—here we are!" the Needle humbly said—
No more a haughty scorner
Of the poor Pin who shared her lowly bed—
A dust-heap in the corner!

XI.

"Yes," said the other, thinking of the past,
"I wish in better season
We might have learned the lesson which at last
Has brought us both to reason!"

XII.

"Friend!" said the Needle, "we are much like
men,—
Scornful in sunny weather;
And only mindful they are brothers when
They're in the dust together!"

A NEW DICTIONARY.—Water: A clear fluid, once used as a drink. Rural felicity: Potatoes and turnips. Dentist: One who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people. My dear: An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel. Policeman: A man employed to sleep in the open air. Bargain: A ludicrous transaction, in which either party thinks he has cheated the other. Wealth: The most respectable quality of men. Esquire: Everybody, yet nobody; equal to captain. Jury: Twelve prisoners in a box to try one more at the bar. Informer: A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades. Modesty: A beautiful flower that flourishes in secret. Money: The god of the nineteenth century.

Fun represents a six year old Knickerbocker seated in a barber's chair, and to him the hair dresser says: "Well, my little gentleman, and now how would you like your hair cut?" Charlie: "Oh like papa's, please, with a little round hole at the top."

The man that forgets a good deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

"I keep *lent*," as the borrowed sovereign said to the slow paymaster.

What is higher and handsomer when the head is off? A pillow.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN — Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.

Dated Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.
August 5th, 1868.

CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, }

ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton.
A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum.

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones.

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

Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

County Officers—Also to be elected for said County:

Three Members of Assembly.

A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison.

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry.

Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand.

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

Respectfully yours, &c.

H. A. NELSON,
Secretary of State.
aug. 1868.

MANTILLA SILKS,

AND SILKS FOR WALKING SUITS.

A great stock of Black Silks, at prices from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere. The finest stock of "Bonnet" and "Tapisserie" silks in the State. Prices, from \$5 to \$8. Other fine makes lower. Black Silks at \$2.25, worth \$2.75. For \$2.00 as good as customers are asked \$3 to \$3.50 for in many places. Our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00 Silks cannot be matched by at least 50c. to \$1.00 per yard, in Western New York.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 & 39 State Street.

Grey Goods

Of every sort and description, suitable for suits and dresses. French Poplins, Serges, Tarko Cloth, Aberdeen Cloth, Wash Poplins, Croquet Cloth, Grey Cretonnes, Taffetas, &c., at prices from 30c. a yard up.

No stock of Dress Goods in this part of the State can compare with ours, in point of desirability and cheapness. A. S. MANN & CO.

TRACY FEMALE INSTITUTE,

Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.

The Twenty-Third year will commence on Wednesday, September 2d, 1868.

For particular information, apply at the Institute, or by letter addressed to

LUCILIA TRACY,
Principal.

Rochester, July, 1868.

D. H. HANCOCK,
DEALER IN
MOURNING GOODS,
CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS,
Special Bargains in Black Silks and Alpacas,
No. 9 Main Street Bridge,
Mar. 1yr ROCHESTER.

HAMILTON BROTHERS & CO.

Dealers in

HARDWARE,

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

Mechanics' Tools, Agricult'l Implements,

HOUSE TRIMMINGS, LEATHER BELTING, &c.

H. G. HAMILTON, } 21 Buffalo Street,
A. S. HAMILTON, }
ROBERT MATHEWS. } NOV. '67. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

140 Buffalo Street Rochester, N.Y.

M. F. REYNOLDS & Co.

(Established in 1842.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes & Colors,

Artists' and Painters' Materials,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

WINDOW & PLATE GLASS,

Nos. 5 & 7 Buffalo St.,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

DEALERS IN

PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,

Nos. 10 & 12 Exchange St.

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

McVEAN & HASTINGS,

Dealers in

BOOK, PRINTING AND WRAPPING

PAPER.

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

WAREHOUSE, 69 STATE STREET,

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED, 1856.

GEO. N. STORMS, Merchant Tailor

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

Formerly Roy & McFarlin's.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE.

Feb. 1866. 1y

CYRUS F. PAINE.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

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

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

Orders left at

L. C. SPENCER'S,

will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1867.

E. L. THOMAS & CO.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON,...	\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OO LONGS,	80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS,	80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL,	\$1 and \$1.25 "
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,	\$1.25 "
ENGLISH BREAKFAST,	\$1 and \$1.20 "
GROUND COFFEE,	20c., 30c. and 40c. "

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866.

1y

62 Buffalo Street.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL,

No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

BUELL & BREWSTER,

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

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

E. N. BUELL.

Rochester, Sept., 1866

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,

Smith's Arcade,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1868.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

President.....GEORGE R. CLARK.
Vice Presidents..... { PATRICK BARRY,
 SAMUEL WILDER.
Secretary & Treasurer—JOHN H. ROCHESTER.
Attorney—FREDERICK A. WHITTLESEY.

TRUSTEES:

George R. Clark,	Patrick Barry,
Lewis Selye,	Thomas Parsons,
George J. Whitney,	George G. Cooper,
Jarvis Lord,	Samuel Wilder,
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Charles H. Chapin,	Gilman H. Perkins,
Hamlet D. Scrantom,	Oliver Allen,
Edward M. Smith,	Abraham S. Mann,
Charles J. Burke,	Chauncey B. Woodworth,
A. Carter Wilder,	James M. Whitney.
Ebenezer E. Sill.	

The Bank is open during the usual bank hours.,
[10 A. M. to 3 P. M.] and on Saturday from 7 to
9 P. M.

On all deposits not exceeding \$1500, when left
for a period of not less than thirty days, INTEREST
WILL BE ALLOWED FROM THE DATE OF THE DEPOSIT
TO THE DATE OF WITHDRAWAL at the rate of SIX
PER CENT. per annum; and on all sums exceeding
\$1500, FIVE PER CENT. per annum, in like manner.
DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR and up-
wards received.

FRED. D. ALLING,

Dealer in

Fine French Stationery,

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS,

INVITATIONS AND MONOGRAMS,

INITIAL STAMPING,

Plain, in Colors and Gold.

CRESTS, COATS OF ARMS, GOLD PENS,

FINE WALLETS, ENGRAVINGS,

FANCY GOODS, &c.

57 Buffalo Street,

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

REYNOLDS & WILSON,
PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

And Dealers in

PLUMBING MATERIALS.

Copper Bath Tubs, Copper Boilers,

And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.

71 Buffalo St. nov. '81. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.,

No. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

N. G. HAWLEY & SON,

Blank Book Manufacturers,

DEALERS IN

FINE STATIONERY,

Wallets, Envelopes, Gold Pens, &c.

Also, Printers' Materials,

23 Exchange Street,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

BOOK BINDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Nov. 1867. 1y

HYDE & BACKUS,

(Successors of the late H. L. Ver Valin.)

DEALERS IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 55 State Street,

E. F. HYDE,

JAS. M. BACKUS,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State Street,

Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

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ROCHESTER, N.Y.

REYNOLDS BROS.

DEALERS IN

Stoves, Furnaces,

AND RANGES.

AGENTS FOR THE

Morning Glory Stoves and Furnaces.

Also, Carlton's Celebrated Hot-Air Furnaces.

11 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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H. A. BLAUW,
Chemist & Apothecary

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
Trusses, &c.

PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

51 State Street, (West side.)

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Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
Nov. 1867. 1y

HENRY F SMITH,

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Clover and Timothy Seed,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 80 Main Street,

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M. V. BEEMER,

Men's Furnishing Goods,

35 Buffalo & 3 Exchange Streets,

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866. 1y

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1867.

GEORGE MCKAY,

PAINTER & GLAZIER,

CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.

Walls Whitened or Tinted,
AND PAINTING DONE,

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner.

All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St.,
will receive prompt attention.
Oct. 1865

"DECALCOMANIE HEADQUARTERS"

Looking Glasses, Picture Frames,

Brackets, Photograph Ovals,

Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views,

Photograph Albums, Engravings, Chromos,

FRENCH LITHOGRAPHS,

PHOTOGRAPHS, OIL PAINTINGS, &c.

In great variety, and at very low prices. at

SANDERSON & THORNE'S,

Oct. 1867. 66 Buffalo St., Rochester.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central
Railroad Depot.

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S BACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1838 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS.

Cleansed or colored without Ripping, and pressed nicely. Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed.

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

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

Address D. LEARY, Mill street, corner of Platt street, Rochester, N. Y.

CURRAN & COLER,

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-pd to '68. G. W. GOLER.

SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1866.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1868.

No. 2.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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Written for the Albany Evening Journal.

From Joy to Grief.

Swinging aloft on the elm is Robin,
Singing his beautiful roundelay;
Singing of love, for the graceful creature
Knows that this is my wedding day.

Nothing but joy songs, over and over,
Softly he warbles for me to hear;
Wakening thoughts of my soul's best treasure,
Filling my life with a pleasant fear!

Hear I the words of the priest before me,
Feel I the clasp of a manly hand;
Billows of bliss come sweeping o'er me,
Bearing my soul to a golden strand.

Faint is my heart, with excessive pleasure;
His am I now, for all coming years!
Robin's soft carol grows sweeter and sweeter;
Happiness bathes my eyes with tears.

* * * * *

Out on a branch of the budding maple,
Robin is chanting a hymn of woe;

One whom I love lies dead in the parlor,
Lips like marble, and cheeks like snow!

Sunlight beaming through open windows,
Silently resting upon his face,
Seemeth to me like a subtle shadow
Shrouding from me his former grace.

Beautiful locks lie still on his pillow,
Mingled with delicate, hueless flowers!
Beautiful eyes are closed forever,
Body and limbs have lost their powers.

Hark! the steps of the coming mourners!
Robin's wailing grows sadly low!
Pity me, pity me, God of mercy!
Strengthen me while I am chastened so!

Uncle Jake's Pension.

BY MRS. S. S. ROBBINS.

Uncle Jake was as old as the hills when the war broke out in 1861. He lived a solitary life in a lone farm house just out of the village of Brent. His father had died before he knew him; his mother had been in her grave eight years, and just two springs ago this very April, Betsy, his only sister, had followed his parents, leaving him literally alone in the world.

He missed his mother, and in a dumb, expressionless way, mourned for her; but Betsy's going was rather a relief than otherwise. Betsy had snubbed him all his life. He was tall, lank, lean, white-haired, small grey-eyed, broad-mouthed, no whiskers, burnt stubble for beard. His shoulders were high and narrow, his arms like ape's, and a terrible affliction seemed to have befallen his knees—they knocked together, moved out and in with a vacillat-

ing, uncertain motion as if they never quite understood which way they were intended to go. I don't know as any one could, by any possibility, have been proud of Jake; I doubt whether sometimes even his own mother was not a little ashamed of him; and as for Betsey, as I have said, she always snubbed him. Betsey was not a beauty; indeed, there was a personal resemblance between the brother and sister that was a little remarkable, but here it ended. Betsey took a literary, sentimental turn, wrote bad poetry, aspired to Greek Lexicons and the classics; in short, made a fool of herself, and a butt of stupid Jake. So when she died, Jake bought her a pine coffin, and had it stained red, as a touch above the sombre black which generally held the remains of his dead, and went himself the day after the funeral to pile the mound under which she lay a little higher than those by which it was surrounded—the last concession of the many he had made to her claim of superiority. Then he settled down into a dull, moping life, all by himself—objectless, heartless, hopeless. No one ever went near him, and he seldom went where he spoke. It is hard to imagine such an existence. I think in the course of time it would make a person an idiot or insane. Either of these states might have come upon poor Jake, had it not been for a basket of eggs! He carried these on the morning of the—of April, into Mr. Sand's store, to exchange them for a little tea—that fragrant herb being the only luxury in which Jake indulged—and while he was waiting for the clerk to count them out and put up his purchase, he caught words which attracted and finally riveted his attention.

The men gathered in the store were discussing the rebel outrage of firing into the Star of the West, and the attack upon Fort Sumter. An excited, eager, anxious group they were—just such a one as filled every store and shop throughout the whole breadth and length of the North. The President had called for soldiers; a recruiting office had already been opened at lawyer Pratt's. John Towne was the first man to enlist. Pete Thomson, Ed. Angel, Tom Bruce, Pat Mahop, Fred Douglass and Philip Sanders, had just put their names down—who else would go? It was a question which made these men, taken from the plough, the bench, and the anvil, hold their breath as it was asked; the si-

lence of death, falling over Joel Sand's dry goods and grocery store.

No one had noticed Jake—old Uncle Jake Hadley—standing there with his back to them one moment, and his face, eyes and mouth wide open the next. They would have told you “he wasn't of no 'count, no how,” and perhaps he was not then. After a time he went out leaving his pound of tea behind him on the counter. The clerk did not notice it until he had gone, then wondered over it. Home went Jake without turning to right or left, into the stable where the cow was tied to her stall. Farmer Bends had come two days ago to buy her, but Jake wouldn't sell her then. Now he led her to the farmer as he was at work in his wheat field.

“Here she be,” he said simply. “I've made up my mind to let her go,” and farmer Bends told down the money and owned the cow.

Then home again to old Jack's stall. Jack winned when he saw him at the stable door. It was the only welcome Jake had received for years. Perhaps he patted him as he turned around, but I doubt it. He said, “get up, there!” in pretty much the same way he always spoke—to Jack's ears, at least. There might have been another tone in his voice to a more delicate listener; who can tell? Straight now to Parson Cummings! Jake was not in the habit of going to church, but he remembered he had learned a prayer when he was a little boy, and a few verses out of his mother's bible. In some way, this prayer and these verses had been laid away in his heart, never coming to his mind but at times when the hard crust of life was broken a little, by a death or a burial. Parson Cummings was there, so he became associated with these rare upheavings, and this morning, therefore, he hurried to the Parson with old Jack.

Parson Cummings stood at his door, waiting impatiently for news—the news, and saw Jake and Jack come shambling up. He was struck by the uncouth couple, and thought what a caricature they would make, well done. He knew Jake as a “stupid, harmless fellow—of “no account any way,”—he was not therefore a little surprised, when, in a loud, hearty voice, Jake called out:

“Parson, I come to leave Jack with ye!”

“Leave Jack with me!” repeated the parson.

"Yes. You see he aint so young as he was, and it wouldn't do, no way!"

"What wouldn't do?"

"To take him along."

"Along where?"

"Why, down there on course. You don't suppose naow Jehoichim Hadley is going to stan' it, do ye?"

"Stand what, my good friend! Really I don't understand."

Raising himself to his full height, with a new flash of intelligence in his face, and a firm, set mouth, he said,

"I'm a going to list."

"Going to enlist; you, Uncle Jake?"

"I, Uncle Jake;" and that moment Jake received his birthright, and became a man.

I don't know how it happens. God sometimes seems to shut up an immortal soul in bondage—swaddling clothes, rather—drawing them tight about it, closing out every common avenue of light and growth—making it literally, not figuratively, only a little above the "beasts that perish;" then suddenly the bandages fall off, the swaddling clothes are removed, and there is born the soul.

Jake was, as I have said, as old as the hills, before his birthday came; but it did, you see, at last.

Parson Cummings saw the change, and recognized it. Holding out his hand for the most cordial grasp Jake's horny, hard-worked hand ever felt, he said simply:

"I understand. Jack shall not want either care or food, until your return," and he took the old rope halter which Jake held toward him.

Jake seemed to know what he had done. He winned softly, and rubbed his nose against Jake's shoulder as he turned to go.

"You've been a good beast," said Jake, stopping now and patting him affectionately.

"I won't forget ye, if I never come back." Then without another word, he went away.

Only one thing more in the desolate home with which to part—that was Betsey's tabby cat—the only thing too, which Betsey appeared ever truly to love. Here was a puzzle to Jake; kill her he would not; give her away, he would willingly—but to whom? Not a woman did he really know in all Brent, and those whom he met occasionally were not of the kind to adopt cats. At any other time, Jake would have suc-

cumbed to this obstacle; he came as near it now as could, and escape. Night caught him, as he stood eyeing pussy, comfortably ensconced in Betsey's rocking chair, asleep; then he seated himself near, listening to her monotonous purring, only interrupting it by saying to himself now and then, with a helpless shake of the head, "I swaow naow!"

Early the next morning, however, Jake might have been seen, with the cat hooded, but held tenderly under his arm, going again to Parson Cummings' house, and the long and short of it is, when the minister went into the stable to feed old Jack the grimalkin purred about his boots, and then followed him into the kitchen.

After Jake had provided for his last earthly care, he lost no time in seeking Lawyer Pratt's Office. It was open, and a crowd had already gathered before the door. Jake elbowed his way through them, and going up to the recruiting officer, said: "Put me down, I've come to 'list."

"You're too old, Jake," said the officer, kindly.

"That's atween me and my Maker," answered Jake solemnly. "You just put me down; its all you've got to do; he and I'll take care of the rest."

"Sorry, but can't do it, Jake; you are more than fifty, and it's against the law!"

"There ain't no law in the land that'll keep me at hum," persisted Jake, "so 'taint no use talking, I'm going no way."

Still the officer shook his head, then turned away to attend to some new comers.

All through that morning, Jake kept his place in the office, presenting himself every time there was a chance, and always receiving the same decided answer.

At last the men began to joke a little at his expense, but not a muscle of his face relaxed—stern, silent, determined—there he sat, until kindly sent away at night, when the hour for closing the office came.

"Tain't no use trying here any more, then?" He asked sadly.

"Not the least. The law will not allow you to go; you had better make yourself comfortable at home, and wait; perhaps something will turn up for you to do here—no one can tell."

Jake shook his head despondingly, lingered around the door a little while, then might be seen in the gathering shades of

the night, making his way out of Brent, on the road leading to the nearest town.

For a month Jake's progress could have been traced by stories which were told of an old, travel stained man, making his appearance in the recruiting offices; refusing to tell his age when questioned, but insisting, sometimes vehemently, on his right to be a soldier; then rejected, with drooping head and sad face wandered on. Could have been traced, I said—but who was there in the world to trouble himself about old Uncle Jake? No one ever had.

In one of the many desultory battles fought in Kentucky, an Illinois regiment was ordered into the thickest of the fight. Of course they bore themselves bravely; what Illinois regiment ever failed to do its duty? and of course their way was marked by long rows of dying and dead. Just at night the combat ceased, and from one part of the field might have been seen an old man bearing off on his shoulders a young boy. The boy had received a fatal shot in his chest, and was dying. Every movement was attended with excruciating agony, but not a groan escaped his lips, until he was placed on the ground, outside the ranks, the old man sitting down and taking his head in his lap.

"I don't mind it," broke out the boy then; "I don't groan because I am in pain, Uncle Jake; don't be ashamed of me; but it's my mother. Who'll take care of her, now I am gone? I was her only one, you know."

"I will," said the old man, bending close down so that he might whisper. "Don't be afeared, Tommy, I'll do for her long as I live, and arter too, if the Lord 'll let me."

"Oh, Uncle Jake, Uncle Jake, it's so hard!"

"So it is, my lamb," and the old man's voice broke down into a tone of inexpressible tenderness, as if the whole dumb love of a life had found vent at last. "'Tis hard, Tommy, proper hard, but she's wuth it all, you know. She's your tother mother; and you've sarved her well, Tommy! 'deed you have. I wish I could die for you, Tommy!"

"They couldn't spare you—the fellows, Uncle Jake," said the boy, a faint smile coming over his face, "nor she either. You're worth a whole regiment of us boys. Don't you go into it like a hero, and how you'll fight for the old flag! the old flag!"

—his mind wandered for a moment—"round mother's knees—what was I saying, Jake? Uncle Jake, what would the boys do without you, when they're sick or tired—oh, good, dear old Uncle Jake, what haven't you done for us? and the boy tossed his arms up wildly for a moment, fixed his eyes with a dreadful stare upon Uncle Jake's face, then the lids dropped over them forever.

Uncle Jake sat for a moment looking steadily down at the stiffened features, then softly, tenderly, as his own mother might have done, drew his fingers over the eyes, closed the lips, and said only:

"Sweet, purty! I wish she could see you, my lamb! but Jehoiachim Hadley won't forget—see if he does."

Wrapping the body up in his old coat, Uncle Jake left it, while he made preparations for its immediate burial. As soon as these sad rites were ended, Jake returned to the battle field, and was busy until nearly morning, ministering to the suffering, or caring for the dead. All brothers that are in the carnage—blue coats and gray, all the same now.

Toward daylight the next morning, one of the captains of the regiment, who had not been in bed, but on duty until a late hour, was somewhat startled at seeing the curtain of his tent raised, and a man enter without the customary permission. He was about giving the alarm, when he saw it was Uncle Jake, and as he was well known to everybody in the regiment, he had no fears as to the object of his visit.

Uncle Jake made the usual military salute, then said:

"Captin Harding, if I get dropt, will ye bury me?"

"Of course we will, Uncle Jake. You see we have been doing our best for the poor boys all night."

"I've watched ye, Captin, and you're softlier than 'tothers, don't knock um 'bont, as if they wasn't anything but karkisses, not boys. I've seen ye, tender-like, almost as if ye was a woman."

"Well, Uncle Jake, I love my boys, how can I help it?"

"That's just the pint, you can't help it no way, so I made bold to come and say: take care on me when I'm dropt, cause marm will be asking for me some day, and I shouldn't like to hunt up a leg here, and an arm there; you see the old lady was kind of partic'lar, and kept things about

right; but if you'll look arter it, Capting, it will all be done ship shape."

"I hope we shan't be so unfortunate as to lose you, Uncle Jake; but if we do, I'll promise to wrap you up in the old flag, you've served so nobly, and see you sleep well."

"Thank you, Capting, I take it very kindly;" and another military salute, Jake went out.

In a moment after, the curtain was raised again, and there, once more, stood Jake.

"Capting, did you say you'd wrap that ere around me?" pointing to a furled flag that was standing in a corner of the tent.

"I did, Uncle Jake; you deserve it if any one ever did."

"I swaow naow!" said Jake, turning and abruptly disappearing.

Two days after this interview, Jake put a curiously shaped letter in the large mail which was sent homewards from the field of battle. His letter bore this inscription, directed in a most singular, cramped hand:

Mis Jan Deery

Tommy's mother

Illinoise.

This missive contained an order for all the money which was due Uncle Jake for the years during which he had served in the army, not one cent of which he had ever touched, and until the promise he had made to the dying boy, had no intention of drawing,

"I didn't come for money. I've had board and lodging, and that's enough, let alone the clothes thrown in."

Just about this time came the news of Lee's surrender, and then, as we all know, there followed the disbanding of the army. The regiment in which Jake had served, having been in the service longest and hardest, was among the first of the Illinois troops to be sent home, and Uncle Jake found himself turned loose, and necessitated to commence a new life.

Penniless, he expected to work his way back to his New England home, with even more difficulty than he had to come West, when his determination to enlist took him to each recruiting office in the town through which he passed, until he reached the little village of B—, in Illinois, where every able-bodied man having gone, and none remaining but boys to fill the draft, he found no trouble in being "sworn in." He had received in battle a bullet in his leg, which not having been properly

cared for at the time, became extremely troublesome if he was over-fatigued. That he was now, every day of his life, as he tried to trudge homeward, for Jake, you know, to start with, was as old as the hills.

The heart of the country, however, was very tender then, and Jake's first two hundred miles on foot, were his last.

"Pass this brave, disabled soldier, Jehoiachim Hadley." A slip of paper with this written on it, accompanied with the necessary signature, was put into his hand one morning, and Jake found himself in cushioned cars, gliding along eastward; until the steeple of Parson Cummings' church came in sight, and there under the hill lay Brent.

No one to expect or welcome him, no one to care whether he came, but perhaps "marm" sleeping in the terraced cemetery, with sister Betsey by her side. Had she too forgotten him, or, from that world, was she looking down on her boy—Jake never thought of himself as anything but a boy, in connection with her.

Jake is in the station—Jake is standing on the platform, and Parson Cummings sees and knows him. There is the coat of blue, and the button with the eagle. "Well done, Jake!" he says cordially. "Enlisted at last! Jack is well, and as fat as a seal."

Jake felt in a strange whirl, the depot roof seemed lifting from over his head, and the people who began to shout, "three cheers for Jake! our bold, old Uncle Jake," seemed to be rebs rushing down on the—Ith Illinois.

But I musn't forget about the pension, the point of my story, to tell about which I began to write.

Jake grew rapidly old and lame. The excitement of the war over, nature seemed about taking back his birthright which she had given him for a few years. He became a feeble dependent, and Parson Cummings insisted on his applying for a pension, but Jake stoutly persisted.

"He would worry 'round," he said "and manage to keep soul and body together for a little while longer—then let 'em go—he hadn't but one trouble, he didn't get but a bit every year for Tommy's mother."

"Send her your pension then," said the minister.

Now Uncle Jake grew radiantly happy in this glorious thought.

"Send her my pension," he repeated, dwelling on every word as if it contained a blessing. "Send her my pension! In course I can. What a darned old dunder-head I've been." And so he did.

A moral to my story! Not a single line of one. Find it, or not, as you can.

The Old Fashioned Choir.

I have fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in the wilderness rest,
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China,"
and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to heaven and
God!

Ah "Silver-Street" leads by a bright golden road—
O, it is not the hymns that in harmony flowed—
But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashion-
ed choir,

To the girls that sang alto—the girls that sang air!

"Let us sing in his praise," the minister said;
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at
"York,"

Sunned their dotted wings in the words that he
read,

While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked out the key-note with a fork;
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genil come
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
When the world was in rhythm, and life was its
rhyme;

Where the streams of the years flowed up noise-
less and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of a sparrow;
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir.

When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet praise of the song as they
sung,

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he run the tune down;
And the dear Sister Green, with more goodness
than grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her
place,

And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her
toes!

To the land of the real they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong,
O be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever: Amen!

Little Wanderer's Home.

The charities of Philadelphia are numer-
ous, and are, in the main, excellently
managed, and have secured the support of
many of the benevolent and philanthropic.
Some of these charities are already secure-
ly founded, and have annual incomes,
which enable them to do their work with-
out appealing to the public for the means
necessary to continue their operations.
Others are struggling for existence, and
need present help, and the means to estab-
lish themselves permanently among the
charities of the city. To this class belongs
the Little Wanderer's Home, which is now
asking for immediate aid from our benevo-
lent citizens. Having some acquaintance
with the workings of this Institution, we
desire to commend it to the benefactions
of the public.

It works in the very lowest grade of so-
ciety, taking children from the gutters and
alleys—from the rum-shops, and haunts of
vice and poverty—washes them, feeds
them, clothes them, and instructs them.
It transplants them to homes, where they
are made members of the family, and
where they are fitted for the duties of life.
Within a few weeks a purchase has been
made of a property in Shippen street, be-
tween Eighth and Ninth, which has been
occupied as a distillery, and which is situ-
ated in the midst of the population intend-
ed to be benefitted by the Institution. The
property cost \$6000, and the improve-
ments necessary will increase this sum.
The fitting up of this house, and the re-
moval of the Home to it, will make this
Institution permanent, and extend its use-
fulness through the years to come. All
the influences surrounding the children
are designed to correct their evil habits,
elevate their tastes, and educate them for
usefulness in life.

Over all movements of life religion scat-
ters her favors, but reserves the choicest,
her divine blessing, for the last hour.

Regret.

BY JEAN INGLOW.

O, that word REGRET!

There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,

"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
 To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
 For aye!" But it is potent and it wakes;
 It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep.
 But 'plaineth on the bed that it is hard.
 We did amiss when we did wish it gone
 And over; sorrows humanize our race;
 Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
 And memory of things precious keeping warm
 The heart that once did hold them.
 They are poor that have lost nothing; they are
 poorer far

Who losing, have forgotten; they most poor
 Of all, who lose and wish they MIGHT forget.
 For life is one, and in its warp and woof
 There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
 And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
 and sombre colors. It is true

That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
 We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
 Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
 And when it shineth sometime we shall know
 That memory is possession.

A man, who had undertaken editorship without previous training, had to describe the unceremonious burial of a woman, and wrote: "She was buried like a dog with her clothes on." Seeing his mistake, he corrected it thus: "She was buried with her clothes on like a dog." The third time, exasperated with the previous blunders, he had it thus: "Like a dog, with her clothes on she was buried." He then gave it up.

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

"I am transported to see you," as the convict said to the kangaroo.

A man in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with attention.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1868.

Our Paper.

We have still nothing very encouraging to report about our paper. The returns from our agents come in very slowly, and the receipts for the month are far from being so long as we had hoped to see them. Where are our friends and agents? We are entirely unwilling to believe that they are losing their interest in our "Review"—but where are the long subscription lists—and the long array of new names, which have gladdened our dreams? But we still cling to hope, for what else can we do? Many of our friends have, we know, but scarcely returned from summer travel and recreation—and have not yet had time to do for us what we believe they yet will do—and then with house-keepers, it is the busy season—for laying up future stores. But we are now fairly launched upon our new year and new volume—and it is full time, and more than time, that subscriptions were renewed—arrears paid—collections made—and new subscribers for the year sent in. Once more we beg of our friends and agents, however busy, to find yet a little time to think of us, and not delay this, to us, very important work.

Let it be remembered, that to any one who will send us six names, we will send a copy of the *Review* for one year free.

Visit to the Hospital.

Found few changes. Mr. and Mrs. S., private patients, mentioned last month, gone home. Mr. C., continues to do well. F. C., we were sorry to find in bed, not so well. L. W., gone. J. M. (blind,) about the same. C. N., with paralysis, not much better. T. O'L., has a disease of the lungs. M. O'R., a soldier, also with some affection of the lungs, we found reading history. He seems to be an excellent man. The

"burned man," in whom so many of our readers have felt an interest, has really so far recovered as to have left us for a situation. His case seems almost miraculous. I. S., with rheumatism, is a soldier, who came in during the month. A large portion of the occupants of the Male Wards, are disabled soldiers. This fact alone, should be a sufficient appeal for our Hospital. We paid our usual visit to our three little boys, whom we found getting ready for their dinner. Dear little fellows, here they still lie, smiling and patient always; but it is sad, nevertheless, to see them shut away, as they must be, in their morning days, from all pleasant sports and freedom. Think of them—little boys and girls, everywhere. Come and see them sometimes—and bring them books, pictures, flowers or fruit. J. McC., about as usual. P. H., recovered and gone. Mr. C., still here. Mr. V., is a new patient in this department.

In the Female Ward, we were glad to find M. K. much better. Poor Sarah is having a sad time with her eyes. A. H., recovered and gone. Mrs. S. seems very feeble—her bright, pretty little girl, who has been here so much with her, has been taken to the Orphan Asylum. M. O., is a new patient, with sciatic neuralgia in the hip. Mrs. C., still alive, but very low. Grandma, who has been quite ill, was sitting beside her. E. K., formerly with us so long with rheumatism, is now here, ill with dysentery. M. T., has neuralgia in the head. We were sorry to miss Mrs. W. in the Wards—whose tidy, wholesome appearance, and kind, motherly ways, made her presence so soothing to the sick. She was a very efficient nurse—and we regret the necessity of her resigning her place among us.

Willie has found a home, and a good one, we trust, at last. We were sorry to miss his dear little face in the Nursery, but glad, for his sake, for the better protection—and the tender love and care—surrounding him, where he has gone. A lit-

tle one had been buried that morning from the Hospital—and the sad face of the mother, as she returned to the ward alone and so desolate, was touching to see. Deserted by her husband, this little one was her all. O how full of sin and sorrow is this sad beautiful world. Blessed our work, if we can lighten the burden of only one heart! Blessed the Institutions—whatever their name—which have for their mission, to comfort the weary and sorrowful!

Two Things.

As we pass through our streets, at this time, and notice the beautiful and bountiful display of fruits and vegetables, we are reminded of two things: First, of how very acceptable donations of all these things, in small or large quantities, would be to our Hospital—and second, that now is the time for canning, and pickling, and preserving, when we hope our friends will remember us as generously as they have done for the two years past—and put up for us, each of them, without fail, that "extra can." Those "extra cans" of fruit—and tumblers of jelly—and jars of pickles sent in a year ago, have done good service, we can assure our friends, among our sick and invalids—and we shall need just as many, and more too, for the year to come, as our numbers are daily increasing.

Tribute to Mr. Starr.

It is with regret we learn that we are to lose from the Hospital, the services of Mr. Starr, who is about to leave for New York, to complete his medical studies. Mr. Starr has been for some time associated with Dr. Jones, in the care of our sick, and by his prompt and unwearying attentions, has earned the commendation of the Managers, and will be gratefully remembered by many of our patients. Mr. Starr is the son of our well known and respected townsman, Hon. Frederick Starr, whose warm and active interest in our Hospital, together with that of his estimable wife, we take pleasure in acknowledging in this connection. Mr. Starr carries with him our best wishes.

Correspondence.

Mrs. B., of Perry Center, kindly writes:

I should have forwarded my mite last month, but have not received the June or July numbers of the *Review*, and had almost come to the unwelcome conclusion, that the interesting little paper had ceased to be; but to-day's mail brought the August No., and I hasten to forward two dollars, for the enclosed subscriptions, including my own. Two of these are new subscribers.

With best wishes for this and every benevolent work,
I am, your friend, M. L. B.

Many thanks for the following:

EAST RUSH, Sept., 1868.

DEAR MRS. P.—Enclosed, please find four dollars, three of which I send to pay back dues, which have accumulated against me for the paper; the remainder is from two new subscribers which I have succeeded in obtaining for the paper.

* * * * *
If three dollars is more than my unpaid subscriptions amount to, receive it, and welcome; and may it assist and encourage you in your labors of love.

Perhaps I may be able to send you names of more new subscribers before long.

Respectfully yours,
H. A. D.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 5th, of Consumption, Madison Tyler, aged 26 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 26th, of disease of the brain, Mr. Rockwell, aged 51 years.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM AUGUST 15th TO SEPT. 15th, 1868.

Mrs. Danforth—A quantity of Clothing.
Mrs. George J. Whitney—A Mangle, and 6 wooden Settees for the yard.
Mrs. Bristol—Clothing.
Mrs. Vickery—1 bushel of Potatoes and 2 dozen ears of Corn.
Mrs. Litchfield—A quantity of Tomatoes.
Mrs. James L. Davis—A can of Fruit and a quantity of Clothing.
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—A large roll of Linen.
Mrs. M. L. Reid, West Bloomfield—A roll of Linen.
A Lady Manager—A small basket of Tomatoes.

Superintendent's Report for Aug.

1868, Aug. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 85
Received during the month, 31—116
Discharged, 25
Died, 2— 27
Remaining Sept. 1st, 1868, 89

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM AUGUST 15 TO SEPT. 15.

Mrs. T. Wilson, Mrs. G. Darling, Mrs. D. Leary, Mrs. J. Houghtaling, Mrs. J. I. Robins, Mrs. E. F. Hyde, Mrs. D. McPherson, Mrs. G. Langdale, Mrs. A. S. Lane, Mrs. M. T. Andrews, Mr. A. G. Mudge, Miss Lutie Young, Miss P. Andrews, Mrs. M. Judson, Miss C. Howard, Miss Whitbeck, Miss M. J. Clark, Miss R. Bowman, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. J. H. Hurd—By Miss Jennie Hurd and Miss Mary Lane 10 00
Mrs. Susan Flint, Genesee—By a Friend, 0 50
Mrs. Thomas Farnsworth, Mrs. D. Wilder, Miss Ella Carey, Miss Jennie Alger, Freddie Straub, Minnie Bauer, Miss Dinis McNinch, Conesus Centre—By Miss Dinis McNinch, 3 50
Mrs. Richard Howell, Miss Azalia E. Green, (2 years,)—By Mrs. Mathews, 1 50
Mrs. C. A. Kellogg, Mr. Bister, Hon. Lewis Selye, (2 copies)—By Mrs. Kellogg, 2 00
Miss Libbie Perrin, Conesus Centre; Mrs. L. A. Butler, Perry Centre; Mrs. Wm. N. Carter, Bethel, Mich.; Mrs. Wm. L. Hewit, Moscow—By Mrs. Butler, 2 00
Miss A. E. Schaffer, (2½ years,) Miss Julia V. Reed, LeRoy—By Mrs. Perkins, 1 55
Mrs. S. M. Gates, Warsaw; Miss Mary C. Bishop, Newburgh—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 1 00
Mrs. E. M. Price, Mrs. Stephen Hosmer, Mrs. George Swan, Mrs. A. Dunnakin, J. C. McKenzie, Avon—By Miss Falls.. 2 50
Thos. H. Rochester, Miss Van Everie, Monte Rochester—By Monte Rochester, 1 50
G. S. Palmer, E. Avon, 0 50
Miss Sarah Allen, Miss Phebe Whitman, Chas. E. Swick, Major Shepherd—By Miss Whitman, 2 00
Herman A. Dailey, (\$3.) Miss Kath. Lyday, Miss Mary E. Lyday, East Rush—By H. A. Dailey, 4 00
Mrs. James L. Davis, Stockbridge, Ill.; Mrs. J. A. Lull, Mrs. Israel Smith—By Miss Hibbard, 1 50
Mrs. Jas. Brackett—By Miss C. A. Brackett, 0 50
Mrs. V. C. Hogeboom, Gorham, Ontario Co.—By Mr. Falls, 0 50

Agents.

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

MISS MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
" L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
" MARY W. DAVIS, "
Mrs. C. F. SPEN ER,
" PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
Miss ADA MILLER, "
" JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
" LILLIAN J. KENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
" PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
" LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

Children's Department.

From the Methodist.

The Promise that Was Kept.

One evening four German students at university were enjoying themselves in an upper room of a little hotel. They had four instruments, and were employing themselves in making music after the hard labors of the day. There was a pause in their music, but no sooner had they ceased playing than they heard an old man playing a violin beneath their window in the street. They went to the window and looked out, watching him until he had ceased playing. One of them threw out a little piece of money, and said to him, laughing, "Here, poor Peter, this is all we have for you now; come again some other time."

"Yes," said another, "come again in a year from now."

"Then we will give you a little house for a present," said the third.

"Yes, in the middle of a garden," said the fourth.

The old man was struck with wonder at such a promise. His long white hair shone brightly in the light of the lanterns which hung out at a neighboring restaurant. He looked up to the window, and said, after a moment's reflection: "Young people, are you in earnest in what you say to me? I hope you are not making light of an old man." "Indeed we are in earnest," replied Ernest, with excited voice; and his three companions called upon God to witness their seriousness.

"Farewell, then," replied the old man; "I take my leave of you. One year from this day, at this same hour, expect me to come and play a tune beneath this window. Farewell, may the Almighty One, whose name you have called upon, bless you in your kindness."

The old man went off, after invoking this blessing upon them. The students closed the window, took their instruments again in their hands, and after having played three or four lively tunes, seemed to forget all that had occurred. Ernest said to them, however, after the space of half an hour, "You seem to be very quiet. I cannot be, for I have made a promise that I would give something which I have not got."

"What promise?" asked one of his light-hearted companions.

"The promise of a house and a garden."

A loud laugh was the response that he met with, and the students separated. They met again on the following evening, and during their interview Ernest called to mind the promise of the night before. They made light of him, and told him that he was foolish to pay any more attention to it. Then said he, "I don't see where your consciences are, if you can make a promise and break your word."

"How can we fulfil any promise of that kind?" said Christopher. "Our parents are all poor, and have more than they can do to send us to the university. How then can they help us to buy a house and garden for a foolish old man? Good night, comrades. I wish you as pleasant a sleep as I shall have."

But this kind of argument did not affect Ernest much, for he could not help thinking that he was compelled to keep his bargain. He was the poorest one of the group, for his mother was a plain widow, and she made her living by washing. The promise that he had made, deeply affected him, and he left the university for a week, so that he might go home and tell his mother the pledge that he had made to the old musician. After he had told her, she replied: "Keep it, my son; keep it, if it cost you your life."

"That is what I will try to do, mother, and I hope I shall have your prayers."

Ernest returned to the university and told his friends that they must seriously think of buying the old man a house and garden. He went into a neighboring village one day, and found that he could get a neat little house and garden for two thousand guildens. That was a large sum for those poor students to think of paying, but through the influence of Ernest, the other three gradually became convinced that it was their duty to keep their promise. The four resolved that in one year from the time the pledge was made, the old man should have his house and garden, if it was in their power to get them for him.

They must leave the university—a sad proceeding for them. They came to the conclusion to go through the country, and give little concerts; for really this appeared to them to be the only way possible to gain any money. Even by pursuing this course there appeared to be a poor pros-

pect to get a large sum. Still they resolved to do their best. They closed their books, put their instruments in little bags, and set out on foot to give concerts in the villages through which they might pass. Ernest, before leaving, exacted a promise of the man who owned the house and lot which he had looked at, that he would not sell it under six months to any body, and that if he would promise to take it at the end of that time he might have it, though the money need not be paid under a year. Week after week passed by, and the students slowly proceeded on their way. Their expenses were not heavy, but their income was certainly very small too. Nine months and a half passed by, and still they had but little above seven hundred guldens. It was a great question with them how the remaining thirteen hundred could be raised. They were spending one day at a country town, and a nobleman living in a large castle a few miles distant, was seeking musicians to attend the wedding of his daughter, who was to be married in three or four days. Fortunately enough for the students, the nobleman employed them for the occasion. The marriage ceremonies took place, and by and by it was time for the music to begin. The students had trained themselves very carefully for that evening, and their selections were certainly of a very high order. During the course of the festivities, it was noticed that the nobleman became very sad. His face wore a melancholy appearance, and those who stood nearest to him saw him weeping. What could have caused him to be melancholy at such a time as that? One of the pieces that those musicians had played, was his mother's favorite melody. She had often sung it to him many years ago, and he had not heard it since, until the students played it. It was enough to make him sorrowful, and it drew those students to his heart in such a way that he could not express his feelings. They had recalled to his memory a piece of music which he had never been able to find in any music store, and which it was now worth a fortune to him to hear.

I must now make my story short. The nobleman kept the four students in his castle two weeks, became acquainted with them very fully, and learned their object in leaving the university to give concerts. He supplied them with three thousand guldens, and told them that he would pay

their expenses at the university for four years, and that they might have the privilege of making drafts on him at any time.

Their fortune was better than they had reason to expect. Ernest had already written to the owner of the house and garden, that he might expect them to take it, so that it was now engaged.

The students returned to the university, and reached there just a few weeks before the end of the year when the house must be ready for the owner. On the evening of the day when the old man promised to appear, he stood below the window in the bright winter moonlight, playing on his old violin. He was true to his word, and expected the promise to be kept. The young men went down to invite him up, and told him all that they had done. They showed him the deed for his place, and gave it to him. On the following day he formally took possession of it, and they supplied it with furniture and with groceries for house-keeping.

The young men felt that they were amply repaid for their faithfulness to their word, by the gratitude and joy of the old man. But they were not only repaid in feeling, they were more than repaid, even in money.

Fourteen years after that time that place came into their possession; for the old man had died and bequeathed it to them in his will. That part of the town rose suddenly in value. Many things contributed to its increased value, which I will not now enumerate. It is enough to say, that in seventeen years from the time the four students gave the deed of that house and garden to the old musician, the same property which had cost two thousand guldens, was worth eighty thousand. The students, therefore, were not merely repaid in heart but also in money. They had kept their word, and the memory of being faithful to their word, even to the poor old man who had no power to compel them to be true to it, was a pleasant memory as long as they lived.

Be true to your word, children, no matter what it costs you!

If some one great and good is near,
It makes us careful what we do;
And how much more we ought to fear
The Lord who sees us through and through.

"I Mean to be a Man."

I heard a knocking at the door ;
I opened with what haste I could,
Where barefoot on the chilling floor,
A little ragged laddie stood.

"Come in," I said, and he came in ;
I set a chair and Patrick sat ;
But first he brushed his jacket clean,
And thrust behind his tattered hat.

His eyes with wonder seemed to roll
Beneath a mass of tangled hair ;
I yearned with pity for the soul
I deemed could scarcely open there.

His errand soon was made complete,
But something moved my lips to speak ;
And something stayed his passing feet,
And blushed with smiles his freckled cheek,

A toy, an apple, and a cake ;
A story that too quickly ends ;
Poor trifling gifts to give or take—
And little *Pat* and I were friends.

He told of life his simple tale,
And glossed the future with a hope ;
For from his dim and lowly vale
He saw a radiant upward slope.

"Now tell me, boy," (it pleases me
With loving thought a child to scan),

"What you intend, some day to be ?"
"I mean," said *Pat*, "to be a man !"

"Oh yes ; a creature strong and tall,
With boots and whiskers, and all that ;
But what are you to do withal ?"
"I mean to be a man," said *Pat*.

"All right, but what would suit you best ?
A little farm ? a coach and span ?"
"A sailor's or a soldier's best ?"
Said *Pat*, "I mean to be a man !"

"A man ; but one may be a king,
Yet not be wise, or good, or brave ;
And one may be the noblest thing,
And bear the sorrows of a slave.

"Now *Patsey*, choose of all you know ;
A man like whom would you behave ?"
His face lit up with modest glow,
And childish words this answer gave :

"I shall not drink, or smoke, or chew ;
And lie or swear I never can ;
I'll find some honest work to do,
And so I mean to be a man !"

"Bravo ! my little lad !" I cried ;
"But how learned you a truth so high ?"
"They told me so !" 'twas all he said,
And rose to say a shy good-bye.

I brushed the tangled hair aside
To find a fair and ample brow ;
The quick eyes to my own replied :
The manly soul was opening now.

Under the jacket, worn and rent,
A heart of royal mettle beat ;
And honor's path to rare content
Was waiting for the unshod feet.

God bless the teacher and the taught !
What *Pat* would be he surely can,
If he but keep the honest thought,
And nobly mean to be a man !

The Hedgehog and the Porcupine.

"Get out of the way !"

That was what the hedgehog said as he
passed down the rabbit warren ; and away
scampered all the rabbits, for they knew
they would get pricked if they stood in his
way.

This made the hedgehog more bump-
tious and disagreeable than he was by na-
ture even ;—and he was quite bad enough
by nature.

"Get out of the way !"

He said it again as he came where the
porcupine was sitting in the middle of the
path. The porcupine neither stirred nor
replied, but only shot out one of his sharp-
est quills, which stuck into the hedgehog
and wounded him so severely that he went
lame ever afterwards.

Now no one got out of his way, but all
derided him—even the rabbits, for they
knew he could not catch them to avenge
himself.

(Of course all this happened in ancient
days, when everything was true that was
put in books.)

So if any one is by nature of a coward-
ly, hedgehogish disposition, he should
learn to curb it, for his own sake, if he has
no better reason, and not be prickly even
to rabbits, for they can laugh when one is
disabled. As for porcupines, you see what
they do ; and there are always plenty of
them : sometimes they lurk in holes so
that you cannot see them ; but they can
shoot their quills even from holes.—*Aunt
Judy's Magazine.*

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN — Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.

Dated Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.
August 5th, 1868.

CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, }

ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton.
A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum.

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones.

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

Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

County Officers—Also to be elected for said County:

Three Members of Assembly.

A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison.

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry.

Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand.

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

Respectfully yours, &c.

H. A. NELSON,
Secretary of State.

aug. 1868.

MANTILLA SILKS,

AND SILKS FOR WALKING SUITS.

A great stock of Black Silks, at prices from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere. The finest stock of "Bonnet" and "Tapisserie" silks in the State. Prices, from \$5 to \$8. Other fine makes lower. Black Silks at \$2.25, worth \$2.75. For \$2.00 as good as customers are asked \$3 to \$3.50 for in many places. Our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00 Silks cannot be matched by at least 50c. to \$1.00 per yard, in Western New York.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 & 39 State Street.

Grey Goods

Of every sort and description, suitable for suits and dresses. French Poplins, Serges, Takko Cloth, Aberdeen Cloth, Wash Poplins, Croquet Cloth, Grey Cretonnes, Taffetas, &c., at prices from 30c. a yard up.

No stock of Dress Goods in this part of the State can compare with ours, in point of desirability and cheapness. A. S. MANN & CO.

TRACY FEMALE INSTITUTE,

Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.

The Twenty-Third year will commence on Wednesday, September 2d, 1868.

For particular information, apply at the Institute, or by letter addressed to

LUCILIA TRACY,

Rochester, July, 1868.

Principal.

D. H. HANCOCK,

DEALER IN

MOURNING GOODS,

CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS,

Special Bargains in Black Silks and Alpacaes,

No. 9 Main Street Bridge,

Mar. 1st

ROCHESTER.

HAMILTON BROTHERS & CO.

Dealers in

HARDWARE,

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

Mechanics' Tools, Agricult'l Implements,

HOUSE TRIMMINGS, LEATHER BELTING, &c.

H. G. HAMILTON,

A. & HAMILTON.

ROBERT MATHEWS.

21 Buffalo Street,

NOV. '67. 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

140 Buffalo Street

Rochester, N. Y.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

President.....GEORGE R. CLARK.
Vice Presidents..... { PATRICK BARRY,
 SAMUEL WILDER,
Secretary & Treasurer—JOHN H. ROCHESTER.
Attorney—FREDERICK A. WHITTLESEY.

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George R. Clark,	Patrick Barry,
Lewis Selys,	Thomas Parsons,
George J. Whitney,	George G. Cooper,
Jarvis Lord,	Samuel Wilder,
Martin Reed,	David Upton,
Charles H. Chapin,	Gilman H. Perkins,
Hamlet D. Scrantom,	Oliver Allen,
Edward M. Smith,	Abraham S. Mann,
Charles J. Burke,	Chauncey B. Woodward,
A. Carter Wilder,	James M. Whitney.
Ebenezer E. Sill.	

The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.,] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

On all deposits not exceeding \$1500, when left for a period of not less than thirty days, INTEREST WILL BE ALLOWED FROM THE DATE OF THE DEPOSIT TO THE DATE OF WITHDRAWAL at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum; and on all sums exceeding \$1500, FIVE PER CENT. per annum, in like manner.

DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR and upwards received.

FRED. D. ALLING,

Dealer in

Fine French Stationery,

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS,

INVITATIONS AND MONOGRAMS,

INITIAL STAMPING,

Plain, in Colors and Gold.

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57 Buffalo Street,

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REYNOLDS & WILSON, PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

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Copper Bath Tubs, Copper Boilers,

And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.

71 Buffalo St., nov. '67. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

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Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

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No. 1867. 1y

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23 Exchange Street, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

BOOK BINDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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(Successors of the late H. L. Ver Valin.)

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JOHN T. FOX,

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Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

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Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

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AND RANGES.

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Morning Glory Stoves and Furnaces.

Also, Cartons' Celebrated Hot-Air Furnaces.

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(Established in 1842.)

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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

WINDOW & PLATE GLASS,

Nos. 5 & 7 Buffalo St.,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

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AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,

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PAPER.

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

WAREHOUSE, 69 STATE STREET,

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ESTABLISHED, 1856.

GEO. N. STORMS,

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MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

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LANE & PAINE,

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18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE.

mob, 1866. 1y

CYRUS F. PAINE.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

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

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

Orders left at

L. G. SPENCER'S,
will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1867.

E. L. THOMAS & CO.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON,...	\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
COOLONGS,	80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS,	80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL,	\$1 and \$1.25 "
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,	\$1.25 "
ENGLISH BREAKFAST,	\$1 and \$1.20 "
GROUND COFFEE,	20c, 30c. and 40c.

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866.

1y

62 Buffalo Street.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE INSURANCE OFFICE,

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

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

BUELL & BREWSTER,

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

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H. P. BREWSTER,

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Rochester, Sept., 1866

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Jan. 1866.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1868.

No. 4.

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IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Links with Heaven.

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Our God in Heaven from that holy place
To each of us an angel-guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace—
For they give angels to their God and Heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our heart may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?

[ever
Those little hands stretched down to draw her
Nearer to God by mother-love. We all
Are blind and weak; yet, surely, she can never
With such a stake in heaven, fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone
Is her's forever; that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels fitting to and fro,
Pause smiling as they pass; they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know:

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
The children's place in heaven—who softly
sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or, smiling, strokes their little folded wings:

Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
To play with; yet in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
And asks her why their mother stays so long.

Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call
Her very soon; meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen, while she tells them all
A story of her Jesus as a child.

Ah! saints in heaven may pray with earnest will,
And pity for their weak and erring brothers;
Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers.

RUST, GILDING AND POLISH.—Some people are rusty. Their harsh, ungainly manners eat out whatever is good in their own character, and saw the very flesh of those that come near them. Some people are gilt. A very brilliant exterior they present; but the first brush of hard using rubs off the gilding, and reveals the base metal beneath. A third class are polished. The polish, indeed, is on the surface; but it is a polish on the surface of solid worth, and in the multifarious crosses of human life, the more it is rubbed the brighter it grows.

Old Betty.

Translated from the French, by Mrs. S. E. Phelps.

"Have you ever heard the history of old Betty?" said I to a friend who had made me a sad recital of domestic vexations.

"No."

Then permit me to relate it to you. This recital was made to me by a young lady whom I met at the sea-shore, and although I think the history may have been published, I know of no other version of it than this that I heard from her mouth.

"Some years after my conversion," said Miss F., "it pleased God to withdraw me from my active occupations and to confine me on a bed of sorrow during two entire years. This inactive life was very painful to me and I prayed constantly that it would please God to restore me to health and to render me capable, yet once more to visit the sick and to instruct the ignorant.

When I was visited by good Christian ministers and by friends who sympathized in my sufferings, my request constantly was that they would pray for the recovery of my health, and that I might have faith, enough that I might believe that the Lord would heal me.

In the mean time I grew no better. Towards the end of the second year I received one afternoon a visit from a minister who was unknown to me, and who visited then the place where I dwelt. He read and prayed with me; he showed that he sympathized in my distresses, and heard all that I had to say to him on the subject of my trouble. I complained to him of the weakness of my faith, which I was sure was the cause that I did not recover my health.

"Miss F.," replied the minister, "have you never heard related the history of Betty, the old match-seller?"

"Never."

"Old Betty," said he, was led to the knowledge of Jesus in her old age; and from the moment of her conversion, she thought that she could never do enough for Him who had loved her, and had washed her from her sins in His own blood. She went about doing good. She was ready to speak of her Lord and Master to all those that she encountered. She cared for the sick, visited the afflicted, prayed for the poor, and for the heathen. She gave to those poorer than herself a part of what the charity of Christian friends had given her.

"But in the midst of this beautiful career she took a violent cold and contracted rheumatism, and found herself confined to the bed, where she remained day after day, and week after week, till God, I think, had called her to Himself.

"On her bed of trial, Betty was as happy as she had been during her active life. She prayed much; she repeated hymns and passages of Scripture; she meditated on the good land towards which she was rapidly advancing.

"One day Betty was visited by a friend, a minister, who had known her a long time. He was much astonished to see his old neighbor so happy on her bed; as she had formerly been so active and so useful, and he said to her, I little expected, Betty, to find you so patient, it must be a hard trial for a person as active as you to be extended thus on a bed during so long a time with nothing to do. 'Not at all sir, not at all,' said old Betty. 'When I was in health I was much accustomed to hear the Lord say to me day-by-day, Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that; and I was accustomed to do it as well as I could. Now I hear Him say to me every day, 'Betty, for the remainder, lie there and cough.'"

Miss F., related this history to me just as she had heard it recounted by him who had visited her, and she said to me that it had a powerful effect on her mind. She began to think that it was her self-will rather than faith that rendered her so eager to be well and to re-enter into active life, and she humbled herself before God, asked of Him grace to submit herself to His will rather than to seek to do her own. She became tranquil, happy and contented on her bed of suffering, and almost immediately after, it pleased God to restore her to health, and to persevere her to the time that I encountered her.

"Formerly," said Martin Luther, "I was hardly enough to prescribe to God what He ought to do, and without any doubt the Lord despiseth that arrogance, and He saith, 'I am God and am not to be directed by thee.'"

There is dew in one flower, and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

The King's Temple.

A mighty king on his couch reclined,
With a haughty thought in his lonely mind:
"Has not God prospered me more than all?
A nation would rise at my single call,
And its fairest maid would be proud to wear
A crown by the side of my crowned gray hair:—
I'll rear him a house for my greatness' sake,
And nobody's aid will I claim or take:
From the gilded spire to the great crypt stone,
It shall be my offering, and mine alone."

Then the site was chosen, the builders brought
To find a shape for the monarch's thought;
Soon the abbey rose 'gainst the calm blue sky,
And they built it broad, and they built it high;
But if any offered with spade and hod,
To give his labor for naught to God,
Then the poor man's mite by the king was spurn'd,
And he paid him for every stone he turned.

Till at last, on a gorgeous autumn day,
All the solemn priests in their white array,
With prayers and anthems and censers came,
And opened the abbey in God's great name.

Now there lay in the chancel a great white stone,
With the king's name on it, and his alone:
And the king stood near it with haughty brow,
And pondered, "The future will know me now,
By the glorious temple that I have made,
Unsuited by any plebeian aid."

And far away, where the melody came,
But softly, there lingered an aged dame:
Her garment was worn, and her hair was thin,
And she looked like the last of all her kin,
Who had none to love, who had none to blame,
Who would start at the sound of her Christian
Yet she said, as the music o'er her passed, [name,
"Thank God, that His house is complete at last!"

* * * * *

The monarch, that night, on his couch reclined,
With a proud content in his lonely mind;
But when he slept, then he strangely dreamed:
In his abbey chancel alone he seemed,
And he sought his own royal name to read,
But lo! another was there instead:
'Twas a woman's name he had never heard,
And his heart with wonder and wrath was stirred.

And when he awoke, throughout his land
By mouth of his heralds he sent command
If a woman, bearing a certain name,
Within a month to his presence came,
She should have a cup with a jewelled rim,
Besides the honor of seeing him.

On the second day, as he sat alone,
The courtiers who stood about his throne
Informed him the woman was at the gate:
And they thought, of course, she would have to
(For even so did the royal kin) [wait
For the kindly pleasure to let her in.
But he stamped his foot with a stern "Begone!
And straightway bring her and leave us alone."
So a great lord brought her, and that lord swore
That the king awaited her at the door!

Then slowly and trembling, in there came,
In her poor best weeds, a poor old dame,
And the king himself (there was none to stare)
Kindly led her up to a velvet chair:
And when she grew used to the splendid place,
And found she could gaze on a royal face,
He begged, if she could, she would make it known
Why he dreamed her name on the chancel stone.
"For what work have you done?" the monarch
said;
"I've built all the abbey, and asked no aid."

And the old dame lifted her streaming eyes,
And held up her hands in her great surprise:
"My liege," she answered, "how much could I do
At a great good work that was meet for you?
'If the king had asked us,' I often thought,
'I could not have given, for I have naught;'
But in works for God, how it seems His plan,
There's something to do that any one can.
So when the builders were ready to sink,
I carried some water and gave them to drink."

The king said nothing.

 Ere morning shone,
His name was gone from the chancel stone:
And with looks of wonder the courtiers read
The name of the woman writ there instead.

In Dresden there is an iron egg, the
history of which is something like this:—
A young prince sent this iron egg to a
lady to whom he was betrothed. She
received it in her hand and looked at it
with disdain. In her indignation that he
should send her such a gift, she cast it to
the earth. When it touched the ground
a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg,
opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She
touched a secret spring in the yolk and a
golden chicken was revealed; she touched
a spring in the chicken and a crown was
found within; she touched a spring in the
crown and within it was a diamond mar-
riage ring. There is a moral in the
story.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1868.

The Thanksgiving Party.

We are happy to learn that this annual festival is not to be given up this year, as some have feared, but that efforts are being made to render it even more attractive than ever. Its announcement has already appeared in our daily papers, and has, we are assured, been welcomed with pleasure by our many friends, who have been anticipating its return, and to whom its omission would have been a real disappointment. The festival will be held at Corinthian Hall—and not, as hitherto, at the Hospital—the increased number of patients rendering it impossible to vacate the rooms and wards for such an occasion. On several accounts, the change of location is preferable—the Hall being so much more central, and more accessible to our friends—and, with the Hospital so full as at present, with the feeble and suffering, there would be a manifest incongruity, if not discomfort, in throwing it open to all the confusion of such a gathering. Remember the day—which does not follow Thanksgiving Day, as usual, but has been postponed to Monday, Nov. 30th. Remember, too, the place—Corinthian Hall—all day and evening!

Invitations Out.

Yes—they are all out, to our grand Thanksgiving Party. Has any one failed to receive their invitation? If so, do not despair, and begin to imagine yourself slighted. Your name is surely included in our list—if you have not received one, you will—and for fear of any delinquency, here it is. We have brought it to you ourselves: "The Ladies of the Hospital will be most happy to see you and everybody you may choose to bring with you, at our Annual Thanksgiving Party, at Corinthian Hall, Monday, Nov. 30th—all day and evening."

There—is not that explicit? If this does not satisfy you, read your invitation, repeated over and over again, in all our daily papers—for we meant you—in every one of them. We do not issue any cards of special invitation, trusting that the invitation sent through the daily papers and our own, may prove all-sufficient, as they are all-embracing. We are sincere—we *do* want to see you, and all interested in our Hospital and our "Review." We would not ask you out of mere form—come, and see if you are not welcome—and if you are not glad you came! Especially we want to see our friends from the country—those, so many of them whom we only know through our paper, and through their kind remembrances of us. Once more, we repeat our invitation to all. Come!

Lunch and Ice-Cream Tables.

Gentlemen, who feel any interest in our Hospital, or who have any appreciation of good things to eat—provided any with such appreciation could be found—(that is "sarcastical")—will find it to their advantage to take their dinner and supper, or at least a lunch, with us, on the day of our Festival. We expect a bountiful supply of every thing that can be named, or thought of, that is nice, and from the Committee who have charge of these tables, we can safely say, that everything will be gotten up in the most approved style, and to tempt the most fastidious. If you want a cup of the most delicious coffee, fragrant and hot, or a dish of oysters, just to your mind—the place to find them, on that day, will be Corinthian Hall. A bill of fare will be handed you—and something might be said of the additional charm of having all these good things served by gentle hands—accompanied with the beaming smiles—and of all the grace, and beauty in attendance—but all this will be more than guessed at, we know. We will simply say, in conclusion, that the Ladies hope to see all their gentlemen friends on that day,

and that they hope they will come with good appetites. If they should eat a little too much on that day, we don't believe it would be so very wicked, since it would all be for the benefit of the Hospital.

Why?

Does any one ask why we have our Thanksgiving Party, and the special object of it! We would reply—we have many reasons. We want, in the first place, to meet all our friends, “from near and from far.” Interested in the same object, it is very pleasant, as well as mutually satisfactory and beneficial, to meet and exchange sympathy, and to talk over our plans, and hopes, and aims. Then—we do not deny it—we want *means*—money—provisions—stores. We want Hospital supplies of every description—articles needed in every household—and needed always in the care of the sick. We want to build a new Wing. Look at our Hospital from the outside, and see how much it needs one, to give anything like symmetry or proportion to its appearance—and then look inside, and see how much more there it is needed, for the comfort and increasing number of our inmates. This Thanksgiving Party is to give all an opportunity of aiding us in our great work, in any way their hearts or consciences may dictate.

The Evening's Entertainment.

We believe it is not yet decided what the evening's entertainment will be—but we know the talent and executive ability of those to whom it is committed, and feel quite safe in promising our friends something “rare, rich and racy.” For the music—Scott's band have already generously offered their services—and we understand that other choice musical talent will be at our service. Tableaux—charades—theatricals—and various things, are under discussion—and whatever the decision may be, we may be sure of a treat.

Fancy Tables.

We hear that extensive preparations are being made for the Fancy Tables—and that we may expect a display of pretty and useful articles, only rivalled by the brilliant Bazaar, and Encampment scenes of war memories. Contributions to these tables are most earnestly solicited—and that they be sent in as early as possible, to any of the officers or managers, whose names are given elsewhere.

A Place to Subscribe.

We would like to ask all the guests at the Party not to fail to find in the Hall the place to subscribe for the “Review.” We expect, or rather, we do earnestly hope, that none of our guests will slight our little paper. If you have never subscribed, then will be the time, and there the place to do so—and if you are a subscriber, and have not renewed it for the coming year, or are in arrears, there will be the book to show you just how you stand—and young ladies in attendance, to record your names, and receive your remittances. The paper is our sensitive point. We shall take it very much amiss, if you pass it by. The “Review” has already accomplished a good work for the Hospital—and by increasing its circulation, it will do much more. Aid the Hospital, by giving us your name, and subscription for the “Review.”

Six More New Names.

We had hardly recorded the six new names from our friend Ella of Brockport, when six more were handed us from the same place—the result of the labors of another of our young friends—Carrie N. Booth. We are very happy to welcome Carrie to our list of little agents. Nor is this all of her work for us. At a recent visit to the Hospital, she brought a beautiful cradle quilt, pieced by herself and a few other little girls. She also brought with her a full-sized quilt, made and donated by some ladies in Brockport. They, as well as Carrie and her little associates, have our many thanks.

Visit to the Hospital.

Found the Hospital in a good deal of confusion—undergoing a decided change in its arrangements. The number of disabled soldiers has been increasing from month to month, until it is now thought best to give up the lower male ward exclusively to them—and transfer the remaining patients into the Lying-in Ward—the occupants of that Department having been previously transferred. We do not know the exact number of soldiers now in the Hospital, but it is large and increasing—and this fact alone should make an all-sufficient appeal for our Hospital. Found F. C. gone. Mr. C., with consumption, still failing. He had been removed to the adjacent apartment, where he would be less disturbed. He is now confined to his bed. M. O'K., was reading, as we almost always find him. He had a volume of "Kane's Arctic Expedition," which he is enjoying very much. J. McC., continues better, and was at a table, with a large party of others, playing dominoes. Mr. J. is a disabled soldier, just arrived. C. N., with paralysis, not so well. He also had been removed to a more quiet room beyond. W. A., a little better, we hope. T. O'L., about as usual. Eben, better—but still suffering a good deal. J. McK., is another soldier, who came since our last visit. R. L., an old man, with rheumatism—is among the new comers. J. J., is another new soldier. James McF., coughing badly. Our little boys had, all three, been removed up into what will now be the new Male Ward—and were looking fatter, and rosier than we have ever seen them. They have improved very much, and one of them is able to walk considerably. Our sympathies were drawn towards a poor young fellow in this ward—who had met with a severe accident in Graves' machine shop—having been caught in some part of the machinery. Both arms were badly injured.

Found the old blind man in his favorite place in the Nursery—and at his favorite

occupation of tending baby. It seems to be his perfect delight—and he makes himself very useful in this way—although we must confess that, as we saw him with one little creature clasped tightly in his arms, while he rocked it most energetically, to and fro, we were reminded of the "New Spirit of '76." The little one for whom we asked a home last month, is no longer with us—the mother having found a situation with it in the country. A young mother is here with a baby of four weeks, who is very anxious to get a situation with her child, from which she does not wish to part.

M. K. was lying down—had a beautiful geranium and ivy in her window to show us, which thoughtful friends had given her—to brighten her weary hours. Had a very pleasant visit with "Grandma," who was looking very "scrumpy" in a new cap, which her kind young friend, Miss K., had made for her. She also had a rose geranium in her window, from "little Mrs. S."—as she called her. Mrs. B. had also been favored by Mrs. S.—"little," but not least in the regards of those here who appreciate her delicate remembrances. We were glad to find Sarah's eyes much better. The Ladies feel much interest in her. "Nellie" showed us some specimens of silk embroidery, which quite delighted the eyes of the ladies of our party—nor do we believe our gentleman attendant quite so sublimely indifferent as he would have us think. Maggie T., feeling quite discouraged. S. E. M., the colored woman, recovered and gone. Little A., with her brothers, gone home—all well again. Bridget, still sick—hardly as well, we fear, as on our last visit.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy and Dr. Whitbeck.

Report of the Hospital Committee to the Ladies' Charitable Society.

LADIES :

"One more year!

Of the fleeting few, that are lent us here,
With its joy and grief—its hope and fear—
Passeth away, with this passing day—

Out of sight!

Bearing its burden of wrong and right:
Bearing our thoughts, and words, and deeds,
The golden grain with worthless weeds."

For our profit and improvement, we will review it, and present the Fourth Annual Report of Hospital life—ever the same, but ever varying.

There have been admitted to the Hospital, for the year ending Nov. 1st, 1868, 311. Of this number, only 22 have died. There have been 13 births. Now remaining, 118; of whom 27 are disabled soldiers, making the total number admitted since the opening of the Hospital, 1,564. Births, 68; deaths, 80.

The medical and surgical staff remain the same, and deserve the warmest thanks of all who receive their attention. Their labors cannot be too highly appreciated.

Dr. Jones retains his position as Superintendent and resident Physician, evincing great interest in the management of the Hospital.

Miss Hibbard still remains as Matron—a situation of such responsibility and care, that one might almost sink beneath its load. Often sorely tried and overburdened, to her, day by day, the promised "strength" is given.

Mrs. Woodard, whom we regret to miss from the Wards, after three years faithful service, as nurse, left for a more lucrative situation, with lighter cares.

The *Hospital Review*, (a welcome little sheet, as we believe, to many readers,) demands a passing notice. It requires no small amount of exertion from those interested in its mission, to make it remunerative. Let each subscriber, remembering how *fast* the *years* fly away, ask themselves this question: "Have I paid for the Re-

view?" and not rest satisfied until the question is answered in the affirmative.

During the War, all loyal persons felt an interest in our Hospital, for the Soldiers' sake. The war has ended, but has left its imprint *too deeply* upon *many*, who now occupy our wards, maimed, hopelessly maimed, and wounded, with health destroyed—deprived of sight, and dependent upon the government for support for life. These men *need*, to them we *owe*, attention. They need the encouraging words—the grateful recognition of services rendered—the gentle influence of Christian woman—which her presence always inspires in man.

It is much to be regretted that the religious services have not been held, except occasionally by Rev. Mr. Bartlett and Rev. Mr. Morey, for the past six months. Rev. Mr. Anstice, to whom was given the charge of this work, supplied them through his assistant, Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, who, for seven months previously, held service every Sunday, and endeared himself to many of the inmates, by his acceptable ministrations by their sick and dying beds—speaking words of consolation and peace to many a sin-sick soul.

The need of a permanent Chaplain must commend itself to every thoughtful mind; and when the next greatest need (a new wing,) is supplied, it is to be hoped that a Chapel or room, consecrated to the worship of God, may be considered as of vital importance within the walls of our Hospital.

There is much to interest the visitor to this home of the afflicted—and many lessons of wisdom are taught from these beds of sickness, which time can never erase—and, as we listen to the recital of sorrow and suffering, as we pass from one invalid to another, we feel so forcibly, how truly "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." This portion of Hospital work does not receive the attention it should. Every visit has its influence—and all should, for their own profit, and in close imitation of

the meek and lowly Jesus, remember, and "be not slow to visit the sick," especially those who are called oftentimes to spend weary months and days within our Hospital—and give to them words of comfort and kindness, to the value of which many a stricken heart can testify.

We should prize highly our Hospital, for though it be not all we could wish, to many a homeless sufferer, it is a home of comfort in hours of pain and languishing—and many, we trust, have here been led to higher, nobler aims for life.

"One more year!" out of sight!

"And the weary heart goes back,
And counts its treasures, now forever fled."

A year to come! God, in tender love, veils the future. While we have time let us do good unto all men.

May we be found faithful!

C. E. MATHEWS, *Cor. Sec.*

Rochester, Nov. 2, 1868.

Rochester City Hospital.

The Lady Managers of this institution, will be happy to see their friends at their Annual Thanksgiving Party, to be held at Corinthian Hall, Monday, Nov. 30th, 1868, during the day and evening, at which time they propose to have refreshments and fancy articles for sale, with an evening entertainment; and they particularly desire all interested in providing for the sick and needy, to aid them in their efforts to make it not only pleasant for all, but profitable for the Hospital. Donations of fancy articles may be sent to any of the Managers, during Thanksgiving week, and refreshments for the tables, and donations intended for the Hospital, may be sent to Corinthian Hall, on Monday, Nov. 30th.

Admission to the Hall, free during the day. Tickets for the evening, to be obtained at the door, or from the Ladies.

Mrs. M. Stroug, President.

" W. H. Perkins, Treasurer.

" M. M. Mathews, Cor. Sec.

" E. M. Smith, Rec. Sec.

Mrs. G. H. Mumford, Mrs. W. W. Carr,

" N.T. Rochester, " F. Starr,

" A. Bronson, " E. T. Smith,

" H. L. Fish, " Hiram Smith,

" E. D. Smith, " G. J. Whitney,

" G. F. Danforth, " W. B. Williams.

46th Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society.

LADIES :—

As we meet on this anniversary, it is fitting that we gratefully acknowledge God's blessing upon our labors. We feel that our endeavors to lessen the sorrows of the sick poor have been successful, and that every unselfish effort has not only been a blessing to others, but has brought to ourselves its sure reward. Although our individual work may seem small, our combined labors have produced sufficient results to incite us to renewed diligence for the coming year.

Our Board, 25 in number, have met every month, and the members have been constant in their attendance (excepting only when detained by sickness, or on account of absence from the city,) and have decided with impartiality upon applications for assistance.

The city is divided into 70 districts, each of which is in charge of one or more visitors. Aid has been given to 235 persons. The largest amount furnished to any one individual was \$81. The smallest sum was 25 cents. The average monthly expenditure was \$145.

You are so familiar with the work done by this Society, that it seems unnecessary, as in former reports, to quote particular cases.

Twelve of our beneficiaries have died during the year.

In December last, the fire on Front street deprived nine families of their places of shelter, leaving most of them in a very destitute condition. A few gentlemen raised a small sum (\$64.75) for their immediate relief, and placed it at the disposal of the

Society. This was judiciously distributed by the Visitors.

Two of our honorary members have died during the past summer. Mrs. James K. Livingston, who, for the past twelve years, had resided in New York; and Mrs. Thomas H. Rochester, of this city, who, since the formation of the society, has almost continuously filled some office. Also, Mrs. Eaton, wife of Maj. Gen. Eaton, of Washington, another of the original members, died in May last. The name and labor of each of these are interwoven with the early history of the Society, and of each it has well been said that the same spirit of love and good-will that filled the heart of the Divine Master, dwelt also in her.

Within a few days another has passed away; one full of life and song. We mourn the loss of a faithful Visitor—Mrs. B. Frank Enos.

We gratefully acknowledge the donations received; also favors from the daily press of this city, and thank all who have aided us in the prosecution of our work.

Respectfully submitted.

MARY E. MORSE, Sec.

Nov. 1868.

Correspondence.

LIVONIA, Oct. 21, 1868.

DEAR LADIES OF THE "REVIEW":

Again I have been reminded that the time of my subscription for your excellent paper, has expired. I have succeeded in getting a few new names in addition to nearly all of the old ones. With my sincere desire for more abundant success in your laudable undertaking,

I am, your friend,

MRS. S. B. F.

P.S. If among the possibilities, I will visit you this season to bring some substantial evidence of my sympathy. I have always wanted so much to become personally acquainted with you, and give some tangible proof of my interest, but family duties have thus far prevented.

S. B. F.

From an agent in East Groveland:

DEAR MRS. M.:

Enclosed you will please find \$1.00, for the "Review." Success to the dear little paper.

Yours, &c.

M. C.

The following letter is from the widow of one of our soldiers—who died in our Hospital—the result of his many hardships and sufferings in a Southern prison:

ELBA, Genesee Co., Oct. 24, 1868.

MRS. MATHEWS:

Dear Friend—Enclosed you will find the money for my subscription for the coming year. I have been very negligent indeed, but I still wish to be remembered by your little papers; for it does give me great pleasure to read them. Here are only 70 cents, but by the help of Him who knows the widow's heart, and care, watching over her fatherless children, and who, I trust, will give me grace and strength to bring them up in His fear, I hope to be able to do more for the Hospital in days to come. It is a place which I should like to visit oftener, if it were possible for me to do so. That spot fills my heart with sacred thoughts of him who is numbered with the dead. I shall ever want to pay this small tribute of respect to the City Hospital of Rochester, God being my helper.

Yours, with respect, F. R.

Our friend Ella will please accept our thanks for the following. Six new subscribers—after our late discouragements and the promise of continued effort for us—are very cheering:

BROCKPORT, Oct. 27, 1868.

MRS. PERKINS:

I have taken your little paper more than a year. I am always interested in it. I read your urgent appeal for more subscribers. I have been trying to get some for you, and have succeeded in getting six. I will send you the names and money for these, and will try and get more. I am very much interested in your work, and pray that our Father in heaven may bless you in your labor of love.

Your friend,

ELLA M. W.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 3, 1868 of ulceration of the throat, Thomas Wallace aged 33 years.

Sept. 9, 1868, an infant of Mrs. Smith, aged one year.

Sept. 11, of dysentery, John Brookman, aged 63 years.

Sept. 22, of ulceration of the bowels, Mrs. Elizabeth Carroll, aged 46 years.

Oct. 7, from intemperance and exposure, Eliza House, aged 35 years.

Oct. 23, of consumption, Mary Colport, aged 18 years.

Oct. 24, of epilepsy, Mary McLaughlin, aged 12 years.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM OCT 15 TO NOVEMBER 15.

Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents.; Mrs. E. M. Smith, 65 cts.; Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, 66 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Strong, 62 cents.; Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. C. Dwinelle, Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, (2 y'rs.); Mrs. John Fabrig, Miss M. E. McMaster, Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Le-grand Couch, (2 years)—By Mrs. Perkins,.....	\$ 7 17
Mrs. William Deviny, Owasco, N. Y.; Willard T. Parker, Harryville, Pa.; Mrs. G. G. Townsend: Mrs. DeGraff, Auburn; Eliza Witherell, Geo. Withere—By Miss Hibbard,	3 00
Mrs. N. T. Rochester; Mrs. T. P. Cummings, New York—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Feitsworth, Groveland; Mrs. J. J. Carrell, Easton, Pa.—By Miss Culbertson,	1 00
Miss Lillia Dean—By Mrs. Roderick, E. Pembroke,	50
Mrs. Belle Hutchinson, Miss Enma Fairbanks, Miss Clara Adams, Adams Basin; Mr. James Hubbard, Brockport; Mrs. A. Howard, Mrs. Howard Adams, Sweden Centre—By Miss Carrie H. Booth,	3 00
Mrs. J. W. Adams, Brockport; Miss L. H. Bristol, Elizabeth, N. J.,	1 00

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM SEPT. 15th, to OCT. 15th, 1868.

Mrs. Loop—Tomatoes, Grapes, two cans of Fruit.
Dr. C. E. Rider—Half bushel of Pears.
Mrs. H. P. Brewster—Quantity of Grapes.
Mrs. E. M. Smith—Tomatoes and Pickles.
Mrs. Pottle—Four cans of Fruit.
Mrs. M. J. Monroe—Quantity of Grapes.
Mrs. John F. Lovecraft—Roll of Old Cotton, one can of Fruit.

Agents.

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

Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
" L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
" MARY W. DAVIS, "
Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
" PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
Miss ADA MILLER, "
" JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
" LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
" PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
" LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

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

Children's Department.

Nelly.

Only a little child,
Who sings all day in the street
Such a tuneless song
To an idle throng,
Who pity her shoeless feet;
A poor, pale, pretty child!
With clothes so ragged and mean,
And a wild, weird face,
On which ne'er a trace
Of childhood's joy can be seen.

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again;
Out in the dreadful night,
By the hinge of the tavern-door,
In hope she sings
Of the pity that flings
Some pence on the beer-stained floor.

Mothers who pass her by
Shudder with terrible fear,
Praying her fate may
Never be some day
That of their little ones dear;
Children who hear her sing
Stare at her features so wild,
O'er her life ponder,
Thinking with wonder,
"What, can she too be a child?"

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again.
Brought up in Satan's school,
Hell's abyss falling in;
Is there no pity
In this great city
To save her from shame and sin?

—St. James's Magazine.

From the New York Observer,

Bearing False Witness.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Foster to her friend Mrs. Prentice, at whose house she was staying, "who was that pretty girl that spoke to Harriet on the church steps this morning? She was dressed entirely in white, with blue violets in her bonnet."

"I didn't notice her," said Mrs. Prentice. "Who was she Harriet?"

"Her name is Bertha Hastings," said Harriet.

"Do you know her?" asked Mrs. Foster.

"Not very well," said Harriet; "she isn't exactly the kind of a girl I admire."

"Why not," cried Mrs. Foster, "she looked as good as she was beautiful."

"She is a vain, selfish girl," said Harriet, deliberately, "she thinks of no one but herself."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Foster.

"Yes indeed," continued Harriet, "she thinks of nothing but her appearance; you can tell that by the way in which her dress is always arranged, so studied! And then she does not care for the poor. We asked her last winter to join a sewing society, and she said her mother preferred that she should not become a member! All an excuse, of course: what objection could her mother have had? And then the way she dresses."

"Why, I thought her dress was in very good taste," interrupted Mrs. Foster. Mrs. Prentice in the mean time had left the room.

"Yes it was pretty," answered Harriet, "but it was made by a fashionable dress-maker, any one could see that, and there was real lace on the ruffles. Mr. Hastings had some business trouble this past winter and lost a great deal of money, and I know that the family have been forced to be very economical. They keep but one servant, although there are ten in the household, and yet Bertha has had a most elaborate summer wardrobe! I don't see how she can be so heartlessly extravagant; she rules her mother and father completely; they never deny her anything, and—but there goes the Sunday school bell, I must bid you good-bye for an hour:" and Miss Prentice departed on her way.

The lesson in Sunday school that day was upon the ninth commandment, and I have been informed on good authority that Harriet edified her class by the admirable manner in which she showed the wickedness of bearing false witness against our neighbors!

Do you think that this girl had so false a tongue that she invented these stories about Bertha Hastings. Not at all. Harriet had many excellent qualities; she was a devoted daughter, a kind sister, a faithful Sunday school teacher. The sin into which she fell that afternoon was one of which I am afraid we have all been guilty; she did not state what she knew to be false, she only asserted what she did not positively know to be true. Not for all the world would she have told an untruth, but she heard some one say these things of poor Bertha and instantly accepted them as true, because—though she would have indignantly denied it—there lurked in her secret heart a feeling of envy towards that beautiful and gentle Bertha. And this same secret envy is at the bottom of our harsh judgments much oftener than we are aware.

In the present case Harriet's words, from whatever source they sprang, were soon apparently forgotten. Mrs. Foster went home to New York the next day, and remembered nothing about Bertha Hastings. About six months after this, however, Mrs. Foster was interrupted at dinner by a friend of hers, a Mrs. Caswell, who was the head of a large boarding school.

"Excuse me for coming at this hour," said the lady, "but I know you will forgive me when you hear that I have found an excellent person to fill the place that has been so long vacant in my school."

"Indeed," cried Mrs. Foster, who took a great interest in her friend's school. "I am very glad of it."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Caswell, "I think I am entirely suited. You know that I have been anxious to find a person who would train the hearts as well as the heads of her pupils, and from all that I can learn of this young lady, she is a noble character, truly good and a sincere Christian. By the way perhaps you know her; she comes from S., where your friend Mrs. Prentice lives, her name is Bertha Hastings."

"Bertha Hastings!" repeated Mrs. Foster. "Has she blue eyes and fair hair?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Caswell, "her father has had some trouble in his business, and has been forced, very reluctantly, to consent to the application from his daughter to me. I was greatly pleased with her appearance and manner."

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Foster, "she will not do for you." And thereupon ensued an account of poor Bertha's delin-

quencies as Harriet Prentice had described them. Yet not exactly as Harriet described them. How many people could repeat a story after the lapse of six months, and make no addition to it? Mrs. Foster's story was meant to be strictly just, but unconsciously she colored it somewhat, and Mrs. Caswell departed, resolved that Miss Hastings should not be a teacher in her school.

"So selfish and extravagant," said the lady to herself; "I dare say instead of 'consenting reluctantly,' her poor father had hard work to persuade her to give up her elegant leisure;" and Mrs. Caswell, who was always a little hasty in her judgment, wrote that very night to Bertha, saying that it would be impossible to receive her as a teacher.

Bertha was greatly disappointed, but she did not soon give up. She applied to the head of another New York school; but this lady, hearing that she had been rejected by Mrs. Caswell, concluded to follow such a good example, and so Bertha failed again.

At last, after some time, she obtained a situation as governess. The pay was small, the work heavy. Bertha's gentle heart was saddened by the cold, uncounteous manner in which she was treated, her employers belonged to that class of persons who imagine that they display their gentility by treating teachers with contempt.

At last after several years, she obtained a better position, but it was not until the brightness of her youth had faded. Who can say how many heart-aches and bitter tears she might have been spared if Harriet Prentice had held her peace on that Sunday afternoon.

And what was the explanation of those unfortunate appearances upon which Harriet had founded her decision? It was very simple. Bertha's dress was always neat and orderly, not because she spent more time upon it than others, but because she had a natural gift for arranging every thing in the prettiest way. And for the refusal to join the sewing society, the reason was that Bertha did so much work at home that her mother was unwilling that she should undertake any more. As for the costly summer wardrobe, it was the present of a sister-in-law of Mrs. Hastings who had been thrown suddenly into mourning, and having no use for her colored dresses had given them to Bertha. The young girl at first hesitated, but remembering that even the plainest summer outfit

would be expensive for her father, she finally accepted her aunt's gift. That was absolutely all!

"Every idle word that man shall speak, they shall give account thereof at the day of judgment," said our Lord Jesus Christ: and if the saying seem hard or severe, we have only to think of the great influence which our careless remarks have upon the lives of others. Let us then cultivate a loving spirit; and while our speech is always "seasoned with the salt" of truth, let it be also "with grace,"—with that spirit of kindness, courtesy and charity towards all men, which is one of the strongest proofs of our fellowship with Christ.

"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Q.

One to the Pulpit: the Other to the Gallows.

Here are three written pictures.

PICTURE FIRST.

A narrow street in the city of Glasgow, with high old houses on each side. Two young men, in dirty clothes, with unshaven faces, and a bold swagger in their manner, are walking toward a chnreh, singing a wicked song, although it is Sabbath morning.

Standing in the church-poarch is a lady, with her son, a boy of twelve' by her side. The good woman, seeing the young men, says to her son, "Follow those young men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

The boy obeys, runs and delivers his mother's message. One of the men laughs scornfully, and swears at the boy: the other looks soberly at him, and says:

"When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. I don't feel right. I will go with you."

His companion swears, and tries to drag him out; but he is firm, and walks with the boy into church. The other goes on his way cursing.

PICTURE SECOND.

One year has passed, and there is a great crowd gathering in front of an English jail. A young man is brought out with pinioned arms, placed upon a scaffold, and hung. That is the man who refused to go to church.

PICTURE THIRD.

Several years have passed. The boy who invited these youths to church is now a man, and is surgeon of a ship which is at anchor in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope. He is going to church; for it is Sabbath. A stranger sits in his pew, and, during the service, seems strangely agitated. After church, he asks the surgeon if he recollects being sent by his mother to invite two young men into church at Glasgow. He then declares himself to be the one who accepted the invitation, and that the result of it was his conversion, his call to the ministry, and his being sent to labor as a missionary in South Africa. He was, he said, then on his way to his appointment.

How small a thing may be a turning-point in human life. It was *seemingly* a little matter whether those young men did or did not go to church. Really, it was a great matter: for the invitation led one to say, "*I will go on sinning*;" while the other said, "*I will stop, and consider my ways*." God took the former at his word. He let him have the thing he chose; and it ruined him, as sin always does its lovers. Thinking led the other to change his way, as it would make every sinner do if he would but think seriously. Will the reader think and live? or will he go on sinning and die?—*Good News*.

List of our Little Agents.

Mary Perkins, Rochester,
Florie Montgomery, "
Fanny and Ella Colburn, Rochester,
Fanny Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass.
S. Hall, Henrietta,
Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
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Oct. 1867.

66 Buffalo St., Rochester.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central
Railroad Depot.

ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
(BROWN'S RACE.)

Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS.
Cleansed or colored without Rippling, and pressed nicely. Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed.

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

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SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

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RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-pd. to '68. G. W. GOLER.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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CHAS. F. SMITH.

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[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1866.

W

M. F. REYNOLDS & Co.

(Established in 1842.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes & Colors,

Artists' and Painters' Materials,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

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Nov. 1867. 1y

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AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,

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Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

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Nov. 1867. 1y

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ESTABLISHED, 1856.

GEO. N. STORMS, **Merchant Tailor**

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

Formerly Roy & McFarlin's.

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Nov. 1867. 1y

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Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE.

mch. 1866. 1y

OTRUS F. PAINE.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

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

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

Orders left at

L. C. SPENCER'S,
will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1867.

E. L. THOMAS & CO.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON, ...\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OOLONGS,80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS,80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL,\$1 and \$1.25
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,\$1.25
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, ..\$1 and \$1.20
GROUND COFFEE, ...20c, 30c. and 40c.

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and *guarantee*, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866.

1y

62 Buffalo Street.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

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

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

BUELL & BREWSTER,

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

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

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Rochester, Sept., 1866

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

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DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1868.

No. 5.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

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

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

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

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

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN CURENSKY.

CHAPTER I.

DAME HURST.

"What are you about here? What is the matter, old mother? Take off your dogs, you brutes!"

These questions and commands came peremptorily enough, from the lips of a stout, handsome boy of fifteen, or thereabouts, as he burst into the midst of a group of lads of his own age, assembled on the green, at Stanton-Corbet. They had surrounded a poor old woman, with a hump on her back and a basket on her arm, who stood in the middle of them, defending herself as well as she could, from

the attacks of two or three dogs, whose onslaught seemed directed not so much at the old woman as at the basket she carried. She had a stout staff in her hand, but she was lame and infirm, and as the mob of boys pressed her, she seemed likely to have the worst of the encounter, when Walter Corbet, pushing his way through the ring, took up his station at her side, saluting the nearest dog, a great ill-conditioned cur, with a kick upon the nether jaw, which sent him howling off, with his tail between his legs.

"A witch! a witch!" shouted the boys. "Look at her with her hump on her back, and her basket of cats on her arm. Let her alone, Master Wally! We'll scare her out!"

"You will, will you, you cowards!" returned Walter, adding an epithet more forcible than elegant. "You let her alone, or I'll know the reason why. Lend me your staff, Dame!" And laying lustily about him with the stick, he soon cleared a space around himself and the old woman. He then proceeded to address the crowd. He informed them that they were a sneaking set of long-shore cowards, who would run if a blue crab should shake his fist at them—that there was not one of them who dared hit one of his own size, and if there was, he, Walter Corbet, was ready then and there to give that one all he wanted, and a bit over.

Nobody seemed inclined to accept of this obliging offer. All the village boys knew the weight of Walter's fist by this time, but they returned his polite words with interest.

"Well you look, Walty Corbett, taking part with a witch like that!"

"You think, because you are a gentleman's son, you can do as you please?"

"Let him alone! He thinks he is a great man because he has been a couple of voyages in his father's ship, he can do as he pleases with we!"

"Yes, and because I *am* a sailor and a gentleman, I won't see a woman, and an old woman to boot, abused by a pack of lubbers. You, Willy Atkins, you want to ship on board the Drake next time. My father will have no cowards or bullies among his men, I promise you. I thought better of you, Will, I did indeed!"

The boy addressed as Will Atkins, and who was the best looking of the set, looked a good deal ashamed of himself, and began a justification.

"But you see, Master Walty, this here is a regular witch. She lives over yonder, at the moor, and bewitches man and beast. She laid a spell on Jim Lee, whereby he lost his way coming over the moor, and lay under the bank all night, whereby he got the rheumatics and has them to this day!"

"A spell, indeed!" retorted Walter, scornfully: "If Jim Lee had let the ale-house alone, he wouldn't have missed his way in a road as plain as the path to Parson's gate yonder. It was Mother Green's ale, and strong waters up to Langham, that bewitched him, I reckon."

"Indeed you may say so, my dear young lad," said the old woman, who had not spoken before. "As for Jim Lee, I never, to my knowledge, set eyes on him till three weeks ago that he came to me for somewhat to bathe his swelled ankles withal; and any body can see how much better he has been since he used what I bade him!"

"Yes, and don't that show that she is a witch, else how could such a simple thing cure him, as a ley made of briar-wood ashes, when all the doctors gave him up, and couldn't do him no good?"

"And what does she want of the cats in the basket there, only to make charms withal?"

"Dame Lee, herself, down at the Cove, gave them to me for company, up to my hut!" replied the Dame, adding, in an undertone: "maybe if I *was* a witch, some folks would not fare the better for this day's work!"

"Just hear that," returned one of the lads. "You just let her alone, Master Corbet. She is able to hold her own without you!"

"No wonder he takes the part of witches!" said the worst looking of the boys, with a vulgar laugh. "Every one knows what his own mother is, and who she goes to see in the old Abbey o' nights."

The only answer to this taunt, was a well directed blow from Walter's fist, which sent the big boy rolling in the dust at his feet. Walter stood over him with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes, ready to repeat the application, if necessary. The big boy rose to his feet and brushed the dust from his jacket."

"Never mind, Walty Corbet! You're cock on your own dunghill now! Maybe some day my turn will come. Never you mind!"

"I don't!" returned Walter, laughing scornfully, "only let me hear any boy say another word about my mother, that's all!"

Nobody said any more, for at that moment the tall figure of the village school-master, was seen striding toward the scene of action. The boys scattered as he drew near, and by the time he reached the spot, nobody remained but Walter and Willy Atkins.

"What means all this?" asked Master Halliday, in severe tones! "Walter Corbet, does it become your father's son to be

My First Experience of an Earthquake.

I have never been one of those who either thought or said that I should like to experience the shock of an earthquake, that I might know how it felt. The accounts I had heard from others, or had read in the public prints, had satisfied me fully, and left no wish behind for any personal experience. But I have had some of the latter, though most unwillingly on my part, and can assure you that no repetition is or will be desired. I will endeavor briefly to describe the scene and my own impressions.

I was stopping in San Francisco at the house of a friend, on Kearney street, between Sutter and Post; it was a four story brick building, and our room was on the third story, the Kearney street front. The weather was delightful, and I had been sitting by the open window for an hour, engaged in reading. My companion had just finished dressing, and I had arisen from the window to accompany her to the breakfast table, when the house was shaken as if a heavily loaded wagon was being rapidly driven over the pavement. In fact as there had been several alarms of fire during my stay, the rushing of the steam engines through that street, made about the same noise and jar that first attracted my notice. Stepping back to the window, I discovered nothing of the kind, but saw people rushing from the buildings on the opposite side of the street. I immediately knew it was an earthquake; nor indeed, by this time could any doubt have existed, for the whole building was being shaken, and the noise was like rattling thunder. I remembered the advice given by residents in earthquake countries, to seek and remain under an arch if possible. I saw that my companion was under one, and I reached for the door to unlock and open it. The movements and sensations were now terrific, for I can think of no word that can describe either or both combined. At first it was as if a giant was pounding the whole house from underneath. The vertical shocks almost raised me from the floor, so palpable and severe were the concussions. These lasted perhaps for fifteen seconds, and then gave place to other and more sickening motions. The whole building seemed to sway to and fro, the floors to rise and fall, the bricks were grinding together as if the walls were about to come

to the ground. If any one can describe the emotions or sensations of such a moment, he then holds a far more graphic pen than does your humble servant. Fortunately, these could not have lasted more than ten seconds, though they seemed to be minutes. The plastering ground together and fell in large patches, all over the room and house. I am satisfied that if these lateral movements continued thus violent for a whole minute even, not only our building, but every other one of brick would have come tumbling to the ground. I cannot describe the feeling of relief when this horrible moment ceased, and we were both unhurt. We knew not how soon another shock would come, and, at the moment we did, what every human being in San Francisco desired to do, left the brick for a wood, and only stopped in it until the next boat for Sacramento.

Do you ask if we were afraid? I answer yes, and he or she is simply a fool who pretend to say otherwise. I know that soon after, I saw and heard hundreds laughing and making sport of the earthquake, but the rapidity of the movements of the same parties into the middle of the street, when the second shock came, told its own story as to the real sentiment of all. Thousands never entered a building again during the day. The details (none of them exaggerated) you will get in the papers; but one little incident of which I was an eye-and-ear-witness, you will not. In front of a building, a certain Doctor was standing, his wife and several other ladies being near him. He was saying that he had not been afraid, when his wife, who was still as pale as a corpse, shook her finger in his face, and thus silenced him: "You needn't tell me that; you were as white as anybody, and more than that, you ran out of the room as fast as you could, and left me to take care of myself!" The Doctor subsided, as well he might, for it was a point-blank shot.

It was, indeed, a day of terror in that city, and for one having felt and heard an earthquake, and felt its dire effects, I am quite of the opinion that absence of the body will be as good as presence of the mind! A gentleman who was in Callao during the recent earthquake in that city, says that the shock in San Francisco was equal in violence, but much shorter in duration.

W. H. H.

"For My Sake."

BY EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.

O Lord, our lives are blank with constant losses,
Our feet are sore with pain,
Our hearts are weary with fast-coming crosses—
We struggle, nor attain.

We watch for coming sails that never whiten
The still, unyielding blue;
We look for light whose dawn shall never brighten
The mist-enshrouded view.

The grasp is loosened that we held so tightly,
The steps ours timed with fleet; [whitely,
On marble stones our household names gleam
Graves thicken round our feet.

The white-walled city grows more dim and distant,
The eternal shore recedes,
The upward path we thought to climb persistent,
Is blind with unchecked weeds.

As heart and strength grow less, the way grows
rougher,
Frail staves we leaned on break,
The glow of living fades, we bear, we suffer;
But is it "for Thy sake?"

Is this the cross that by its cheerful bearing
Makes worthy, Lord, of Thee?
That lifts our weak endurance up to sharing
The mystic agony?

There is a resignation worse than murmur,
An acquiescence vain,
A giving up that roots self-will the firmer,
And silence may complain.

O give us, Lord, that living love unshaken
That makes the heaviest cross
Thou layest on us be by us self-taken,
Makes sacrifice of loss. [The Independent.

From the earliest ages of which we have any account, men seem to have been greatly exercised by the apparel of women. The following story, from a monk of the fourteenth century, shows the awful danger to which women are exposed, who wear trains to church:

"OF A PROUD WOMAN.

"I have heard of a woman who wore a white dress with a long trail, which, trailing behind her, raised a dust even as far as the altar and the crucifix! But as she left the church, and lifted up her train on ac-

count of the dirt, a certain holy man saw a devil laughing, and having adjured him to tell why he laughed, the devil said: 'a companion of mine was just now sitting on the train of that woman, using it as if it were his chariot; but when she lifted up her train, my companion was shaken off into the dirt, and that is why I was laughing.'"

The good monk forgets to explain for what reason the fathers kept their church so dirty, or how the said holy man came to be on such intimate terms with the evil spirits which it seems haunted that holy place.

L. E. G.

From the New York Tribune.

Once Before.

Slow she sat beside her window,
Hearing only rain-drops pour,
When, outside the little casement,
Weeping in a feigned abasement,
Love stood knocking—
Knocking at her bolted door.

Slow she swung the little casement
Where the autumn roses glowed,
Sweet and sad her deep eyes showed;
And her voice in gentlest measure
Said aloud: "Nor Love nor Pleasure
"Can come in here any more:
"Never any more!"

"But I am not Love nor Pleasure;
"I am but an orphan baby,
"Lost my mother is, or may be
"Dead she lies while I am weeping:"
Sobbed the child, his soft lie creeping:
Softly through the bolted door;
Through the maiden's door.

Low she said, in accents lonely:
"Once I let him in, before,
"Once I opened wide my door,
"Ever since my life is dreary,
"All my prayers are vague and weary;
"Once I let him in before,
"Now I'll double-lock the door!"

In the rain he stands imploring;
Tears and kisses storm the door,
Where she let him in before.
Will she never know repenting:
Will she ever, late relenting,
Let him in, as once before?
Will she double-lock the door?

A. W. H.

to render the evening's entertainment the delightful "feast of reason and flow of soul," which it was. We can think of no more appropriate way of closing our acknowledgments to them than in the toast of Rip-Van-Winkle—"Here's to yer good health and the health of yer families—may you live long—and prosper."

A Bright Corner.

It would be difficult, it is true, to find a corner in Corinthian Hall the day of our Festival, which was not bright and overflowing with sunshine—but we confess that the pleasantest and brightest spot to us that day, was the *Review* corner. The three young ladies in attendance, had brisk work all day in receiving subscriptions, and we looked on with a satisfaction too serene to be expressed, to see so many new names going down on the list, and so many old ones cancelled. Any one coming within the vortex of their smiles, were caught up at once, and woe to the unfortunate wight who attempted an escape. We hope that every young gentleman who subscribed for the *Review* that day, will read it thoroughly (!)

Perhaps, after all, the best part of the mission of these young ladies, was in bringing in so many arrearages. It was so discouraging to look over our books and see the blanks for one, two, three and four years, attached to so many names. Seventy-four dollars was received by them that day for the *Review*, and nearly forty new names. This is, we think, the best day's work which has ever been done for the paper. The young ladies of this corner, may be very sure of our warm appreciation of their successful services. A year hence, we shall hope to see them in the same place, doing the same good work for us.

Something Pleasant for our Readers.

With this number commences a serial story, for our columns, which promises many attractions, from the gifted pen of Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

A Suggestive Reply.

In talking with one of the Hospital Physicians, over the success of the Festival—we asked him what point was of greatest interest to him—when, after a little grave reflection, he replied—"The *New Wing*. I must confess that through—and over and before every thing, I thought of that. There is a daily need of it, felt at the Hospital. We are so fettered for room—and we have so many applications from patients of limited means, who want private rooms, for which they could not afford to pay over five or six dollars per week. We want rooms for this class, as well as a larger supply of handsome ones for a class who can pay better. As it is, every room is taken, and whatever applications we may have, we can take no more private patients until there is a vacancy." This was the substance of his reply, to which might be added the great need also felt for a chapel—where regular religious services could be held. With the public sympathy so warmly manifested in our Hospital at our Festival, we hope that the *New Wing* is to remain no longer an air-castle, but that plans may at once be put in action to make it a substantial reality. It seems to us, that now is the time to move in this project. Why delay it?

Three Little Workers.

We were pleased, on making the round of Corinthian Hall, to recognize three of our busy little workers and agents—Jennie Hurd, Jennie Gould, and Annie Lane—who have done so much for our paper, and who have always been doing so much to help us. They had a little table of their own at the Festival, from which thirteen dollars were realized.

A Busy Day.

We know of one person at least, who had a busy day at our Festival. We allude to Mrs. C. A. Kellogg, of the Brackett House, who had charge of the oyster-table. She sent to the other tables, 194 stews—11 dishes raw—and 42 dishes of salad—amounting to \$73.84.

Seventy-four Tickets,

To our Evening's Entertainment, were, we are informed, sold by the single, unaided efforts of our little friend, Clara W. ! Think of that, little readers of the *Review*—and don't you agree with us, that little Clara is deserving a word of special praise and thanks! May her fair young life, which opens so beautifully beneath sunny and cloudless skies, be full of golden deeds, and then shall its closing be even fairer than its dawn.

Turkeys, Oysters, &c.

In looking over the donations to our tables, we count twenty-three turkeys and twenty gallons of oysters, besides all the other dainty and generous contributions. The Ladies congratulate themselves especially upon the free and abundant supplies for their tables. Not one oyster had to be purchased. Everything was given—and given with a zest that was delightful.

The Summing Up.

The following official summing up and acknowledgement of our receipts by the Treasurer, has already appeared in our daily papers:

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.—The Treasurer of the Rochester City Hospital, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following amount—avails of the Thanksgiving Party, November 30, 1868:

Receipts for the day, \$1,615 25
evening, 496 75.

\$2,012 00.

Expenses, 240 00

\$1,772 00.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
Treasurer.

The ladies tender their sincere thanks to the gentlemen who furnished the "Evening's Entertainment," to Scott's Band, and Tracy's Quartette Club for their delightful music; to the *Rochester Chronicle* for \$100 dollars, to the *Chronicle* and *Democrat* for receipted bill for printing notices; to the *Union* and *Express* for deductions on printing bills; to the ladies who so cheerfully rendered their services in providing for and attending upon the refreshment and fancy tables, and to all who aided in any way in making the Thanksgiving Party such a success.

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

Correspondence.

A Voice from Sweden.

We welcome the enclosed modest little note and another volunteer in our work. D. has made a good commencement, and with the spirit she manifests, we feel sure of her future success:

SWEDEN, Dec. 8, 1868.

MRS. P.—We take your little paper, and are always interested in it. I have been trying, while in school, to get subscribers for you; that I may do a little good, and have succeeded in getting six. I will send you the names and money for these, also Post Office address, and will try to do better in future. Hoping you will always be blest in your labor of love.

A friend to you and all in trouble: D. E. G.

Something Pleasant from Penn Yan.

We are gratified to find that our young friends in Penn Yan are going on so nobly with the work began by them about a year ago. Ida and Eva and Julia, have our warmest thanks:

PENN YAN, Dec. 12, 1868.

DEAR MRS. P.—Please excuse the delay in renewing our subscriptions for the new year. My friend Maggie could not join me, and I have been ill during the Summer and Fall, and began to feel quite discouraged, for I did not wish to give up the paper that has become a welcome visitor in every family. My sister, Eva M. Raplee, and her friend, Julia S. Latimer, volunteered to go on with the good work, and have succeeded in getting twenty names, including seven of the last year's list. Wishing you success, in your charitable enterprise, I remain,

Yours truly, IDA C. RAPLEE.

BROCKPORT, Nov. 27, 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. PERKINS.—Enclosed find five dollars, as a Thanksgiving Donation to the City Hospital.

Yours truly, MARY J. HOLMES.

Superintendent's Report.

1868, Sept. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 89
Received during the month, 34—123
Discharged, 27
Died, 4—31.

Remaining Oct. 1st, 1868, 92

Oct. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 92
Received during the month, 48—140
Discharged, 18
Deaths, 3—21

Remaining Nov. 1st, 1868, 119

Nov. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 119
Rec'd during the month, 22—141
Discharged, 28
Deaths, 1—23

Remaining Dec. 1, 1868, 112

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 15.

C P Dewey, New York, 2 years—By Mrs Perkins,	\$ 1 00
Mrs Judge Gould, Brighton; Mrs Phalen, 2 years—By Mrs Strong,	1 50
Mrs N Hayward, (with postage,)—By Mrs Arner,	62
Mrs Henry Kip, Church Home, Buffalo—By Mrs Kip,	1 00
Mrs H T Sedgewick, Spencerport; J C Crombie, Canton, Miss.—By Mrs Mathews	1 00
Mrs I Bronson, Lockport—By Mrs Davenport,	1 25
Miss Stephen Ives, Batavia; Miss Marion Hills, Mrs Fred Turpin, Mrs Joseph Frost 3 yrs; Mrs Cha's H Chapin, 4 yrs; Dr H W Dean, 3 yrs; Mrs N Tamblingson, Mrs S Sloan, Mrs C E Upton, 2 yrs; Miss H Backus, 2 yrs; Mrs A Church-ill, Mrs E M Little, Mrs Jane McDonald, 2 yrs; Mrs H L Fish, 2 yrs; Mrs E S Gilbert, Mrs J R Chamberlain, 4 years; Mrs Geo B Redfield, Mrs Ja's Brackett, Mrs H L Redfield, B F Enos, 2 years; Mrs Dr Anderson, Mrs P T Turner, Mrs W W Carr, 2 yrs; Miss A Mamford, 3 yrs; Mrs Wm Giles, Mrs G E Mumford, 3 yrs; Mrs A Bronson, 2 yrs; S Avery, 2 yrs; Mrs P K Bronson, E Avon; Mrs I E Sheldon, New York; Mrs J M Whitney, Mrs S D Porter, Mrs W C Rowley, 2 yrs; Mrs C Waydell, 3 yrs; Mrs John Howe, Mrs E C Higgins, Mr Wm Burke, 4 yrs; Mrs R Carter, Mrs E P Gould, 4 yrs; Mrs D Lowry, Mrs J H Martindale, 3 yrs; Col Benjamin, Col Babbitt, 2 yrs; Mrs T A Newton, 2 yrs; Mrs J T Fox, 3 yrs; Mrs H C Fenn, 2 yrs; Mrs W N Sage, 2 yrs; Mrs E H Hollister, 2 yrs; Miss E P Hall, H F Atkinson, 4 years; Mrs Dr Fenn, Mrs J C Nash, Mrs Calvin Waite, Mrs J A Eastman, 3 yrs; Mrs C M Curtis, Mrs S Wilder, 3 yrs; Miss Anna Hart, 2 yrs; Miss Allie Stout, New York; J L Lucky, E C Purcell, F N Lord, W H Cumings, J R Thomas, B W Tone, F D Torrance, F P Hall, C O Morse, W H Ross Lewin, Hon. T Parsons, M Ferris, 2 yrs; H F Smith, B H Clark, E Shepardon, J H Gould, C O Alden, E T Curtis, J T Budd, Buffalo; T H Zanderson, New Orleans; Mrs J L Hatch, Commercial Press, Pultneyville; J H Bosworth, L D Ely, Miss Anna Hopkias, Chili; Mrs Levi F Ward, Mrs H H Morse, Mrs H L Kelly, Mrs John Sage, Mrs E Pancost, Mrs S H Gould, Mrs Julia House, Miss Harriet Pratt, Mrs E Cash, South Byron; W R Lansing, John Clark, E Glen, C Rogers, J W Canfield. — By Miss Bellows, Mrs Gilbert and Miss E G Mathews,	173 00
Mrs J T Talman, Geneva—By Miss Minnie Montgomery,	50
Miss Helen Roby, Miss Minerva Christwell, Miss E S Richmond, Miss S M Efner, Prof W J Milne, Mr Frank P Latta, Brockport—By Dosia E Goodridge, of Sweden,	3 00

Mrs O Stark, Mr A Stone, Mr J T Raplee, Mr E W Ross, Mr J B Gilbert, Mr J R Durry, Mrs D Tutill, Mrs J M Latimer Mrs C A Hamlin, Mrs J L Lewis, Miss C M Raplee, Miss Ida C Raplee, Miss Hattie L Joy, Mr F S Roberts, Mr D Magee, Jr.; Mr C C Lapham, Mr J F Wheeler, Mr J Burns, Mr C S Eastman, Mr Geo R Cornwell, Penn Yan, N Y.—By Eva M Raplee and Julia S Latimer,	\$10 00
Mrs N W Benedict—Two years, with postage—By Mrs Danforth,	1 13

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM NOV. 15th, TO DEC. 15th, 1868.

Mrs Rochester—Clothing	
Mrs Brewster—Saddle of Venison	
Mrs Geo J Whitney—Ten Pies	
Mrs Ives, Batavia—Roll of Cotton	
A Friend and Neighbor—Two cans Fruit, 15 lbs.	
Sugar, 6 quarts Milk, 1 quart Cream	
Mrs John Mason—Two cans Fruit and Apples	
Mrs Geo J Whitney—Two Quilts, Dressing Gown Slippers	
Mrs Geo W Smith, New York—A new Dressing Gown	
Mr Geo W Smith, New York—Two-dozen cans Peaches	
Mrs Badger—A quantity of Pickles	
Mrs Wm Pitkin—Two cans Fruit	
Mrs Boardman—A Dressing Gown	
Mrs Kellogg—Delicacies for the sick	
James B Chamberlain—One Elastic Knee Cot	

Thanksgiving Party,

HELD AT CORINTHIAN HALL, NOVEMBER 30, 1868:

Donations to the Lunch Tables.

Mrs. Hiram Smith—Two Chickens, Chicken Salad, 2 pans Biscuit, 4 loaves Bread, 6 lbs. Loaf Sugar, 1 loaf of Cake, Quince Jelly and 16 heads Celery.	
Mrs. Dr. Strong—Two loaves of Cake, 1 Turkey, 2 moulds Jelly.	
Mrs. E. D. Smith—One gallon Oysters, 2 loaves of Cake.	
Mrs. Dr. Mathews—One Turkey, Suet Pudding, basket of Cake.	
Mrs. E. M. Smith—Three pans of Biscuit, 1 Turkey, 1 loaf of Bread.	
Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth—Two gallons Oysters; 10 heads Celery.	
Mrs. E. T. Smith—Two gallons Oysters.	
Mrs. H. L. Fish—Three loaves of Cake, bottles of Pickles, Jelly.	
Mrs. A. Bronson—One Turkey.	
Mrs. W. W. Carr—One Turkey, Plum Pudding.	
Mrs. Fred. Starr—Six loaves of Cake, Sweet Pickles, 1 Ham.	
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—One Turkey, 1 loaf of Cake, Chicken Salad, 3 lbs. Loaf Sugar, Jelly, Pickles	
Mrs. W. Barron Williams—One Turkey, Butter.	
Mrs. G. J. Whitney—One Turkey, Biscuit, Soup, Radishes.	
Mrs. Dr. Montgomery—One Turkey.	
Mrs. A. Erickson—Two gallons Oysters, 4 loaves Sponge Cake, 2 bowls Grape Jelly.	

Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Two and one-half gallons Oysters.
 Mrs. Emmet H. Hollister—One Turkey, Chocolate Custard.
 Mrs. Wm. Brewster—Cream, Milk, 2 cans Pears.
 Mrs. S. D. Porter—Loaf of Jelly Cake, Pound Cake.
 Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—One dozen cans Tomatoes.
 Mrs. Gen'l Martindale—Cream.
 Mrs. Henry Starr, Brighton—One gallon Cream.
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—One Ham, 2 jars Pickles, Wine, Jelly.
 Mrs. Dr. Robinson—Roast Beef, 2 moulds of Jelly, dish of Thummary, Cranberries, Pickles.
 Miss Helen Churchill—One gallon Oysters.
 Mrs. I. Butts—Large basket Celery.
 Mrs. W. T. Cushman—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Wayte—One Ham.
 Mrs. Clarke—One Turkey.
 Mrs. L. Farrar—Mince Pies, Plum Pudding, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Libbie Bronson—Four loaves of Cake, Currants, Oranges, Grapes.
 Mrs. S. M. Benjamin—One gallon Oysters, 3 loaves Cake.
 Mrs. H. Michaels—One gallon Oysters, 3 loaves of Cake.
 Mrs. A. G. Mudge—Eight heads of Celery.
 Mrs. John C. Van Epps—Four Mince Pies, Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. John Craig—Mangoes, Doughnuts, spiced Plums, Celery.
 Mrs. W. H. Moore—Pickles, Cake.
 Mrs. Thomas Parsons—Two Tongues, loaf of Cake.
 Mrs. Alden—Ham, Biscuit, Doughnuts, Celery.
 Mrs. A. G. McMaster—Four Pies.
 Mrs. W. H. RossLewin—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Bronson, Avon—One gallon Cream.
 Mrs. Martin Briggs—One Turkey, 1 bowl Apple Jelly.
 Miss Angevine—Butter, loaf Jelly Cake.
 Mrs. Church—Biscuits.
 Mrs. W. H. Ives—One Turkey.
 Miss Benjamin—Cream, Beans.
 Mrs. C. Chapin—Biscuit, 2 Tongues, Oyster Pie.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Henry Brewster—Basket of Biscuit.
 Mrs. Henry Churchill—Chicken Salad.
 Miss Sallie Hall—Pickled Oysters, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Anna Gould—A-La-Mode Beef.
 Mrs. Arthur Churchill—One Turkey, 1 loaf of Cake, 3 moulds Jelly, 5 heads Celery.
 Mrs. Henry Rogers—Cut loaf Sugar.
 Mrs. Ford—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. Wamsley—Preserved Strawberries.
 Mrs. Geo. Arnold—Apple Jelly, Canned Peaches.
 Mrs. Fred. Dewey—Basket of Crullers, dish of Vanity.
 Mrs. Charles F. Smith—One dozen Oranges.
 Mrs. E. N. Buell—One Ham, Biscuits, Pickles.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster—Chicken Pie, Pickles, Biscuits, Jelly.
 Mrs. W. A. Hubbard—Four Lemon Pies.
 Mrs. McVean—One Turkey, white Grapes.
 Mrs. Austin Cole—Two baskets of Apples, 10 lbs. Sugar.
 Mrs. S. W. Updike—Cake, Pickles, &c.

Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—Four loaves Sponge Cake, 24 moulds Cranberry Jelly.
 Mrs. Samuel B Raymond—One Turkey, 3 cans Fruit
 Mrs. Hicks—Biscuit, Pies, 2 Tongues
 Mrs. A M Badger—Biscuit
 Mrs. H F Smith—Four dozen Biscuit, Celery, Cranberries
 Mrs. John Diabrow—Twenty pounds Loaf Sugar
 Mrs. J H Brewster—Two bowls Jelly
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Biscuits, Oyster Pie, Clam Pie
 Mrs. Lewis H Alling—One Turkey
 Mrs. James Hart—Pickled Oysters
 Mrs. H L Smith—Oranges, White Grapes
 Mrs. H S Potter—One Turkey
 Mrs. T G Montgomery—Two Hams
 Mrs. G H Perkins—Chicken Salad
 Mrs. H P Brewster—Chicken Pie, Biscuit, Celery
 Mrs. C F Pond—Loaf of Coconut Cake
 Mrs. J H Rochester—Two bowls Jelly, Pickles
 Mrs. J M Whitney—One Turkey, Ducks, Cake
 Mr. H D Scrantom—One Turkey, Quails, Partidges, Celery, Malaga Grapes
 Mr. A. Karnes—Turtle Soup
 Brackett House—Six loaves of Bread, 3 gallons Oysters, 6 quarts Chicken Salad, 3 quarts Lobster Salad, 2 pounds Sugar
 L C Spencer—Two gallons Oysters
 J H Rochester—One gallon Oysters
 T H Rochester—Two gallons Oysters
 George C Buell—Three bottles Pickles, 1 bottle Sauce
 Worden & Son—One-half barrel Cider
 A Friend—Package of Sugar
 Mrs. J Whitney—Jar small Cucumbers
 Charles Chapin—Quarter Chest of Tea
 E L Thomas—One hundred pounds Ice
 Mr. Ives, Batavia—One Barrel Vegetables
 Elwanger & Barry—Choice Fruits
 Miss H Pratt, Mrs. A Terry, Mrs. J B House and Mrs. J Bratt, South Byron—Old Clothes, for Bandages—By Mrs. Birdsell
 Mrs. P V Stoothoff—Dried Cherries, old Linen and Cotton
 Mrs. P V Stoothoff and Mrs. W I Handford—One Quilt

As many articles were taken directly to the Hall, and not, (as intended,) reported to the Donation Committee, it is hoped that all who know of gifts not acknowledged, will hand in the list to one of the Lady Managers, that they may appear in our next issue, as we are very anxious to be accurate, and also to know how large a number of the friends of the Hospital have contributed to the success of the entertainment.

List of Articles Donated for Miss Fannie Dewey's Table.

Miss Mary Breck—Two Boot Pin Cushions
 Miss Herron—One Fancy Bag
 Miss Gay—One Tidy
 Mrs. Charles Bush—One pair Infant's Socks
 Mrs. Lockwood—Two pairs Mittens
 Miss Jennie Brown—Three Pin Cushions
 Miss Dolly Clarkson—Two Spool Cases, one Wall Basket
 Miss Jennie Brewster—One Shaving Case, one Slipper Case
 Miss Emma Breck—Three Book Pin Cushions

*Cash Donations received at the Thanksgiving
Party November 30, 1868.*

John Gardner, Gates,.....	\$ 2 00
Mrs Mary J Holmes, Brockport,.....	5 00
Mrs S Rosenblatt,.....	5 00
Mrs E D Smith,.....	5 00
Mrs Hiram Smith,.....	10 00
Mr S D Porter,.....	20 00
Mr G H Mumford,.....	25 00
Dr H W Dean,.....	10 00
Mr William Alling,.....	5 00
Mr E O Sage,.....	10 00
Mrs Montgomery Rochester, Cincinnati, ..	5 00
Messrs Raymond & Huntington,.....	25 00
"Morning Chronicle," by Mr Selye,.....	100 00
Mr Samuel Hamilton,.....	10 00
Hebrew Benevol't Soc, by Mrs Britenstool, ..	10 00
Mr James S Andrews,.....	10 00
Mrs S L Brewster,.....	10 00
Mrs M Seward,.....	1 00
Miss Carrie Rogers,.....	2 00
Mrs R M Dalzell,.....	10 00
Mr Geo Elwanger,.....	10 00
Mr H C Daniels—By Mrs H L Fish,	2 00
Mr A S Mann,.....	30 00
Mr Terry,.....	5 00
Mr M F Reynolds,.....	20 00
Mrs M Galusha,.....	2 00
Mrs N M Kelley,.....	10 00
Mrs J P Kelley,.....	1 00
Mr Hiram Sibley, by Mr Atkinson,	100 00
Mr W F Holmes,.....	2 00
Mr James Peart,.....	20 00
Mr W N Sage,.....	10 00
Mr Garvey,.....	1 00
Mrs G H Perkins,.....	6 00
Mrs Abelard Reynolds,.....	5 00
Mrs Wm Richardson,.....	5 00
Mrs Joseph Medbery,.....	10 00
A Friend,.....	1 25
Mr Henry Lampert,.....	10 00
"Early Birds" and "Unfortunate Worms,"	60 00

\$590 25

The Treasurer is unable to mention by name many gentlemen who paid so liberally for their dinners.

Agents.

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

Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.

L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.

" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.

" MARY W. DAVIS, "

Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "

" PHEBE D. JAVENPORT, Lookport.

Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.

Miss ADA MILLER, "

" JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.

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

" PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.

" LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

Children's Department.

From The Nursery.

Somebody's Coming.

Kris Kringle is coming,

Kris Kringle is coming,

Kris Kringle is coming to town!

He wears a big pack

On the top of his back,

And looks like a funny old clown.

Now wait just a minute,

I'll tell what is in it,

Then won't your eyes sparkle with joy!

There's something with curls

For good little girls,

And something as nice for each boy.

There are flaxen-haired dollies,

And all sorts of follies,

To please little folks Christmas day;

There are gay horses prancing,

And dandy jacks dancing,

And every thing fitted for play.

From Kris Kringle's chin

Hangs a plenty of tin—

For trumpets and watches and drums;

Noah's ark painted red,

A little doll's bed,

And soldiers with very big guns.

From out of his pockets

He'll take sugar lackets,

And candies, all red, white and blue;

And there'll be kisses

For nice little misses,

And sweet meats in plenty for you.

Oh! won't there be funning,

And laughing and running,

When little folks peep in their hose,

And pull out the candy,

And everything handy,

Stuffed full to the end of the toes!

Then hang up your stockings,

Oh! won't there be knockings,

When Kris Kringle enters the town!

He wears a big pack

On the top of his back,

And looks like a funny old clown!

AUNT CLARA.

HOW TO BE ABLE TO GIVE. — A poor blind girl brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, saying, "You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, but I can afford to give these thirty shillings better perhaps than you suppose." "How so?" "I am sir, a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now I am sure, in the last dark winter, it must have cost those girls who have eyes, more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

"Thou God Seest Me."

THROUGH all the busy daylight,
Through all the quite night,
Whether the stars are in the sky,
Or the sun is shining bright—
In the nursery, in the parlor,
In the street, or on the stair—
Though I may seem to be alone,
Yet God is always there.
He knows each word I mean to speak
Before the word is spoken;
He knows the thoughts within my heart,
Although I give no token.
Whatever I may do, wherever I may be'
Although I see him not, yet He sees me.

List of our Little Agents.

Mary Perkins, Rochester,
Florie Montgomery, "
Fanny and Ella Colburn, Rochester,
Fanny Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass.
S. Hall, Henrietta,
Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
Mary Lane, "
Samuel B. Wood, "
Libbie Renfrew, "
Ella Van Zandt, Albany,
Minnie Montgomery, Rochester,
Mary Watson, "

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy and Dr. Whitbeck.

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

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
Three Months,.... 2 00	One Third Column,.... 12 00
Six Months,..... 3 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
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A Column contains eight Squares.

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AND SILKS FOR WALKING SUITS.

A great stock of Black Silks, at prices from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere. The finest stock of "Bonnet" and "Tapisserie" silks in the State. Prices, from \$5 to \$8. Other fine makes lower. Black Silks at \$2.25, worth \$2.75. For \$2.00 as good as customers are asked \$3 to \$3.50 for in many places. Our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00 Silks cannot be matched by at least 50c. to 1.00 per yard, in Western New York.

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H. G. HAMILTON, } 21 Buffalo Street,
A. S. HAMILTON, }
ROBERT MATHEWS. } NOV. '67. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

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Rochester, N.Y.

H. A. BLAUW,
Chemist & Apothecary

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

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Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
Trusses, &c.

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51 State Street, (West side.)

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Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
Nov. 1867. 1y

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—AND—

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M. V. BEEMER,

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Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,

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Walls Whitened or Tinted,
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In the most reliable and satisfactory manner.

All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St.,
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Oct. 1865

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Looking Glasses, Picture Frames,

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Oct. 1867.

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

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

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

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SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

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RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-pd. to '68. G. W. COLER.

SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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[Established in 1820.]

Jan. 1866.

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OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street, 1

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

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Vice Presidents.....PATRICK BARRY,
SAMUEL WILDER.
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Attorney—FREDERICK A. WHITTLESEY.

TRUSTEES:

George R. Clark, Patrick Barry, 1881
Lewis Selye, Thomas Parsons,
George J. Whitney, George G. Cooper,
Jarvis Lord, Samuel Wilder,
Martin Reed, David Upton,
Charles H. Chapin, Gilman H. Perkins,
Hamlet D. Scrantom, Oliver Allen, 1881
Edward M. Smith, Abraham S. Allen,
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A. Carter Wilder, James M. Whitney, 1881
Ebenezer E. Still.

The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

On all deposits not exceeding \$1500, when left for a period of not less than thirty days, INTEREST WILL BE ALLOWED FROM THE DATE OF THE DEPOSIT TO THE DATE OF WITHDRAWAL at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum; and on all sums exceeding \$1500, FIVE PER CENT. per annum, in like manner. DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR and upwards received.

FRED. D. ALLING,

Dealer in

Fine French Stationery,

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS,

INVITATIONS AND MONOGRAMS,

INITIAL STAMPING,

Plain, in Colors and Gold.

CRESTS, COATS OF ARMS, GOLD PENS,

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FANCY GOODS, &c.

57 Buffalo Street,

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ROCHESTER, N.Y.

REYNOLDS & WILSON, PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

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Copper Bath Tubs, Copper Boilers,

And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.

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C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av. to

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Morning Glory Stoves and Furnaces.

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Nov. 1867. 1y

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY, 1869.

No. 6.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

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

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

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

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

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER II.

WILL'S WARNING.

"Have you really and truly cats in your basket, Dame?" asked Walter, as a subdued mew was heard, making Will start.

"Aye, truly, why not? Don't you think an old woman wants something for company in the long winter evenings? You thoughtless young ones never think of that!"

"A cat is good company sometimes!" said Will. "My sister, who lies abed all day, with the weakness in her back, used to think all the world of her big grey cat; and when it died of old age the other day,

she wept over it as if it had been a Christian, instead of a dumb beast."

"And there's many a Christian, so called, who deserves tears far less than a faithful dumb beast, seeing that they do no good, either to themselves or others," replied the old woman. "But yet a man is better than a beast," returned Will, doubtfully! "Parson says a man has a mind, and the beast has none!"

"And of what good is his mind, if he only uses it to disgrace himself, and make others miserable?" asked the old woman, severely. "Or of what good is his wit, if he only employs it to find out ways of wickedness and debauchery, till he makes himself lower than the lowest beast that walks. I tell you my fine lads, there is a day coming, when many a man who now holds his head high, and talks loud, and blasphemes his Maker, would rejoice to change places with the poorest donkey that grazes on the common here—aye, or the least little crab that crawls on the shore yonder!" The boys exchanged awestruck glances. "You mean the day of Judgment," said Walter.

"Aye, or on the day of death either. There, lads, you need go no farther; and many thanks for your help and your company. You stop a minute, Will Atkins!"

Will stopped, looking rather scared, as not knowing what was going to happen to him. The old woman opened her basket,

and took out a beautiful tortoise shell kitten.

"There, take that to your poor sister, Will, and an old woman's blessing with it. 'Tis a pretty creature, and may serve to divert her. For you, Walter Corbit, I have naught but thanks and prayers. Go your ways home, be good lads, honor your parents and serve God, and doubt not your days will be long in the land." So saying, the old woman turned and hobbled along the road which led to the moor, with more activity than could have been expected of her. The two boys stood looking at her, and then at each other—Will holding the kitten, which already began to purr as if pleased with the change from the basket to his arms.

"What shall I do with this little beast," asked Will, finally, looking down at the kitten.

"Carry it home to your sister," replied Walter, "what else should you do with it?"

"But if she should mean to put a spell on me, Watty? They say witches do so sometimes. What if this should be one of her imps?"

"Stuff and nonsense, Will Atkins! 'Tis a pretty, harmless creature, and will please the poor maid well. As for the old woman, she talks more like a parson than like a witch, to my thinking."

"And that's true too, and the poor brute looks harmless enough—only hear how it purrs," said Will, who was, after all, a soft-hearted lad. "Besides, it is not likely that the old woman, if she be a witch, will do us a mischief, after our helping her on her way home. To be sure, I did set on her with the other lads, and maybe she will bear malice for that. But then, if I let the cat go in the field, she may not like that either."

Walter burst out laughing.—

"You great oaf. Take the cat home, and make no more ado, read your Bible, say your prayers, tell truth, and shame the

Devil. I'll be bound poor Cicely won't be afraid of a spell; and as for you, if you are ever hung for a witch, there will be a rope thrown away. Come, if you linger shilly-shallying any longer, you are like to lose your supper, and that will be worse than any spell that poor old creature yonder is like to put upon you. I wonder what her name is?"

"Don't you know her? Why, 'tis old Dame Hurst, who lives up on the moor by Highbury, where the great stones are that men say were once a pagan temple."

"Was that Dame Hurst?" asked Walter.

"Aye it was, and maybe if you had known her name, you would not have been so ready to help her. Eh, Master Watty?"

"Nonsense, Will!" said Walter, recovering himself. "I dare swear there is no harm in her. A poor old woman cannot live by herself, with her cat in her chimney-corner, especially, if she knows more than her neighbors, and is able to use herbs and simples, but some one must call her a witch. And once let the cry get up, no matter how good and innocent she may be, all is of no avail. Into the water she goes, and whether she sink or swim, 'tis just as bad for her. I say it is a shame!"

"But there *are* witches, Watty! You can't deny that!" said Will, argumentatively. "I don't say any thing about that, Will. If there be, let them be fairly tried, say I, and not turned over to the rabble, to be abused, as that poor thing was at Exeter the other day. But, methinks, folks who believe in God and strive to serve Him, need not be so afraid of the devil, or the devil's servants."

"You talk like a book, Watty. If you would, but put your talk into practice. But, after all, when it comes to case in hand, you are about as apt to get into scrapes as any of us. There, now, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings!" he added, as Walter blushed, and hung his head; "so don't be vexed with me."

"Oh I know you say true, Willy. I know it, myself. I can think what is right as well as any body, but when it comes to action, it really does seem sometimes as though I needed no more than to resolve against something wrong, to ensure my doing it directly. I am a miserable fellow, and sometimes I think the best thing which could happen, for myself and my friends, would be for me to break my neck off Freshwater Cliff, some fine night, and never be seen again."

"Why, now, there you go!" said Will Atkins. "Just like you Walty. You are either out of sight in the clouds, or you are clear down to the bottom of the ocean. And if what Mother Hurst said be true, and I suppose it is, we might neither of us be the better for falling off Freshwater, seeing we might chance to tumble into a worse place than even Dobby's pool."

Walter made no reply, to this last remark, and the boys walked on in silence till they came to a little gate in the rough stone wall which on the side of the village bounded the domains of lady Ends.

For the Ho-pital Review.

Questioning and Response.

If I really knew the sun
Would not shine for me to-morrow,
Would there any good be done,
Were I therefore grief to borrow?

If I knew another year,
I should in my grave be sleeping,
Should I hold the friends more dear
That would then for me be weeping?

If I knew that the sweet ties
Which I cherish now would sever;
Would it be a sad surprise
If they re-united never?

No—for if to-day be bright,
Little care I for the morrow;
If death cometh with the night,
I can greet it without sorrow.

And the friends I love so true,
Could not to my heart be dearer,
If the hour I only knew
That will bring our parting nearer.

But Love's pure and hallowed bond
Never can by death be broken;
Stronger will it grow beyond,
Where no farewell words are spoken!

KATE CAMERON.

"Be Still."

"Our worthy forefathers," said Gotthold, "have left us a tale in verse, of which the purpose is to show how difficult, and yet how necessary it is sometimes to keep silence. The substance of the story is as follows:—

"Hans Priem was admitted into Paradise on the express condition that he was not to indulge a habit he had acquired, of censuring and criticising whatever came under his notice. Accordingly, he saw two angels carrying a beam crossways and knocking it against every object they met, but said nothing. He next saw two other angels drawing water from a fountain and pouring it into a cask which had holes in the bottom, and was much surprised, but still held his peace. At many other things of the same kind he also suppressed his laughter and his remarks, apprehending that he might otherwise be expelled from the place. At last, however, he saw a cart stuck fast in the mire, with one pair of horses yoked into it before and another pair behind, and the carter urging both simultaneously forward. This being a matter which belonged to his own profession, it was more than Hans could do to refrain from, criticising it, and the consequence was that he was seized by two angels and turned to the door. Before it closed behind him, however, he looked back and perceived that *the horses were winged*, and had succeeded in drawing the cart out of the mud into the air; nor can there be any doubt that in the other cases of the beam and the cask there were equally good reasons for what was done.

"Wherefore, let us learn to hold our peace and refrain from censuring the ways of God. But where am I running? For praising silence, I have become loquacious. My God! do Thou Thyself instruct me when to speak and when to hold my tongue."—*Gotthold's Emblems*.

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow men is shut.

From Hours at Home.

The Watch at the Sepulchre—The Centurion.

From East to West I've marched beneath the eagles:

From Pontius unto Gaul,
Kept many a watch, on which by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until those rocks re-echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form unshrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forest, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set,
And heard the lion roar; and in this forearm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel eyes gleam; then he seized me,
And instant met his death.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep;
Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind, moaning, glides among the olives
Till every hill-side sighs:
But round us here the moaning seems to muster
And gather where He lies.

And through the darkness faint, pale gleams are
That touch this hill alone; [shadows
Whence those unearthly lights, and whence the
That move upon the stone!

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But his, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding.
And put my soul to shame;
As if my mother with her eyes was pleading.
And pity overcame.

But could not save. He who in death was hang-
On the accursed tree,
Was He the son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face;
What if he rose again, and I should meet him?
How awful is this place.

From the Springfield, Mass., Republican.

How to be Comfortable in Bad Weather.

As winter now fairly commences his reign, we will give a few directions how to best endure the assaults of his principal attendant, the "cold." No rubber strips, no hot air, ventilating, base-burner furnace will defend us from his grasp. Nor must we think to expel him by huddling around the register, or cowering over a stove. Keep away from the fire as much as possible. Those who breathe the close, heated air of their pleasant (?) apartments, cannot for one instant conceive how much more brisk and happy they would be, nor how much more clear and vigorous their intellectual faculties, if they endeavored to warm themselves by exercise in the open air—by a short rapid walk in the clear cold atmosphere, rather than by sitting in a heated room all the cold day, and shivering and quivering if the door opens upon them; nor how lax and listless they are rendered by artificial heat. Abundance of exercise, free respiration in the open air, inhaling quantities of the bracing tonic-ozone, and good food, is the great receipt for keeping comfortable in the cold weather.

To one accustomed to out-door exercise the stifling air of an apartment is unbearable. He feels that he must throw open all the windows, else he will suffocate. But let him make known his desire, and stay-in-doors inmates are horrified—petrified! What? Open windows with the mercury at zero? The idea is shocking! Let us tell you, madam, "that if you will leave the room for ten minutes, and allow the pure air to circulate freely through it, you will complain no more of the heavy sensation in your head, or the severe neuralgic pains in your temples." Many persons think if a room is aired after breakfast it is enough—but we beg to differ from them if the room is used constantly. In that case the windows should be opened while the family are in the dining room, and closed before they return. We deprecate draughts (unless in banks) as much as any one can, and are indebted to them for many aches and pains; but we are the champions of good fresh air, and shall always sing its praises. It is a gift from heaven, free to all, yet some of us seem little inclined to benefit by it, though it is as needful for our well-being as beef-steak or bread and butter.

The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay me"—Say it, darling;
 "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
 O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
 And the curly head dropped low;
 "I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
 You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly;
 Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,
 And the child was fast to sleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
 When I clasped her to my breast;
 And the dear voice softly whispered,
 "Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
 Of the child-heart! Would that I
 Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
 He who hears my feeblest cry.

According to the Resolution.

Recently, at a missionary meeting of the negroes of one of the richest negro churches of this city, the following resolutions were passed unanimously: 1. Resolved, That we will give something. 2. Resolved, that we will give according to our ability. 3. Resolved, That we will give willingly. After the resolutions were read and approved, and passed, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, and put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich—almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small bill. "Take dat back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust resolution but not 'cordin' to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back to his seat, much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a larger bill on the table, saying, "Dar, take dat." It was a twenty dollar greenback, but it was given with so much ill-temper that the chairman answered, "No sah; that won't do! Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust and second resolutions, but not 'cordin' to de third." He was obliged to take it up again

Still angry with himself, the rich old negro sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table and, with a smile on his countenance, laid a large sum of money on the table. "Dar, dat berry well," said the presiding negro; "dat will do; dat am 'cordin' to all de resolutions."—*Montgomery Mail.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. JANUARY, 1869.

Visit to the Hospital.

The changes undergoing in the Hospital, on our previous visit, we found all completed. The lower Male Ward is now occupied by the soldiers—almost exclusively. It is well filled—and a sad place, and a sacred place it is. Of the group of young men before us—twenty-seven in all—each one had suffered, and had laid down his life—not to sleep with others of our country's heroes, covered with glory, but, sadder still, a living sacrifice. To a young, hopeful, manly spirit, what doom like this—to be maimed, and crippled, and helpless, perhaps for a lifetime. These soldiers in our Hospital, have a special claim upon the citizens of Rochester. Is everything being done for their physical comfort, and for their souls, which they deserve from us? Do we think of them—do we visit them—do we seek to brighten their long daily martyrdom—or do we allow them to feel that they are forgotten, and their costly sacrifices unappreciated?

One poor fellow, J. F. K., with consumption, brought on by hardships and exposure, interested us much. We could see that he had failed since our last visit. Met W. D., in the hall, who had a sad story to tell us of the death of his baby, which he had buried on the Tuesday before.

In the upper Male Ward, we found our three little boys, very much improved. Georgie V., so much better that he was dressed and sitting up. Christmas and Santa Claus had been very lavish in this

corner—such quantities of nice things as we saw—books, toys, and a new suit for each! M. E., so badly injured in Graves' machine shop, much better. Another poor young fellow we found here, with his hand all gone but the thumb and one finger, by an accident in a wood-yard. The Norwegian is back again—his face livid as ever.

The blind man was in the Nursery, as usual. A little girl, of three months, has found a good home, as we trust, within the month—and one is now earnestly desired for a boy. Not as many children as usual in this Ward.

We missed "Grandma" in her accustomed corner—sunny, cheery, grandma B.—ever with her knitting—ever with her playful word and smile of welcome! We shall see her no more. It was with sad hearts that we learned of her sudden death. We recalled so vividly our last pleasant visit with her, and we were touched to learn that even in her last hours, she had talked of it, and of us. Dear old Grandma B! We shall miss her sadly on our accustomed visits. Bridget, better—Christmas had brought her two new caps, which she exhibited with an air of serene satisfaction. A new sweet face we found among the sufferers—little Maggie D., an orphan. Mrs. B., with varicose veins, much better. We admired her cheerful spirit. On entering the adjacent apartment, we drew back at the white, emaciated face of a patient with consumption, which met us. She seemed so very ill—gasping and struggling for breath. Her story was a sad one—forsaken by her husband, when sickness came—left to struggle alone with little children—and finally, to end her days in the Hospital—and he a man of wealth. We looked at her with tender interest—still young—traces of beauty still lingering in the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks. A hard and bitter struggle it had been—but it was nearly over now. The lamp of life was feebly, faintly flicker-

ing—and, as we have since heard, has gone out forever. She died only the day after our visit. "There is rest for the weary"—and we trust for her.

"Good News from a far Country."

We have heard much of the whole-souled generosity—the large-heartedness—as well as chivalry, of Californians—and if the following may be regarded as a fair sample of their way of doing things—we must say, we like it, and that they deserve their reputation. We who, we must confess—get so weary and discouraged, sometimes, over our "Review," and the small increase of its circulation, know how to appreciate a letter like this. We wish our anonymous friend would give us his name—but we trust that he will receive our hearty thanks, just the same, and that none of his friends will regret subscribing for our little paper. We hope to hear from him and from them again:

WINNEMUCCA, Humboldt Co., Nevada, }
December 5th, 1868. }

Editor Hospital Review:

RESPECTED LADY—For the last three years, I have been regularly in receipt of your valuable and interesting little paper, sent me gratuitously by a highly esteemed and loved little niece of your city. My conscience protests against my continuing to receive so much gratification unacknowledged; and therefore I propose paying for the three years that I have already received it, and also for three years to come—the latter in advance. You will please send the paper to Miss Fannie Falls, Vallejo, California.

Now, I will account for the writing of this letter. I was spending a few weeks on business up here in Nevada, and the last number of the "Review" which I received, was at this point, having been forwarded by the postmaster of Vallejo. It so happened that a number of gentlemen were present at the arrival of the mails, and got a glimpse of my little paper, which I had opened and was proceeding to read aloud, apparently to the deep interest of each. On discovering this interest, I at once proposed that all should subscribe for it. The

motion was unanimously adopted, with the amendment, that the amount be forwarded in coin, or its equivalent in currency. Enclosed, therefore, please find the sum necessary to cover both questions.

The following is a list of the subscribers, with their address: * * * *

With profound regard for you, and sincere and heartfelt wishes for the success, continuance and general prosperity of your noble and praiseworthy labors, I have the honor to be, Madam,

Very respectfully,
AN EX-OFFICER IN THE
LATE WAR FOR THE UNION.

Election of Officers.

At a meeting of the Directors of the "Rochester City Hospital," held at the Mayor's office, January 7th, 1869, the following Officers and Committees were elected:

GEORGE H. MUMFORD, President,
AARON ERICKSON, Vice President,
EDWARD M. SMITH, Sec'y and Treas.

Executive Committee.

GEORGE H. MUMFORD, LEVI A. WARD,
SAMUEL WILDER, JAMES BRACKETT,
EDWARD M. SMITH.

Committee on Auditing Accounts.

SAMUEL WILDER, LEVI A. WARD,
AARON ERICKSON, GEORGE H. MUMFORD.

Committee on Grounds.

JAMES BRACKETT, SAMUEL WILDER,
AARON ERICKSON, GEORGE H. MUMFORD.

Correspondence.

"E. A. S." will please accept our thanks for her kind consent to act as agent at Niagara Falls—and for the interest she expresses in our paper:

NIAGARA FALLS, Jan. 18, 1869.

MRS. WM. H. P.:

Dear Madam—Enclosed, you will find subscription money for the "Review," from the following ladies, who have taken your little paper the past year. * * * *

I will act as agent here, doing all I can, for your interesting little paper. Thus far, I have been able to obtain but one new name, as I have been ill for some months past.

Hoping soon to be able to send you a few more names,

I remain,

Yours, respectfully,

E. A. S.

PRATT HOUSE, WOODSTOCK, Ill., Dec. 17, '69.

MRS. M. M. M.:

Dear Madam—On leaving Rochester last August, I visited the "Rochester City Hospital," and subscribed for the "Review," giving my address and subscription to the Matron; but have failed to receive a single copy. I learned subsequently through my friends in Rochester, that my paper had been sent to Stockbridge, Ill., instead of Woodstock. My subscription was paid until next August. I feel very sorry to have lost the perusal of those missing numbers, but hope they may be the means of benefiting your cause, into whatever hands they may have fallen.

Believe me a friend to your Hospital—that beautiful home for suffering humanity.

MRS. J. S. D.

PITTSFORD, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1869.

MRS. WM. H. P.:

Dear Madam—I presume my subscription for the "Review," must have run out before this time. I enclose two dollars, with best wishes.

Yours, respectfully,

H. L.

ROCHESTER, Jan. 6, 1869.

DEAR MRS. P.:

Enclosed, please find one dollar. I wish to renew my subscription for your very interesting little paper, and I have the pleasure of adding one new subscriber to your list.

MRS. D. C.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, November 11th, 1868, of typhoid fever, Lizzie Mowrey, aged 19 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, December 12, '68, of typhoid fever, A. H. Knox, aged 23 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 14, 1868, of paralysis, Thomas P. Officer, aged 48 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 22, 1868, Charles D. Noty, aged 23 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 23, 1868, Mrs. Mary P. Brigham, aged 80 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 24, 1868, of disease of the heart, William McFilly, aged 51 years.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM DECEMBER 15 TO JANUARY 15.

Mrs. P. Nestle—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,.....	\$.50
Mrs. Andrew Rowley, Victor; Miss Libbie Rolston, Mrs. S. S. Forbes—By Mrs. Perkins.....	1 50
Mrs. D. Clarke, Mrs. Mansfield, Taylorville—By Mrs. Clarke.....	1 00
Miss Allgood, Mrs. Kratt, Miss Manville—By Miss Allgood,.....	1 50
Mrs. Gibbs—By Miss Mary Waite.....	50
Mary Cox, Scottsville; Maria Converse, Farmington—By Mrs. Renouf.....	1 00
Mrs D. M. Dewey, Mrs. Geo. Shelton—By Miss Shelton,.....	1 00

Miss Fannie Falls (6 yr's), Vallejo, Cal.; L. C. Corey, J. Y. Buchanan, H. P. Campbell, George C. Jones, J. C. Fitzgerald, T. V. Julian, R. G. Head, J. G. Phillips, Alex. Wise, R. Thompson, Austin Gilson, J. M. White, L. D. Webb, J. A. Blossom, Hez. Barnes, T. G. Negua, Winnemucca, Humboldt Co., Nevada—By an ex-Officer in the late War for the Union, of Vallejo, Solano Co., California.....	15	50
Miss Wingate, West Rush—By Miss Arner	0	50
Mrs Hallowell, Rush (3½ years), Mrs B Allison, Manchester. (6 mo's); Mrs J Melvin (3 sub), Mrs C P Bush (3 yrs), Mrs Tut-hill (2 yrs); John Anderson, Adams' Bas-sin. (3 yrs)—By Mrs Mathews.....	15	00
Mrs Parkhurst, Elba—By Mrs Roderick...	50	
Sale of "Review".....	04	
Mrs J Gifford, Fisher's; Mrs Whitecomb, E. Mendon—By Mrs Gifford.....	1	00
Miss Jennie Porter, Mrs Grant, Mrs Slocum, Mrs F. M. Clark, Mrs W F Evans, Mrs H N Griffith—By Miss Ella A Spencer, Ni-agara Falls.....		
Miss E A Taylor.....		
Rev H Lockwood, Pittsford—By Mrs Per-kins.....	2	00
Miss Lottie Brooks, Henrietta; Dr Jones (3 years)—By Dr. Jones.....	2	00
Mrs. E. A. Hurlburt, George Hurlburt, Per-ry Center—By Mrs. Hurlburt.....	1	00
M F Reynolds & Co., Advertisement \$5	00	
M V Beemer, Advertisement, 1 year	5	00
N G Hawley,	"	5 00
C B Woodworth & Son,	"	5 00
James R Chamberlin,	"	5 00
Adams & Ellis,	"	5 00
George Breck,	"	5 00
Hyde & Bachus,	2	" 10 00
A S Mann & Co.	1	" 15 00
S F & W Witherspoon,	2	" 10 00
George N Storms,	1	" 5 00
Smith & Perkins,	1	" 10 00
By Mrs Perkins.....		\$80 00

Superintendent's Report.

1868, Dec. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital 112	
Received during the month, 28—140	
Discharged, 31	
Deaths, 5—	36
Remaining Jan. 1st, 1869,	104

Agents.

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

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
 L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
 " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
 " MARY W. DAVIS, "
 Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
 " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
 Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
 Miss ADA MILLER, "
 " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
 " LILLIAN J. RENNERT, Phelps, Ont. Co.
 " PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
 " LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

Children's Department.

From Aunt Judy's Magazine.

Afraid in the Dark; or, What Happened to Mark.

The night was stormy, and very dark;

Alone in his little bed lay Mark:

"What is that at the window? hark!

"Something seems to rustle and quiver;

Can it be the rushes by the river?

I am so frightened it makes me shiver."

Conscience whispered, "Get up, Mark;

Why should you be afraid in the dark?

Open the shutter—look out on the park."

"No fire," said Mark, "not even a spark;

I wish old Spot would begin to bark,

I feel so lonely all in the dark."

Conscience whispered, soft and clear,

"Get up, Mark, there's nothing to fear;

Why do you lie like a coward here?

Slowly, fearfully, Mark arose,

From between the curtains peeped out his nose,

And two little feet from under the clothes.

"There again; I heard it quite plain,

Something tapped at the window pain."

Mark could no longer his terror restrain.

He jumped back to bed in a terrible fright,

Stopped his ears with his pillow quite,

And rolled himself up in his bedclothes tight.

Mark fell quickly to sleep again,

And that faint little noise at the window pane

Still rustled on, but all in vain.

Next day the sun shone, and in its beam

All the fears of the past night seem

Past away like a fearful dream.

Ice on the river, snow on the mead,

A glorious day for sliding indeed;

Mark started up and dressed with speed.

"What was it last night frightened me?

I can't imagine what it could be,

I had better open the window and see."

A little white pigeon for warmth had fled

To this window-sill, and there lay—DEAD:

Close to the glass was its poor little head.

The cold night blast had frozen it fast;
It had struggled and fluttered, and died at
last;
Its poor little life and its pain were past.

Mark did not speak; the tiny pink beak
He gently pressed to his own warm cheek,
Then ran with the pigeon his mother to
seek.

"Oh, mother, it might have lived!" he said,
"If I had only jumped out of bed;
And now you see, it is quite, quite dead."

Mark resolved, as he dug the white pigeon's
grave,
No longer of fear to be the slave,
But always strive to succor and save;
And now he's a man, and a sailor brave.

From the New York Observer.

Story of a Christmas Carol.

BY MISS A. M. DANA, BOSTON.

It was Christmas eve. The city of N—
was one blaze of light, as the windows of
the various shops, with their brilliant array
of goods for the holidays, shot out their
beams, as if in rivalry one with the other;
while hurrying crowds, with smiles of
pleasant anticipations upon their faces,
bustled to and fro, to make their last pur-
chases for the coming festival. The cheer-
ful lights from the windows of the dwell-
ings, also seemed to speak of joy and
gladness within.

But let us get from these gay and festive
scenes into a little court, leading from one
of the principal business streets of the city,
where stood a row of rickety wooden
houses, with moss covered roofs and broken
chimneys having had for many years the
same appearance outwardly that they still
bore, that of falling to the ground at any
moment. In the first of these tenements,
within a lower room, the want and misery
of which was faintly revealed by a gas-
light, which burned in front of the window
outside, sat a lad of about fifteen years of
age, with a girl a few years older than
himself.

"Come, sister," said the boy, "we ought
to go now, before it is later and colder."

"No, Marco," answered the girl gently,
"you must not go to-night; you are not
strong enough."

"But I shall feel better when I get out."

"You know you have had nothing to
eat all day," remonstrated his sister, "and
you will be faint."

"Do you not remember, Lisette,"—and
here his voice faltered—"that three years
ago last night, when our mother died, she
called me to her bed, and asked me to bring
her harp to her; and, when I had brought
it, how she said 'Marco, take this harp and
keep it for my sake. It is all I have now
to remind me of my dear home in old
Italy. Play it often, and to-morrow night,
on the Holy Christmas eve, go into the
streets with it, sing of Him whom I feel I
shall then have seen. I shall be singing to
Him, while you are singing of Him, and'—"

Here the boy broke down in a flood of
tears, as the vivid recollection of that scene,
that voice now hushed, their desolate con-
dition overwhelmed him; and his sister,
seeing it would be a relief to his mind to
go out, brought him his treasured harp,
which he spent some time in tuning.

Marco was born blind, and never having
known the blessedness of eyesight, he could
not as much realize the loss. His nature
was highly sensitive, and, together with a
fanciful turn of mind, could highly enjoy
all that was told him by his faithful guide,
as it occurred in real life, or among the
beauties of nature.

The street-door soon opened, and the
two coming out, pursued their way, the
girl carefully guiding the brother's steps,
who, with his loved harp at his side, leaned
confidingly on her.

"Let us go to the rich houses first
Marco," said Lisette.

"The poor ones, please," answered the
boy; "the Christ-child came first to a
stable, and these must hear of Him before,
the others."

Then they came in a miserable dimly-
lighted street, and stopped before the
wretched dwellings there, into whose cor-
ners such sweet strains had never before
entered. Marco struck a few sweet chords
upon the instrument and then with his
sweet, plaintive voice, sang the following
hymn, which his mother taught him when
quite young, and which having sung with
her for many years, he still continued to do
so for her sake.

"There came a Little Child to earth

Long ago,

And the angels of God proclaimed His birth
High and low:

Out in the night, so calm and still,

Their song was heard;

For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's
hill

Was Christ the Lord.

"Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white—
In white more pure than the spotless sun;
While their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago,
On Christmas night.

"They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born;
And, that they might the crown of glory share,
Wore a crown of thorn;
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might in glory reign
With Him on high.

"He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land,
And He leads to where fountains of water flow
That chosen band.
And, for evermore, in their robes so fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare,
Who was once a child."

As his voice rang out upon the air, many came to the window, or gathered about him, to hear the glad news of a Savior's birth, who had never known his name. And thus the boy and girl passed on through the most miserable streets of the city, until they reached the luxurious homes of the rich.

"Here is a house with the curtains up," said the sister. "There is a bright fire in the parlor, and the father, mother and children, are all sitting around it. Will you sing here?"

"Do they look happy?" asked the boy.

"O yes, brother; I think they must know who Jesus is."

Tuning the harp anew, Marco commenced the oft-repeated tale. Never had his voice seemed so clear and sweet, and yet so beautifully sad. The groupe inside the house ran to the window on hearing the music, saw the two figures on the sidewalk, and heard about what the boy was singing.

"What a beautiful voice he has," said the lady.

"I should think they would be very cold; cannot we ask them to come in?" asked the children of their father.

"If mother is willing," he replied. She was very glad to grant their request; and going to the door, asked them to come in by the fire.

"The lady asks us to come into the house, Marco, shall we go."

"I thought I heard my mother's voice," said the boy, as if lost in thought; "she

calls to me to come," then rousing himself he answered, "Yes, sister, we will go."

They went up the steps into this pleasant home, where the children had father and mother and every comfort of life.

"Oh how nice and warm," exclaimed the boy as he entered the room.

"Come nearer to the fire, my lad," said the gentleman. "Cannot he see?" he asked observing that he did not move.

"No sir; he is blind," said his sister.

Come, Marco, I will lead you to a seat. The fire is so beautiful, so warm, you will be all well now." And the two orphans sat by that home hearth, the comforts of which they had never realized, having been born and brought up in poverty.

"Let me take your harp," said the lady, "you must be tired carrying it about."

"Oh no," he said clinging closely to it, "do not take it away, I cannot let it go from me to-night."

"Then you love it very much?"

"It was my mother's, she gave it to me just before she died." Then he told the story of that touching scene, while the tears stole unconsciously down the cheeks of the hearers as he related it. "And I know," he continued, "that she—my angel mother—leans down from heaven to catch the hymn I sing, and echoes it on her golden harp. I thought I heard her to-night."

"What was that you were singing?" asked the lady.

"It is a hymn that tells us about Jesus."

"Then you know who Jesus is?"

The boy turned his face around to the spot from whence her voice proceeded, so that the firelight revealed the delicate contour of his face, and said earnestly: "Because my eyes cannot see, is no reason why my soul should be blind."

"Won't you please sing us the hymn," asked the children, "if you are not too tired?"

"He will love to sing it to you," said his sister, "he is never tired of repeating it."

"There came a little child to earth," he sang and clearer and stronger grew his voice as he proceeded, while a radiance came over his face, as if he was hearing in reality the echo of the heavenly host.

When he sang the words, "And forever more in their robes so fair," his voice burst forth with unwonted strength, as if he could not express his own joy sufficiently. "Those ransomed children," he warbled but feebler than before, "his praise de-

clare who was once a—" He ceased, and the blood slowly oozed from his mouth, The burst of praise had been too much for the frail spirit so sensitively formed.

His sister, screaming, rushed to his side; but the lady tried to calm her, saying that he should be taken up stairs and provided for.

Marco seemed to hear these words, for his lips moved, and his sister, bending down, heard the word "home."

"I think he would like to be carried home, ma'am. Do not think him ungrateful, it was our mother's home, you know."

The boys lips moved again; "Mother," he murmured.

The gentleman, leaving the room, ordered a carriage, in which he deposited the light form of the little musician, still holding the harp with a tight grasp. His sister followed and they were soon at home. He was laid on his own little bed, while the physician, who had been summoned, tried every possible means to rouse him from his stupor. But all seemed useless, and having left directions to be carried out when he should awake, he took his leave.

For a long time, Marco lay perfectly motionless, the stillness of the room unbroken, save by the occasional sobs of Lisette, as she watched by his side.

At twelve o'clock the chimes of the neighboring church were played, to usher in the holy time of Christmas. The boy stirred slightly as if the sound had awakened him. When they ceased, he suddenly roused himself, put out his hands at the side of the bed, and felt for his harp. Having found it there, he lifted it up with wondrous strength, struck one full, sweet chord, as of a great amen, then sunk back upon his pillow.

The morning dawned, bringing its glad light to many a happy face and heart, as the joyous day arrived, but on the face of Marco rested a smile, a radiance brighter than earth with all her joys could ever give.

His eyes were opened! He had seen Jesus!

* * * * *

Years have since passed away. In a handsome house within this same city, embellished with every mark of elegance and comfort, lives a lady, who, though much older than when we last heard of her, is no other than the sister of Marco. She often relates the story of her early life and wanderings to her children, while the dear, old

harp, regarded as sacred by them all, remains a silent witness in one corner of the parlor. The strings have never been touched since the one who so loved to strike its chords has completed his own soul-harmony in heaven.

At evening, when the lamps are lighted, the children beg their mother not to draw the curtains. "Some boy and girl may come to-night and sing," they say, and so the home light beams out upon any poor homeless wanderers who may chance to gaze upon it.

Should you drive a few miles out of the city, you will come to a quiet cemetery, where, in a secluded spot under a willow tree, is a grave. At its foot a love token of flowers is ever placed, while on the head stone one may read the following inscription:

MARCO BINO:

born

April 3, 18—;

died

Dec. 25, 18—.

"And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

"And the eyes of the blind shall be opened."

A Child to the New Year.

BY REV. J. E. HANKIN.

O sweet New Year, with brow of snow,
What wilt thou bring to me?
I wonder if 'twere wrong to know
What are the things to be!

The Old Year was so good and kind,
We wanted him to stay;
But he grew cold, and deaf, and blind,
And so was borne away.

And hast thou gifts for girls and boys?
Hast any skates or sleds?
Hast thou for baby any toys;
For dolls hast any beds?

The Old Year, too, my birthday brought:
Will it be so with thee?
Or, soon will lie in some lone spot
All that is left of me.

O sweet New Year, I kneel each night,
And say my little prayer;
I'll kneel again in morning's light,
And ask the Saviour's care.

And sweet New Year, if thou dost know,
So very wise thou art;
O show me how, before thou go,
To give to Him my heart.

Honesty the Best Policy.

A few days ago a youth of about sixteen came from the country to Boston to fill a subordinate situation in one of our first mercantile houses.—The head of the firm received the youth in the most kindly manner, and caused his son to take the stranger around town and show him the principal places during the afternoon of his arrival. While amusing themselves in this way the stranger youth told his companion that in coming along in the train that morning, he had given a boy a bright cent for a pond-lily, and that the coin having been mistaken for a five cent one the vender of lilies had paid him four cents back as change. The merchant's son questioned the honesty of the transaction, but the young man from the country defended it on the score of its smartness. Shocked however, at the absence of principle in his companion, the merchant's boy told his father of the transaction, who next morning interrogated the young man from the country concerning it, and found that he was somewhat inclined to pride himself on account of the act.

"Was the cheating of a poor boy who, perhaps, had a sick mother to provide for by his industry, not cruel, let alone its injustice?" queried the good merchant.

"It was his own look-out," the boy replied.

"Was your conduct not dishonest?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know that it was. He ought to have been smart enough not to give me the money."

"Young man," said the merchant, "I call your share in the matter stealing; and if the four cents had been so taken by me I believe they would have burned a hole in my pocket."

The youth boldly replied: "They have not burned a hole in mine, sir."

Disgusted at discovering such moral obliquity in the young man, the merchant told him it was impossible that he could employ one who exhibited such dishonest notions concerning a small thing, for in matters of greater importance the possessor of such loose ideas of honesty would most likely give way. With much good advice the youth was sent home to his father, with a letter from the merchant relating the affair stated above, and expressing regret that the circumstance had complete-

ly shut the boy from his confidence. So the young man lost an excellent chance of succeeding in life, and it is hoped that the lesson may teach him hereafter that "honesty is the best policy."

Miscellaneous.

A Nice Correspondent.

"The glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness for evening is come;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb;
I'm alone at my casement, for pappy
Is summoned to dinner at Kew;
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy—
I'm thinking of you.

"I wish you were here, were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear—
I'm dressed in your favorite color—
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
I'm wearing my lazuli necklace—
The necklace you fastened askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?"

"I want you to come and pass sentence
Or two or three books with a plot:
Of course you know Janet's Repentance:
I'm reading Sir Waverly Scott,
The story of Edgar and Lucy—
How thrilling, romantic and true!
The Master—his bride was a goosey—
Reminds me of you.

"To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning
The Beacon whose magic still lures,
For up there you discoursed about Browning,
That stupid old Browning of yours;
His nerve and his vogue are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due;
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

"I have heard how you shot at the Beaches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the report of your speeches,
And echoed the echoing cheer:
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
I envy their owners. I do!—
Small marvel that fashion is making
Her idol of you.

"Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph and fugitive bliss!

Sometimes I half wish I was merely

A plain or penniless Miss;

But, perhaps one is best with a measure

Of pelf; and I'm not sorry, too,

That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,

My dearest, to you.

"Your whim is for frolic and fashion,

Your taste is for letters and art;

This rhyme is the common-place passion

That grows in a fond woman's heart.

"Put it by in a dainty deposit

For relics—we all have a few!

Some day, love, they'll print it, because it

Was written to you."

F. L.—Every Saturday.

Lord Dudley, who was given to absent-mindedness, was once paying a morning visit to the beautiful Lady M—. He sat an unconscionably long time, and the lady after giving him some friendly hints, took up her work and tried to make conversation. Lord Dudley broke a long fit of silence by muttering, "A very pretty woman this Lady M—. She stays a detestably long time—I wish she'd go." He thought Lady M—was paying him a visit in his own house.

A Quaker said to a gunner during the Revolutionary war, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but, if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job—there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but I am not?"

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy and Dr. Whitbeck.

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

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

We Sell

CONSTANTLY—Brown and Bleached Cottons at retail, as low and lower, than New York wholesale prices. We claim to keep the best stock of the best Cottons made in this country.

A. S. MANN & CO.

MANTILLA SILKS,

AND SILKS FOR WALKING SUITS.

A great stock of Black Silks, at prices from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere. The finest stock of "Bonnet" and "Tapisserie" silks in the State. Prices, from \$5 to \$8. Other fine makes lower. Black Silks at \$2.25, worth \$2.75. For \$2.00 as good as customers are asked \$3 to \$3.50 for in many places. Our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00 Silks cannot be matched by at least 50c. to \$1.00 per yard, in Western New York.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 & 39 State Street.

ELWELL & MOSELY,

DEALER IN

MOURNING GOODS,

CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS,

Special Bargains in Black Silks and Alpaca,

No. 9 Main Street Bridge,

Jan. '96, 1yr

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HAMILTON BROTHERS & CO.

Dealers in

HARDWARE,

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

Mechanics' Tools, Agricult'l Implements,

HOUSE TRIMMINGS, LEATHER BELTING, &c.

H. G. HAMILTON,

A. S. HAMILTON.

ROBERT MATHEWS.

21 Buffalo Street,

NOV. '67. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC,

140 Buffalo Street

Rochester, N.Y.

M. F. REYNOLDS & Co.

(Established in 1842.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes & Colors,

Artists' and Painters' Materials,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

WINDOW & PLATE GLASS,

Nos. 5 & 7 Buffalo St., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

DEALERS IN

PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,

Nos. 10 & 12 Exchange St.

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

McVEAN & HASTINGS,

Dealers in

BOOK, PRINTING AND WRAPPING

PAPER.

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

WAREHOUSE, 69 STATE STREET,

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED, 1858.

GEO. N. STORMS,

Merchant Tailor

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

Formerly Roy & McFarlin's.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

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Dealers in

DRUGS; MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE.

mch, 1868. 1y

CYRUS F. PAINE.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

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

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

Orders left at

L. O. SPENCER'S,
will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1867.

E. L. THOMAS & CO.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSOON, ...\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OOLONGS,80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS,80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
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UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,\$1.25 "
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, ...\$1 and \$1.20 "
GROUND COFFEE, ...20c., 30c. and 40c. "

All goods sold by this Company are put up in, pound packages, with style, price, and *guarantee*, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866.

1y

62 Buffalo Street.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

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

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

BUELL & BREWSTER,

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

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

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Rochester, Sept., 1866

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,

Smith's Arcade,

DEALER IN

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

President.....GEORGE R. CLARK.
Vice Presidents.....{ PATRICK BARRY,
 { SAMUEL WILDER,
Secretary & Treasurer—JOHN H. ROCHESTER.
Attorney—FREDERICK A. WHITTLESEY.

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A. Carter Wilder,	James M. Whitney.
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The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

On all deposits not exceeding \$1500, when left for a period of not less than thirty days, INTEREST WILL BE ALLOWED FROM THE DATE OF THE DEPOSIT TO THE DATE OF WITHDRAWAL at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum; and on all sums exceeding \$1500, FIVE PER CENT. per annum, in like manner. DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR and upwards received.

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Fine French Stationery,

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS,

INVITATIONS AND MONOGRAMS,

INITIAL STAMPING,

Plain, in Colors and Gold.

CRESTS, COATS OF ARMS, GOLD PENS,

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57 Buffalo Street,

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

REYNOLDS & WILSON, PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

And Dealers in

PLUMBING MATERIALS.

Copper Bath Tubs, Copper Boilers,

And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.

71 Buffalo St. nov. '67. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.,

No. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

N. G. HAWLEY & SON,

Blank Book Manufacturers,

DEALERS IN

FINE STATIONERY,

Wallets, Envelopes, Gold Pens, &c.

Also, Printers' Materials,

23 Exchange Street,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

BOOK BINDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Nov. 1867. 1y

HYDE & BACKUS,

(Successors of the late H. L. Ver Valin.)

DEALERS IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 55 State Street,

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

E. F. HYDE,

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NOV. 1867. 1y

JOHN T FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State Street,

Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

Nov. 1867. 1y

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DEALERS IN

Stoves, Furnaces,

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AGENTS FOR THE

Morning Glory Stoves and Furnaces.

Also, Carlton's Celebrated Hot-Air Furnaces.

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Chemist & Apothecary

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
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PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
51 State Street, (West side.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
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Groceries and Provisions,
KEROSENE OIL,
Clover and Timothy Seed,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 80 Main Street,
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M. V. BEEMER,
Men's Furnishing Goods,
35 Buffalo & 3 Exchange Streets,
Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Nov. 1867. SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. 1y

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,
DEALERS IN
Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,
Nos. 57 & 69 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Jan. 1866. 1y

JOHN SCHLEIER,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
Jan. 15, 1867.

Grey Goods
Of every sort and description, suitable for suits and dresses French Poplins, Serges, Takko Cloth, Aberdeen Cloth, Wash Poplins, Croquet Cloth, Grey Cretonnes, Taffetas, &c., at prices from 30c. a yard up.
No stock of Dress Goods in this part of the State can compare with ours, in point of desirability and cheapness. A. S. MANN & CO.

"DECALCOMANIE HEADQUARTERS"

Looking Glasses, Picture Frames,
Brackets, Photograph Ovals,
Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views,
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1869.

No. 7.

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IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

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

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For the Hospital Review.

Life's Spinning.

BERTHA SIBLEY SCRANTON.

I.

I sat, I sat a-spinning!
The threads were golden bright;
The sunshine tangled through them,
Its living films of light!
And as I sat within it,
I sang, and thus the lay;
"Come life, come death, true love is best,
Love cannot die away!"

II.

Before me in the meadow,
The mowers in the sun,
Were singing as they labored,
Were singing every one!
And thus, from out the sunshine,
They answered to my call;
"Love dies away, life, life is short,
Death, is more sweet than all!"

III.

Poor mowers in the sunshine,
I thought, as fast I spun,
Your harvest may be over,
Yet mine is just begun;
And as the threads ran swifter,
I sang throughout the day,
"Come life, come death, true love is best,
Love never dies away!"

IV.

The shadows on the meadow,
Grew longer, in the sun;
The mowers journeyed homeward,
Their busy labor done;
And downward through the valley,
I heard their voices call,
"Love dies away, life, life is short,
Death is more sweet than all!"

V.

I sat, I sat a-spinning
The threads with feeble hands!
The moonlight trembled through them,
And whitened all their strands!
Before me was the meadow,
Snow drifted in the night,
And still I sat a-spinning,
And sang, with lips grown white!

VI.

And as I sang, came voices,
That moaned in burial song,
And downward through the valley,
The mourners passed along!
My threads they brake, and softly,
I answered to their call;
"Love dies away, life, life is short,
Death is more sweet than all!"

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Reveals.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

WILL'S WARNING.

"I must go home now, or my mother will be uneasy!" said Walter, pausing at the gate. "I say, Will, what did Tom Drum mean by what he said about my mother; do people talk so about her?"

"Some of them do," replied Will, looking down.

"What do they say?"

"Promise not to be angry, and I will tell you."

"I cannot promise that, but I shall not be angry with you, old fellow; come tell me, what do they say?"

"They say, at least some folks do, here in the village, that Madame Corbet is a white witch, at the least. They say she talks with spirits, and can always see your father's ship, no matter where it may be, by only just looking in a glass of water, which she keeps on the table in her room.

"Poor dear lady, I only wish she could," interrupted Walter; "it would save her many a sleepless hour. Well, what else?"

"They say, too, that she put a spell upon you and your brother Frank, because you were the favorite; and that is the reason why Frank, the elder brother, grew hump-backed and pined away in a waste; while you grew up so strong and hardy, that none of the boys are a match for you."

Walter laughed scornfully, while his sparkling eye and rising color showed the storm within.

"So that is the reason I can thrash them all, is it? As if every one did not know what a feeble little fellow Franky was from his birth, and that it was only his mother's care and nursing which kept him alive so long. She has often said it was a great injury to me, that she was obliged to spend

so much of her time with Franky. Well, what else?"

"What use in repeating what they say?" said Will Atkins, bluntly. "They are a set of fools, and you know what we read to Parson this morning. 'Though thou bray a fool in a mortar among wheat, yet will not his folly depart from him.'"

"'Tis a wonder if I do not try it on some of them," muttered Walter.

"Well, good night, Will!"

"Stay just a moment, Watty!" Will came back, and spoke in a rather low tone: "Tell you what, if you will be ruled by me, you'll not go very far, or stay very long away from home about these days. That Tom Drum means mischief. He hates you, and his mother hates yours, because she thinks Madam Corbet prevented her from getting a share of the dole, at the church door, last Whitsuntide. And if I might venture to take such liberty—"

"Well!"

"If Madam would not walk so much, and so late in the old Abbey burying ground, at even. It looks strange."

"Why, man, don't you know that all her folks are buried there—her mother and sister, and little Franky, and Lady Mary Corbet, my father's mother?"

"Yes, I know! But folks say, you know, that the old ruined Abbey is haunted, and that—I am ashamed to tell such stuff—Madam goes there to talk with the evil spirits; and they have watched her, I know. I caught Tom Drum peeping one night, as I was going up to the Great house with the fresh fish. I sent him off, with a flea in his ear, I promise you; but I am afraid."

"Why, what can he do?" asked Walter, contemptuously.

"Pretend to be bewitched, and lay it to Madam," replied Will, with a meaning look.

Walter started. "Who would believe him?"

"Plenty of people, I can tell you. Doctor Mathew, as he calls himself, for one. He hates your mother, because she cured Faith Dean's little maid, after he had said she must die; and because a good many folks, especially down at the Cove, think more of her medicines than of his. Any how, Watty, you mind what I say, and if anything happens that you need help, just you send little Jack Brown down to the Cove, and see if we fisher-lads don't stand by you and Madam, against all these bumpkins up here."

"Thank you, Will. I am sure of you and yours, at any rate; and I think the Lees would be true."

"That you may be sure of," said Will, eagerly; Jan Lee and and his sops would go through fire and water for one of your father's house. And now, Watty, you just mind what I tell you, and don't you go running off on any of your wild goose chases."

"I won't, Will! Good night."

Lead Thou Me.

Send kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
And lead me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

I was not *ever* thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to *choose*, and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'Twill lead me on
Thro' dreary doubt, thro' pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, sweet angel faces smile,
With those I've loved long since, but lost
awhile.

A conductor's baton, says the Boston Post, is the fastest thing out—it beats time.

For the Hospital Review.

Danger of Wearing Starched Ruffs.

Here is another terrible story of the way in which the devil, (always a busy-body in other men's matters,) interfered with a lady's dress:

It appears that on the twenty-seventh of May, 1582, (so exact is our chronicle,) a certain dame of Antwerp, being invited to a wedding, could by no means get her ruff starched and plaited to her taste, though all the skill of two celebrated laundresses was employed upon the occasion. Indeed, it was no slight matter to get up one of the ruffs then in use, such as we see upon the pictures of Queen Elizabeth and her court. According to our authority, Stubbes, the devil was the express inventor of starch, which was at first made of all colors, "as white, redde, blew, purple, and the like."

"She fell to sware and tare, to curse and ban, casting the ruffles under her feet, and wishing that the devil would take her when she wore any neckerchers again; a wish which was speedily accomplished; for the devil, assuming the form of a beautiful young man, made his appearance as a suitor, and inquiring the cause of her agitation, took in hand the setting of her ruffles, which he performed to her great contentment and liking; insomuch as looking in the glass, as the devil bade her, she became greatly enamored of him. This done, the young man kissed her, in the doing whereof, he writhed her neck in sunder, so that she died miserably; her body being straightway changed into blacke and blew colours, most uggesome to behold; and her face, which before was so amorous, became most deformed and fearful to look upon.

"This being known in the city, great preparation was made for her burial, and a rich coffin was provided, and her fearful body was laide therein, and covered very sumptuously. Four men immediately

sayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it; then six attempted the like, but could not once stir it from the place where it was. Whereat, the bystanders marveling, caused the coffin to be opened, to see the cause thereof, when they found the body taken away, and a *blacke catte*, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, setting of great ruffles, and frizzling of haire: to the great fear and wonder of all beholders!"

Thus for Master Stubbes. He does not tell us what became of "the catte," nor whether this ugly but accomplished beast was the lady herself thus transformed, or the terrible being, whose aid she had invoked. "*A blacke catte*," or a cat of any color, setting of great ruffles and frizzling of haire," would be a sight, worth a pretty good frizzle, to see.

The ruff was frequently of such dimensions as to reach the crown of the head, and was made of the finest and sheerist of lawn or cambric. This was stiffened so as to stand erect, sometimes crimped, sometimes gathered in large flutings; at other times stretched out, smooth and stiff, so as to form a sort of background to the head and face. Somebody compares the head of a lady attired in one of these ruffs, to "John Baptist's head on a charger;" and to judge by the pictures of the time, the comparison was not an untapt one. The skilful use of starch was introduced by Mrs. Dingen Van Plesse, (a Dutch woman, by her name,) who gave lessons in the art, at five guineas for each pupil. The colored starch was put out of fashion forever, by Mrs. Turner, the inventor of a favorite yellow die. She was condemned for her share in the mysterious Overbury murder, and appeared upon the scaffold with a ruff done up with yellow starch.

Starch was not always found a sufficient support for these famous "ruffs," and they were sustained by a frame work of wires. The ruffs seem to have held their ground, with some little modification, till the times of the Commonwealth.

Courage.

O mortal, be thou not with thy portion oppressed
But when the sweet stars have gone out of the
skies,
Whatever shall happen still count for the best,
And wait for the light of the morning to rise.

When winter is frowning so wild and so black,
And the leaves of the grass are as dry as the
sand;
Remember how soon the red rose will be back,
And the voice of the turtle be heard in the
land.

To work and to wait is the portion of all;
We must use the strong will, we must use the
strong arm—
And hew the foundation, and build up the wall
Of the house that shall shelter our heads from
the storm.

The way may be rough, and the night be dim,
But these the good Father has set in his plan;
And we have no right to flee crying to Him,
Until we have done to the utmost we can.

The life of the lily is not for to-day;
We must beat out the flax, we must card, we
must spin—
We must pray when we watch, we must watch
when we pray;
For strife is the armor through which we
must win.

We are born of the flesh, and afar from the
skies—
We are subject to passion, to pain and to
death;
But the depth of our lowness allures us to rise,
And our fear fans the glow of the fire to our
faith.

Break not, then, O heart, being cruelly crossed
Because thou hast failed of thy life-long de-
sire;
But make thee a gain of the the thing that is
lost,
And mount on the ruins, up higher and
higher.

[*Alice Cary.*]

The following was a speech by a successful competitor for the prize of a foot race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of

A Beautiful Story.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer, Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after the other, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some pulling off their boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others in the attempt to make it seem as much as possible like home, threw off more of their clothing—each as his own comfort or apprehension of danger indicated.

I had noticed on the deck a fine looking little boy of about six years old, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair, in thick, clustering, beautiful curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sun-light from his happy heart always rested there. This done I looked for him to seek his resting place; but instead of this, he quietly knelt down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully child-like and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth against which he knelt, he began his prayers.

The father knelt down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer, or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection without even sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers?

A beautiful sight was this, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone, of the reclining multitude, draws nigh to Heaven. I thank the paternal love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. It did me good; it made me better. I could scarcely refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat cabin, bending in devotion to his Maker.

But a little while before, I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a crowd of Italian singers, in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice, and harp, and violin; but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotions he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who teach their children to pray, even at home?

Leigh Hunt says: "Those who have lost an infant, are never as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This alone is rendered immortal child."

Jerusalem the Golden.

Jerusalem the Golden,
I languish for one gleam
Of all the glory folden,
In distance and in dream!
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That now is far away.

Jerusalem the Golden,
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a singing,
Of the same secret knows!
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see,
But all these summer raptures
Are prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden,
When sunset's in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches,
Through intermediate gloom,
Are waving with their welcome
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow olden
Forever triumphing!
How glorious thy portal!
A pearl is every door!
The Mansion is immortal!—
God's palace for his poor.

Jerusalem the Golden!
There all our birds that flew—
Our flowers but half unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew—
And all the glad life-music,
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us,
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden!
I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch thy hands and pray
That midst my leaves of healing,
I soon may find my rest
In God's own golden city,
The mansion of the blest.

[Guthrie's Sunday Magazine.

From N. Y. cor. Providence Press.

The Hidden Sights of New York.

We turned into Five Points, and went into some of the lodging houses.

Think of 13 persons crouched in one small room, without a window, or any hole but the door. Male and female, black and white, little children—all bundled in a heap together on the dirty straw. The air was like a pest house. One glance was enough—one taste of that air will last a life time. It was a cheap lodging place. Cheap indeed it was—and nasty! Pounding at one door for admission brought out a homely-looking black woman. "Rouse up your husband; I must see him," said the detective. The husband came; he was a white man! "They have lived together as man and wife over two years," Sharpem said to me afterwards, "and they get along first-rate."

Here was a place where children lived. Two or three rooms, in a battered old shanty that shook with every step across its floors. The children were homeless ones, fatherless and motherless, turned out to live or die, as might be, in the streets of careless heedless New York. Here they come to sleep, paying the old hag who kept the room, six cents a night. By day they tramped the city, getting a living in any way they could best. They were cuddled around the rooms under scanty, dirty blankets, and kept warm by a wretched stove glowing feebly in one corner. Most of them were boys, none over twelve years; wedged in with them though, were some hungry looking girls, in whose faces the hard lines of want and sickness and privation were growing already. It made me heart-sick to look at them—lonely strays! Poor motherless things! May His infinite love and mercy forget thee not!

Down in a cellar was a gang of rag-pickers. They were getting ready for work, and with hook and basket would soon be out, over the city, working at their business. Piles of rags, bones, offal, broken iron filled the place; save where a few articles of furniture stood. They were Italians, and not disposed to be sociable. One had his bed luxuriously arranged on a pile of old carpet rags, which were damp and noisome with the mud of the streets. These rag-pickers manage to make money in their dirty way; they save it too, and one of these years they will go home to their country and en-

joy it. The women work as hard as the men, live as roughly, have no shame or decency about sexual matters, are as strong limbed. I asked the age of one of the women who seemed rather more disposed to talk than the others. She was thirty-one. I should have said fifty. She had not one trace of youth left—a hard weather-beaten face, a body bent and unbinged, a slow plodding step and wrinkles coming. She had been in New York seven years—all the time a rag-picker. Had she got rich enough to go back? Rich enough! and she smiled—"I have two children in Italy that my money is educating. They don't know their poor mother, poor dears, but I shall work hard for them, and sometime I will go back and see them!" This woman carried a bag and fished in gutters and refuse barrels, from four in the morning till past sunrise, came home and sorted rags and offal all day, in a close, damp cellar; and yet, there was a tender romantic sentiment in her life which made her look, not to herself but to her little ones. May she have her wish, and go back to them!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. FEBRUARY, 1869.

Visit to the Hospital.

Found the wards full—every bed taken. The need of the New Wing, becomes every day more and more imperative. We met one of the attendant physicians, as we entered, who informed us that they had just been obliged to refuse admittance to a patient, actually for want of room. How long, citizens of Rochester, shall this be so! It is the season for suffering among the poor—when privation, and exposure, and hardship develop and multiply disease, and when the feeble and aged feel most the weight of their infirmities. Must our Hospital be forced to close its doors upon any in need of its care and shelter? The great cry now among our medical attendants, and among our Managers, is, for the *New Wing*. What will our friends—what will our readers, do in this matter?

Our first visit, as usual, was to the lower Male Ward, which we now call the Soldiers' Ward. The group which greeted us, seemed scarcely changed from a month ago. At the long table a party were seated, playing dominoes, as there was then—and as, indeed, there always is. Some, were at their little tables, writing letters—some, were reading—others, chatting together—others, lying on their cots, too ill or too weary for aught else. It seems a monotonous life, and yet there are those, in this ward, those too, in the very morning of their days, doomed to just this routine for a weary life-time—and for what? For us—for our country—for the peace and the Union, which they were willing to purchase, even thus dearly. Are our readers tired of our ceaseless harping upon this subject? We confess, we cannot help it, as we go through this ward. We were glad to find J. F. K., seeming so much better. J. W., was reading his German bible, as we have before found him. Two new patients, Mr. C. and Jas. McC., seemed quite ill—one with fever and ague. In the cross ward, we found F. G. and J. R., both failing. Consumption is so prevalent always here, and there are no cases which appeal to our hearts like those smitten with this disease. It is so flattering—so fluctuating and yet so false, so hopeless. Before leaving the ward, Mrs. B., who accompanied us, yielded to the urgent soliciations of the soldiers, to give them some music—singing, without accompaniment, and with a freedom and *esprit* peculiarly her own, "Five o'clock in the Morning," "I'll be no Submis-ive Wife," and others. The gay, light-hearted melodies ringing through the ward, sounded strangely enough in that place—but they were welcomed, as music is everywhere, and peculiarly there, where it is not often heard. The lighting up of wan and weary faces, and the cheers which followed, were unmistakable evidences that Mrs. B's kind favors were appreciated.

Our three boys, of whom we have writ-

ten so much, have an addition to their number—T. H. C.,—another little fellow of about the same age, and with the same disease of the hip. Poor little fellow! We felt sorry for him, as we thought of the long, tiresome months he will probably be doomed to lie on this little cot. Georgie V., however, one of the trio, is no longer confined to his bed. He still continues to improve, and is now dressed every day, and around the room. Poor Thomas, the new-comer, fills the cot Georgie so gladly vacates. These four little boys, thus brought together, and bound together by a common affliction, are a great comfort to each other—sharing each other's books, and toys, and companionship, and they awaken much interest among the inmates and visitors to the Hospital. The patient with his hand so badly shattered, has recovered, and left. The Norwegian, looking so pale a month ago, is dead. We knew nothing of his history—nothing of the hearts, here, perhaps, or, it may be over the sea, to whom the tidings will come with sorrow. We only know, that the white face which smiled upon us on our last visit, from this now vacant corner, is gone, and forever. It is the saddest part of our visits among those who come here to suffer, and perhaps to die, to feel how little we can know them—how little of the sympathy they each must need, we can bestow. More, perhaps, is hardly expected in a large and well filled Hospital, but earnest Christain men and women, longing for work to do for Christ—some grateful service to render, can, we can assure them, always find it here.

We were sorry to find Eliza, who has for two years past been employed as laundress in the Hospital, in the Female Ward, laid up with erysipelas. Bridget, comfortable. Mrs. B., with varicose veins, still better, and still cheerful. Nellie—whose embroidery finds so many admirers—we were sorry to find in bed. She has not been so well for the past month. We

missed the sweet face of the orphan, Maggie D., who interested us so much a month ago, and we learned with sad surprise, that she is dead. The nurse, Mrs. W., whom we are so glad to see back in her place could not say enough in praise of the dear child. "She was so good—so sweet—so grateful," she said. To the priest who attended her in her last hours, she looked up with a smile, and exclaimed, "Isn't there everything here to make me comfortable—everything to make me happy?" She died with a prayer on her lips. E. G., is a new patient, with a lung and heart disease, in whom much interest is felt.

No home has yet been found for the little boy in our Nursery. Who will take him?

Work for the "Review,"

Is still going on, as we are gratified to find. Our young friend, Mary J. Watson, sends us \$12.50 this month, collected for us from her old list, including one new name. Her list is now we believe full and complete—a very pleasant one to look at—no blanks—no arrearages—quite in contrast with others we might mention, but will not. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

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

Agents.

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

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
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- " PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- " LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

The great Foundling Hospital in Moscow.

A movement is on foot in New York for the establishment of a foundling hospital on a large scale, on the plan of that in Moscow, Russia.

The Moscow foundling hospital is the largest in the world. It was organized by the Empress Elizabeth about one hundred years since, and has now a yearly fund of \$1,000,000, for its support. There is a London bank and a savings bank attached to it. There are admitted yearly some, twelve thousand children. These are not left, as in some other institutions of a similar kind, at the door of the building, but are taken openly, either by their mothers, or some friends, into an entrance room, set apart for that purpose. As we stopped a few moments in this room, we counted sixty women each with an infant in her arms, waiting, in single file, to make their deposit. No question is asked by the recording clerk, except "Has the child been baptised? and if so, by what name."

The child is then registered, a number is placed around its neck, and figures upon its cot, while a receipt showing the same number is handed to the bearer of the child, in order to enable her to visit, or even claim it at any future period up to the age of ten years. The infant is then passed into another room and handed to its future foster parent, she being the woman who happens, at the moment, to stand at the list amongst a number who are always waiting in attendance. These women are generally peasants from the country, who have, it was told us, themselves been depositors of their own children but a few hours before or else mothers who have left their own children in the country to be brought up by hand, attracted by the wages and good quarters provided them in the institution. It is not supposed that even a majority of these children are illegitimate. The great proportion are left there by the parents from poverty, or from being in service.

The nurses have distinct apparel for each of the different wards in these vast buildings.—Some have blue, others red and blue caps.—There were seven hundred nurses in this one hall alone. In passing from one hall to another we could not help remarking the clock-like regularity with which the

whole establishment is conducted. There seems nothing omitted which good domestic management can suggest or medical art improve. The simple arts of washing and dressing are brought to perfection, and executed with great rapidity. The infants are bathed in copper tubs, lined with flannels, and they are dressed on down pillows, instead of hard hoops and bony legs of modern nurses.

Never upon earth was there a more astonishing mixture of baby flesh—big and little, pug-nosed, blue and black-eyed, fat, lean, red, yellow and white babies. It might be supposed that they would make a great deal of noise, but we only heard about forty or fifty small choruses while here. But suppose the whole number should start at once! Who can imagine the style of music of 6,000 baby voices when they give up their minds to do it? But I suppose they spend most of their time in sleeping, and seem to be much given to eating and drinking. During the summer months several thousands of these children are sent out in the country to nurse. As soon as they become old enough, they are taught reading and writing, and the most intelligent are selected as teachers. The boys usually receive a military education, and a certain portion of them furnish recruits for the imperial army.

Correspondence.

EAST PEMBROKE, Dec. 16, 1868.

Dear Mrs. Matthews :

Enclosed, you will find the money for another new subscriber. I wish success to the "Review." It is only one new name, but I hope to persuade others to take it.

F. R.

Donations for February.

Mahlon and Denny Day—Games for three little boys.

First Presbyterian Church Festival — Parched Corn.

A Friend—a quantity of Clothing.

Mrs. Benjamin—a quantity of Beans.

Mrs. J. W. Bissell—Tomato Catsup and Pickles.

A Friend—Clothing and old Cotton.

Mrs. Booth, Brockport—Clothing and 2 cans of Fruit.

Eddie Booth—Primmers, Cards and Pennies.

A Friend—Jelly.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM JANUARY 15 TO FEBRUARY 15, 1869.

Brewster & Buell, Advertising, 3 years,.....	\$10 00
John Schleier, Advertising, 2 yrs.	10 00
Lane & Paine, " " "	10 00
E. & A. Wayte, " " "	5 00
H. F. Smith, " " "	5 00
Fred. Alling, " " "	5 00
McVean & Hastings, " " "	5 00
Allings & Cory, " " "	5 00
Moore & Cole, " " "	10 00
Mechanics Bank, " " "	15 00
E. L Thomas, " " 1 year,	5 00
Mrs. W. H. Cheney, (with postage) 2 years,.....	1 25
Mrs. James Wooster, Middlebury, Connecticut,.....	50
By Mrs. Perkins,	\$86 75
Miss Buchan, Miss B. M. Smith, Miss Chills, M. L. Mallory, Miss Allural, Miss M. Hibbard, Pittsford; George Sheldon, Perry Centre—By Miss Hibbard,.....	3 50
Mrs. Cummings, New York; Carrie Rogers, (with postage); Mrs. Dana, San Francisco, (2 yrs.)—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, ..	2 12
Mrs. A. G. Murray, Canandaigua; (\$1.00); Mrs. Dr. Cook, Sodus, (3 years); Miss S. E. Northup, (with postage); D. Leary, Advertisement, (\$10.00); Curran & Goler, 1 year, (\$5.00); Monroe County, (\$40.00)—By Mrs. M. M. Mathews,....	58 62
Henry Amsden, (with postage,)—By Miss Montgomery,	75
Mrs. Button, (with postage): Mrs. Colinson, Mrs. Sweeting, A Friend (13 cents), —By Mrs. J. S. Hall,	1 75
Mrs. H. Barry (2 years); Mrs. C. B. Elwanger (2 years); Mrs. McNerry (2 years); James McGraw (3 years); P. Nichern (3 years); Mrs. H. Dagge (2 years); Mrs. J. Sprouts, Mary J. Watson (2 year-); Mrs. J. E. Angle (2 years); Ada Hollister, Mrs. James Stewart (3 years); Anna King (2 years)—By Mary J. Watson,...	12 50

Superintendent's Report.

1869, Jan. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital	104
Received during the month, 21—	125
Discharged,	16
Deaths,	4— 20
Remaining Feb. 1st, 1869,	105

List of our Little Agents.

Mary Perkins, Rochester,
 Florie Montgomery, "
 Fanny and Ella Colburn, Rochester,
 Fanny Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass.
 S. Hall, Henrietta,
 Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
 Mary Lane, "
 Samuel B. Wood, "
 Libbie Renfrew, "
 Ella Van Zandt, Albany,
 Minnie Montgomery, Rochester,
 Mary Watson, "

Died.

In Elba, N. Y., Oct. 20th, 1868, Mrs. James Dean, aged 37 years. She leaves a husband, two little daughters, and a widowed mother, deeply to mourn her loss, which is to her, however, as they have reason to trust, eternal gain. [Inserted by request.]

At the Rochester City Hospital, Tuesday, January 12th, an infant of Mary Wombwell, of consumption.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Friday, January 15th, 1869, of Consumption, Mrs. C. Wood ruff, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Wednesday, January 20, 1869, Margaret Driscoll, aged 16 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Thursday, January 21st, 1869, L. F. Brownson, aged 53 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Tuesday February 9th 1869, Mrs. M. F. Bahler, wife of John F. Bahler, aged 27 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Tuesday, February 16, 1869, Maria Teeter, aged 23 years.

Children's Department.

From Bad to Worse.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Come, children, leave your playing,
 And gather around my knee,
 And I'll tell you a little story :
 Away across the sea,
 In a meadow where the mosses
 And the grass were frozen brown,
 Three little maids sat milking
 One day as the sun went down,
 Not cows, but goats of the mountain ;
 And before their pails were full,
 The winds they pierced like needles
 Through their gowns of heavy wool.
 And as one hand, then the other,
 They tried to warm in their laps,
 The bitter weather froze their breath
 Like fur about their caps.
 And so, as they sat at their milking,
 They grew as still as mice,
 Save when the stiff shoes on their feet
 Rattled like shoes of ice.

At last, outspoke the youngest,
 As she blew on her finger nails,
 " I have planned a plan, sweet sisters ;
 Let us take our milking pails,
 And go to the side of the mountain
 As fast as we can go,

And heap them up to the very top
From the whitest drifts of snow ;
And let us build in the meadow,
Where we milk our goats at night,
A house to keep us from the cold,
With walls all silver white.
We will set the door away from the wind,
The floor we will heap with moss,
And gather little strips of ice
And shingle the roof across.

Then all the foolish maidens,
They emptied their pails on the ground,
And bounded up the mountain side
As fast as they could bound,
And came again to the meadow,
With pails heaped high with snow,
And so, through half the night, the moon
Beheld them come and go.

But when with the daybreak roses
The silver walls shone red,
The three little foolish maidens
Were lying cold and dead,
The needles of the frost had sewed
Into shrouds their woolen coats,
And with cheeks as white as the ice they lay
Among their mountain goats.

Now you will see, my children,
As you read my simple verse,
That the foolishness of foolishness
Is making bad things worse ;
And that, although 'tis right enough
For what is good to strive,
'Tis very erring to kill yourselves
To keep yourselves alive.

From the New York Observer.

Minnie: A True Story.

Could you but see Minnie playing with her brothers and sisters, loving them all, and loved by them all, but particularly by her youngest and spirited brother Freddie, who never is so happy and or so good as when his "own Minnie," as he calls her, is with him; or could you look in on a Sabbath evening and see the whole group standing around the piano, upon which mamma plays, while all voices rise harmoniously in "I wish to be an angel," or those other songs we all know so well; you would feel that one so lovely, loving and loved, was but fittingly placed amid the flowers and birds, and pictures, and books, and music, with which wealth and taste have adorned her home.

Yet, but four short winters ago, this same Minnie might have been seen, in the coldest days, ragged and dirty and wan, marking the pavement of New York with blood from her bare and frozen feet. To what does Minnie owe this great change? To a Christian mother's dying prayers.

In a small, sparsely-furnished room, in a crowded tenement house, on a pallet of straw, the Scottish mother lay. The husband, whose love had won her from her own highlands, was dead. Her relatives were far across the blue ocean, and not in all America had she one friend. And the few acquaintance her distress had made her were as poor as herself. Thus she lay sick, suffering from weakness, and pain, and poverty, yet suffering most for the little girl soon to be left all alone in the great crowded city, left perchance to suffer, to starve and to sin! Not all earth could give one ray of hope, one moment of consolation, but, looking up where the Father sitteth upon the throne, she took the child in arms of faith and love and gave her unto Him. And He ever repays grandly when we trust Him fully.

A kind lady, on her visitation, found Minnie's mother as I have told you, and quickly went to Mr. Van Meter, and he, as God's servant, came and took the child in trust.

On the steamer from New York was Mr. Van Meter, with some of his children, the children of the street. An invalid gentleman observed and spoke to them, and became at once interested in Minnie's sweet voice. Finding she was Scotch and had no relatives, he said to his wife: "God has greatly prospered me. We cannot do great things for Him, but we can take care of one of his little ones. Shall we not do it?"

"Yes," was the noble answer, "for though we have no need of her, she has need of us."

Minnie's street education had not been neglected. She had learned to tell naughty stories, lies to screen herself when she had done wrong. This was a great trial to her new mamma, who talked to her, and prayed over her, and punished her, but all to little use. One Saturday afternoon some fine, smooth pears were laid aside until Monday, to take impressions from, so that they might be recast in wax, and the children were told not to eat them. Sunday morning one was gone. Each

child was questioned, and each denied having eaten it. None but Minnie ever told such stories, and she did so often that her mamma knew she was but adding sin to sin, and talked very kindly to her, assuring her she would forgive her if she would but confess. She was firm and unyielding. Her mamma coaxed, reasoned, remonstrated and prayed with her that sad day, but with no effect. Her mamma had seen her just so firm before; therefore, when the other children had said their prayers and been put with kisses, into their nice beds, she called Minnie to her and said:

"Minnie, must I whip you?"

"Mamma, I did not eat it."

"Minnie, I am very sorry I cannot believe you; I would freely forgive you eating the pear, but I *will not* let you grow up untruthful."

And she whipped her.

"Oh, Minnie, now won't you confess?"

"Mamma, I did not eat it, but I don't blame you for beating me so hard, for I've told you so much lies that you cannot tell when I does tell the truth."

Her mamma believed and kissed her. From that night Minnie has never been detected in a false story. Will it not be wise for us all and each to learn well the lesson Minnie learned that night, that if we would ever be believed we must always be.

Minnie's mamma left her with me two months. It was just when Dr. Prime promised the children of the *Observer* that he would, every day, learn a verse from the Bible with them. Minnie at once commenced, and every morning, before she asked to play, learned her verse *perfectly*. She also relearned the commandments, so that she could say any one accurately, verbally right, if but the number were called.

How many who read this can? I have heard ministers, from the pulpit, *read* them wrong! Try; see if you can say the 4th or the 10th accurately! If you cannot, let me beg of you, whatever your age may be, learn them. This stumbling through the Lord's Prayer and Commandments and misquoting Scripture, is not right and should not be allowed. Minnie could say the Child's Commandment. Do you ever think that, when Almighty God came down from heaven and, amid the thunders and lightnings and quakings of Sinai, wrote with His own fingers laws by which the universe shall be governed, He wrote one

for children and for children *only*? I do not say *little* children. No! but for every child,—for the strong man who guides the tottering steps of his aged father, for the sweet girl who bathes that father's brow or lightens her mother's cares, down, through all ages, to the wee one toddling across the floor! Do you know it? it begins—"Honor." Ah! yes, you all know it and love it too, I hope. Minnie did, and I will tell you how she kept its spirit as well as letter.

A friend of mine came to town, and I told Minnie she might go to see her two little girls and stay one hour; as she went out I said, "Minnie, you mustn't play croquet if they ask you." She found a friend there, and the three were wishing a fourth.

"Oh! Minnie, you are just in time," said Alice; "now for croquet!"

"I cannot play to-night."

"Won't you play?" asked Lizzie.

"No, I thank you, I cannot play to-night."

"Why, yes you can," said Alice, "you play splendidly: now for a nice game; come, Minnie!"

"No! I thank you, I cannot play."

"Why not," asked my friend. "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, ma'am, very, much; but Auntie told me not to."

"Your mamma lets you play," chimed in Alice, "and Mrs. S. isn't your auntie at all, and I don't think you need mind her when you know your mamma would let you play."

"Come and play," said Lizzie, "we cannot have a game if you don't."

"I shall think," added Alice, "you are real hateful unless you play."

"Please play, now won't you?" pleaded Lizzie.

"No, I thank you, and her manner was just as quiet and her voice as gentle as when she answered the first time!"

My friend loved her at once, and forbade her being teased any more. As soon as she came back, she sat down in my lap, kissed me and said:

"Aunt, dear, will you please tell me why you said I mustn't play croquet with those little girls?"

"Yes, darling; you have on a new silk, and I found when dressing you that it was too tight around the arms, and feared in touching the balls you would tear it."

"I knew, auntie, you had a good reason, but I could not think what it could be."

Ah! there are rubies in the rock; pearls in the shell; and diamonds in the sand! Shall it not be ours to seek them out and polish them, and offer them unto the "Lord of Hosts in that day when He maketh up His jewels?" L. E. S.

For the Child's Paper.

"That's How."

After the great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a great snow bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. "How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully; "that's how."

And it is a great "how." It is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard job is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or how hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment fretting; do not lose a breath in saying, "I can't," or "I do not see how;" but go at it, and keep at it. Study. That is the only way to conquer it.

If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by just being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting it, and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

If you have entered your heavenly Master's service, and are trying to be good and to do good, keep at it. You will sometimes find hills of difficulty in the way. Things will often look discouraging, and you will not seem to make any progress at all; but keep at it. Never forget "that's how."

A little six year old boy was asked by his teacher to write composition on the subject water, and the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to bathe in, to skate on when frozen. When I was a little baby the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Inguns don't wash themselves but once in ten years! Oh! I wish I was

Advertisements.

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Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column	12 00
Three Months	2 00	One Third Column	12 00
Six Months	3 00	Half Column, 1 Year	18 00
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Dealers in all kinds of

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The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

On all deposits not exceeding \$1500, when left for a period of not less than thirty days, INTEREST WILL BE ALLOWED FROM THE DATE OF THE DEPOSIT TO THE DATE OF WITHDRAWAL at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum; and on all sums exceeding \$1500, FIVE PER CENT. per annum, in like manner.

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Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

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23 Exchange Street,

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BOOK BINDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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No. 55 State Street,

E. F. HYDE,

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Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

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NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS Cleaned or colored without Rippling, and pressed nicely. Also **FEATHERS** and **KID GLOVES** cleaned or dyed.

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Nos. 10 & 12 Exchange St.
Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

McVEAN & HASTINGS,

Dealers in

BOOK, PRINTING AND WRAPPING
PAPER.

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ESTABLISHED, 1866.

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And Manufacturer of

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Formerly Boy & McFarlin's. ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Nov. 1867. 1y

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL, 1869.

No. 9.

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IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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For the Hospital Review.

Spring Sunshine.

BERTHA SIBLEY SCRANTON.

I.

The yellow, yellow sun comes in,
The green leaves seem to know it,
That hyacinth has drank its kiss,
'Tis blushing, thus, to show it!
Fie hyacinth, thy lover's hate,
His golden locks are fleeting,
Why smile, when on a world of flowers
He gives his fickle greeting?

II.

Yet under all the other's, still
I catch the rose-breath, faintly;
The tiny, half-blown neighbor there
Of lilies, mild and saintly.
O rose, thy tardy lover now
Beware, how thus ye cherish,—
He'll whisper to the lilies yet,
And leave you here to perish!

III.

A face above the roses' own,
Last spring I saw bend whitely,
She pressed her thin, fond lips to their's,
And kissed their milk-bloom, lightly.
And warm June sunlight goldened all
The head that bent above ye,
She prized ye all, but roses still
The most, she seemed to love you!

IV.

O yellow is the sunlight now,
As then, it smiled in splendor,
And all the earth beneath its kiss,
Grows warm, and true and tender!
And out upon the hilltop wide,
It kisses grasses, growing;
These tears, to-day we reap, are fruits
That come of Sorrow's sowing!

V.

For like ye fickle wooer, Sun,
Men trifle and dissemble,
And like ye, luckless roses, still,
Hearts learn in grief to tremble;
And when your bloom is whitest, then,
And sweetest—lo, we waken!
Your beauty is our anguish,—
For our rose-bud has been taken!

VI.

And then, we fold our pallid hands,
And shroud our hearts, and hide them,
And only dream, that yet we live
To be some day beside them!
And suddenly the great stone seal
Is rolled from off our prison,
Within, we find the angel guard,
Who says, "Thy dead, be risen!"

VII.

And then, O milk-white roses, *then*
You know, we come to smiling,
At golden rifts of light, still left
That kiss us, in beguiling!—
The grave it is not perished, *quite*,
Nor is the past *all* hidden;
But life and love are guests with us,
Still welcomed, though unbidden!

VIII.

O silly little roses, *fie!*
To smile at such false token,
Ye know not how, with this same smile,
Your hearts may still be broken!
And yellow, yellow sunlight, *fie!*
How false in all your brightness!
I've seen you kiss a blushing face,
And leave it to death's whiteness!

IX.

The story, is it olden?—true,
Told oft, but never heeded,
That love like sunshine, tarries long
Where most 'tis sought and needed!
Fair hearts, fair flowers, ope not to
Each fickle gush that prays ye;
But know, the sweetest thing in life,
May be, the love that slays ye!

Respect the Burden.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, "respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do not "respect the burden." Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is cold and raggedness, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle, or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry looking fellow in the street on a Winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I expect him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again, a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go; I am cruel if I quarrel with him for a wry word or an ungracious act. And how far, pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which

"respects the burden?" As far as the love of God will go with us. A great distance—it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow.—[*Good Words.*]

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LEOT ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

THE FAIR DAME.

"Why do you look at me so earnestly, my dear son?" said Mrs. Corbet, smiling as she looked up for the third or fourth time to find Walter gazing at her. "What do you find in your mother's familiar face to study so earnestly?"

Walter blushed like a girl.

"I dare venture to say that I can read your thoughts for you," continued his mother; "you shall tell me if I guess rightly. You were thinking of the Fair Dame of Stanton, were you not? Nay, my fair son, I am not displeased;" she added, as she saw that Walter looked uncomfortable. "'Twas but a natural thought. No doubt you have often heard the tale; and as for myself, I was not yet five years old when I heard it whispered among my mother's maids; 'The White Dame has come back again.'"

Walter left his seat by the table where he had been trying in vain to fix his mind upon his favorite volume—an old folio copy of the *Morte d'Arthur*, one of the first printed editions, which would have made Mr. Philes happy for a week. He came round to the chimney corner where his mother sat, and kneeled down by her side upon the Turkey carpet which covered the floor of the recess. The mother and son would have made a beautiful group for a painter, relieved as they were by the green background of the spacious wainscotted and tapestried room. The apartment was a large one. The walls were covered to half their height with oak wainscoting, carved in panels, and for the rest with ta-

pestry of which the colors yet fresh and beautiful, represented scenes from Walter's favorite romance. The floor was of polished wood, inlaid in a pattern, and only partly covered near the fireplace with Turkey carpets, which Captain Corbet had himself brought from the Levant, as a present to his bride, just before his marriage. Prudence had remonstrated with the Captain, at the extravagance of using such beautiful fabrics to cover the floor; they being, as she said, more fit to lay upon a table or a bed than to be walked on. The furniture of the room was heavy and cumbrous, and the seats and cushions of the chairs and couches were covered with needlework, evidently by the same hand as the tapestry.

Mrs. Corbet sat in a low, straight-backed chair, on one side of the fireplace, near a small table which held her working materials and a tall burnished silver candlestick. She was still young looking, though she had a son nearly grown up, and her beauty (for beautiful she undoubtedly was) was of a character sufficiently remarkable to justify Walter in studying her face. The ladies of Stanton Court were always celebrated for their beauty, even among the beautiful women of Devonshire; but it was beauty of a highly colored, well rounded, not to say somewhat bouncing character. Mrs. Corbet presented a great contrast to her relatives in this respect. She was delicate and slender, with features remarkably pure and clear-cut. If there was a fault in the contour of the face, it was that the chin was a trifle too heavy.

But Mrs. Corbet's chief peculiarity lay in the almost total absence of the usual coloring. Her hair almost too light to be called flaxen, was unusually abundant in quantity and beautiful in quality, being crisped to the very roots and escaping in little rings of curls about her face. Her complexion was of alabaster fairness, without a tinge of red in her cheeks. Her eyes were of that dark gray which is black in certain lights, and were shaded with

long and dark lashes, giving them a very peculiar effect in the colorless face.

"You were thinking of the White Lady, were you not?" repeated Mrs. Corbet, putting her arm round Walter's neck, and stooping to kiss his handsome sunburned face.

"Yes, mother;" replied Walter, frankly. "Dame Margery at the Cove was talking of her last night. What was her history, mother?"

"That is more than I can tell you, my dear son;" replied his mother. "But I can relate the story to you as I have heard it."

Walter settled himself on the stool at his mother's side, with a sigh of satisfaction. He was as fond of "tales" as he had been when he was a little lad of six years old.

"It was toward the end of the reign of Henry Fifth," began Mrs. Corbet, "that Baron Stanton, of Stanton Court, came home from a journey in the South of France, bringing with him a young wife, beautiful, indeed, but of a beauty so strange in its character, and of manners so peculiar as to provoke many remarks among the friends of the family. At her first coming she knew no English, but she learned it with marvellous rapidity, even acquiring such a knowledge of the Devonshire dialect as to be able to visit among the poor upon her lord's estate, and carry the consolations of religion, as well as the alms of charity.

"She brought with her from her foreign home great store of treasure in gold and jewels, a large part of which was employed rather to the scandal of the monks of the neighboring abbey, in enlarging and embellishing the manor house at Stanton Court."

"She built the long gallery, did she not, and the rooms at the end?" asked Walter.

"Yes; and she also repaired the chapel, which is now almost ruined. She was much loved by her dependants, and adored

by her husband, who spent so many hours in her company as greatly to scandalize the neighboring squires and gentlemen, who complained that my Lord Stanton loved his fair wife better than hawk or hounds, or any of the proper pursuits of a gentleman. But neither the devotion of her husband nor the love of those who rejoiced in her charities, seemed sufficient to make happy the fair dame of Stanton. Even in her best hours when she was sporting with the little children whom she used to gather about her, her face wore a shade of sadness. Often, especially in the absence of her lord, she spent hours, and even whole nights in the chapel, sometimes absorbed in prayer, sometimes weeping bitterly. She might have passed for a saint but for one circumstance reported by an old woman who watched her on these occasions, and talked about it in awful whispers among the servants, namely: that in those, her hours of devotion, she not unfrequently turned her back to the altar upon which reposed the Host and the sacred vessels. Of course all good Catholics were horrified at such an instance of irreverence, and not all the Fair Dame's charities could prevent her being looked upon as an object of suspicion. It was more than once hinted that she was no mortal woman, but a fairy or maid of the waters, and that she had ensnared her Lord to his perdition, and that now, though through her great love to him she repented of what she had done, yet it was not permitted to her to look upon, much less to approach the Holy Sacrifice of the altar.

"But, toward the close of the year of her residence at Stanton Court a great change came over the Fair Dame. It chanced one winter's evening, toward Christmas tide, that a traveling merchant with his mules, being overtaken in a great snow storm, secured shelter at Stanton Court. He was hospitably entertained, for my Lord was always hospitable, and at that season especially his doors were freely

opened to all comers. The merchant proved himself an agreeable guest to all the household. He had travelled much in foreign lands which my Lord had visited in his sojourn abroad, and could converse with my Lady in her own language. He was learned enough to dispute with the chaplain on matters of service and theology, till the good easy man confessed himself worsted, and declared that so much learning had never dwelt under a flat cap and furred gown. He was wonderfully liberal too; so that all, from Dame Margery, the house-keeper, who rejoiced in a new Cyprus stole and Flanders lace pinners, to the kitchen maid, brave in a new hood and ribbons, were ready to sing his praises.

"But it was to the Fair Dame herself that the visit of the merchant seemed to bring the most comfort. With him she held many long and earnest conversations in the strange foreign tongue, which the chaplain himself could not understand, and which was, therefore, neither French nor Latin. Day by day under the influence of the merchant's words the Fair Dame grew calm and peaceful, and the shadows floated away from it as the mist from the bay when the sun comes out. My Lord was usually present at these conversations, and took part in them, but they did not seem to leave any special effect upon his mind save that he rejoiced at the improvement of his wife's health and spirits. When the merchant at last departed, which he did not till after many days, he left with the lady a large book, done in the new style of printing which Caxton had introduced into England, richly bound and casped with silver.

"From this time a great change seemed to come over the Fair Dame of Stanton. The book was her constant companion in her closet, and she even read it walking to and fro under the trees in the garden, though it seemed as if the fair hands could hardly sustain the weight of the

volume. She prayed more than ever, but it was no more with bowed head and bitter weeping, but with a calm, uplifted face and eyes, said the old women who had observed her before, which looked as if she saw angels in the air. Still, though constant in her attendance at church, it was remarked by every one that she never confessed to any body save the family chaplain. She visited more than ever among the poor, and was more than ever beloved; and not only so, but she began to cultivate the acquaintance of the ladies in the neighborhood, and soon made herself as great a favorite with them as she had long been with the fisherwives and the cottagers.

"But all this was not to last. It seemed that as her spirit grew calm and bright, her bodily frame decayed. She grew less and less able to visit her poor friends in the village, and soon her walks in the garden were discontinued. Late in the spring her children were born—a fine healthy boy and girl, the image of their father; and it was hoped that her health might improve; but the hope was destined to disappointment. She never again left her room, and died in the course of a few weeks. She was gentle and resigned, and so full of peace and triumphant joy at the last that those who looked on were filled with wonder and awe. But the Abbot who was called in the absence of the chaplain to attend her death bed, shook his head when questioned as to her spiritual state, and would hardly allow her burial on consecrated ground. The children were placed under the care of an old aunt of their father's who had become deeply attached to the Dame, and Lord Stanton went abroad for many years.

"Since that day, at uncertain intervals, the peculiarities of the Fair Dame have appeared in some of her descendants, as at present in my own case; and whenever this has happened it is believed to presage misfortune to the family. As I told you,

one of the first things I remember is hearing the servants whispering about me, and saying that the Fair Dame had come back again. I know well that attempts were made to prevent your father from marrying me, on the ground that I should be sure to bring misfortune upon the family; and I doubt not but the death of my children have been ascribed by the vulgar to some influence of the Fair Dame, whose features I bear!"

"They had better let me hear them say so!" said Walter. "But what became of the Lady's book, mother?"

"It disappeared about the time of her death, and was never seen again," replied Mrs. Corbet. "In the reign of Henry the Eighth, however, some children playing in the Lady's rooms discovered, by accident, a recess in the wall, carefully concealed, and lined with sweet smelling woods, containing a copy of the Holy Scripture translated into English by Wickliffe. The aromatic properties of the wood with which the recess was lined, had no doubt preserved the book, for it was in excellent condition. It is treasured in the library at Stanton Court, and I used to find great pleasure, when a girl, in spelling out the old English. Such is the power of association that even now I prefer it to the excellent translation put forth by King James."

"Who do you suppose the merchant was, mother?"

"Doubtless he was a member of the persecuted sect of the Lollards. There have always been in Roman Catholic countries many of the Reformed persuasion, who, adopting the occupation of the merchant as a pretext, make it their business to visit the scattered members of their own religion, instructing and confirming them in their faith, and as they have safe opportunity spread abroad the good seed in the shape of books, especially of the Holy Scriptures. The Fair Dame came from the south of France, and was probably a

member of some family of Albigenses, or Waldenses, and her grief might well have arisen from her having, in a manner, cast off the faith in which she had been nurtured, for the sake of the man she loved. The merchant may have comforted her by showing her the way of forgiveness and of salvation through our Lord. Such, at least, is the theory I have formed to myself."

Walter hesitated a moment before asking his mother the next question. "Mother," said he at last, looking down and playing with his mother's embroidery, "do you suppose there is really any truth in that notion of the Fair Dame's coming back again?"

Mrs. Corbet smiled. "I suppose my son, that her peculiarities are now and then repeated in her descendants, just as in Sir Robert Fulton's large family of sixteen golden haired children—the fair Fultons, as they are called—little Amy alone has the black hair and eyes of her Cornish grandmother. But come, we have had enough of old tales. Do you bring me my lute, and we will try together some of the new songs your cousin sent us. See you now, fair son, how you have beguiled me!" she added. "I am like Jasper, the shepherd, who came to me yesterday with a long story of an unseasonable lamb which must be brought up by hand, and all the time forgot to tell me that his poor wife had twins. There came this afternoon a fine packet from my good nephew and your cousin, up in London, containing much news. He has married a fair lady of the court—a daughter of my Lord Harcomb—and they are coming to Stanton to live."

"That is good news!" exclaimed Walter; "but what will a fine Court Dame do down here with us rustic west country folks?"

"She seems to think she shall be happy here," replied Mrs. Corbet; "She seems a seriously disposed lady, and she

says she is weary of the Court and its gaieties, and longs for quiet. She has sent many fair tokens of her good will, both to you and me. The package lies upon the table in my closet. I have but glanced at it, reserving it till your return; but if you will bring it hither we will examine it together."

What Shall Be the End?

When another life is added
To the heaving turbid mass,
When another breath of being,
Stains Creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds long enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence,
Springs that ne'er shall die again;
When a mother's passionate welcome,
Sorrow-like bursts forth in tears;
And a sire's self-gratulation,
Prophecies of future years;
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When across the infant features,
Trembles the faint dawn of mind,
And the heart looks from the windows,
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the inarticulate murmurs,
Syllable each swaddled thought,
To the fond ear of affection,
With a boundless promise fraught,
Kindling great hopes of to-morrow,
From that dull uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight,
Is foreshown the perfect day;
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold,
Of his all-comprising home,
Puts aside the arm maternal,
That enlocks him ere he roam;
When the canvass of his vessel,
Flutters to the favoring gale;
Years of solitary exile,
Hid behind the sunny sail;
When his bosom beats with ardor,
And his limbs are stretched for toil,
And a hundred bold enterprises,
Lure him to that eastern soil;
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden,
Looks into her credulous eyes,
And the heart upon the surface,
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures,
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter,
Like enchanted garden ground;
He may falter—so do many,
She may suffer—so must all;
Both may yet, world-disappointed,
This lost hour of love recall.
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When the altar of Religion,
Greeted the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying,
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations,
Doubts of after change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit,
Bound his servitor for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams,
Many rocks and shadows sleep,
Undiscovered till possession
Shows the danger of the deep,
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
That is wrought by human skill,
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will,
Every faint impulse of passion,
Gush of love or twinge of hate,
Every launch upon the waters,
Wide horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chances,
Of life's sad oft desperate fate;
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim,
It is well we cannot see,
What our end shall be.

At best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

The Hindoos extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying: "The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter."

For the Hospital Review.

Hand Shaking.

There is a subtle philosophy in the every-day habit, of hand-shaking, which all feel more or less dimly, but few can describe satisfactorily. Indeed, at least it can be but by negatives, as the same greatest good is realized only in the contemplation of its absence. It is of course not criminal to be without an appreciation of the infinite suggestiveness of a kindly grasp of the hand; but it must be regarded as a lack of something in the emotional man. Of all pitiable persons, the one who does not comprehend the eloquence that a hand-shake is capable of, is the most to be pitied. The clasp of one's hand is sometimes a reciprocal history of affection and mutual trust. No simple unpremeditated act is as thoroughly indicative of temperament and character. There certainly must be a frightful lack of a moral something in the person she, or he, who daintily offers the minutest tips of unfeeling fingers to the cordial grasp of friendliness; and avoiding the earnest questioning eyes gaze into vacancy. Sooner than such a pattering, it is better to bear the vice-like clench of honest, exuberant friendliness, whose emphasis of squeeze is a sort of italicising of zealous regard and good feeling. Hearty Britons have an amusing habit of seizing one's hand and shaking the arm with spasmodic unction, reminding one vividly of an old-fashioned pump. And indeed it frequently accomplishes much the same purpose, for when the squeeze is as rigorous as the action is brisk, unrestrainable tears will attest the capillary capacity of hand-pumping. There is a world of greeting in an honest impulsive hand-grasp, where eye meets eye, in friendly recognition, beyond the power of words to show. The hideous fashion of the day interferes not a little with this good old custom. When a hand is laden with sharp-edged rings, and the wrist is encircled in impracticable cuffs, there is an

end of all attempts at hand-shaking; and hence in modern society the practice is become practically obsolete. And in society perhaps it is quite as well, for the act would be a mere formality, and, like all formalisms—meaningless.

The most abominable as well as unbearable attempt at hand-shaking is when a flabby hand is dropped in yours, neither giving nor receiving pressure. The memory of such an experience is like a hot iron thrown in powder, for a lifetime afterward, so unutterably loathsome, is it. One's eyes and hands are as much designed to render him intelligible to his fellow as his lips or tongue. So, before learning the use of the tongue, the world should know the use of the hand. *

Weighing the Baby.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—

Baby who came but a month ago?

How many pounds from the crowning curl

To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,

Tenderly guides the swinging weight,

And carefully over the glasses peers,

To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;

The father laughs at the tiny girl;

The fair young mother sings the words,

While grandmother smooths the golden curl;

And stooping above the precious thing,

Nestles a kiss within a prayer,

Murmuring softly, "Little one,

Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile

Or the love that came with the helpless one

Nobody weighed the threads of care

From which a woman's life is spun.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,

For here on earth no weight there be

That could avail; God only knows

Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul

That seeks no angel's silver wing,

But shrines it in this human guise,

Within so frail and small a thing.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note;
Be glad and gay, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL, 1869.

Visit to the Hospital.

Found the Soldier's Ward almost empty. Spring—genuine—balmy Spring, had been here, with her healing touch—and rheumatism, in its various forms—neuralgia,—bronchitis and consumption—which had held unconquerable sway during the long winter, and the cold, chill March, faltered at her gentle footsteps,—and shrank away from her smile. Over the beds of weariness and pain, she bent, and with a touch and power almost as magical as that of the Wonderful Master of old, she whispered "arise!"

How our patients have looked and longed for the return of the warm, bright days which have come at last! How many have said to us, during the dreary months now gone, "I shall be better when the warm weather comes;" and if there is in soft and balmy air, "healing upon its wings," then surely there was a blessing in that beautiful day of our visit, and we were glad to find so many out enjoying it. Even the domino-table was deserted, for the first time since we can remember. J. F. K., gone, as he hoped he would be able to be into business. Met G. B., a youthful looking soldier, who has lost a leg, with a package of photographs he had been trying to sell. He says he gets so tired of doing nothing, that he determined to make some effort for himself, if only in this way. His success seemed to have encouraged him—and the gentleman of our party patronized him so extensively, as to put him in very good spirits. We met F. G. and J. R., in the cross ward once more, although it

seemed so doubtful a month ago that they should linger until this time. J. R. was really looking better — so strange is it with that strangely flattering disease. We cannot, however, say the same of F. G.; he seemed to us at least almost gone. W. T., the colored man, with consumption, in the Male Ward, died during the month. Found in this ward W. H., badly injured by a fall from a building. Our little boys interested us as usual. Poor little Tommy, only six years old, is now obliged to have his arms fastened down in addition to the weight upon his feet. It must be very hard, but he is a brave little hero, and never complains—although it was difficult for any of us to look at him and keep back the tears. Henry had been very ill, and the small, wasted hands—the thin white face—the large brown eyes, with their wistful, ethereal brightness—still haunt us. O, this mystery of human suffering—meeting us everywhere,—and yet never so dark, so inexplicable, as in the innocent faces of little children! But, it was sweet to think, in visiting these boys, that the same Jesus who loved and blessed such as these upon earth, does not forget them on His throne,—and that His heart yearns towards them with the same pity and tenderness now, as then. Not one moan but He hears—not one tear but He sees and knows. J. C. is doing nicely.

Perhaps the best news which greeted us in the Female Ward, was to find Katie McG. so much better. We had feared on our last visit, that we might never see her again. M. S., recovered and gone. Mrs. S., the “nice old lady,” better. L. C., continues a great sufferer. Mrs. H. very ill. Saw Sarah, whose eyes are still painful, but so much better that she feels encouraged. Dr. Rider’s success in treating diseases of the eye seems really wonderful. Nothing, we regret to say, has yet been sent in for M. S., whose sad case we mentioned in our last number. The story of her destitution was no fabrication—and

from the well-filled, overflowing wardrobes of the many friends of our Hospital, could nothing be spared? Once more, we ask our readers to consider her great and immediate needs. Nothing, in the way of clothing, but what would be acceptable. Paid a brief visit to the Nursery and the babies, where we saw, still among the number, the little boy for whom a home is so earnestly desired.

Our party came well laden with papers and magazines, which they distributed promiscuously in the Hospital, and which were everywhere welcomed. We mention this that others, having papers or other reading matter to spare, may save it to bring to the Hospital. Better use it to kindle souls, than fires. The inmates all show an eagerness for papers.

Religious Services.

Our friends will be pleased to know that we have now regular religious services at the Hospital, held every Sabbath afternoon at three o’clock. They are conducted by students of the Theological Seminary, and have thus far been very interesting and very gratifying to many of the inmates. The gatherings are in the upper hall, and are composed not only of the inmates, who, at the ringing of the bell come together from the several wards and private apartments, but by others, living in the vicinity of the Hospital, as well as by the Managers, and those immediately interested in it. Patients, unable to leave their beds, have in some instances, requested an interview with the preacher after the service, and much and lasting good, we can but fervently hope, may result from these services. A wide field for individual effort is certainly now open at our Hospital, and much may be accomplished by those looking for work to do for Christ—by visiting the sick—by the distribution of good books and papers—and by personal interviews.

The Ladies desire at this time to express their most earnest thanks to the young gentlemen of the Seminary, for their aid—and their appreciation of their very acceptable services.

A Remembrance from Monty.

The following from Monty's mamma, assures us that our little friend, in his distant home, does not forget the Hospital, and that he is as busy as ever in devising ways and means to help us. Many thanks to Monty, for his kite, and his panorama, and for his many kind thoughts of us:

Dear Mrs. Mathews:

Enclosed, please find 66 cents for the Hospital, from Monty. He asked me if he might make kites and put them in the window for sale, and send the money to you—55 cents—he earned selling them; one cent apiece. The other 11 cents are the proceeds of his little Panorama Exhibition.

MARY N. R.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 20, 1869, Phillip Zimmer, aged 70 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 16, 1869, Sarah Ritchie, aged 60 years.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM APRIL 15 TO MARCH 15, 1869.

Miss Julia A. Williams, Fairport; Miss Clara L. Richman, Saginaw City, Mich.; Mrs. S. G. Beach—By Mrs. Perkins,.....	\$1 60
Miss. O. B. Prosser, Penn Yan—By Miss Ida Raplee,	50
Mrs. Reese—By Mrs. Nessel,	50
Mrs. J. P. Kelly—By Miss Hibbard,	50
Mrs. Whipple, Mrs. Cheeseman—By Miss Whipple,	1 00
Dr. D. Knickerbocker. North Parma—By A. B. Wilder.	50
Miss Jennings—By Mrs. J. S. Hall,	50
A. W. Fanning, 3 years—By, Mrs. Mathews, 1 50	

Donations for March.

Mrs. F. Starr—Pickles.
 Mrs. J. P. Kelly—Can of Tomatos.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Toys and Oranges, for the boys.
 Mrs. Cone—Cookies and Pop Corn.
 Mrs. Ives, Batavia—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Books.
 Mrs. W. F. Holmes—Oranges and old Cotton.

Cash Donations.

Donation Box,.....	\$1 50
Louis Bauer, on account,	4 00
Little Monty Rochester, Cincinnati,	60
A. W. Fanning—By Mrs. Mathews,	1 00

Superintendent's Report.

1869, Mar. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital 104	
Discharged,	23
Died,.....	2— 25
	1 79
Received during the month,	26
Remaining April 1st, 1869,	105

Children's Department.

A Singing Lesson.

A Nightingale made a mistake!
 She sang a few notes out of tune,
 Her heart was ready to break,
 And she hid from the moon!
 See wrung her claws, poor thing,
 But was far too proud to weep;
 She tucked her head under her wing,
 And pretended to be asleep.

A Lark, arm-in-arm with a Thrush,
 Came sauntering up to the place:
 The Nightingale felt herself blush,
 Though feathers hid her face.
 See knew they had heard her song,
 She felt them snigger and sneer;
 She thought that this life was too long,
 And wished she could skip a year.

"O Nightingale," cooed a Dove,
 "O Nightingale, what's the use?
 You bird of beauty and love,
 Why behave like a goose?
 Don't skulk away from our sight,
 Like common contemptible fowl,
 You bird of joy and delight,
 Why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done,
 Only think of all you can do,
 A false note is really fun
 From such a bird as you!
 Lift up your proud little crest,
 Open your musical beak—
 Other birds have to do their best,
 But you need only to speak "

The Nightingale shyly took
 Her head from under her wing,
 And, giving the Dove a look,
 Straightway began to sing.
 There was never a bird could pass—
 The night was divinely calm,
 And the people stood on the grass
 To hear that wonderful psalm.

The Nightingale did not care,
 She only sang to the skies,
 Her song ascended there,
 And there she fixed her eyes;
 The people who listened below,
 She knew but little about;
 And this tale has a moral, I know,
 If you'll try to find it out.

[Aunt Judy's Magazine.]

From the Methodist.

In the Hospital, Just Before Easter Sunday.

The old town clock struck twelve on Good-Friday, which is the Friday before Easter Sunday, when the children sprang out hastily from the doors of all the schoolrooms, and fairly filled the streets and market-places. At the first stroke of the clock, a pale and delicate woman, Frau Willers, laid down her knitting, and prepared a little lunch for her daughter, whose name was Helen. This was Helen's birthday, and her mother gave her two large oranges, a flower-pot containing a beautiful rose and a nice portfolio. Never was little Helen happier than on that Good-Friday, and never did Frau Willers look with more gratitude and joy at her daughter, then as they both sat together at the table and ate their lunch.

"Now," said Helen, "since you have been so good to me, mother, as to give me two oranges, I will take one of them and give it to one of the poor soldiers in the Hospital,"—a proposition which her mother was pleased to hear her make.

That afternoon Frau Willers and little Helen started for their regular weekly visit to the hospital. Though that kind woman was not obliged to go there, yet she felt it a duty to attend to the suffering, and to relieve their wants as far as she was able.

Helen looked at everything in the hospital with wondering eyes. She saw the large table in the middle of the principal room covered with sponges, medicines, glasses, fruits and all kinds of surgical in-

struments. An old woman was the principal nurse in that room, and though she did not seem to be a very pleasant person for the sick men to have around them, yet she had a very good heart, and the soldiers loved her very dearly.

The clock in the old Gothic church on the other side of the square struck four in the afternoon, and while Helen was reading the newspaper to one of the soldiers, she heard another one, lying in a cot some distance off, say:

"Oh! I have been dreaming, and thought that I was away off home, where my dear parents used to live; where I used to go to school, and where I was so delighted to sail my little boat, and turn my mill in the brook."

Poor man he was not destined to have many more dreams on earth, as his wound was so severe that it was impossible for him to recover.

The newspaper which Helen read contained a long account of the battle in which all the soldiers who lay there had been wounded, the result of which battle was a grand victory for the army in which they were. When she finished reading she sang a song commencing:

"I know not when I'll die,
 But all my sins I now lament."

She sang the whole song through, and it was one of the most beautiful she had learned from her mother.

By and by Frau Willers, and Helen finished their long visit of kindness to the soldiers, and then left the hospital. A soldier, lying in a far corner of the hospital, asked the old nurse having charge of the room, who the lady and her daughter were for the song which he heard the little girl sing was one that was very familiar to him when he was a child. The old lady very kindly took a seat by his side and told him the interesting story of Frau Willers, which as near as I can now recollect, was as follows:

"The lady's name is Frau Willers, and she is the daughter of a rich architect. She has had the misfortune to lose her husband, who was drowned, while on a voyage to America, five years ago. After the death of her father, her brother forged a will, and got the entire estate of the wealthy architect into his own possession. Frau Willers implored the dishonest man to give her at least enough property to

educate her daughter; but all her entreaties were of no avail. He was cruel enough to keep all for himself. This brother had an only son, whom he loved as only a parent can love a child. The unkind father wished to place all this property in his son's possession and so not permit his only sister and her little girl ever to have a share in it."

When the old lady finished her story, she found that the soldier to whom she was telling it had fallen asleep, but another wounded soldier, lying near him, was very much interested in the account, and did not lose a word, though he was one of the most severely wounded in the whole hospital, and the surgeon had declared that he could not live longer than a day or two. He tried to speak, but the old lady could not conceive of what he wished to say. So, without wishing to excite him, the old lady left him, and told him she would return again in the morning, and hear all that he had to say.

The next morning the old lady came early, and went immediately to the cot where the poor soldier lay. He looked a little brighter and fresher than the day before, but was still unable to carry on any conversation. The only words which the old lady could understand him to say, were "The song of yesterday." Just then it flashed upon that old nurse's mind that this very soldier was the son of the brother of Frau Willers; and yet she knew that, notwithstanding the love which his father had for him, he could live but a short time longer. He succeeded in whispering again to the old nurse to send for the lady and her daughter.

As soon as Frau Willers and Helen came into the hospital that afternoon, they were led immediately to the poor sinking soldier among whose last words were these, which he spoke to Helen:

"Oh! sing again the song which my mother taught me, and which you sang yesterday:

"I know not when I'll die
But all my sins I now lament."

The good soldier's father, who lived a long distance from there, barely had time to reach the hospital before his son died, who in a few days was followed to his grave.

As soon as the father heard that his own sister was living there, and that her daughter Helen had sung the beautiful song

which had been a favorite in the family for many generations, he exclaimed:

"Oh! how hard-hearted I have been! how hard-hearted I have been! the very ones whom I have treated most unkindly have performed the last offices of affection for my beloved son."

As the young soldier was borne to the grave, Frau Willers and her daughter wept bitter tears of sorrow, for it was a relative that they were following to his last resting place. On returning, the brother of Frau Willers went with her to her home, and what he said there will now be no surprise to you:

"I have been led in this wonderful way to review my conduct, and to see my unkindness toward you in its clear light. I have now no relative left to whom I can leave my property, with the exception of you, my sister, and you, little Helen. So you must go away with me, and my house shall be your future home. It is nothing more than my duty to you as my relatives. But it is doubly my duty when I remember that you have providentially been the ones to comfort my dear son in his last hours—to point him to the Saviour, and to fulfill his last wish on earth."

Frau Willers consented to the arrangement, and she and her daughter soon became occupants of one of the most beautiful houses in all the Grand Duchy of Baden. Yet neither ever ceased to love the suffering.

Helen could look back upon pleasant Good-Fridays, but to no Friday in all her life as upon that one when she sang to the poor sufferer in the hospital:

"I know not when I'll die,
But all my sins I now lament."

Angry Willy.

What, red in the face, little Willy?

What, double your fists? O fie!

To get in a passion, how silly!

To stamp, and to rave, and to cry,

To snatch at a stick or a switch, too,

Your poor little brother to strike,

Because you can't do as you wished to,

Because you can't go where you like.

Now, peep in the glass, little Willy—

Why, did you e'er see such a fright?

You look just like one that's struck silly,

And can't tell the wrong from the right;

Your eyes starting out of their sockets,
Your hair all rough as a mop,
Your teeth clenched, your cheeks red as rockets,
What a face! O, my Willy, do stop!

Just think of the sin, dearest Willy,
Of letting our passions have away;
Too mildly I said it was silly—
'Tis dreadfully wicked. O pray
That God will forgive you, and make you
A better boy, gentle and mild,
Before all good angels forsake you,
And your young soul with crime is defiled.

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy and Dr. Whitbeck.

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

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Nov. 1867. 1y

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. V.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1869.

No. 10.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

WALTER AT HOME.

The examination of my Lady's package, with its pretty gifts and songs, effectually diverted Walter's mind from its cares for a while. At that time, Devonshire was practically as far from London as London is now from New York, and intercourse between the two, was so unfrequent, and attended with so many difficulties, that the reception of a letter or parcel was an event of importance. Walter laughed at the specimens of new fashions, tried the songs, admired the fowling piece, and the hunting knife, which the Earl had sent him, and quite forgot that there was a

witch in the world, till the appearance of Dame Prudence, with the preparations for supper, brought the matter again to his mind in a somewhat disagreeable manner.

"So, Master Walter!" said the old woman, setting down her tray, with a good deal more force than was necessary, "So you have been at your tricks again! Pretty business, indeed, for your father's son! A body might as well live with one of them volcanos my master tells about, as with you; for one never knows what you will do next!"

Mrs. Corbet laid down her lute, and looked at her son with an expression of sorrowful anxiety. Walter's escapades had indeed given his mother many a heart-ache.

"I have done nothing very bad, this time, mother!" said he, answering the look. "Indeed, I do not know that I have done anything that you would disapprove!"

"Oh, no doubt you are as innocent as the babe unborn!" returned the crusty old woman. "Call you it nothing, to be fighting and brawling with the bumpkins, on the village green! And for such a cause, forsooth!"

"I could not help it, dear mother; indeed, I could not!" returned Walter. "I will tell you the whole story, and I am sure you will not be angry with me."

Mrs. Corbet sighed, but listened patiently

while Walter went over the story of his championship of the old Dame. "Now, mother, could I help it?" he concluded. "Could I stand by and see the poor harmless old woman abused by those rascals?"

"Harmless old woman, quotha?" exclaimed Prudence. "Harmless old woman, indeed! As if every one did not know Dame Hurst to be the greatest witch in all the country, colloying with moor men and Gubbings, and they the best of her company. Harmless, indeed! Well, I beg your pardon, Madam!" she added, as Mrs. Corbet turned her eyes upon her: "but Master Walter is enough to drive one out of one's senses; that he is!"

I cannot see in this case that the boy has done aught amiss!" said Mrs. Corbet, calmly. "Surely, Prudence, you would not have had him leave the poor old creature to be abused by the rabble."

"She could have helped herself, I warrant me!" returned Prudence. "She does not serve the Devil for naught."

"And how do you know that she does serve the Devil?" interrupted Walter, warmly: for having once taken the old Dame's part, he felt like defending her through thick and thin. "I can't find out that she has done harm to any living soul. The only thing I hear brought against her is that she has cured some people that the Doctor could not help. I am sure she talks like a good Christian woman as ever lived."

"Yes; they can all do that! Only believe their own story, and they are all innocent as lambs."

"I make no doubt they are, as far as witchcraft is concerned!" said Mrs. Corbet gravely. "Tell me, Prudence, do you know any thing against this poor woman, save these idle tales of sorcery?"

"No, Madam; of myself I know no harm of the woman!" replied Prudence, looking a little ashamed. "But for all that, Master Walter needn't go for to setting himself

up to defend her, and to make himself enemies thereby. Here now is Dame Drum, complaining that her poor son has been knocked down and half killed by Master Walter, all because he called Dame Hurst a witch!

"I'll risk his being half killed!" said Walter, laughing. "He will live to be thrashed many a time yet, and thrashed he will be, if I ever hear him repeat what he said to-day. The villain! To dare to say such things of—" Walter checked himself. He had not meant to tell his mother what Tom had said.

"You are keeping back something, Walter!" observed his mother. "You have not told us the whole story."

"I know it, Mother!" I am ashamed to tell you, and yet perhaps it is best you should know!" With burning cheeks and down-cast eyes, Walter repeated what he had heard from Tom and his mother, as well as from Will Atkins. Prudence listened in breathless amazement and indignation, and as soon as Walter concluded, she burst out.

"The villains! The villains! That they should dare say such things of my Lady! That they should dare put such an affront on her father's daughter. And they Drums, that have had skim-milk from the dairy ever since they came here—but I promise you they will get no more. Knock him down, indeed! You ought to have pounded him within an inch of his life, the dirty ungrateful whelp!"

"As to that, I gave him all he wanted and more!" returned Walter. "He won't say anything to me in a hurry."

"And the skim-milk they have had, and broth beside, from the kitchen!" continued the old woman. "But I will make them repent. I will cut them short, I promise you!"

"I desire that you will make no difference in that respect, Prudence!" said Mrs. Corbet. "That would be returning evil

for evil, which you know we are forbidden to do. Let the old woman have all that she is accustomed to receive from the house. But, Prudence, can you tell me why it is any worse for Tom and the village boys to tell such tales of me than of poor old Dame Hurst?"

"There is some difference, I trow, between you and Dame Hurst, Madam!"

"Yes; there is this difference, that she is old, poor and lonely, with no one to take her part or defend her, while I have powerful relatives and friends, beside my gallant young knight here, who is ready and able to attack and conquer any number of dragons and enchanters in his mother's behalf! And since such an accusation is brought against me, who am as innocent of meddling with the black art as your kitten there, why should not Dame Hurst also be falsely accused? We will say no more about the matter, at present!" she added, seeing that Prudence was preparing to speak—"lest our supper cools while we are discussing it."

"And that is true, Madam!" replied Prudence, recalled to household cares. "I have a fine fowl, grilled for you and Master Walter, and a junket such as you love: and Master Walter shall have a bowl of clotted cream—so he shall. He is his father's son, if he do be a little wild, now and then!" So saying, the old woman bustled out of the room.

"It does not take a great deal to change Prudence's mind!" said Mrs. Corbet, smiling. "She makes one think of the old bull and the ox."

"Dear mother, I wish you would not laugh about the matter!" said Walter, once more kneeling down by his mother's side.

"Indeed I do fear mischief. From what Will Atkins tells me, the trouble is not confined to Tom and his mother. There are others who talk in the same way."

"I know that the man, Doctor Mathew, as he calls himself, has long been my ene-

my!" said Mrs. Corbet. "He is a wicked hypocrite and deceiver, and ever since I traversed his plans with respect to poor Annie Wilkins, he has hated me with all the venom of his snakish nature. His pretensions to sanctity and to medical skill, which are only so many aggravations of his guilt, give him great power with the ignorant people, and I doubt not that he will use it to my hurt if he can. I am right glad, I confess, that my Lord is coming down to the Hall!"

"I wish my father would come home!" said Walter.

Mrs. Corbet sighed. "I would indeed he were at home, my dear boy, both for your sake and mine. "I feel every day how incapable I am of supplying to you the lack of a father's wisdom and authority."

"Dear, dearest Mother, do not speak so sadly!" said Walter, kissing his mother's fair hand. "Not all the fathers in the world could do more for me than you have done. If I do go wrong it is not you who are to blame, but only my own perverseness."

"Say, rather, dear son, your thoughtlessness! I do not think you are perverse—certainly not obstinate or ill-conditioned. Your impulses are good—you are kind and generous—ever ready to uphold the weaker side and to defend the helpless, as you did to-day. Ah, my fair Walter, if you were but steady and firm, to resist temptation—as ready to combat your enemies as to fight for others, your mother's heart would have naught to desire. But—!"

"I know it, Mother; I know it all! The first blast of temptation blows away all my good resolutions. If I might only stay always with you!"

"But you cannot stay always with me, my love!" said Mrs. Corbet. You must needs go out into the world, there to fulfil your duty—your *devoir*, as a gallant Knight"—she said, smiling sadly: "And

I fear lest it should be with you as with your noble god-father and namesake. His faults were few, compared to his virtues, and yet those faults were his ruin."

"They would not have been his ruin if he had had common justice," said Walter, blushing with indignation at his father's friend, Walter Raleigh.

"They gave his enemies the handle they needed!" said Mrs. Colbert. Sir Walter was hardly and unjustly dealt by, but he was not blameless. My dear Walter, will you not strive for more firmness and steadiness—to be governed by what you know to be right, instead of what you desire for the moment? Oftentimes, I grant, your impulses are right and noble, as was the case to-day; but are they always so?"

No, Mother; I know they are as often wrong as right!" replied Walter, frankly. "But it is hard to stop always and think before acting. Somehow the deed comes first, and the thought afterward. I don't believe it is natural for me to stop and calculate consequences before doing every thing."

"Nor would I have you do so, my love. Many times the upright man must act without regard to consequences. But I would have you stop and think whether what you are about to do would be right—honest in the sight of man—pure in the sight of God. My Walter, it is of Him I would have you think. Let your motto be, 'I have set God always before me.' Live as in His sight, and then all will be well."

Walter sighed rather impatiently. He well knew that his mother lived in this way—that to her, God was ever-present, not alone as a Judge, but as a living, loving, helping Father. She walked with God and He with her. But to Walter's experience such a state of things appeared something strange, awful, almost frightful. He felt that he could no more attain to it, than he could fly up to the sky above his

head. His mother was a saint, and no rule for him. Before he could be like her, a great change must pass over him, which in his secret heart he was by no means prepared to wish for, inasmuch as he felt it would involve the giving up of much which he loved. He kissed his mother again, without a sign of annoyance, but in his heart he was not sorry when the entrance of old Prudence, with the grilled fowl and junket she had promised, put an end to the conversation.

The Puritan Lovers.

BY MARION DOUGLASS.

Drawn out, like lingering bees, to share
The last, sweet summer weather,
Beneath the reddening maples walked
Two Puritans together—

A youth and maiden, heeding not
The woods which round them brightened,
Just conscious of each other's thoughts,
Half happy and half frightened.

Grave were their brows, and few their words,
And coarse their garb and simple;
The maiden's very cheek seemed shy
To own its worldly dimple.

For stern the time: they dwelt with care:
And fear was oft a comer;
A sober April ushered in
The pilgrim's toilsome summer.

And stern their creed: they tarried here,
Mere desert-land sojourners;
They must not dream of mirth or rest,
God's humble lesson learners.

The temple's sacred perfume round
Their week-day robes were clinging:
Their mirth was but the golden bells
On priestly garments ringing.

But as to-day they softly talked,
That serious youth and maiden,
Their plainest words strange beauty wore,
Like weeds with dew-drops laden.

The saddest theme had something sweet,
The gravest something tender,
While with slow steps they wandered on,
'Mid summer's fading splendor.

He said, "Next week the church will hold
A day of prayer and fasting,"
And then he stopped, and bent to pick
A white life-everlasting—

A silvery bloom with fadeless leaves;
He gave it to her, sighing;
A mute confession was his glance,
Her blush a mute replying.

"Mehetabel!" (at last he spoke)
"My fairest one and dearest!
One thought is ever to my heart
The sweetest and the nearest.

"You read my soul, you know my wish;
O, grant me its fulfilling!"
She answered low; "If heaven smiles,
And if my father's willing!"

No idle passion swayed her heart
This quaint New England beauty!
Earth was the guardian of her life;
Obedience was her duty.

Too truthful for reserve she stood,
Her brown eyes earthward casting,
And held with trembling hand the while
Her white life-everlasting.

Her sober answer pleased the youth—
Frank, clear, and gravely cheerful;
He left her at her father's door,
Too happy to be fearful.

She looked on high, with earnest plea,
And heaven seemed bright above her;
And when she shyly spoke his name,
Her father praised her lover.

And when that night, she sought her couch,
With head-board high and olden,
Her prayer was praise, her pillow down,
And all her dreams were golden.

And still upon her throbbing heart,
In bloom and breath undying,
A few life ever-lasting flowers,
Her lover's gift, were lying.

O Venus' myrtles, fresh and green!
O Cupid's blushing roses!
Not on your classic flowers alone
The sacred light reposes;

Though gentler care may shield your buds,
From north winds rude and blasting,
As dear to love, those few, pale flowers
Of white life-everlasting.

[Atlantic Monthly.

Giving Too Much.

I once heard a story something like this:
X—— applies to Y—— for some money
for a certain object.

Y. "O, I never give to anything so far
off. I think charity begins at home. We
have our own poor at home."

"Well," said X——, "I will give ten
dollars to the poor at home, for every five
you will give."

Y. "O, I don't mean that; but there
are our Sunday schools, they are always
wanting money for them."

X. "Ah, then, I will give ten dollars
for every five you will give to our Sunday
schools."

Y. "O, I didn't mean that; the Home
missionaries are miserably supported. You
ought not give to those abroad when our
own men need it so much."

X. "Well, then; I will give ten dollars
for every five you will give to Home Mis-
sions."

"O, I don't mean that either," said
Y——. And, indeed, he did not mean
anything, but to excuse himself from giv-
ing money, and to escape calls upon his
charity.

This is the point of the story: he "did
not mean that either." He did not mean
to give away anything if he could help it.

Now, the fact usually is, that those who
are most liberal abroad, are also the most
liberal at home. Men's hearts enlarge;
and then they must bestow their money
intelligently, and therefore make them-
selves acquainted with the wants of all.
And that must be a heart of stone, which,
with means at command, can shut himself
up against all the urgent appeals from those
who are in darkness, or from those who
want light.

How can men shut up their hearts?
Simply by shutting their eyes and ears.

If you are abroad in the world, men may
be in danger and calling for help; but if
you neither see nor hear them, you do not
move to their rescue. Or, if you hear a
faint cry, and "do not mean that either,"
you will not suffer your heart to be moved.

But we defy any one to read, to make
himself acquainted with the various claims,
and the wonderful encouragements to faith-
ful work, without being moved to give his
money to the very extent of his ability.

"His money," said we? nay, are we not
all the Lord's stewards, merely bestowing

of that which we receive of him? When shall we fully understand the principles of this stewardship?

And when shall we believe God?

IONE.

"I Shall be Satisfied."

Not here! not here! Not where the sparkling waters

Fade into mocking sand 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 its 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 stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

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

Be satisfied the spirit's inward yearning
For sweet companionship and kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

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

Thither my weak and weary steps are bending—
Savior and Lord! with thy frail child abide,
Guide me t'ward Home, where all my wanderings ending,
I shall see Thee, and "shall be satisfied."

SMALL COURTESIES.—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is still to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.

From the Evening Post.

God Help Her!

BY JAMES M'CAEROL.

God help the wretch who nightly drags
Her life along the gastly flags,
In sin, in hunger, and in rags.

God help her, when the bitter rain
Beats on her—like a window pane—
And almost washes out her stain.

God help her, when, with naked feet,
She gropes along, and bows to meet
The cruel corner of the street.

God help her, when, with tearless eye,
She looks into the blackened sky
And strikes her breast, and asks to die.

God help her, wandering to and fro,
Without one Christian glance to throw
A beam upon her sullied snow.

Poor child of good and child of ill,
Too weak for her misguided will,
God help her, she's a woman still.

New York, March 11, 1869.

Life.

Oh there are various paths and ways,
The rough ones and the sweet;
Through which God's guiding hand conducts
His erring children's feet.

Thorns are in all, but some have few
To tread down as they go;
And every tree and bush they pass,
Its blossoms o'er them throw.

The bleeding feet, the aching brow,
The desert's scorching air;
The Tempter's voice, the inward strife,
Of others are the share.

Which are most blest, we dare not say;
He hath a work for each;
A name, a purpose, and an end,
That to His feet will reach.

If industry is no more than a habit, 'tis at least an excellent one. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer you pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No. I shall answer indolence. What conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1869.

Visit to the Hospital.

House-cleaning, all over at the Hospital—everything shining, and refreshingly clean and bright. But the unseasonably cold weather, like a second edition of winter, had settled, with its chill, over the house. Consumptives, especially, were feeling its depressing effects, and there are so many with this disease ever here. We found more additions to the Soldier's Ward since last month—J. M., J. G. O'C., and C. J., from New York City, and another blind man, W. J., from Connecticut—all soldiers. The blind man seemed to enjoy our visit very much. A lady of our party finding he was from her native State, and near her native town, interested herself in him, and held a long conversation with him, which seemed to do him a great deal of good. He remarked to her gratefully, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, that she was the only lady, with but one exception, who had stopped to talk with him since he came. Little visits of this kind—little expressions of kindness and sympathy, help these weary ones to forget their infirmities, and cheer them more than our readers can realize. T. O'L., with consumption, failing. M. O'B., another patient with consumption, feeble and disheartened. J. R., with the same disease, still lingers, but failing. Felix's white face was gone from the cross-ward. He died not long after our last visit. His funeral services were attended by the Rev. Mr. Morey. W. H., injured by a fall from a building, much better. We thought of William Taylor, and missed him, as we entered the Male Ward. He was the colored man, sometimes mentioned in our visits, and whose death was noticed in our last *Review*. Especial interest was felt in his case, from the fact that he was the body-servant of a young

officer from Canandaigua, who died at Andersonville. He was a young man of unusual promise—a graduate of West Point, and whose death has fallen with heaviest gloom upon his family. William attended him faithfully until his eyes were closed in death, and he then entered the service of his younger brother, and returned home with him. The family of the young officer cared for William very kindly, until his death—attending him at their own home, until he became so feeble that it was thought better for him to be brought to the Hospital. Here they paid all his expenses—visited him often—supplying him with every needed comfort, and attended his funeral. Our little boys seemed about as usual. J. C., who has lost a hand, is doing nicely. We found him sitting up for the first time.

Catharine W., is a consumptive patient, in whom we feel much interest. She has with her a bright little girl of twelve years, for whom she is anxious to find a good adopted home before she takes her final leave of her, which she feels must be soon. Will our readers please bear her wish in mind? Mary K., piecing a bed-quilt. Katie McG., still better. Mrs. H., so ill last month, much improved. Sarah's eyes not so well again. Now and then she gets discouraged. K. W., is a young girl who came to us from the "Home," where much interest was felt in her case. We fear she will be laid up for long months to come. In the cross-ward we found Mrs. D., a soldier's widow, and blind. No clothing has yet been sent in for M. S. If our Miss McFlimseys could but have their eyes opened to this case of real destitution—but they will not—no one will. When the "worst comes to the worst," some one, perhaps almost as destitute as herself, will divide with her, but not my fine lady, with her Saratoga trunks, and drawers, and closets, and wardrobes—packed to overflowing, O the evil that

—"is wrought for want of thought!"

Those who do not Receive their Papers, Are requested to make known all such failures to Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary. These failures occur not unfrequently through some mistake in the address, and in that case easily are remedied—sometimes through some remissness in the Post Office—but more often, we fear, that missing papers, about which, we hear so many complaints, are lying in gentlemen's offices, or places of business. So, perhaps, after all, before making a complaint to Mrs. Mathews, or at the Post Office, a better plan would be to do what St. Paul recommends women to do if they want to know anything—ask your husband at home. Rumors have reached us of vast accumulations of these papers in certain quarters—hence, dear friends, if you really want your paper, button-hole that very delinquent husband, or father, or brother of yours, and make him own up that he has never taken the trouble to bring it home; or else go on a voyage of discovery into his office, and find out for yourself the root of the evil.

Effort for the Fallen.

The effort now being made in our city, for a class who have hitherto had no place in our public charities, can but receive our deepest sympathy. We can but fervently trust that the plans for this object may be laid wisely, and meet with success. Numbers of this class are brought to our Hospital—and while it must be confessed that the more we know of them, and the more closely we are brought in contact with them, the less hopeful we become of accomplishing much for them, we do not for this reason feel any less desire that every means and effort possible should be used for their rescue. Because we realize the great difficulties in the way, does not diminish our interest, nor lessen our responsibility.

A home—a place for them—is evident-

ly the first consideration. We feel this daily in our intercourse with them here. When urging them to give up their life of sin, and return no more to their old haunts and associates, we are met by the questions, "But where *can* I go now?" "What other companions can I have?" And what can we say? There is the same difficulty in reference to employment. What can they do, which we can reasonably expect, after their lives of luxury and idleness they would be willing to do—or, even if ready to work, where could they get employment? There is no one question now before the minds and hearts of the benevolent, which involves the intricacies and the discouragements of this one—and yet, at the same time, there is none which makes so fearful—so heart-rending an appeal. With God, all things are possible.

Before us, in a neat attractive form, lies a sermon of great power, and tenderness, and beauty, by Dr. Muhlenberg, upon "Woman and her Accusers," from the text, "Go, and sin no more," delivered for the "Midnight Mission," in New York city. We wish this sermon might be read by everybody. If circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land, we feel that it might accomplish much for this great work.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Friday, April 9th, 1869, of Consumption, William Taylor, of Canandaigua, aged 26 years.

Monday, April 26th, from injuries received by the falling of a scaffolding, John Van Houten, aged 72 years.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM APRIL 15 TO MAY 15, 1869.

Miss Mather, Sodus—By Mrs. Mathews,	\$ 50
Sarah Agate, Pittsford, 4 yrs.; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Livonia; Mrs. Calvin Seward, Stone Church—By Mrs. Perkins,	3 00
Miss Eunice Howell, 2 yrs.; Miss M. A. Root—By Miss Root, York,	1 50
Mrs. Betsy Pratt—By Miss Munn,	62
Mrs. Wm. Hanford, Scottsville; Mrs. Isaac Budlong—By Mrs. Shadbolt,	1 00

Donations for April.

Mrs. H. L. Fish—Six bowls of Jelly.
 Mrs. Curtis—A quantity of Clothing.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Oranges.
 Mrs. David Clark—Three Dozen of Oranges.
 Army of Temperance—A quantity of Biscuit,
 Lemons, and Cake.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—1 dozen Glasses of
 Jelly.
 Mr. Gifford—1 pair Shoes.
 Geo. Arnold—Sign for the Hospital, valued at
 Twenty-Five Dollars.

Superintendent's Report.

1869, Apr. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital 105
 Received during the month, 21—126
 Discharged, 27
 Died, 2— 29
 Remaining May 1st, 1869, 95

Children's Department.

Lilies of the Valley.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

The lilies were fair, by the garden wall;
 They blossomed for beauty ;—and was that all ?
 Etta checked her steps in the path ; said she,
 " I will carry a few for my friend to see."
 And she only stayed at my door to say,
 " Here are lilies that blossomed for you to-day."

I took the gift with a glad delight—
 So sweet, so perfect, so pure and white,
 How modestly drooping their eyelids fell,
 Like a bride's, when she waits for the marriage
 bell ;
 How fair they were, in the chalice tall !
 They blossomed for beauty—and was that all ?

Our Annie came in with a tale of woe,
 From a wretched home in the lanes below,
 Little Mary, the pride of a poor man's breast,
 Had folded her hands in eternal rest,
 Her robes were coarse, and the room was bare,
 And nothing of beauty or light was there.

Then I took from the vase my lilies dear,
 And gave them the dew of a silent tear ;
 And parting the fingers, pale and thin,
 Annie laid the lilies their clasp within,
 And the father and mother will think of her so,
 Whenever the flowers in the spring-time grow.

The lilies were fair by the garden wall ;
 They blossomed for beauty. That was not all ;
 For the Father his rain and his sunshine gave,
 And they opened for Mary to wear in her grave,
 And Etta did more of His will than she knew,
 When she said, " Here are the lilies that blos-
 somed for you."

[Our Young Folks.

The Valley and the Mountain.

Mrs. Valley was one day looking up in-
 to the clear blue sky, and admiring the
 snowy clouds as they slowly sailed over
 her. She had just come back from a long
 retirement, during which she had worn a
 cold, white robe, under which she had long
 and quiet rest. But lately waking up, re-
 covered in health and spirits, she had been
 under the hand of Mrs. Spring, a wonder-
 ful milliner, who made her new robes,
 adorned them with vines and flowers of
 the most lovely form and color. A richer
 dress, woven in the loom of Nature, was
 never seen. But as she gazed on the sky
 she happened to turn her eye northward,
 where she saw a blue object rising up and
 calmly looking down upon her, as if ad-
 miring the proud beauty.

" And who may you be, sir, that has
 the boldness to gaze so steadily at me ?"

" My name is Mountain, madam."

" Well, Mr. Mountain, I will not deny
 that I have heard of you before, standing
 there alone, on one foot—for though I
 have heard of the foot of the mountain, I
 have never heard of his feet—and your bare,
 hard head lifted up among the clouds,
 and your brow of stone, and your heart
 nothing less than a huge rock. I have
 heard of your name before this ; but pray,
 sir, if I may ask without giving offence,
 of what use are you to the world ? I under-
 stand they cannot look to you for harvests,
 or gardens. There are a few wolves, it
 may be, that now and then entertain you
 with music, and a few feeble rabbits that
 hop up and down your sides ; and then,
 sir, I am told, your head is almost always
 drenched with rains and swept by storms.
 Indeed, sir, I cannot for my life see what
 you are made for."

" Be pleased madam, to tell me what
 you are made for."

" What I am made for ! why, you must
 be blind not to see. Do you not see I am
 spread out far and wide ; that many ani-
 mals and birds have their home in my bo-
 som ? Do you not see how every flower
 and beautiful thing can grow and nestle
 over me ? and that when men come, I give
 them out wheat without measure ; that
 enormous granaries are built to receive my
 produce, and ships carry it all over the
 world, and that I am the meal-chest of na-
 tions ? The rains fall upon me, coming
 from the far off ocean, and the dews cool
 me nightly, and a thousand little streams

and springs circulate as veins through me, refreshing every part of me. The world bows to me as a mighty mistress. Now, Mr. Mountain, what can you say for yourself? Of what possible use are you, I beg to know, and by what right do you lift up your head so high? I do not mean to be uncivil, Mr. Mountain, but you know that we ladies have delicate nerves, and it makes me nervous to look at you—so cold, so stern, so solitary, as if you had not a friend in the world, and did not want one."

"Madam," meekly and slowly answered Mr. Mountain, but with a rough kind of voice, "madam, I have but little to say for myself. I have stood here alone for ages, and if I have had but one foot, it has been a strong one. My Maker placed me here with this lofty head and stony form, that I might condense the currents of air as they swept over the continent, and form clouds and bring rain. Cloud-making, madam, is a great business with me; they gather around my head and sides, they pour their treasures down on me; the waters run into every cavern and hollow I have, and then break out into little springs, gather into ponds and lakes and rivers, and thus the waters come to you and pervade you and cheer you; and there is not a blade of grass, nor a flower on your bosom, nor a stalk of wheat, which is not nourished by the waters condensed and stopped by us mountains. More than forty ponds look to me to keep them filled, and several rivers flow from my sides. I stand here alone, Mrs. Valley, receiving no thanks and no praise; but take me away, and every stream that comes to you would be dry, and you yourself, madam, would be a shrivelled up old lady, with no flowers on your broad skirts and no bread in your hand. Your fruitfulness and your glory come from me; and though you will wear out by tillage and become poorer by-and-by, I have the hope that I shall stand here no less useful, no less necessary, and still honored by those who know my mission. If I am by such as you scorned, I shall still know that the streams that I create, manufacture clothing for the same multitudes that come to you for bread."

Thus the mountain ministers to the valley, and the valley to man; and thus the North and the South, the East and the West of our land, all need each other, and none can be spared. God hath made nothing in vain.—*Child's Companion.*

Little Rosie.

Rosie, my posy,
You're weary, you're dozy,
Sit upon grandmamma's knee,
Songs will I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cosy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The "Song of the Well" to begin;
How young Johnnie Stout,
Pulled pussy-cat out,
When Johnnie Green let her fall in.

Of timid Miss Muffit,
Who fled from the tuffit;
Of Bobbie who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Gill;
Of the mouse at the mill;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,
As sweet as a posy—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and dozy,
To cuddle up cosy,
And hush-a-by-baby with me.

—*Children's Picture Magazine.*

Sticking to the Truth.

Two weeks ago, on board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered, on the fourth day of the outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and requestioned, but always with the same result. He did

not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him to the fore, told him, that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him on the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that we had ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, this brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather, could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upraised to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his own word.

A Good Example.

A visitor once went to a Sabbath-school, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow.

Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said she, "you had much better kiss your brother than to strike him." The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against a blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster: he was completely subdued. Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows."

From The Child's Paper.

Brave John Maynard.

John was well known as a sturdy, intelligent, and God-fearing pilot on lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen issuing from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is."

Simpson came up with a face pale as ashes, and said "Captain the ship is on fire!"

"Fire, fire! fire, fire!" instantly resounded in all directions. All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to try to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land? How long before we reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here*; see the smoke bursting out. Go *forward*, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire, clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the brave tar.

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore."

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly "Aye, aye, sir."

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set; yet he stood as firm as a rock. He beached the ship. Every man, woman, and child were saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. Noble John Maynard. It is worth a greater effort to save a man from moral ruin.

J. B. GOUGH.

Miscellaneous.

A Literary Oddity.

The "Brewers" should to "Malta" go,

The "Boobies" all to "Scilly,"

The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"

The "Furriers" to "Chill."

The little, snarling, caroling "babes,"

That break our nightly rest,

Should be packed off to "Baby-lon,"

"To "Lap-land" or to "Brest."

From "Spit-head" "Cooks" go o'er to
"Greece,"

And while the "Miser" waits

His passage to the "Guinea" coast,"

"Spenthrifts," are in the "Straits."

"Spinisters" should to the "Needles" go,

"Wine-bibbers" to "Burgundy,"

"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich
Isles,"

"Wags" at the bay of "Fun-dy"

"Bachelors" to the "United States,"

"Maids," to the "Isle of Man,"

Let "Gardeners" go to "Botany" Bay,

And "Shoeblocks" to "Japan."

Thus emigrate, and misplaced men

Will then no longer vex us,

And all who ain't provided for

Had better go to "Texas."

Good Spelling.

A pious but illiterate deacon, in a certain town in Massachusetts, gave a stage driver a slip of paper, upon which he said were written the names of a couple of books, which he wished him to call for at a bookstore. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said, "There's a couple of books which Deacon B—— wished you to send him." The clerk, after a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make "head or tail" out of it, and passed it to the book keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was also "Greek." The proprietor was called, and he also gave up in despair; and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon standing on the steps.

"Well, driver," said he, "did you get my books to-day?"

"Books! no! and a good reason why! for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your old hen tracks."

"Couldn't read ritin'? Let me see the paper."

The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon, who taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, and exclaimed, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone:

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. To S-a-m B-u-x—two psalm books! I guess the clerk had better go to school a quarter."

And here the deacon made some reflections upon the "ignorance of the times," and the want of attention to books by the "rising generation," which would have been all very well if said by some one else.

What is the difference between a pound of meat and a drummer boy? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

The Scotch have a saying—"Who cheats me once, shame befall him; if he cheats me twice, shame befall me."

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life? "I mind my own business!" was the caustic reply.

As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol," she replied; "don't be afraid!"

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body,—philosophers the mind.

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy and Dr. Whitbeck.

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