

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

196 • missing

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VI.

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For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

THE PRISON.

It was some time before Walter could collect his thoughts, or remember what had happened. His head was heavy and painful, his bones ached, and his thoughts were confused and wandering. He almost thought he was under the influence of a nightmare, and tried to rouse himself; but at the first effort he made to stir, the constraint and presence of his bonds, assured him effectually that his troubles were no dreams, and he sank back, moaning, on the damp ground which formed his only bed. He strained his eyes, but could see nothing save thick darkness—darkness which could be felt. He was faint and parched with thirst, and thought he was going to die.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" he groaned, and he knew no more till a light flashed in his eyes, and he felt drops of liquid on his face.

"Water!" he murmured feebly. A cup was held to his lips, and he drank a long and cool draught. "Thank you!" he murmured, as the cup was withdrawn.

"Small thanks thou ow'st me, lad," replied a gruff voice! "'Tis little I can do for thee, but thy mother once did me a good

For the Hospital Review.

Summer's Lesson.

Gather the roses while ye may,
Summer bloom will not always stay;
Not long will balmy breeze be stirred,
By scent of flower, and song of bird.
Too soon will Autumn's chilling blast,
These skies of cloudless blue o'ercast;
And we shall mourn o'er beauty fled,
And golden hours forever sped.
But while this Summer wealth endures,
The lesson it would teach is yours.

Work in the vineyard while ye can,
For fleeting is the life of man;
The harvest fields are ripe and white,
Short is the day, and long the night.
The Master comes at set of sun;
Who then will hear his sweet *well done*?
Not those who dwell in tents of ease,
Naught but their selfish will to please;
But those who bear the cross for Him,
Tho' all their earthly joys grow dim!

KATE CAMERON.

turn, and I will not see thee perish with thirst at least!"

Walter looked up at the words, and saw bending over him, a woman, miserably clad, ragged and filthy. She was tall, above the ordinary height of woman, and her black eyes gleamed from under heavy brows, which met over her nose, giving her face a peculiarly gloomy expression. Her black hair, escaping in elf locks from under her coif, added to the wildness of her appearance; and yet, as Walter gazed in her face, he could not but think there was something in it not wholly bad.

"Where am I?" he asked. "Never you mind!" returned the woman, sharply. "Don't you ask no questions and you won't hear no lies!"

Walter was by no means sure of this; but as he began to gather his wits together, he considered that it would not be good policy to irritate those in whose power he found himself. The woman set down her lantern, by the light of which, Walter discovered that he lay on the ground, in some place which looked like a stable. She went into an adjoining stall, and bringing out her arms full of bundles of straw, she laid them on the ground and made a sort of bed, on which she helped Walter to lie down. Then bringing forward a brown jug, she put one arm under Walter's head, and proceeded to feed him with the broth it contained. It was coarse and poor food enough, but to Walter's fevered mouth it tasted like poison. He pushed away the spoon, after two or three mouthfuls.

"Don't. I can't eat! Thank you all the same. Give me some water, if you will!"

"I will give you some presently," said the woman. She felt his pulse and his head, and muttered to herself, "No wonder he cannot eat with such a fever on him; but he will, mayhap, be better when he has slept off the drugs." She brought him some water, and bathed his head and face

with more tenderness than could have been expected from her appearance.

"There, now, lie still and sleep if thou canst, lad!" said she. "I can do no more for thee now."

"One thing you can do for me," said Walter. "If I die, send word to my mother, and tell her I died loving and blessing her with my last breath. Oh Dame, if you would but send her word where I am and what has happened!"

"And so betray my own man to death! Nay, my fair master, that is asking too much!" replied the woman, with a hard laugh. "Like enough I shall be beaten for what I have already done; and after all, what do I owe to you or yours? Only a few clothes, and a little medicine for my baby, that died after all, only a few fair and kind words from my fair lady, your mother, which cost her nothing. 'They say she is a proud lady!' she continued muttering to herself as she raised Walter's head, and made him more comfortable. "One would think she would look on such as me, as the dust under her feet, but she laid her white jeweled hands on my babe's forehead for all that, and looked lovingly on the poor thing. 'I fear you and your baby are ill!' quoth she. 'Come, and I will give you warm clothing and physic for it, and food for yourself.' 'Twas my first babe—the only living child I ever had—and I cannot forget the look of that white hand on its poor head!"

"Is your child dead?" asked Walter, gently. The woman uttered a cry like that of a hurt animal.

"Dead! Aye, dead long ago, and better so. Oh my baby, my innocent baby!"

"Then Dame, for the sake of that dear babe, have mercy on me!" pleaded Walter. "Remember, my mother loves me, and I am her only one. Oh, as you hope to see your child again, have mercy on me and on my mother!"

"I hope to see my babe again! How

dare you speak of such a thing to me?" cried the woman, fiercely. "I tell thee, lad, my mother's bones would shrink in her grave if mine were laid beside them."

"You may see your babe again for all that," said Walter, boldly, thinking he had made some impression, and wishing to pursue his advantage. "There is forgiveness for all, even for the chief of sinners, if they will repent and believe. Think of the thief on the cross, and the woman taken in adultery. Think of King David."

"Hush!" interrupted the woman, sharply, and holding up her finger. "Not another word, for your life. Keep you quiet, and if any one comes in, pretend to be asleep and stupid as a log. Hist! Here he comes."

At this moment the door opened, and a man entered, letting in a grateful breath of fresh night air.

"What do you here, Meg?" he grunted angrily, but in a low tone. "Is Master there to be cossetted like a young lady? He will be worse accommodated than this before long."

Peeping out from under his eyelids, Walter recognised the man who had first greeted him at the Revels. The woman answered coolly.

"Cossetted! Not by me, I promise you. I suppose you don't want him to die on your hands, and he is likely to do so unless he has help."

"I care not a nut whether he lives or dies, but for the price we may get for him in the slave market at Smyrna!" replied the man, brutally. "'Tis a likely looking lad, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and the Turks give good pay for such slaves. Let me get him once landed over to the slave merchant and the money in my pouch, and he may die when he will, for all me."

"Well, I wonder you should take him of all others!" said the woman, carelessly. "There is sure to be a hue-and-cry after him—a gentleman's son, and cousin to my

Lord. Surely there are beggars' brats enough to be had for the asking, or at the least, for whom no inquiry will be made, without running such a risk."

"You are turning foolish, Meg!" replied her companion, sharply. "In the first place, there will be no hue-and-cry! My Lord is in London, and Madam Corbet will have enough on her hands without looking after her son here. How long he sleeps! Is he asleep, think you, or only pretending?"

"He is sound enough!" said Meg. "I could not rouse him to take the broth I brought him. But what about Madam Corbet?"

The sailor laughed.

"She has been in Mathews' hands by this time, and he won't leave her much leisure to send out here, and cry after her boy. Her dainty person will have found the bottom of the horse pond more than once by this."

A thrill of horror shot through Walter's heart at these words. Will had been right there! He saw it all. Oh! what a fool, what a double-dyed fool, he had been! He suppressed the groan which rose from his breast, and held his breath to hear more.

"Mathew is a villain, and thou art a fool Tom, to have aught to do with him," said Meg, sharply. "He will be too many for thee with his craft. I verily believe he sold my poor brother's blood, and so one day he will sell yours."

The sailor's voice betrayed some uneasiness as he answered.

"I know what he is as well as you, Meg; and but that I have my own ends to serve, 'tis little I would do for him. But revenge is sweet, my woman. Let me once have my master here under hatches, and I will repay more than one old score, which I and others owe to his father and his lordly relations. They shall know that neither Gubbings nor wasps are to be smoked out without stinging. Aye, Master Walter," he

added, pushing Walter with his foot, "'Tis my turn now."

"Let him alone," said Meg, "I tell thee the lad is like enough to die on our hands as it is. The dose was too strong."

"Well, well! I must not stay here," replied the sailor. "Do you watch him, and keep him alive if you can. May be you might get something for him from the old witch there, by Highbury. They say she knows the use of all sorts of herbs. I shall be away all night, so mind and keep a good watch. Get the lad to take food if you can, but mind, I will have no petting nor cossetting."

"As if I were likely to make a pet of such as he!" said Meg, scornfully. "Since when have I showed myself a soft-hearted fool, Tom Stokes?" "Well, well! You are not much to be blamed in that way, Meg," answered her mate, laughing; "but you women take queer freaks at times. Fare you well for the present. If the lad wakes and asks questions, you will know how to deal with him."

The well-matched pair then withdrew, and Walter was once more left to darkness and his own reflections.

Lean Hard.

Child of my love, "lean hard,"
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even, as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be mine, not hers.
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down, not far
To impose it on a shoulder, which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come—
Thou art not near enough. I would embrace thy
care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not then;
But, loving Me—LEAN HARD.

He that hath two coats, let him impart
to him that hath none.

From the Advocate and Guardian.

Pharaoh's Daughter.

What was the name of this renowned princess? We have consulted every historian of her ancient nation, and we have failed to discover. Josephus calls her Thermuthus, and states that her father was Rameses the Great; but writers of as good authority as the Jewish antiquarian, disagree with him and with each other, as to the time of this monarch's reign. Which of the Pharaohs occupied the Egyptian throne at this interesting epoch, is a point upon which each chronologist has his own theory—the result of learned and patient research; but however convincing their arguments may be to themselves, their want of unanimity causes us to feel that they may all be mistaken, and to conclude that what the inspired Book conceals from us, profane writers may not disclose. We are, therefore, in doubt about this lady's name. She was the daughter of a long line of kings, each bearing the title of Pharaoh, that is all we know.

But one revelation respecting this princess is perfectly clear—the beautiful act by which she becomes an auxiliary of God; honored by Him, above every other individual of her nation, from its earliest origin until now, by being elected to the immortal dignity of rearing and educating the child predestined to the greatest mission that finite man ever fulfilled.

And why was she chosen for this valuable work? Perhaps the answer is to be found in the text:

"And she had compassion on him and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children."

God foreknew that tender heart from all eternity, and His Providence arranged its opportunity for serving Him.

And now, let us reflect a moment upon the peculiar beauty of this lady's compassion. Her father was monarch of the greatest nation of earth—her rank was only second to his. All the advantages of lofty condition surrounded her. Her associations were with the mighty, the illustrious and the learned. Her religion, too, was the sublime adoration of Osiris, brilliant centre of light and heat, and of Isis, his shining consort. We should expect all the thoughts and feelings and sympathies of this woman of proud degree, to be of an aristocratic tendency; and to find her regarding, with haughty indifference, that mean and degraded people whom her father kept

in the basest bondage. There was nothing about these miserable slaves to attract even her passing notice. Poor, migrating shepherds and herdsmen—even their calling an abomination to the Egyptians! Without a country, without a history, without a name in earth's annals! Without a God—for the mystery which they professed to worship was invisible; and their most obnoxious peculiarity, was a stubborn refusal to pay divine honors to the glowing and generous deity of their masters. Stupid, ignorant creatures! And this child, who lies weeping at the lady's feet, is one of them. Does she spurn him and turn haughtily away? Or does she cast on him a glance of scorn and hatred, and angrily command that he be left to perish? How natural if this had been her course! But O! how different! The poor, abandoned baby wept, and gentle pity filled the heart of the princess; her stately form bent over the humble bulrush ark, a tear bedewed her royal eye: "*And she had compassion on him*, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children."

Unexpected, unexampled tenderness! How must Miriam have opened her eyes in astonishment, when from her post of observation she witnessed this wondrous condescension and kindness from one of the dreaded royal house!

Nor did the pity of the princess end in mere emotion. The glorious woman, in order that the rescued baby might have the full benefit of her protection, adopted him for her own. What grand munificence! Nor, doubtless, was it without opposition. We think we can hear her haughty relatives exclaiming:

"What! adopt that wretched slave-child into the family of the Pharaohs! Lift him out of his proper sphere, and elevate him to our rank. Set him above himself by educating him like us! What strange, unwise benevolence!"

But the noble lady heeded none of these sage objections. It was thousands of years before the inspired admonition was written: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Yet the Holy Spirit whispered it to this fine woman-heart; and the work she commenced was carried on without parsimony or reserve. The child she "drew out of the water," she really "nourished for her own son," and educated "in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

"If she have brought up children," was a query by which the devotion of the women of early Christianity was tested; but the beautiful act of charity was first exemplified by this pagan princess.

And now, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, earnest women are striving to do great things in the good cause, and mourning if they cannot. But is there any thing *small* that we do for God? How many women have done great things and passed away! They have founded colleges, and built churches, and endowed splendid charities, and they are gone; but Pharaoh's daughter merely took pity on a poor baby and adopted him, yet thereby obtained for herself a place in inspired history, which rendered her immortal.

SHEELAH.

From the Church Monthly.

No Work.

Very frosty and chill was the morning air,

Very bitter the breeze coming up from the sea,
But far frostier, chillier, bitterer fare,

Had my master in store as a breakfast for me.

"No more work for you, Thomas, at present," he said,

"The grates are all cold and the wheels are all still;

For the times they are dull, and the daily bread
Is a thing for each man to pick up as he will."

So he buttoned his coat round his portly form,

And he turned the key in his counting-house door,

And he said, "A hard winter, I hope you keep warm"—

But the rest was lost in the East wind's roar.

I looked at the pavement, I looked at the sky,

I looked at the masonry over the way,

But some kind of a film ran over my eye,
And the world seemed all of a leaden gray.

For I thought of Harry, and Mary and Kate,

And I saw them all stand just as plain as could be,

With their cheeks grown thin and their eyes grown great,

Gazing so mournfully up at me.

And the mother, my Alice, she too was there;

With no touch of reproach in her patient eye,
But a look that seemed saying, "I'm weary of care,

And I long for God's bidding to lie down and die."

I roused me, I turned, for my rage was strong—

“Call this a Christendom, fools that you are?

Call it the Devil's own Kingdom of Wrong;

Call it plain Hell, and you're nearer by far.

“Men are all brothers.’ Yes, that was the lie

The good people made my poor innocence learn.

But come, my wise teachers, kind Christians, say
why

Must I beg with disgrace what I'd willingly
earn?

“Why a palace for one man, and hardly a bed

For the brother who lives scarce a rod from his
door?

Why all honor's wreaths for the gentleman's head,

And only the thorns and the blood for the
poor?”

This passed, and I know it was idle to rave:

I know that God rules, and I know He is just;

For there must be a purpose in life that He gave,

And though compassed with darkness, His pro-
mise I trust.

But surely we men have some part in the plan—

And surely some blame will be laid at our door,

If the strong and the rich do not do what they
can

To ease the hard yoke on the necks of the poor.

I am willing to suffer, I'm willing to wait,

For I know the Almighty is slow as He's sure,

But I pray you, good masters, be not too late,

His patience, though long, will not always
endure.

A Mother's Love.

Happily, a mother's love is something upon which the great majority of mankind can look back—reverently and fondly look back—for an objective representation of its main characteristics. Oh, the unselfishness of it! How, months before it can be returned by anything beyond a momentary dance of light in her child's eyes, or a curvature of its toothless mouth in a smile, or a crow, or a fling of the limbs, expressive of enjoyment, it pours itself out in seemingly wasteful superabundance, intent on giving rather than receiving, rejoicing, to minister rather than be ministered to, accepting without a murmur days of care sometimes flecked with pain, and nights of broken rest, and rendering without stint unnumbered services which to others would be self-denial, but the irksomeness of which her ever-gushing affection, without a mo-

ment's pause of self-consciousness, cleanses away, and renders invisible! And then the patience and long-suffering of it—the faults it will cover over with its ever-ready mantle, the negligences it will drop tears over in secret and openly forgive, the affronts it will survive, the disappointments it will endure and conceal, the ingenuity it will display in devising plausible excuses and even satisfying reasons for manifest wrongs, and the eagerness with which it will take upon itself, if possible, the consequences of transgression. There is nothing quite like it in this world of ours—nothing so morally beautiful, a self-fed, self-sustaining love, which can traverse wide deserts, and, like the camel, keep itself alive upon its little hoards of remembered joy, when all other love fails—the one human love that spends itself wholly upon its objects, and the roots of which ingratitude cannot entirely kill. But, when returned as in some measure it mostly will be, to what strength and beauty of self-sacrifice will it not grow!—yet, under any circumstances, chiefly a sorrow-bearing love, of which the joys are cares, the duties are inflictions of pain upon itself, the pride is nourished to be bestowed elsewhere, and the fondest gain is the sorest loss. About every true mother there is the sanctity of martyrdom—and when she is no more in the body, her children see her with the ring of light around her head.

SECURITY FOR A FRIEND.—I am the last man to say, “don't help your friend,” if you honorably can. If we have money, we manage it till when we cannot help a friend at a pinch. But the plain fact is this, Pythias wants money. Can you give it, at whatever stint to yourself, in justice to others?

If you can, and you value Pythias more than the money, give the money and there is an end of it, but if you cannot give the money don't sign the bill. Do not become what in truth you do become—a knave and a liar—if you guarantee to do what you know you cannot do should the guarantee be exacted. He is generous who gives, and who lends may be generous also: but only on one condition, that he can afford to give what he can afford to lend; of the two, therefore, it is safer, friendlier, cheaper in the long run, to give than to lend. Give, and you may keep your friend, if you lose your money; lend, and the chances are that you lose your friend if ever you get

back the money. But if you lend, let it be with the full confidence that the loan is a gift, and count it among the rarest favors of Providence if you ever be repaid. Lend to Pythias on the understanding, "This is a loan if you can ever repay me. I shall, however, make this provision against the chance of a quarrel between us, that if you cannot pay me it stands as a gift." And when you lend, let it be money and not your name. Money you may get again, and if not, you may contrive to do without it; name, once lost, you cannot get it again, and if you contrive to do without it, you had better never been born.
[E. Bulwer Lytton.]

The Castaway.

BY JEAN INGELow.

There was once a castaway,
And she was weeping, weeping bitterly;
Kneeling and crying with a heart-sick cry,
That choked itself in sobs, "O my good name!
O my good name!" and none did hear her cry.
Nay; and it lightened, and the storm-bolts fell,
And the rain splashed upon the roof, and still
She, storm-tossed as the stormy elements,
She cried with an exceeding bitter cry,
"O my good name!" And then the thunder-
cloud

Stooped low and burst in darkness overhead,
And rolled and rocked her on her knees, and shook
The frail foundations of her dwelling-place;
But she—if any neighbor had come in,
(None did)—if any neighbor had come in,
He might have seen her crying on her knees,
And sobbing, "Lost, lost, lost!" beating her
breast—

Her breast forever pricked with cruel thorns.

* * * * *

O ye good women! it is hard to leave
The paths of virtue and return again.
What if this sinner wept, and none of you
Comforted her—and what if she did strive
To mend, and none of you believed her strife,
Nor looked upon her.

But I beseech
Your patience. Once in old Jerusalem
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,
Kissed them and washed them with her tears.

What then?

I think that yet our Lord is pitiful;
I think I see the castaway e'en now!
And she is not alone: the heavy rain

Splashing without, and sullen thunder rolls,
But she is lying at the sacred feet
Of One transfigured.

And her tears flow down,
Down to her lips—her lips that kiss the print
Of nails, and love is like to break her heart,
Love and repentance—for it still doth work
Sore in her soul to think, to think that she,
Even she, did pierce the sacred, sacred feet,
And bruise the thorn-crowned head.

O Lord, our Lord,
How great is thy compassion!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1869.

Visit to the Hospital.

Another beautiful day for our visit—a day fulfilling all the golden promises of September—clear, sunny, glowing, as so many of these days have been, and as only autumnal days can be. Its charm lay over the Hospital. We cannot remember when we have found the Hospital so empty. The continued pleasant weather has done more for our patients than medical skill. The lawn, still fresh and green, was covered with groups here and there—convalecents, and the old, the lame and feeble, who had crawled out to enjoy the sunshine. It is not all suffering—all sorrow, even here. Over and above all, the blue sky bends and beauty lingers. It was surprising as well as gratifying, to find our patients, generally, so much improved—and so many ill a month ago, recovered and gone.

Mr. S., who was here a year ago, is back again, with rheumatism. Found W. L., a soldier, reading his Bible. G. R., from Fairport, and G. C., from Charlotte, are both new patients. Mr. W., injured by the fall of a building, thinks he gets on very slowly. He is having a tedious time. We were surprised to find M. O'R. better again, and up and dressed. He has seemed to us, gradually sinking, for the last few months, but this fine weather has a marvellous power over these consumptive patients.

Poor Henry, almost gone. We do not think we shall ever look into those beautiful, wistful eyes again. When we come again, the little white face will not greet us. There seems little left of him now but the spirit, and soon that will find wings and flee away. James, back again, not so well—we feared he would not be, for his visit home. H. L., in this ward, from the city—a new patient.

Found but two babies in the Nursery—one, the dearest little creature, whose mother is employed in the Hospital, and the other, a wee new comer, of two or three weeks. Poor Mrs. H., who manifested so much spirit and courage in maintaining her children, refusing to give one of them up, has been sorely afflicted since our last visit. She has lost her baby, and, about the same time, her eldest, a boy of twelve years, was brought to the Hospital, ill of typhoid fever, which terminated in his death. Her own health is very poor, she suffers much, and, stricken, smitten in body and soul, her case seems hard indeed. Her cares have been lessened for her, as some may say, in the loss of her two children; but to the true mother's heart, such cares are comforts. Sweeter the stern struggle for their support, than the heavy desolation of bereavement. But over her and over us all, to-day, the blue sky bends as if lovingly—and, one day, she and we all, we trust, will be able to see that God's ways were best. Mrs. B., who bore all her sufferings so cheerfully, has so far recovered as to be able to return to her family. We missed her sunny face, but could but rejoice with her in her restoration to her home. C. W., away. C. B., still improving. Little Jessie, too, gone—her broken arm all right again. Bridget, better. E. S. and B. H., new patients. Our "nice old lady," was reading to Mrs. P., one of Dr. Rider's patients, who was sitting by her side, with her eyes bandaged. Mrs. D., not so well.

"A Vain and Fleeting Show!"

O such goodly, such beautiful sights as one may see in our streets, just now! Such loads, such baskets of nice things—peaches, with blooms and tints fairer than a maiden's blush—grapes, just beginning to tempt us with their purple clusters—apples, rosy and golden—pears, which make one's mouth water to look at—and then, the vegetables of every variety that can be named or thought of. It has been such a year of plenty—fruits and vegetables of all kinds, have been unusually nice and abundant. But, alas! these grapes, &c., are "sour grapes" to us! These things are very pretty to look at—but, to us, they are all "a vain and fleeting show." It makes us almost cross, sometimes, to go through the streets and see these displays. It is aggravating! The loads which come in to fill our markets, pass, some of them, right by the doors of the Hospital, but they do not stop to leave us even one basket. Those who have these bounties in their own gardens and orchards, and those who buy and those who sell, do not think of us. But it is of no use to talk. Our hints, and even our plain outspoken appeals, have proved alike in vain. If it were not for Mrs. W., and a very few like her, we should have few acknowledgments to make—few thanks to return this month. But we are very glad we have something to be thankful for. A grateful spirit is something we try to cultivate. Our readers may doubt it, but we would really rather praise than grumble, if we only could. But just look at our List of Donations this month, and how can we?

"Somebody."

"Somebody" has been very good to us this month. "Somebody," does not turn a deaf ear to all our appeals. "Somebody," who has often before bountifully remembered our wants, has remembered us again. Many, many thanks to "Somebody," for those apples, those peaches, and all the other good things. Who is this "Somebody?" Dear reader, is it you!

Something We Must Have.

There are some things we want, which however, perhaps we must do without. We want a great deal more of the delicious fruit and fine vegetables, now flooding the market, than ever reaches us. We want clothing for our babies, clothing for adults, but there is one thing we must have, and we will not, cannot be put off. We must have *old rags*. We cannot do without them. With so many patients brought in to us with broken legs and arms—with bruises of various kinds—and with all sorts of maladies, the necessity for a good supply of old rags is self-evident. In ordinary sickness, as everyone with experience knows, they are indispensable, and in a Hospital the demand is infinite and imperative. We must have them. We do not care who sends them. We just as soon everybody would.

More Scolding.

It is not blue Monday nor a blue day at all—but one of the sunniest and balmiest of all these golden autumnal days of which we have had so many. Neither is the fault in our dispositions. We are not at all inclined to be cross or fault-finding. We have, take our word for it, the very mildest and loveliest of tempers—too amiable for anything, and yet we must scold. It is such a trying, wicked world we live in, and even our best friends try us sometimes. In the first place, subscribers do not renew their subscriptions, and pay up, as they ought, and as we politely invited them to do a month, and even two months ago. We did not scold then. We coaxed, and said the very sweetest things we could, even stretching our conscience a little, we are afraid. But it was of very little use. We have not seen very many of those long lists we hoped for. We are discouraged. Then again, our fingers are aching to write down the name of a new subscriber—it is so long since we have

written one. We can remember the time when we used to write them by twenties. It cannot be that our attractions are on the wane—we are still “so fair, so young.” But we have not lost all faith in our friends, and would not, for the world. We believe there are those still warmly and truly interested in our paper, and who, when they read this, will prove themselves such to us, and to the world. “A friend in need is a friend indeed.” We feel the *need*, and if we have the friend, as we believe we have, let us hear from such—at once. Send us the name of one new subscriber, if no more. Think over all your list of relatives—all your cousins—even to the third or fourth—your uncles—your aunts—your great-aunts—your neighbors—and your acquaintances—and, among them all, see if you cannot get us just one, to send a gleam of hope across our path. We need encouragement.

Wanted,

At the Hospital—and this is not the only place where the paper will tell you so—clothing, new or second-hand, for persons of all ages and sizes, especially for the babies. We want delicacies for the sick. We want fruit and vegetables. We want, as perhaps some of our readers already understand, *new subscribers*. We will not object to hardly anything in the way of provisions, nor even to money. And then, pardon us for alluding to it so soon again, we want **OLD RAGS!**

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.

Who is the most liberal man? The grocer, he gives most everything a weigh.

Correspondence.

Mrs. Sly, our former matron, in renewing her subscription, kindly says :

I still feel much interest in the Hospital, and all that appertains to it, and I remember the Ladies connected with the House, with gratitude and affection.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 1st, of typhoid fever, GEO. E. PELLET, aged 17 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 6th, of typhoid fever, L. S. HANUN, aged 12 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 12, of effusion of blood into cavity of skull, consequent upon fracture, L. BURROWS, of Rochester, aged 42 years. Supposed to have been murdered.

Superintendent's Report.

1869, Sept. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital 85	
Received during the month, 20—105	
Discharged,	24
Died,	3— 27
Remaining Oct. 1st, 1869,	78

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. SPENNER, "

" 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.

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, "

Children's Department.

A Rainy Day.

Dear ! how the wind and the rain together
Rattle the blinds this stormy weather :
Down in the garden the roses red,
Wet and dripping, hang down their heads.
Poor Mrs. Biddy, the flussy old thing,
Cuddles her chickens up under her wing,
Shakes her wise head and keeps clucking away
"Who ever saw such a strange summer day?"

What shall we little folks do for our fun,
All the long hours till the rain shall be done?
All our old puzzles and games have been told,
Books are too stupid, and pictures are old.
Come to the garret, where every old rafter,
Smoky and black, will re-echo our laughter.
Nobody ever will warn us to hush !
Nobody cares if we go with a rush.

This is the loom, where our grandmother
White

Wove the stout homespun, from morn till night.
This is the saddle she rode to the town,
Covered with cobwebs, and dusty and brown ;
This is the high chair in which father sat,
Eating bean porridge to make him grow fat ;
This is the cradle they rocked him in, may be ;
Isn't it funny that he was a baby ?

Hark ! if you sit without speaking a word,
Here, in this corner, as still as a bird,
Something will peep from that hole in the floor,
That's Mr. Rat, looking out at his door.
See how he stares with his shining round eyes !
Even his whiskers look knowing and wise.
He's an old citizen, stately and fat—
How he would run if I only said scat !

[The Little Corporal.

Enough for Both.

A little sparrow lighted upon a trough
where a horse was taking his feed. "Florie-
sie," said the little sparrow, timidly, "let
me pick a little, only a grain or two, and
you will still have enough."

"Help yourself," said the horse to the
sparrow, "help yourself; there's enough
for both you and me."

And so they ate together, and neither
the one nor the other suffered from hunger
and when the warm sunshine came, and
swarms of flies came buzzing around, the
sparrow killed them by hundreds, and so
the horse was well paid.

Gracie's Trouble.

"Oh, mamma! what do you think? I've growed a ripe peach on my own little tree." A very triumphant, though rather dirty little face appeared at the veranda window, and my three year old amateur gardener, held up for admiration a peach, which, though well grown, was far from being ripe.

"Why, Johnny! you should not have picked it yet; just see how hard it is."

"Oh, but mamma, it *must* be ripe, it's been growin' ever since I was a little boy, a great many yesterdays ago, and see, it has got one real red cheek." So the little man marched off to display his treasure to Bridget's admiring gaze. By and by he returned and handed me the peach, upon which the prints of his little ivories showed that investigation in that line had not proved satisfactory. "There, mamma, I guess you may put it back on the tree, and let it grow some more. You see, it is *real ripe*, but it aint quite sweet enough yet."

"I can't make it grow on the tree again, Johnny; all the cement in the bottle won't stick it on. There are some things that won't be mended. But never mind, you shall go out now with Bridget and hunt for hen's eggs. Don't break any of them, for they can't be mended either."

"Oh dear," sighed Johnny's sister, with a very lugubrious face, as she looked up from her drawing, "even when things are mended, mamma, they never can be real whole again in this world."

"That is a very sorrowful observation for a little girl of ten summers. What is the matter? Has the piece dropped off of your marble Clytie which I mended on last week? I really thought I had performed quite a successful surgical operation there."

"No, mamma, I was not thinking of that, though I *don't* care as much for her as if she had never been broken. I keep saying, when I look at her, 'You are a real beauty, Miss Clytie, but your nose has been mended'; and there is my pretty vase that Aunt Mary gave me, I don't dare to use it for fear the piece will come out where it was broken, though it don't show. But that was not what troubled me just now, I was thinking about Carrie Ellis."

"What! your little deskmate, Grace—I thought that trouble was over. You have not quarreled again, I hope."

"Oh no, mamma, we shall never quarrel

again, and we play together at recess, and walk home together; but you see, I can't quite forget all the things she said about me while she was so angry with me. To-day Professor Carl was teaching us a beautiful new song, and I was enjoying it so much, and Carrie came in and took her place by me. All at once I remembered about her telling Allie Jones that I had no better voice than a tree-toad, and then I wouldn't sing another word. I was not angry, but something seemed to come into my throat. Then I was just going to show her my drawing to-day, when I happened to think that she told one of the girls that my weeping willows looked like feather-dusters, and she called my flock of sheep a drove of rats. Well, my sheep *do* look like rats, and my cows, too, for that matter, but I think it was real mean in her to say so. I am sure I *forgive* her though, because I ought, and I would not dare to say, 'Our Father' all through, if I didn't; but for all that, I don't think I shall ever forget. You see, mamma, you grown up folks don't know any thing about such trouble."

"My dear child, do you suppose the twenty years of added experience, in my life, has brought me no wounded feelings, or broken friendships, *nothing* to forget and forgive. I will tell you what I do when tempted to think that I will forgive, but cannot forget. I look away to Him who says to me, 'I have *blotted out* as a thick cloud thy transgressions.' Ah, He forgives fully and freely. He loved us while we were enemies, and says of us, 'Their sins and their iniquities will I *remember* no more.' And, Gracie, you know what Jesus tells us of the man whose great debt had just been forgiven, when he went out and seized by the throat his fellow servant, with the demand, 'pay me that thou owest.' Mind you, it does not say, there was no debt to forgive. The man really owed him something; and so Carrie Ellis has really hurt and grieved you, otherwise there would be nothing for you to forgive."

"Try to forget also as far as you can; perhaps only *infinite* love can say, 'Though your sins are scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' " N.

What was the first elopement? When the bowl ran away with the spoon.

Grandma has only Moved to Heaven.

"WOULDN'T you like to see grandma's flowers, Auntie?" asked little Nellie, on the afternoon of my arrival at her father's house. I looked into the child's upturned face inquiringly. Her grandma, my own dear mother, had been dead nearly two months, what had she to do with earthly flowers!

"Perhaps you think I haven't any grandma," said the child, apparently comprehending my look, "but I have, she has only moved to heaven; she went last spring before the flowers came, but then, she has them all the time up there;" and her face brightened at the thought, for she knew how grandma loved flowers, and she loved grandma dearly.

"Yes, I will go," I said, taking the offered hand.

"Allie go see ganma's flowers too," lisped a wee thing, scarcely two years old, who came toddling toward us, with outstretched arms. So another tiny hand was clasped, and we three went into the garden.

"These are grandma's," said my little attendant, pointing to the flowers that bordered the walk we were just entering. "She planted them all herself just before she went to the promised land to live.

These flowers, then, my mother had planted with her own feeble, trembling hand.

It was her last work a work she had always loved! but this time she had done it for others, for she knew she should not watch their growth, she should not see them bud or blossom.

"Don't cry, Auntie," said the child, "for she has all the flowers she wants now; and she is never tired, and will never be sick any more."

"Who told you 'all this'?" I inquired, stooping down to kiss the flowers and the sweet little face that looked so sympathizingly up to mine.

"Why, grandma used to tell us about it every day; until one morning she went to sleep, and they carried her away. And she said we might come and live with her too, by-and-by, if we were good children; and we are going sometime, ain't we, Allie?" And the two went down the walk, singing, in their clear, sweet voices,

"I have a grandma in the promised land,
My grandma calls me, I must go;"

a verse of their own rendering, which they had added to the hymn,

"I have a father in the promised land."

I had mourned a dead mother. Bitter tears and anguish of heart had been poured out, as I thought of her dark, cold dreary resting-place. But there was no grave, no dead grandmother to these trustful, hopeful little ones. I accepted the lesson.

My tears were dried. I have no dead mother, I said. She has only "moved to heaven." She lives in the "promised land."—*Thankful Traveler.*

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,	8 00	Half Column, 1 Year,	15 00
One Year,	5 00	One Column, 1 Year,	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

DEWEY'S Arcade Hall Book Store.

LADIES will find all New Books, anywhere advertised. Also, all the Magazines, Fashion Books and Family Newspapers.

Ladies' Stationery, new styles, stamped. Visiting Cards, printed or engraved. Best stock Wedding and Birth-day Gifts; all new Chromos, Engravings, Paintings, &c., always on exhibition. Holiday Gifts.
Sept. 1869. 3m D. M. DEWEY.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—PURSUANT to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice of the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this county on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November (2d) 1869, at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.

Dated, Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y., Augst 2 1869.

ISAAC H. SUTHERLAND,
Sheriff Monroe County.

SLATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 2d, 1869. }

To the Sheriff of Monroe County :

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 Secretary of State, in place of Homer A. Nelson.

A Comptroller, in the place of William F. Allen.
A Treasurer, in the place of Wheeler H. Bristol.

An Attorney General, in the place of Marshal B. Champlain.

A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van Ransselaer Richmond.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Stephen T. Hayt.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of John Hammond.

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

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, for the full term of eight years, from January first, 1870.

Also a Judge of the Court of Appeals, to fill the unexpired term of William B. Wright, deceased, which will expire on the last day of December next, in place of Charles Mason, appointed by the Governor, under section thirteen of article six of the State Constitution.

Also a Judge of the Court of Appeals, to fill the unexpired term for which John K. Porter was elected, which will expire on the last day of December, 1871, in the place of Lewis B. Woodruff, appointed by the Governor, under section thirteen of article six of the State Constitution.

A Justice of the Supreme Court for the Seventh Judicial District, for the full term of eight years from January first, 1870.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Seventh Judicial District, to fill the unexpired term for which Henry Welles, deceased, was elected, which will expire on the last day of December, 1869, in the place of Charles C. Dwight, appointed by the Governor, under section thirteen, article six of the State Constitution.

Also a State Senator for the 28th Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County :

Three Members of Assembly ;

Two School Commissioners ;

A Sheriff, in the place of Isaac H. Sutherland, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Caleb Moore.

Two Justices of the Sessions, in the place of Ludovic M. Wooden and Orlando P. Simmons.

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

Also a County Treasurer in the place of George N. Deming, whose term of office will expire September 3, 1869.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chap. 318 of the Laws of 1869, entitled "An act to provide for submitting the amended Constitution to the electors of the State," passed April 24th, 1869, pursuant to which the amended Constitution proposed by the Constitutional Convention which closed its sittings Feb'y twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, will be submitted to the qualified electors of the State at the said general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, and at such election each elector will be entitled to vote separately for or against said amended Constitution, except the Judiciary article, or for or against the Judiciary article, or for or against a uniform rule of assessment and taxation of real and personal property, and for or against the property qualification for colored men.

Respectfully yours,

H. A. NELSON,
Secretary of State.

July, 1869.

A. S. MANN & CO.

WE GUARANTEE our American Silks as being entirely free from cotton, perfect and permanent in color as any Foreign Silks, and MUCH BETTER TO WEAR than any other Silks at the price.

A. S. MANN & CO.

State Street.

PLAIN COLORED SILKS, every desirable shade and color, at moderate prices.

A. S. MANN & CO.

AMERICAN SILKS.—Our standard quality, black and stripes. \$2.50 per yard only.

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FOR Boys' wear we have an unequalled stock of medium weight Woolens, very cheap.

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WE DEAL largely in Black Alpacas, and can sell them much below usual price.

A. S. MANN & CO.

OUR present make of Black Alpacas gives universal satisfaction.

A. S. MANN & CO.

GREY SILKS and small checks and stripes. Fine assortment and reasonable.

A. S. MANN & CO.

State Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

ELWELL & MOSELY,

DEALER IN

MOURNING GOODS,

CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS,

Special Bargains in Black Silks and Alpacas,

No. 9 Main Street Bridge,

J. n. '96, 1yr ROCHESTER.

HAMILTON BROTHERS & CO.

Dealers in

HARDWARE,

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

Mechanics' Tools, Agricult'l Implements,

HOUSE TRIMMINGS, LEATHER BELTING, &c.

H. A. HAMILTON,
A. S. HAMILTON,
ROBERT MATHEWS, } 21 Buffalo Street,
Nov. '67. 1y. 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.

TRUSTEES:

George R. Clark,	Patrick Barry,
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,
Edward M. Smith,	Abraham S. Mann,
Charles J. Burke,	Chauncey B. Woodworth,
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.

FRED. D. ALLING,

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Fine French Stationery,

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INVITATIONS AND MONOGRAMS,

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Plain, in Colors and Gold.

CRESTS, COATS OF ARMS, GOLD PENS,

FINE WALLETS, ENGRAVINGS,

FANCY GOODS, &c.

57 Buffalo Street,

Nov. 1-67. 1y

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

REYNOLDS & WILSON, PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

And Dealers in

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Copper Bath Tubs, Copper Boilers,

And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.

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

REMOVAL.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

No. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.,

No. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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DEALERS IN

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Wallets, Envelopes, Gold Pens, &c.

Also, Printers' Materials,

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BOOK BINDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Nov. 1867. 1y

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

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WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 55 State Street,

R. F. HYDE, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JAS. M. BACKUS, } Nov. 1867. 1y

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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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REYNOLDS BROS.

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Stoves, Furnaces, AND RANGES.

AGENTS FOR THE

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Also, Carlton's Celebrated Hot-Air Furnaces.

11 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
Trusses, &c.

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Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
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Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,

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Jan. 15, 1867.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

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140 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N.Y.

"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 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 out 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.

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

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SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

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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.

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,

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. mch. 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

J. SIMMONS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

READY MADE CLOTHING,

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

No. 11 Main St. Bridge, Rochester.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

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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. VI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1869.

No. 3.

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

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For the Hospital Review.

In Memoriam,

OF

C. S. W

BY BERTHA SIBLEY SCRANTOM.

I.

I shall drift out, bye-and-bye,
From the love, and warmth, and light,
With my cheek against a rose,
And my two hands *very* white !
And one looking on, will say—
"See how still she sleeps, at last !
All the hate, the pain, the strife,
All the jarring chords of life,
With its bitterness,—be past !"

II.

In the moonlight, bye-and-bye;
(How I've loved it all the while :
Then I shall not heed its light !)
If one came I should not smile.
And no voice, that clear and sweet,

Made my life more pure and high,
If it called my name in tears,
If it sobbed through all the years,
Woke my still lips to reply !

III.

And the snow !—you know full well,
In your folded love and care,
How I shivered when it fell !
It will hide and heap me there !
It will drift beneath the moon,
And no eye I love shall see
That my poor hands shall be warm ;
You, housed safely from the storm,
Will sigh, thinking then of me !

IV.

And the tender April rain !
Sobbing there my heart above ;
I shall never heed its fall,
Though its kiss be soft with love.
Unavailing, as the tears,
On my folded hands you weep ;
Ah! love, you may soon forget,
But I shall remember yet,
As I lie there in my sleep !

V.

You, who love me, whose sweet deed
Makes my poor life past compare !
You will cherish songs I sung,
And a curl of idle hair !
Words I said, and books I loved,
In the twilight, on the wall ;
From the immortelles, so white,
Will my face look forth each night,
Grown familiar to you all !

VI.

And, at last—you'll speak the word,
Not, "she says," but, "thus she said."
And then pausing, sigh, "alas !
It is hard to think her dead !"

But the world will come between,
And the silence grow less strange,
And the days I miss, go on,
Till the plans I laid are done,
And your lives round into change!

VII.

Then, when years have come and gone,
And you half forget my smile;
You will only sit and weep,
In the dark, once in a while!
When some voice recalls my own,
Or some parted friend shall sigh,
Looking down upon my rest,
With the grasses o'er my breast,
In the corner where I lie!

VIII.

Only God, who knows and heeds,
All our loves, our plans, our pain;
He will make your little loss,
Seem in time, my precious gain.
You, of all, who would have held
My poor heart away from death,
And who sobbed—"you cannot go,
And the world be darkened so!"
With an anguish in your breath!

IX.

You will find some hour of pain,
And confess—"it was the best!"
She has missed these tears to-day,
And has gained a deeper rest!"
I to-night, who wake to hear
All the winds abroad that creep,
Pray for thee, who, unaware,
Soon will miss me from your care,
As you lie in dreaming sleep!

X.

Knowing how your heart will bend
'Neath my grave-clods, bitterly!
How, at first, the world will grow
Dark, and empty, Love, for thee!
Knowing yet, and best of all,
God will recompense the pain!
Though you miss my face, my smile,
He will teach you, that erewhile
You shall find both these again!

One of the best things said by Mr. George Peabody is this, spoken at the late reunion in his native town:—"It is sometimes hard for one who has devoted the best part of his life to the accumulation of money, to spend it for others; but practice it and keep on practising it, and I assure you it comes to be pleasure."

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

DAME HURST.

Walter was again left to darkness and silence, with no company but his own thoughts and recollections, which were bitter in the extreme. Oh, why had he not attended to Will's warning? Why had he in his perverse pleasure seeking, blindly run his head into such a snare? He saw it all now. It was all a contrived plan. His mother's persecutors had counted with certainty on his absence at the Revels, and the encounter with the two sailors, the drugged ale, the laming of his pony, were all a part of the same conspiracy. Walter began to have a shrewd guess as to the hands into which he had fallen, and he knew very well that he had little mercy to expect.

At that time, and for many years afterward, certain parts of the wild Devonshire moors were inhabited by a peculiar race of men, owing little or no allegiance to the laws of England, speaking a dialect of their own, which, according to old Fuller, was the dross of the dregs of the vulgar Devonian, and "the more learned a man was, the worse he could understand them." The same witty author says of these Gubbings, as they were called, at least behind their backs—"Their wealth consisteth of other men's goods; they live by stealing the sheep on the moors; and vain is it to search their homes, being a work beneath the pains of any sheriff, and above the powers of any constable. Such is their fleetness, they will outrun many horses; vivacious, they outlive most men, living in ignorance of luxury, the extinguisher of life. They hold together like bees; offend one and all avenge his quarrel." The Gubbings were looked upon with hatred

and suspicion by all honest men, and with reason, for as the historian has said, they lived by pillaging their neighbors. Nothing came amiss to them, whether sheep, poultry, or game, linen from the hedge, or fruit from the orchard. A colony of these people had once been settled not far from Stanton-Corbet, where they had made themselves so obnoxious and troublesome by their depredations that they could be borne with no longer. The mandate went forth that the Gubbings must be dispersed, and Captain Corbet being at home at the time, and Corby End having suffered especially from their lawlessness, the Captain made himself both active and conspicuous in the work of dispersion, incurring thereby the peculiar hatred of the Gubbings and their leaders. Nobody, so far as I know, ever thought of doing any thing for the reformation or civilization of these heathen and savages in a Christian land. Their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them. They held their own, and revenged their wrongs as best they could, and constituted an independent community, in the midst of England.

As I have said, Captain Corbet had made himself particularly active in the dispersion of the colony of Gubbings settled in the neighborhood; and their leaders had sworn deep threats of vengeance against him, but for a long time nothing had been heard of them.

It was plain enough to Walter that he had fallen into the hands of the Gubbings, and he knew enough of their vindictiveness to feel sure that he had little mercy to expect at their hands. He had heard before that one of their chief sources of profit was the kidnapping of children and selling them as slaves, either to the Turks in the Levant, or to the Spaniards of the South American colonies. Bristol was then, and for long afterward, the head quarters of this infamous trade, and the city rulers and magistrates were accus-

ed of at least winking very hard at the traffic, if they did not indeed share its profits. Walter comprehended, without much difficulty, that unless he could in some way make his escape, he was destined to help out the cargo of some slaver then lying among the honest merchant men in the Severn — and then Walter ground his teeth and clenched his fists as he thought of being sold to the Turks, or, still worse, to the Spaniards; for the very Turks themselves had the reputation of being more merciful to their Christian slaves, than the so-called Christians of South America.

"But they shall never make me a slave!" said Walter to himself. "I will die before they shall make a slave of me. But, oh, Mother, Mother! If I could only know that you were safe, I should not care what became of me. Oh, if I had only stayed at home. If I had only thought of you instead of myself. You used to call me your knight! A brave knight, indeed, to leave his lady exposed to insult and danger, just for the sake of pursuing my own selfish, childish pleasure, and that after he had been warned more than once—to be gaping after wonders at a fair, and leaving her to be defended at best by rude fishermen. Oh, what shall I do? I had better sell my life at any price than face my father on his return. Would I had died in my childhood, like Franky, and the rest of them, before I had lived to see this day. From what he said, this man was clearly in the secret of the plot against my mother. I remember now Will said Dame Drum came from the Gubbings, and no doubt she would be ready to help on their vengeance, besides that, she owes my mother and me a grudge on our own account. Then there is that Mathew, the double-dyed hypocrite, pretending to such sanctity, and all the while conspiring with robbers and kidnappers. He has hated my poor mother with a venomous hatred, ever since she saved Annie Wilkins out of his hands,

and has been the prime mover in all this witch business. If I ever get out, won't I blow him and his pretensions sky high! But even if I should make my escape this very night, it may be all over with my mother. God only knows what she may have endured before this time." Walter groaned aloud in the agony of his mind as he thought of the words he had heard. His head became giddy and his thoughts confused. He could not tell where he was, and fancied now that he was in the burial vault of the Stantons, under the east end of the church, now in some of the underground cells of the old abbey, and he cried aloud, alternately to his mother and to Will Atkins, to come and take him out. His frenzied cries at last summoned the woman in whose charge he had been left.

"Here's a pretty coil!" she muttered, as after a vain attempt to still Walter's cries, by alternate threats and coaxing, she felt his pulse and looked in his eyes. "The lad is as mad as a March hare, and I have nothing wherewith to quiet him. If he does not grow better by dawn, I must even go to the old woman at Highbury. A plague take the whole affair. I have a feeling that it will bring ruin and vengeance on all our heads. And his mother too, poor lady, in the hands of that wretch Mathew. She at least never did us any harm. Hush, hush, poor lad, and do not wail for thy mother like that. Here, drink this, and may be thou wilt sleep." She put a cup to his lips. Walter drank eagerly, and, refreshed by the draught, he looked up in the woman's face.

"Where am I?" he asked, feebly. "Alas, I know too well. Oh, Mother, Mother. Dame, do but save my mother, and I will make you rich forever!"

"Hush!" replied Meg, sternly. I could not save you if I would, and I would not, mayhap, if I could. Did not your father and mother hunt us out of our homes, such as they were? Did not your father threaten us with the gallows and stake?"

"My mother never injured you or any one, Dame!" said Walter, eagerly. "She pleaded for you with my father and with my Lord, or you would have had worse measures than you did. I well remember her words—'Are not these poor creatures men and women like ourselves, and did not Christ die for them as well as for us? Has any one ever tried to teach them the truth of God, and point them to the cross of His love?' Those were her very words! Did not you yourself tell me how she pitied your poor babe, and gave you food and clothing for it. Oh, Dame, if you but knew my mother, you could not but love her!"

"Aye, think you so?" asked Meg. "Why then are the people of the village yonder, who have eaten her bread, and among whom she has moved, so ready to turn against her, and to believe her a witch and I know not what else? Why is her very hand maiden ready to tell tales of her?"

"Because they are fools and cowards!" exclaimed Walter. "But, old Dame, only let me go—let me but out on the moor. I ask no more, but as you hope for heaven let me go!"

"I tell you I cannot and will not let you go!" said Meg; you would perish on the moor. The snow is already mid-leg deep, and there is no path."

"I care not!" said Walter. "Better die so than in a Spanish galley."

The woman seemed in deep thought for a moment. Walter renewed his pleadings. He reminded Meg once more of her dead child, and begged her, by her love for it, and by her hope of seeing it again, to have mercy upon her own soul as well as on him, and save him from a fate worse than death." Meg laughed.

"You say that God is able and ready to forgive and help those who call upon Him. Well then call upon him to help you, and if he does so, mayhap I shall believe that He will help me."

Walter stopped, struck with sudden shame. He had been brought up by a Christian mother, and well instructed in the truths of God's word. He had been taught to believe that God heard prayer, and that at every time and in every place, His ears were open to the cries of those who called upon Him. And yet in all his trouble and distress, he had never once thought of calling on his Heavenly Father for aid—never once thought of it! Meg laughed again as she saw his confusion.

"So! you are caught in your own spring!" said she, tauntingly. "Why do you use the name of God to me, when it is plain that you do not believe what you say? If He is so ready to help, let Him deliver you out of the hands of the Gubbings, and I will believe on Him!"

"Dame!" said Walter, after a moment's pause, "if God were not to hear me or deliver me out of your hands, He would be none the less true for all that. I have been a great sinner against Him, and that though I have had the best of teaching, it has been my sin against Him that has brought me here into your hands. I have forgotten Him even in my greatest strait, and I should have no complaint to make though he should leave me in it. But I do not believe he will do so!" said Walter, solemnly; and, looking upwards, "Your scornful words seem to open a new door of hope to me. Sinner as I am, I will ask His help, and I believe that in some way it will be granted. I can but come to him like the prodigal son, in the gospel, saying, 'Father, I have sinned—' The poor boy's voice broke down, and he hid his face in the straw of his bed, and remained silent, though his whole frame was shaken with his sobs.

Meg put down her lantern, and sat down by his side, and when Walter looked up she was still by him.

"What was that about the son?" she asked, looking down on the ground. "I seem to remember hearing some such

thing in church, when I used to go to church with my mother, long ago. Tell me the tale."

With something like a feeling of renewed hope, Walter repeated the touching story. When he had finished, he ventured on a few words of explanation. Meg heard him through, without speaking, and then rising she left the room and closed the door after her.

Left alone once more, Walter no longer gave way to vain lamentations. With his whole heart he confessed his sins and prayed for forgiveness—with all the strength of mind he possessed, he strove to submit his will to that of his Heavenly Father, vowing, if his life was spared, to live to the service and glory of God, instead of merely for his own foolish pleasure, as he had done heretofore. He prayed for deliverance from his present strait and for protection for his mother. Thus, with his mind solaced and cleared by devotion, he began to consider gravely and seriously what were his chances for escape. Meg had left him the light—that was one thing in his favor—and he thought, though he was not sure, that she had left the door unfastened; but of what use was that, so long as he was bound hand and foot, by ropes. "But at least I will try for it," he said to himself. "I may as well do that as to lie here groaning."

Walter's hands were small and flexible, and he had the use of all their muscles, like a true sailor. Clenching his teeth at the pain the effort caused him, he worked his hands up and down, and back and forth, till at last, he succeeded in slipping one of them out of the noose. With one hand free, it did not take long to undo the other bonds; and Walter could hardly repress a shout as he found himself at liberty. "The lubbers do not even know how to tie a knot!" said he to himself, as he rose cautiously and with considerable difficulty, cramped and stiffened as he was by the cold and long confinement.

"But don't hallo yet, old boy! You are not yet out of the woods, by a long shot."

Cautiously taking up the lantern, he examined the door of the stable, and his heart again leaped with joy when he discovered it to be unfastened. He opened it cautiously and without noise, and found himself in a rude court-yard, partly surrounded by ruinous buildings. It was closed by a pair of heavy timber gates, but by the side of these was a little wicket, unfastened and ajar. Walter passed through it, and in a moment was upon the open desolate moor. Stiffened as were his limbs by his late confinement, the thought of escape gave him new strength. He ran till he was fairly out of breath, and then sat down for a moment to rest and collect his thoughts.

His situation was not pleasant. He was free, it is true, and that was a great deal. He did not in the least know where he was. He guessed that he was somewhere on Exmoor, but where? He made a great effort to think collectedly.

"The woman spoke of going over to the old witch at Highbury! That must be Dame Hurst, and Highbury cannot be far off. Could I but once get a sight of it, it would be worth the world to me! But it is snowing as I never saw it snow in mid winter. Oh, for one blink of moonlight to show me my way!"

As if in answer to his desire, the storm intermitted for a moment, the moon shone out through a rift in the clouds and showed Walter, right before him, a high dark mass, pyramidal in shape and crowned with something which, in the indistinct light, looked like an old ruined castle. The storm shut down again like a curtain, but Walter had seen enough to make him offer a fervent thanksgiving.

"God be praised! There is Highbury, right before my face, and, let me see—the wind is just at my back. Let me keep it there, and I cannot go far wrong."

Walter rose and struggled forward. It was terribly hard walking, for the ground was rough and the soft clinging snow reached half way to his knees. He was somewhat thinly dressed, having left his cloak behind him, and the wind pierced him through and through. A town-bred boy would have given up and lain down to die, but Walter had been inured to all sorts of weather, and the hope of seeing home again kept him up. Once and again a momentary lull in the storm showed him that he was going in the right direction and drawing nearer to his land-mark, and at last, the welcome twinkle of a light, as in a cottage, greeted his eyes. The sight gave him new strength. He drew near and saw that the light indeed proceeded from a cottage, or rather hut, situated close to the foot of the eminence called Highbury Hill. Before knocking at the door, he ventured to glance in at the window. He saw a room, more comfortably furnished than might have been expected. A bright fire burned upon the hearth and an old woman, whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as the one he had rescued from the boys on the green at Stanton-Corbet, was bending over some mess she seemed to be concocting in a pipkin. At another time Walter might have felt shy enough at intruding on the labors of a reputed witch, and in such a haunted locality as Highbury; but now the old Dame's face seemed that of a friend. He knocked at the door.

"Who is there so early?" asked a voice from within.

"It is I, Dame—Walter Corbet! He who saved you from the dog!"

With a vehement expression of wonder, the Dame opened the door. She wasted no time in words, but drew him within, barred the door and the window-shutters which before had been open, and then placing Walter in the settle, she brought a cup into which she turned out a part of

the contents of the pipkin she had been tending.

"Drink!" said she, imperatively, as Walter hesitated. "It will do you good!"

Walter tasted, and finding that it was indeed nothing more than right savory broth, he finished the cup with a good will.

"That is well!" said the Dame. "And now tell me, dear lad, what has brought you here, to this lonely place, and at this late or rather early hour, for it is morning! How came you so far from home, and what have you been doing?"

"If We Knew."

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load;
 Would we waste to-day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be;
 Would we wait in such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby-fingers
 Pressed against the window-pane
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again:
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
 None but God can roll away,
 Never blossomed in such beauty
 As adorns the mouth to-day.

And sweet words that freight our memory
 With their beautiful perfume,
 Come to us in sweeter accents
 Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all along our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day:
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briers from our way.

For the Hospital Review.

Humility.

God always will humble the boastful soul. Christian, if kept from falling into sin when temptation surrounds you, give God the praise—for so sure as you for a moment boast of your own ability, not of Christ's love, forgetful of His kind protection, and your dependence on His grace, he will humble you by permitting sin to overtake you. The temptation will be more than you can bear. The sooner you confess your sins, and inability of yourselves, so soon will God be gracious and give strength for every temptation, however great. It will never do to let the anchor go, and boast of what we can do; let us rather glory in our weakness, giving God all the praise for any good which we do, and for any sin which we have strength to resist. Our weakness need never trouble us, if we will only confess it. It is a great thing to be truly humble—never to lose sight of our miserable condition. We should ever exalt our God, and abase ourselves, for He delights to dwell with the humble soul. 'The Holy Spirit is grieved when we boast of our ability to overcome our besetting sins, and will assuredly permit us to fall into sin over which our souls will have occasion to mourn. Every Christian groaning to be delivered—burdened with the consciousness of his sinful state, knows by experience, the blessedness of humility before God.

M. S.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1869.

Our Thanksgiving Party.

The first snow has come—a little too early, a little too cold, we think, but after all there is something rather pleasant in its first fall. What gay memories it recalls, and what is so charmingly suggestive of Thanksgiving, and of our after Thanksgiving Party for the Hospital! Thanksgiving, as well as the snow, comes a little early this season, and so our Party will be early also. The day is already fixed upon, and announced in the daily papers. It will take place on Tuesday, the 23d of November, in Corinthian Hall, the place where, it will be remembered, it was held a year ago. The Ladies will be in attendance, as they were then, all day and evening; and all friends of the Hospital, and all friends of the *Review*, are cordially invited to be present. If it can only be as pleasant and as successful an affair as it was a year ago, we shall be more than satisfied; and why should it not be? Our programme is to be very much the same—refreshment tables all day in various parts of the Hall, loaded with everything tempting and nice, fancy tables, where there will be seen and sold, everything new and pretty and useful—flower tables, where bouquets and baskets of choicest bloom will charm, as only flowers can, in dreary November weather—the *Review* corner, where subscriptions will be received, and we hope, arrearages paid in—some inimitable Side Show, we rather imagine, but cannot assert positively—and then the fascinating evening entertainment—just what, we cannot determine—but music, for one thing, and either Tableaux and Charades, or something even yet more delightful. Don't fail to procure tickets for the evening in time, for we expect the crowd will be equal to the attractions.

The Object.

The great object of our Party, we say it plainly, is to raise money. We want—who does not want money? Do you ask why? We can tell you. We want money to meet the current expenses of our Hospital. This is obvious. We expect to have a great demand upon our resources this winter, as sickness and suffering of every kind will be multiplied during the inclement season. It requires money, a great deal of it, to carry on a Hospital—and more than all this, we want a New Wing. We are suffering for a New Wing. We are crowded and inconvenienced every day of our lives for the want of it. Our patients have not all the comforts and privileges they would have if we had it—and numbers must be turned away entirely for the want of it. We do not like to think of the cold stern winter before us, and of the destitution and suffering there must be everywhere, and to fear that we shall be forced to shut our doors upon any who may wish to come to us, and yet we do fear it. O, friends, whom this one strong universal tie of human suffering has made one and brothers, what will you do for us at our Party? What will you contribute to our New Wing?

Ding-Dong-Bell.

We understand that all the belles of Rochester are to be at our Party—that they are to grace with their smiles and attendance, our refreshment tables—our fancy tables—our paper corner—our flower stands, &c. &c., and that among them all the most charming bell of the day will be the *bell to dinner*. Hungry men, and all men with an appreciation of the good things of this life, are advised to give their tired wives a rest that day, and to come and take dinner with us. We invite you, and we intend to do our very best. The gentlemen who sat down to our tables a year ago will need no urging, we think, to come again.

They know what to expect. To the uninitiated we might perhaps give a hint of the delicious hot coffee—the delectable oysters—the turkies—the salads—the jellies, the creams, &c., which our Ladies know how to get up, and of the very charming way in which all these things are served. Come, gentlemen, one and all, and see if it is not just as we tell you; and we will not only ask you to dinner, but we will ask you to stay to supper. We think you will find it a pleasant way of doing good, to come and eat for the benefit of the Hospital, as well as a pleasant way of passing the time. We want to see all of our gentleman friends that day, and to see them often. We expect that Corinthian Hall will be one blaze of “beauty and of chivalry”—of “fair women and brave men,” at just about dinner and supper time.

A Thank Offering.

Our Festival in Corinthian Hall, is called a Thanksgiving Party rather than a Donation, and it follows speedily as it does our annual Thanksgiving, that our gifts may be thank-offerings—the warm outpourings of grateful hearts at the manifold goodness and mercies of God to us, which the return and the festivities of that day are calculated to awaken and commemorate. For this reason we expect all the offerings to us will not only be free and hearty, but generous—a fitting expression, found best in deeds, of our thanksgiving. The yearly retrospect of God's mercies toward us, added to His care and goodness, manifest over all our lives, ought surely to deeply and powerfully move our hearts. Do we wish—have we any grateful impulse to make Him some return for His love and care over us, and over our homes, our children, and all our dear ones—for His manifold gifts to us—for his rich and bountiful harvests—for blessings in “basket and in store”—blessings upon our country upon land and sea—from shore to shore—spirit-

ual blessings—religious privileges—for His comfort—His aid in all our sorrows—His presence in all our joys—and for all our hopes in life, and in death! Do we, we repeat, wish to make Him any return for all these! Let us remember that any gift, even “a cup of cold water,” to the needy and thirsty, is given unto Him.

Contributions to our Tables.

Friends in the country—friends in the city—friends everywhere—are requested to contribute liberally to our lunch and fancy tables. We want large and generous supplies for the demand, which, judging from a year ago, will be made upon us all day. We want turkies, chickens, tongues, oysters, celery, pickles, jellies, canned fruit—cream, butter, eggs, coffee, tea, cake, biscuit, fruits—in short, everything which goes to make up a handsome entertainment. Supplies are also requested to be sent in early, that the Ladies may know the strength of their resources, and how to complete their arrangements. It is not necessary to suggest to our readers what would be nice for our Fancy Tables. Skilled in all handiwork, as we know some of them to be, we are safe in leaving all to their taste and judgment. We might add, however, that from our observation and experience, we find that articles really useful are most salable.

Hospital Supplies.

We want a great many things besides money for our Party. We want Hospital supplies—coal—barrels of flour—barrels of apples—barrels of potatoes—groceries—vegetables—fruit of all kinds—towels—bedding—in short, everything needed in our own families, only in so much larger quantities—and we want *delicacies for the sick*. Don't forget the cans of fruit—the jellies—the pickles—the wines, &c. &c. Large as our supplies may seem to be at our Party, they will melt away fast enough, we can assure you. No danger of our getting too much.

Don't Forget the Paper Corner.

We shall feel slighted indeed, should any of our friends fail to find the Paper Corner. If one has fifty cents to spare, that is a good place to invest it, either in subscribing yourself, or in subscribing for some friend. If you have only fifty cents to give, this is the very best place to give it, as there is no estimating the good which even one single copy of the "Review" may accomplish for the Hospital. Flowers will fade—ice-creams melt—turkeys and oysters appear for a brief season to delight our eyes, and then vanish, and are no more—but fifty cents for the "Review," will purchase a lasting pleasure, and may result in two-fold blessings, to you, and to the Hospital. If every guest to our Party should subscribe, or if already a subscriber, bring us a new name—and if all arrearsages could be paid up, every subscription, already on our books, renewed, then, indeed, would our party be truly a Thanksgiving Party.

The Day!

The day of our Party, to which we would here repeat our invitation most cordially to everybody, is, let it be remembered, on the 23d of NOVEMBER—the first Tuesday after Thanksgiving. No postponement on account of the weather.

Correspondence.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 20, 1869.

MRS. PERKINS:—Enclosed you will please find the annual subscription for that interesting little sheet, "The Hospital Review." You have my best wishes for its success. L. W. F.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Sept. 20, 1869.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS:

MADAM—"The Hospital Review" has been sent to my address for two or more years. I have never subscribed or paid any money for it. Please find enclosed, three dollars, which I hope will defray any expense on my account, and also leave a trifle for the benevolent object in which you and others are so deeply interested.

Very respectfully, MRS. L. R. H.

P. S. Many thanks to the kind friend who sent me "The Hospital Review."

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 4, of dysentery, James Wood, aged 26 years.

August 8, of chronic diarrhoea, John Reese, aged 56 years.

August 9, of delirium tremens, Henry G. Savage, aged 40 years.

August 29, of disease of the heart, Charles Grant, aged 36 years.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM AUG. 15 TO SEPT. 15, 1869.

Mrs. J. H. Beebe, Columbus, O.; Cornelia L. W. Field, (2 years), Mrs. Lucy R. Henry, Burlington, Iowa; Mrs. B. A. Pitcher, Dunkirk; Miss Mary White, Marquette, Mich.; Miss H. McKnight, Elizabeth, N.J.; Mrs. C. Dewey, Mrs. F. Starr, Mrs. E. D. Smith, (with postage), Mrs. W. W. Carr, (with postage), Mrs. H. L. Fish, (with postage), Mrs. E. M. Smith, (with postage), Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, (with postage), Mrs. O. W. Story, (2 years), Mrs. H. Welles, Penn Yan, (2 years), Mrs. R. T. Field, (postage), Mrs. W. H. Perkins—By Mrs. Perkins,.....	17 87
Mrs. J. L. Angle, Mrs. Sprout—By Miss Mary Watson,.....	4 00
Mrs. W. L. Hewitt, Moscow; Mrs. M. E. Thompson, Perry Centre; Miss L. A. Butler—By Mrs. Butler,.....	1 50
Mrs. L. H. Morgan, (with postage)—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,.....	0 62
Mrs. Thos. Fish, (2 years)—By Mrs. H. L. Fish,.....	1 00
Mrs. E. F. Hyde, Mrs. D. McPherson, Mrs. J. Houghtailing, Mrs. A. S. Lane, Mrs. W. Y. Andrews, Miss R. L. Bowman, Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, Mrs. A. G. Mudge, Mrs. L. R. Satterlee—By Miss Jennie Hurd and Miss Mary Lane,.....	4 50
Mrs. J. Goddard, York; Mrs. J. S. Orton, Mrs. H. G. Baker, Mrs. H. McBride, Mrs. J. B. Adams, Genesee; Master Frank Dodge, Moscow—By Mrs. Adams	3 00
Master Mat Pierce, Honeoye Falls; Frank Hunt, North Bloomfield; Mrs. Winslow Bond, (3 years)—By Mrs. Bond,.....	2 50
Mrs. J. E. Sheldon, New York—By Mrs. E. D. Smith,.....	0 50
Mrs. S. Moody, New York (2 years)—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,.....	1 00
Nellie Townsend, Berlin, Wisconsin; Mrs. Martin Rose, Batavia; Mrs. Geo. Post, Mrs. R. J. Lester—By Miss Hibbard...	2 50
Miss Hanford, (with postage)—By Mrs. Arner,.....	0 75
Mrs. J. M. Howe, Aurora—By Miss Guernsey,.....	0 50

Superintendent's Report.

1869, Aug. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital	82
Received during the month,	24—106
Discharged,.....	16
Died,.....	5— 21
Remaining Sept. 1st, 1869,	85

Donations for August & September.

Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Tomatoes, Beets and Apples.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Six glasses of Jelly, 1 basket Peaches, and old Cotton.
 Miss Lottie Jones—One Tidy, 1 Toilet Set.
 Mrs. Cone—One box sweet Apples.
 Mrs. Geo. H. Smith, New York—Four baskets Peaches, and Apples.
 Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth—Basket of Apples, and dried Pears.
 Mrs. Pomeroy Brewster—Basket of Pears.
 Mrs. Samuel S. Wood—Catsup.
 Mrs. W. B. Williams—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—Pears, Tomatoes and Books.
 Mrs. Charles Forbes—Two Oil Paintings.
 Mrs. Robt. Carter—Magazines.
 Mrs. C. Dewey—Four Shirts.
 Mrs. M. S. Lee—Roll of old Cotton.
 Mrs. Little—One can of Strawberries.
 Mrs. Lee—Plums.

Children's Department.

Autumn.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

The earth is turning brown, dear,
 The earth is turning brown;
 The birds full grown, have already flown,
 And the leaves are whirling down.
 There's no green grass in the lane, child,
 There are no red berries in the wood;
 The world is no longer at Spring, child,
 It has chosen another mood.

There's not a nest but hangs confessed
 Empty and quite forlorn;
 The frogs have forgotten the score of June,
 The crickets have come and gone:
 Rose-trees that bloomed in the summer noon
 Have nothing left but a thorn.

Yet think you Nature loves not as well
 Her season of dumb repose?
 Think you she misses the blue-bird's swell,
 The robin's trill, the thrush's thrill,
 Or even the fragrant rose?
 I trow she knows that the drifting snows
 Are good for the dreaming flowers;
 That Spring doth borrow a hint from the sorrow
 Of these bare, brown Autumn hours.

Whether the earth be brown, child,
 Whether the sky be blue,
 Whether the roses be plenty,
 Or whether the lilies be few,
 There's always work in the vineyard,
 Waiting for me as for you.
 Then let us smile in the Autumn,
 Let us be glad in the Spring,
 Knowing the final rejoicing,
 Depends on the sheaves that we bring.

[Our Young Folks.

Just in Time.

Gilbert Grice, who lives in the country often moves about from one place to another. Having property enough to maintain him, and not keeping a farm, he has a good deal of time on his hands.

If there be one thing more than another in which Gilbert prides himself, it is in the habit of being, what he calls, just in time. To pop in to an assembled company, or to arrive at a place of meeting; just as he is given up, is his delight. As, however, there are different opinions about the exact meaning of being "just in time," we will let the conduct of Gilbert Grice speak for itself.

Gilbert set off, some time ago, to visit a cousin who is very particular in retiring to rest at ten o'clock, and of course he should have been there, at latest, a full hour before bed-time. His cousin's house was as much as thirty miles from his own. Instead of leaving his dwelling in proper time, he delayed his departure till seven o'clock at night, and then mounted his bay mare to ride to his cousin's at the highest speed. Not having a moment to lose, he spared neither whip nor spur, and did not so much as give his bay mare a feed of corn, nor a ten minutes' rest all the way. He arrived, as he said, "just in time," that was just as his cousin had taken up his chamber candlestick to retire for the night.

"Just in time!" We say he was just too late; for had he been in time, there would have been no necessity to have called up the servant man, who was in bed, to attend to his jaded, overridden beast; nor to have kept up the servant-girl to put supper before him; nor to have soured the temper of his cousin by preventing him from retiring at his usual hour.

Not long after this visit he set off by coach to see an uncle; and as he had with him two heavy boxes, he ought to have been at the coach office a little beforehand, that they might have been properly fastened on the coach; but he arrived at the moment the guard was blowing his horn, and the coachman mounting the box. "That is right," said he "I am just in time."

"Just in time!" He was in time, certainly, to get into the coach, but he was not in time to have his luggage fastened, nor to pay his fare in the office, nor to

prevent himself riding backwards, which he hated. Again we say that he was not "just in time," but just too late.

About a month ago he had to attend a dinner party, and sadly late he was; for though he had two or three miles to walk across the fields, he did not set out till the time when he ought to have been there. As he passed by the dining room window, he saw the company taking their seats. "That is lucky," said he, "for I see that I am just in time."

"Just in time!" Why, he had kept them waiting a full hour. When he entered the room, he made a great disturbance, for they had given him up; and the lady of the house did not recover her good temper for an hour, for part of her dinner had been spoiled. Gilbert may call this what he likes, but if it is not being just too late, we do not know what is.

A fortnight ago, as Gilbert Grice entered the parish church on the morning of the Sabbath, the service was just beginning. "I am glad that we are just in time," said he, in a whisper to a friend who was with him, "for I cannot bear being too late."

"Just in time!" He was in the church to be sure, when the services began, but he was not in time to take his seat without disturbing others, nor to get his books without making an unseemly noise, nor to compose his mind by a moment's reflection on the place in which he was, and the object that had brought him there. We cannot help once more giving it as our opinion that he was just too late.

It was but last week that he had to attend a funeral. On so solemn an occasion it might have been expected that he would have run no risk of being too late; but bad habits are not soon broken through. The mourners came, the bearers came, the minister came, but Gilbert Grice did not come at the time appointed. At last however, he did come. "I see," said he to the undertaker, "that I am but just in time."

We may call things by strange names. The mournful procession had been sadly delayed; the minister had another funeral at a distance to attend, and some of the party had expressed themselves angrily. We cannot but think that in this, as well as in all the other instances we have mentioned, Gilbert was "just too late."

Whether traveling on foot, or horseback, or by coach; whether paying a visit,

attending a dinner party, divine worship, or a funeral, Gilbert Grice is equally careless; how much he annoys others, in following out his customary habit. He will have it that he is "just in time," when every one else is fully convinced that he is just too late.

"If we have neither spoilt our tale,
Nor been misunderstood,
Our youthful readers cannot fail
To get a lesson good;
For this plain truth, in prose or rhyme,
Is clear beyond debate,
That he who is but *just in time*,
Must *always* be too late."

[Child's Companion.]

The Beggar Baby.

Pale and weary, strangely old,
Wan with hunger, parched with cold,
Clothed in rags around it rolled,
Was this poor beggar baby.

Careless travelers going by
Walked around, lest coming nigh,
They might hear the hungry cry
Of this poor beggar baby.

Rich men passed, and thought within,
"Twere well that life had never been,"
As though misfortune were a sin
For a poor beggar baby.

Only the pauper mother smiled,
Only the mother blessed the child,
And murmured love in accents mild,
To that poor beggar baby.

But by-and-by that baby died,
And they buried it (on the paupers' side
Of the yard)—only the mother cried
For that poor beggar baby.

Who used to cling to her lonely breast,
And kiss her cheek ere it sunk to rest,
Like a little bird in a happy nest—
Poor little beggar baby."

But lo! beyond the pauper tomb,
A wondrous light stole through the gloom,
And voices sang, "In heaven there's room
For that poor beggar baby."

And then in garments white and new,
Upward the rank of angels through,
The radiant, ransomed spirit flew,
Of that poor beggar baby.

The Bishop of Oxford's Puzzle.

I have a large box, with two lids.

Two caps.

Two musical instruments.

A great number of articles a carpenter could not do without.

I have always about me a couple of good fish.

A great number of smaller size.

I have two lofty trees.

Some fine flowers.

The fruit of an indigenous plant to England.

I have two playful animals.

A number of smaller and less tame breed.

Also a fine stag.

A great number of whips without handles.

I have two halls or places of worship.

Some weapons of warfare.

A number of weather-cocks.

The steps of a hotel.

A House of Commons on the eve of a division.

Two students.

Ten Spanish grandees to wait on them.

All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, but few have numbered up the strange medley of things that make up my whole.

A solution to the above, from any of our readers, will be acceptable for our next number.

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.

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,..... 5 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

DEWEY'S

Arcade Hall Book Store.

LADIES will find all New Books, anywhere advertised. Also, all the Magazines, Fashion Books and Family Newspapers.

Ladies' Stationery, new styles, stamped. Visiting Cards, printed or engraved. Best stock Wedding and Birth-day Gifts; all new Chromo, Engravings, Paintings, &c., always on exhibition. Holiday Gifts.

Sept. 1869. 3m

D. M. DEWEY.

A. S. MANN & CO.

WE GUARANTEE our American Silks as being entirely free from cotton, perfect and permanent in color as any Foreign Silks, and MUCH BETTER TO WEAR than any other Silks at the price.

A. S. MANN & CO.

State Street.

PLAIN COLORED SILKS, every desirable shade and color, at moderate prices.

A. S. MANN & CO.

AMERICAN SILKS.—Our standard quality, black and stripes. \$2.50 per yard only.

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FOR Boys' wear we have an unequalled stock of medium weight Woolens, very cheap.

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WE DEAL largely in Black Alpacas, and can sell them much below usual price.

A. S. MANN & CO.

OUR present make of Black Alpacas gives universal satisfaction.

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GREY SILKS and small checks and stripes. Fine assortment and reasonable.

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ELWELL & MOSELY,

DEALER IN

MOURNING GOODS, CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS,

Special Bargains in Black Silks and Alpacas,
No. 9 Main Street Bridge,

Jan. '96, 1yr ROCHESTER.

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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.

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, 1866.

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, 1866. 1y

CYRUS F. PAINE.


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Manufacturer and Dealer in

READY MADE CLOTHING,

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

No. 11 Main St. Bridge, Rochester.

 ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

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

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

BUELL & BREWSTER,

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

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

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Rochester, Sept., 1866

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,

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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 18, 1866.

H. A. BLAUW,
Chemist & Apothecary
 Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
 Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
 Trusses, &c.
 PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
81 State Street, (West side,)
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
 Nov. 1867. 1y

HENRY F SMITH,
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Groceries and Provisions,
KEROSENE OIL,
 Clover and Timothy Seed,
 —AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 80 Main Street,
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 OF ALL KINDS,
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 LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
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 Jan. 15, 1867.

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E. & A. WAYTT,
 Dealers in all kinds of
Fresh Meats, Poultry,
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 SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.
 140 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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Looking Glasses, Picture Frames,
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Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views,
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 In great variety, and at very low prices, at
SANDERSON & THORNE'S,
 Oct. 1867. 66 Buffalo St., Rochester.

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D. LEARY'S
 STEAM
DYEING & CLEANSING
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ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
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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.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

Grape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid SHAWLS, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, 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, 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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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,
 Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.
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 [Established in 1826.]
 Jan. 1866. 1y

1869

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1869.

No. 4.

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," No. 20 North Street.

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 & Job Printer,

Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

Preventing Mercies.

PSALM LXXIX. 8.

The hawthorn hedge that keeps us from intruding,
Looks very fierce and bare [ding
When stripped by winter, every branch protrudes
Its thorns that wound and tear.

But spring-time comes; and like the rod that budded,
Each twig breaks out in green;
And cushions soft of tender leaves are studded,
Where spines alone were seen.

And honeysuckle, its bright wreath unbearing,
The prickly top adorns;
Its golden trumpets victory declaring,
Of blossoms over thorns.

Nature in this mute parable unfoldeth
A lesson sweet to me;
God's goodness in reproof my eye beholdeth,
And His severity.

There is no grievous chastening but combineth
Some brightness with the gloom;
Round every thorn in the flesh there twineth
Some wreath of softening bloom.

The sorrows that to us seem so perplexing
Are mercies kindly sent,
To guard our wayward souls from sadder vexing,
And greater ills prevent.

Like angels stern, they meet us when we wander
Out of the narrow track,
With sword in hand, and yet with voices tender,
To warn us quickly back.

We fain would eat the fruit that is forbidden,
Not heeding what God saith;
But by these flaming cherubim we're chidden,
Lest we should pluck our death.

To save us from the pit, no screen of roses
Would serve for our defence,
The hindrance that completely interposes
Stings back like thorny fence.

At first, when smarting from the shock, complaining
Of wounds that freely bleed,
God's hedges of severity us pain,ing,
May seem severe indeed.

No tender veil of heavenly verdure brightens
The branches fierce and bare;
No sun of comfort the dark sky enlightens,
Or warms the wintry air.

But afterwards, God's blessed spring-time cometh,
And bitter murmurs cease:
The sharp severity that pierced us bloometh,
And yields the fruits of peace.

—Sunday Magazine.

A Wonderful Flower.

Dr. F. N. Otis, in a work called the *Isthmus of Panama and its Connections*, gives the following descriptions of a wonderful and singularly beautiful flower, found on the line of the Panama railroad, in the vicinity of Lion Hill station:

"Along this section is found that rare variety of the Orchid family, the *Peristera elata*, known as the '*Espiritu Santo*.' Its blossom, of alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and gives forth a powerful perfume not unlike that of the magnolia; but it is neither for its beauty of shape its purity of color, nor its fragrance, that it is chiefly esteemed. Resting within the cup of the flower so marvellously formed that no human skill, be it never so cunning, could excel the resemblance, lies the prone image of a *dove*. Its exquisitely moulded pinions hang lifeless from its sides. The head bends gently forward. The tiny bill, tipped with a delicate carmine, almost touches its snow-white breast, while the expression of the entire image, (and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see the expression) seems the very incarnation of meekness and ethereal innocence. No one who has seen it, can wonder that the early Spanish Catholics, ever on the alert for some phenomenon upon which to fasten the idea of a miraculous origin, should have bowed down before this matchless flower, and named it '*Flor del Espiritu Santo*,' or 'the flower of the Holy Ghost,' nor that the still more superstitious Indian should have accepted the imposing title, and ever have gazed upon it with awe and devotional reverence, ascribing a peculiar sanctity even to the ground upon which it blossoms, and to the very air which it laden with its delicious fragrance.

"It is found most frequently in low and marshy grounds, springing from decayed logs and crevices in the rocks. Some of the most vigorous plants attain a height of six or seven feet; the leaf stalks are jointed and throw out broad lanceolate leaves by pairs; the flower-stalks spring from the bulb, and are wholly destitute of leaves often bearing a cluster of a dozen or fifteen flowers. It is an annual, blooming in July, August, and September, and has in several instances been cultivated in the conservatories of foreign lands. In former times, bulbs of the plant could rarely be obtained, and then only with much labor and diffi-

culty; but since their localities have become familiar to the less reverential Anglo-Saxon, great numbers have been gathered and distributed throughout different parts of the world, though their habits and necessities have been so little appreciated that efforts to bring them to flower usually prove ineffectual; if, however, they are procured in May or June, after the flower-stalk has started, when sufficient appropriate nutriment resides in the bulb to develop the perfect flowers, they can be safely transplanted, and will flower under the ordinary treatment adapted to the bulbous plants of colder climates. The bulbs, dried or growing, may be procured either at Aspinwall or Panama, at from two to five dollars per dozen."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1869.

The Thanksgiving Party.

Rochester is noted for its charities. Strangers, who come to take up their residence with us, are struck with the number and vigor of our benevolent institutions, and especially with the spirit with which they are maintained. Our charities do not take the place of amusements exactly, with our Ladies, but they throw around them certainly very much that is charming and delightful. Their manner of raising the necessary means for their yearly support, is, we believe, peculiar to themselves. Each institution has its Donation Party, which is nothing more nor less than one general, grand, gay gathering of friends of all ages, from near and from far. These gatherings are necessarily pleasant, from the absence of all formal restraints and ceremonies, and from the noble aim and impulse, bringing so many together. On a recent visit to New York, and to some of its benevolent institutions, we could but contrast their colder and more formal methods of bringing about results, with our own. While accomplishing so very much that is noble—for New York chari-

ties are certainly conducted upon a magnificent scale, and in number and variety are fairly bewildering—still, they seemed to us to be carried on by a sort of machinery, perfect and wonderful, it is true, but to lack the warm, glowing life and individual interest of our efforts of a similar character. This is perhaps necessarily the case in larger cities, where so much is to be done. Everything must be systematized—their work becomes a fixed routine of duties, and falls into settled grooves. The social element—personal pleasure, or interest, or any idea beyond the relief to be administered—does not seem to enter into their arrangements. Our charities are the rallying point of our ladies. Here, all distinctions are laid aside, and Christian women of every name and sect, meet upon one common ground. Our Donation days are *fete* days—where all that is best and brightest, and fairest, meet. Our Thanksgiving Party at Corinthian Hall, on the 23d of November, was one of these gatherings, peculiar, as we said, to Rochester, and one of the pleasantest and most beautiful of its kind. It more than realized our hopes. It more than fulfilled all its promises. From morning until night the scene it presented was one bright gala. It was the place to find all our prettiest ladies, and to find them looking their prettiest—and, from the throngs at the tables all day, it was evident that, notwithstanding the fears expressed in the *Democrat*, that there was no lack of “men who dared,” and that they were “*brave*” as women were “*fair*.” But the tables alone, we fear, would have proved a sufficient temptation for these men, even if there had not been the fair women who served them. Such tables! “groaning,” as fine writers would say, “with every luxury.” And then the hidden resources of the ladies who presided at these tables, was astonishing. Over and over again, the tables would seem swept clean of everything by these “brave men,”

and we would begin to be apprehensive as to how the next comers would be provided for, when, as by magic, there would come a fresh supply. We heard no complaints of the fare, nor, indeed, of any of the *fair*, from even the crustiest old bachelor present. We were amused at the difference of opinion expressed, as to who was the prettiest woman in the Hall; and oh, what a happy thing it is that there is this difference of opinion—that so every poor woman may have a chance of being esteemed the prettiest in the eyes of at least *one*. We had thought of saying something more about these rival belles and beauties, and of telling our readers how they looked and what they wore, and other very interesting items, but we do not dare—lest that writer in the *Democrat*—(we are afraid of him)—should call us “gossipy” again. One of our refreshment tables, one too, most heavily laden with dainties and luxuries of every description, and which drew large numbers of guests, was furnished and presided over by some of our Hebrew ladies, who have always manifested a warm and active interest in our Hospital. They assisted us in various ways in the getting up of our Party, and we take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to them. The ladies at all the refreshment tables, are certainly deserving of a great deal of praise, not only for their elegant entertainment, but for their laborious and untiring efforts in serving all day. Nor are the ladies who presided at the Fancy Tables less deserving of praise, for the number, variety and value of their beautiful articles, some of which it must have taken weeks to have completed. The display of articles was very pretty, and added much to the attractiveness of the Hall. Since the Bazaar days, we do not remember to have seen such choice, pretty and unique varieties. One table, under the care of some German girls, deserves special mention. They had evidently taken great

pains in getting up their articles, and they were so very pretty, and some of them so useful also. But our article will not bear so much praise, we fear, unless we bring it to an end sometime, which we will try to do. In conclusion, we would briefly say—let us cling to the good old ways. Let us continue to make our gatherings for benevolent purposes, the most delightful of all our social entertainments, that the memories of our charities may be among the most beautiful of our lives.

The Evening Entertainment.

Just what the Evening Entertainment was to be, remained with most of us a charming mystery, up almost to within an hour before the performance—and of course we were all on the *qui vive* of curiosity. We were not disappointed. The music alone, by the Orpheus Glee Club, would have rewarded us. We never heard them sing so well. But the chief feature of the Entertainment was the rendering of the drama, *Don Cesar de Bazan*, by the Amateurs of Rochester. The play is a favorite one, and was exceedingly well represented. Mr. Savage was Don Cesar himself—and the Marquis, by Mr. Emanuel, was inimitable. Miss Rosenthal, as Maritana, won many honors. True, simple, and earnest, with a refreshing absence of all stage affectations, she moved and won us all. But we have not the space to particularize. The parts were all well sustained—and the Entertainment was one enjoyed by all present. The Amateurs are composed, we believe, entirely of Hebrews—a nation who have developed unusual talent for the stage, and which claims, with just pride, the name of the immortal Rachel. This is, we understand, the first public appearance of the Amateurs in our city, but we are sure it will not be the last. We predict for them brilliant achievements in the future. They have our grateful thanks for their services. And that music—we feel as if we could not close without one more reference to it

—that delicious music, haunting us yet—like the music of our dreams.

"Music, that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Thou tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Our Thank-Offering.

Our friends brought in their's to us at our Party, and what a magnificent offering it was! When the final result was made known, it was almost overwhelming. From the refreshment tables—from the ice cream tables—from the fancy tables—from the "Review" table—from the evening entertainment—the returns were everywhere, most generous—most gratifying. The day was a complete success. Could we have asked or expected more? And now, with fresh hopes in our hearts, and with a warm feeling of gratitude filling our souls, we would like to return to each one who so kindly, so faithfully aided us that day in our thank-offering. But what shall it be? What can we say? Words seem so poor. We can but repeat our sincere thanks to our kind friends, in the name of those for whom your aid was solicited, with the fervent trust that the better and higher rewards promised to such deeds, may be yours. And they will be. "He is faithful who hath promised."

Errors and Omissions.

We may as well anticipate them. To expect to publish such lists as ours to-day, handed to us by so many different persons, and passing through so many different hands, without errors or omissions—would be expecting entirely too much of mortal things below. We only beg, that as fast as they are discovered, that they may be made known to us, and an opportunity given us of making amends. Will our friends see that this is done?

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.

A Special Thank-Offering.

We do not know as we have any right to return a special thank-offering to any, where all were so kind, but there were a few whose services were not so generally understood as others, and who, for this reason, we think, deserve a word of special praise. First in this list, we think we may name Mr. Elwood, who, by his services in collecting tickets, and in doing for the Ladies a thousand other disagreeable things which, but for him, they would have been obliged to do themselves, has called out their warmest gratitude. Then, there were the gentlemen who carved—no light task, considering the crowds of hungry people who were to be served—and then so patiently and beautifully as they did it too—standing at their post for hours. Mr. Hoyt, we want, to thank for our ice, which he furnished us all day, without charge—no insignificant donation, when we call to mind how much in the various departments was used. We want next to return thanks for our beautiful flowers. Considering the season, we had many and choice ones—sent in, we believe, from all our public green-houses, as well as from private conservatories. All who contributed in this way to the beauty as well as to the profits of our Party, are deserving, in our opinion, of special mention. Nor would we at this time forget Mr. Fleming and George—employees in Corinthian Hall—who were so kind, so ready, so obliging, that, to use the words of one of our managers, “they made everything easy.” Then, there were our tables, loaned by Messrs. Munn and Smith, and who not only loaned them but brought them and took them away again, without charge. Our stove, was another kind loan, from Mr. French. Nor must we forget, in this special list, our brave auctioneers, who made lively sales of the articles remaining over from the Fancy Tables, and at the same time lively sport for us all, waiting

impatiently as we were, for the Evening Entertainment to begin. Last, but not least, the Ladies desire to return thanks to all the daily papers, for kind and repeated notices of our Party.

ADDENDUM.—If any have been omitted in this list, who deserve mention, we hope they will consider themselves included, as they most surely are, in our real and heartfelt acknowledgments, just the same, and attribute the omission to our bad memories, not intentions.

The Review Table,

Was by no means neglected. The Treasurer, who presided here, assisted by some of her young lady friends, feels every way satisfied with her receipts. Over seventy-five dollars were handed her, mostly from old subscribers, who took that occasion to renew their subscriptions and pay up arrearages. A vast improvement is already discernible in our books. It is a relief to see the blanks of two or three years' standing, filled up at last. A few new subscribers gladdened her vision—not so many as she could wish—but still her gratitude was so great at having so many old dues paid up, that she feels that she has no complaints to make. It was gratifying also to meet so many of our readers, face to face, and to hear their many expressions of interest in our paper.

A Word to Subscribers.

Several at our Party, in renewing their subscriptions, remarked that they would be glad to pay for the “Review” in season, if they knew just when it ought to be paid. It may not therefore be amiss to state—Our terms are, payable in advance—Our year commences in August, but new subscribers are thankfully received at any time; and their names will be entered on our books at the date received, unless requested to be put back to the beginning of the year. Hence subscriptions may properly be paid at any time—and anyone

wishing to know just how they stand, may ascertain through a note addressed to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring street, or by calling upon her, in person, at her residence.

Complaints constantly reach us of the failure of subscribers to get their papers. We wish we knew of some sovereign remedy for this evil, but we do not. We can only recommend continued patience and perseverance. All failures are requested to be promptly reported to Mrs. Perkins, that the causes of them may be investigated. Missing papers will always be cheerfully supplied. Can we do more?

The following names, given us by Mrs. Perkins, were among the list returned by the carrier, whom it was impossible for him to find. If any, whose names are here inserted, or any of their friends, who may chance to meet this notice, will be so kind as to send us their right address, we will be very much obliged: Mrs. Tuthill, 20 Lake avenue; Lyman McCarthy, 4 Pleasant street; Mrs. George Post; Mrs. D. U. Mickler, 67 North Clinton street; Mrs. L. W. Miller; Mrs. Joseph Wing, 2 George street. Subscribers, in changing their residence, are requested to notify us.

Mr. Erickson's Gift.

The following letter speaks for itself. Comment is unnecessary, and yet we cannot resist the impulse to say something of the noble generosity, the kind thoughtfulness, manifested in this gift, and which stands unrivalled in the long list of good and generous deeds it is our pleasure from time to time to record. Mr. Erickson has made his name a dear one this winter, not only in our charitable institutions, which have before and repeatedly felt his aid, but to sad hearts and homes—to tired, discouraged women, fighting, despairingly, "the wolf at the door." Widows and orphans, deserted wives, the lonely and unprotected, the sick and the aged, will bless him, and will invoke upon his head

the richer blessings of Heaven. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." In the hands of the Ladies whom he makes his almoners, he can rest assured that his bounty will be wisely and worthily bestowed:

ROCHESTER, Oct. 23, 1869.

Mrs. Eliza B. Strong, President Rochester Female Charitable Society:

DEAR MADAM—Contemplating the possibility of my absence during a portion or the whole of the approaching winter, and knowing the poor are always with us, I have given an order to Messrs. Chas. J. Hill & Son, for two hundred and fifty barrels of their best quality red winter wheat flour, to be distributed as follows: First, twenty barrels to be given and delivered to the Rochester City Hospital. Second, to the Rochester Orphan Asylum, the Rochester Industrial School, and the Home of the Friendless, each ten barrels. In all fifty barrels directly assigned by me.

The remaining two hundred barrels I have directed to be given and delivered by the Messrs. Hill upon the order of the Rochester Female Charitable Society acting through their duly constituted officers or committee, as the case may be.

In the distribution of the two hundred barrels of flour, of which you are to be the dispensers, I wish to make the following general observations, leaving the further details with you. This is a private charity, and I do not wish it extended to families or persons who are habitually or occasionally the recipients of public alms or who are in whole or in part supported by the various churches. For all such persons I suppose I am taxed my due proportion.

There is another class and one certainly not less worthy, for whose benefit this gift is chiefly intended. Those living a life of frugality and industry, and who yet gain only a scanty subsistence. Deserted and neglected mothers, charged with the burdens of infancy; the aged, the sick and infirm. With all such, you can hardly err in being charitable in your charities. Beyond this, I leave all to your own good judgment.

The retail price of the flour given, is \$7 a barrel but the Messrs. Hill, in the cause of charity, have kindly thrown off all their profits and possibly more, and have put the price at \$6 a barrel, including the de-

livery, and will no doubt substitute to a moderate extent two half barrels in the place of one whole one if desired.

In conclusion, I hope the flour may be generally distributed in time to make the children a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. And wishing the same to you, and your associates,

I am very truly yours,
AARON ERICKSON.

Summing Up.

The following card from our Corresponding Secretary, which has already appeared in our Daily papers, gives the receipts in full at the Party :

The Lady Managers of the City Hospital, cannot refrain from expressing their sincere thanks to all—ladies and gentlemen—who assisted them in making their Thanksgiving Party such a success. Especially would they thank the editors of the Daily papers, without whose kind words they could not expect to reach the public or achieve such results. Also, the Amateur Club and the Orpheus Glee Club, who rendered the evening's entertainment so acceptable. By order.

C. E. MATHEWS,
Corresponding Sec'y.

Receipts of the Thanksgiving party, Nov. 23d, 1869 :

Cash,	\$2,089 29
Expenses,	272 43
	<hr/>
	\$1,816 86

MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
Treasurer.

Fifth Annual Report of the Hospital Committee to the Female Charitable Society.

LADIES—Five years have passed since the appointment by this society, of sixteen of its members, to prepare the Hospital for the reception of patients.

The record of their labors has year by year been presented for your consideration, while the wants and workings of the institution have through the medium of the *Review* been placed before you monthly.

The prophecy of failure in this work has not been fulfilled, while all must admit its success has been beyond expectation.

The great want now is, more room, another wing, and to which the efforts of all interested should tend, to complete the building as designed and thus enable the work to be carried on with greater success and with more comfort to those admitted.

The physicians who from the first gave their attention to this work still remain, while some others have been added to their number.

The Superintendent, Dr. Jones, and Miss Hibbard, the matron, are still at their posts laboring with interest and energy.

Mrs. Woodard also remains as the principal nurse for the female and Mr. Davis for the male departments.

The number of patients admitted to the Hospital for the year ending Nov. 1st, 1869, is 361; number of deaths for the year, 35; number of births, 15; now remaining, 85; making the total number since the opening of the Hospital, 1,876; total number of deaths, 115; total number of births, 84.

The religious services for the past year have been quite regular, through the efforts of Mr. Parker, Mr. Ely and others, and have been very acceptable.

In closing this report, we would return our thanks to all who have interested themselves for the benefit of this Hospital in any manner, and beg of one and all to remember the annual Thanksgiving Party, which will take place on Tuesday the, 23d inst., at Corinthian Hall, and which, we trust, may bring to our treasury sufficient to warrant the commencement of the long desired new wing.

C. E. MATHEWS,
Corresponding Sec'y.

November 1, 1869.

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.

Died.

In the City Hospital, Nov. 3d, Seligman Steinger, aged 18 years.

In the City Hospital, Nov. 7th, Henry Sames, aged 20 years.

In the City Hospital, Nov. 20, Henry Denman, aged 9 years.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 26th, Mrs. L. S. Day, aged 54 years.

In the City Hospital, Nov. 27th, Joshua E. Wood, aged 29 years.

Donations for October & November.

Aaron Erickson, Esq.—Twenty barrels of Flour.
Mrs. William J. McPherson—Apples and 2 cans Fruit.

Mrs. Fred. Turpin—One can Pickles. 1 can Fruit and Children's Clothing.

Dr. Charles E. Rider—One bushel Pears.

A Friend—Box of Clothing.

Samuel Wilder, Esq.—Five barrels Apples.

Mrs. A. M. Badger—Six gallons of Pickled Higd.

Miss Mead, Brockport—Children's Clothing.

A Friend—Old Cotton.

Mrs. H. C. Fenn—Two cans Fruit and Grapes.

" Mumford—Old Cotton.

" E. R. Converse, Conesus—Old Cotton.

Miss Ray, Conesus—Roll of Cotton.

Mrs. George H. Smith, New York—One year's subscription to "Harper's Weekly," for the Hospital.

Mr. George W. Smith, New York—Two doz. cans Peaches.

Mrs. George J. Whitney—One doz. Cranberry Pies for Thanksgiving.

Orient Peart—One Turkey.

Mr. Adams—One dozen Pumpkin Pies.

" E. C. Haywood, Brighton—Three barrels Apples.

Mrs. Loop—Two cans Fruit, Dried Apples and Berries.

Mrs. Josiah W. Bissell—Two cans Fruit, 7 Shirts, and old Cotton.

Mrs. C. Dewey—Hair-cloth Sofa, 2 Easy Chairs, 6 Chairs, 1 Arm Chair, 1 Ironing Table, 2 Steel Engravings, and 60 Volumes for Hospital Library.

Mrs. William H. Perkins—Child's Cradle and Bedding, Bathing Tub, Book Rack, old Linen and Grapes.

Dr. H. W. Dean—A Surgical Bed and Bedstead.

Mrs. Dr. Bristol—Old Cotton.

Dr. David Little—Twenty lbs. Chicken.

Mrs. Forbes—One gall. Apple Sauce.

" Britenstool—Ten lbs. White Sugar and 1 lb. Tea.

Mrs. Hamer—One can Fruit.

Miss Emma Hayes—Hops, Marbles and Bandages.

Mrs. William S. Little—Peck of Pears and old Cotton.

Mr. L. C. Spencer—One gallon jar Pickles.

Mrs. Fenn—Two bottles Catsup.

Mr. Lorenzo D. Ely—Two barrels Apples and 30 heads Cabbages.

Mrs. George F. Danforth—One gallon Oysters.

Mr. Ives, Batavia—One barrel of Vegetables.

" Henry Lucy—One Clothes Dryer.

Superintendent's Report.

1869, Nov. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital	85
Received during the month,	23—108
Discharged,	15
Died,	5— 20
Remaining Dec. 1st, 1869,	88

Thanksgiving Party,

HELD AT CORINTHIAN HALL, NOVEMBER 23, 1869.

Donations to the Lunch Tables.

Mrs. Dr. Strong—Two Pies, 2 loaves of Cake, 14 lbs. Roast Beef, mashed Potatoes, Turnips and Onions.

Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Plum Pudding, Scolloped Oysters, Pickles, Jellies, and Cranberries.

Mrs. E. M. Smith—One gallon Oysters.

Mrs. E. T. Smith—One Turkey and 1 gallon Oysters.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Two Turkeys, 2 Mince Pies, 2 loaves Cake, Jellies, Pickles and Salad.

Mrs. Hiram Smith—One Turkey, 5 loaves Bread, 1 loaf Cake, Whipped Cream and Jelly.

Mrs. F. Starr—Two loaves Cake and 1 Ham.

Mrs. Amos Bronson—Twenty lbs. Sugar and 1 Ham.

Mrs. W. Barron Williams—Sickle Pears.

Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Two gallons Oysters.

Mrs. George J. Whitney—One Turkey, Jellies and Cake.

Mrs. H. L. Fish—One Turkey, 1 Ham, 3 Wild Ducks, 2 Pies, Pickles, Apples, 3 boxes Sardines, 2 cans Oysters and Biscuits.

Mrs. W. W. Carr—Six quarts Chicken Salad, 2 quarts Lobster Salad, and Biscuits.

Mrs. Aaron Erickson—One Turkey, Jellies and Pickles.

Mrs. Samuel Wilder—One Turkey and Roast Beef.

Mrs. Levi A. Ward—Brandy Peaches, Celery and Chicken Salad.

Mrs. S. M. Benjamin and Mrs. H. Michaels—Pies, Cakes, bottle of Fruit, 3 bowls Lobster Salad, Chicken Salad, Pickles, Tomatoes, Jellies, Preserves, Charlotte Russe and Tomato Catsup.

Mrs. Arthur Churchill—Two Turkeys, 3 Pies, Pickles, and Celery.

Mrs. Charles Hart—Chicken Pie and Pickles.

Mrs. Henry Smith—Biscuit, Pies and Jelly.

Mr. Hamlin D. Scrantom—Grapes and Oranges.

Mr. R. Braidwaite—Candy.

Mrs. C. B. Smith—Tongue, Biscuit and Butter.

Mrs. Herbert Churchill—Three Pies.

A Friend, (whose card was lost)—Baked Apples and Jelly.

Mrs. George Breck—Mince Pies.

Mrs. H. S. Lane—Pickles and Cake.

Mrs. Hyde—Almonds, Grapes and Raisins.

Mr. E. F. Hyde—Apples.

Mrs. F. S. Rew—Cakes and Jelly.

Mrs. George W. Walbridge—Cake.

Mrs. D. C. Alling—Baked Beans and Pies.

Mrs. D. C. Ellis—Gelatin Pudding.

Mr. Titus—Cream.

Mrs. Hoyt—Cake, Oysters and Cranberries.

Mrs. A. S. Mann—One Turkey, Celery, Chicken Pie and can of Fruit.

Mr. H. Pomeroy Brewster—Twelve Quails.

- Mrs. H. P. Brewster—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Israel Smith—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. George W. Parsons—Three Mince Pies.
 Mrs. F. Gorton—Ten Cream Pies.
 Mrs. D. W. Powers—One Turkey, Celery and Apples.
 Mrs. L. D. Fleming—Cake.
 Mrs. Martin Briggs—Two loaves Cake and 1 Mince Pie.
 Mrs. Horton—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. N. B. Northrop—One Turkey and Fried Cakes.
 Mrs. George S. Tuckerman—Two Mince Pies, Jelly and Biscuits.
 Mrs. Edward Brewster—Mixed Cakes.
 The Brackett House—Ham.
 Mrs. J. E. Hayden—One Champagne Ham.
 Mrs. Hiram Sibley—Ten lbs. cut Sugar and Cake.
 Miss Hattie Gilbert—Oranges.
 Mrs. William H. Cogswell—Two moulds Russian Cream, Blanc Mange, Cranberries and Celery.
 Mrs. S. B. Stillson—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Wm. A. Hubbard—Two Lemon Pies.
 Mrs. S. B. Raymond—Four Ducks and Jelly.
 Mrs. A. H. Cole—Apples and mashed Potatoes.
 Mrs. George Arnold—Jelly and canned Peaches.
 Mrs. Henry Brewster—Cocoanut Cake.
 Mrs. S. L. Brewster—Chocolate Cake.
 Mrs. George Williams—Six moulds Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. Charles H. Chapin—One Champaigne Ham and Biscuits.
 Mrs. Edward Day—Two Ducks and Rusks.
 Mrs. John S. Caldwell—Scolloped Oysters, Oyster Pie, Jelly, Celery and Pickles.
 Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—Twenty-eight moulds Cranberries.
 Mrs. R. Morley—Decorated Cake.
 Messrs. Hyde & Backus—Raisins, Oranges and Grapes.
 Miss Nelly Walbridge—Oranges.
 Mr. L. C. Spencer—Two gallons Oysters and 1 bottle Pickles.
 Mr. Joseph Bier—One Turkey.
 Mrs. William Alling—Cake.
 Mr. E. C. Purcell—A-la-mode Beef.
 Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—One Ham, 6 cans Fruit (for the Hospital), and 2 bottles Olives.
 Mrs. Anson House—Four Mince Pies.
 Mrs. Woodbury—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. H. Morse—Cocoanut Cake.
 Messrs. Hampton & Hadditch—Two Tongues.
 Mrs. S. W. Updike—Cocoanut Cake.
 Mrs. Wilkin—Six quarts Chicken Salad and Cake.
 Mrs. William Reed—Two Turkeys, and 14 heads Celery.
 Mrs. Isaac Sloman—Two cans Fruit for Hospital.
 Mrs. George W. Miller—One Turkey, 2 Mince Pies, Jelly, Cream, Cranberries and Pickles.
 Mrs. McLean—Can Tomatoes, can Apricots, 2 bottles Catsup and Biscuits.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster—Chicken Pie, Mince Pie, Jellies, Oranges, Grapes and Pickles.
 Mrs. Curtis Clarke—Grapes.
 Mr. Cooper—Ten heads Celery.
 Mr. John Mogridge—Fifteen heads Celery.
 Mrs. Otis H. Robinson—Jellies and Flowers.
 Mrs. George H. Lane—Five glasses of Jelly for Hospital.
 Mrs. A. D. McMaster—Two Mince Pies, Jellies and Biscuits.
 Mrs. Henry F. Rogers—Ten lbs. cut Sugar.
- Mrs. Joseph B. Ward—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. M. Sloman—Two frosted Cakes.
 Mrs. James Marsh—Bottle of Fruit, Jellies and
 Mrs. D. R. Barton—Three loaves Cake.
 Tomatoes.
 Miss Gregory—Charlotte Russe, 2 bowls Jelly, Pudding, moulds of Jelly, Pickled Peaches and Mustard Pickles.
 Mrs. H. N. Peck—Bottle of Raspberries and Pine-apples.
 Mrs. A. Vickery—One Turkey, Gravy and Potatoes.
 Miss Church—Chicken Salad and Pickles.
 Mr. Clarke—Four lbs. Butter.
 Mr. Jones—Pickles.
 Mr. Yawman—Four lbs. Crackers.
 Mr. H. Austin Brewster—Nine lbs. Butter, 6 boxes Sardines, 6 Lemons, 4 bags Salt, and 1 bottle Mustard.
 Mrs. E. K. Warren—Cake.
 Mrs. McFarlan—Three Mince Pies and Biscuits.
 Mrs. Knapp—Two cans Oysters and Fried Cakes.
 Mrs. Dr. Wanzer—Cake.
 Mrs. Burns—Two Mince Pies.
 Mrs. William Curtis—Two Chickens.
 Mrs. Wright—Cake.
 Mrs. L. A. Morrison—Four loaves Bread and 2 Lemon Pies.
 Miss Hall—Two Chickens.
 Mrs. E. Wamsley—Pies and Oranges.
 Mrs. Edwin Wayte—Roast Beef.
 Mrs. R. Arnold—Jellies and Peaches.
 Mrs. L. Farrar—Chicken Pie, Charlotte Russe and Pickles.
 Mrs. Rowley—Two Mince Pies.
 Mrs. Martin Huntington—Cake, can of Pears and Pickles.
 Mrs. Dr. E. G. Robinson—Two dishes Wine Jelly and Flowers.
 Mrs. A. Morse—Two dishes Floating Island and Cake.
 Mrs. Gilbert—Cake.
 Mr. George C. Buell—Half barrel cut Loaf Sugar.
 Messrs. Van Zandt Bro's—Fourteen lbs. Coffee and Spices.
 Mr. S. W. Witherspoon—Three boxes Grapes.
 Mrs. M. J. Damon—One box Cigars.
 Messrs. Wehn & Goetzman—Box of Soap.
 Mr. William H. Nivens—One can Milk.
 Mr. McKindley—One Ice Pick.
 Mr. Hoyt—250 lbs. Ice.
 Mr. George J. Whitney—One barrel Flour.
 Messrs. Frost & Co.—Two Boquets for Mrs. H. L. Fish's table.
 Mr. Jacob Howe—One barrel of Crackers.
- Donations to Miss Whitney's Flower Table.**
 Mr. George Ellwanger—A quantity of Cut Flowers.
 Messrs. Frost & Co.—Lilliputian Lady Apples and Cut Flowers.
 Miss Elwood—Cut Flowers.
 Julia Whitney—Fourteen Bouquets, Cut Flowers and Plants, Illuminated Text and Silk Winder.
 Mrs. Samuel G. Andrews—Two Wall Boxes.
 Mrs. George W. Smith—Three Bibs, 2 Hand Glasses, and 6 boxes Fancy French Candies.
 Anna Williams—Painted Needle Book, Silk Winder and Pin Ball.
 Laura Hawks—Painted Pin Ball.

Cornie Hoyt—Painted Needle Book.
Miss Jeffrey—Painted Card Rack.
Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins—Baby's Hood.
Mrs. Stalham Williams—Embroidered Pin Cushion
Mrs. William T. Mumford—Towel Rack and Mit-
tens.
Miss Angie Mumford—Table Mats.
Clara Durand—Silk Winder.
Mrs. George E. Mumford—Six pairs Gaiters, 5
baskets with Candy, and 2 Collars and Bows.
Nellie Hollister—Five Pictures, 1 Ball, and 1 Pin
Cushion.
Mrs. George J. Whitney—Two Glove Boxes.
Boy at the House of Refuge—A Picture Frame.

Donations for Miss Zellweger's Table.

Young Ladies' Society of the St. Printz's German
Church on Allen street—Four Cushions, 4 A-
profis, 6 pairs Braided Slippers, 12 pairs Baby's
Shoes, 5 pairs Mittens and 3 crocheted Scarfs.
Miss Mary Miller—One Tidy.
Libbie Nessel—One Tidy.
Miss Vetter—One Apron.
Miss Ida Aman—Knit Shoes.
Miss Hammer—Two Clouds and 2 pairs Stockings.
Mrs. Roth—One Hood.
Mrs. Landbeck—One Child's Hood.
Miss Zorsh—One Child's Hood.
Miss Haug—One Handkerchief Box.
Miss Zellweger—One pair Slippers.
Miss Adams—One pair Slippers.
Miss Mary Schaffer—One Lamp Mat.
Miss Nelson—One Doll's Chair.
Schwaab Bro's—Two Fancy Baskets.
Miss Rab—Two Fancy Baskets.
Mrs. Irig—One Umbrella.
Miss Zigler—One Match Case.
Mrs. Repell—One Lamp.
Mrs. Frick—Two Lamp Mats.
Miss K. Kleindienst—One Sack.
Miss L. Kleindienst—One Sack.
Miss J. Kleindienst—One Match Safe.
Miss Moore—One Cushion, 4 Tides and 1 Sack.
Mrs. Stolz—Two pairs Stockings.
Rev. C. Seibenpeiffer—Six Photographs.
Mrs. Engelmann—One Watch Case and 2 Doll's
Caps.
Mrs. Weitzel—One pair Slippers.
Miss Sminke—One Cushion, and 1 Lamp Mat.
" Steinmann—One pair Mittens.
" Guernsey—One pair Mats.
" Howe—One Mat.
Mrs. Samuel Wilder and Mrs. E. M. Smith—Four
Dolls.
Miss E. Hartel—One piece Edging.
Mrs. Burglein—One Checker Box.
Rev. Dr. C. P. Bush—Four Illuminated Books.
Miss Libbie Fertig—One Wax Doll.
" Spencer—Mats and Cushions.
" F. Kellogg—Pin Cushion and Slippers.
Mrs. Langdale—Mats.

CASH DONATIONS.

Mrs. C. Rau,	\$5 00
" Lux,	2 00
" J. Weiss,	2 00
" R. Weiss,	2 00
" L. Wehn,	1 00
" Metzger,	1 00
" J. Schmitt,	1 00
" J. Frick,	1 00

Donations for Mrs. Wm. H. Ward's Table.

Mrs. Samuel G. Andrews—Wall Basket.
" Samuel Wilder—Two Brackets and 2 Dolls.
Miss Lois Whitney—Two Shaving Cases, 1 Needle
Case, 1 Yard Measure, 1 Picture, and 6
Hair Nets.
Miss Mary Lee—One pair Socks.
" Mollie Ward—Two Fancy Baskets.
" Mary Whittlesey—One Head Dress, and sa-
chets.
Mr. Frank B. Mitchell—Satchel Powder.
Miss Fannie Ward—One Parasol and 1 Pen Wi-
per.
Miss Minnie Miller—One Parasol and 1 Pen Wi-
per.
Mrs. Kimball—One Embroidered Bracket.
Sanderson & Thorne—Six Carte de Visetes.
Miss Sarah Backus—Doll's Bonnets.
Mrs. Fred. Turpin—Elegant Engraving.
Newell & Turpin—Two Oil Paintings.
Mrs. Wm. Kidd—One pair Slippers and 1 Tidy.
Miss Mary Martindale—One Tidy.
" Julia Griffith—Seven beautifully dressed
Dolls.
Mr. L. Ward Clarke—One Black Walnut Stand.
Miss Laura Mitchell—Six Flower Pot Covers.
Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins—One Sacque.
" E. T. Smith—Table Mops.
Miss Kittie Mitchell—Shoe Case.
Mrs. George J. Whitney—One Glove Box.
Miss Helen Phelps—One Infant's Cap.
Mrs. Frazer—Six Fans, 1 Paper Case, 1 Card
Basket, 2 Stands with Lamp-lighters.
Mrs. Charles Angel—One Vase, with Wax Leaves.
" Rowley—One Shoe Case.
" Dr. Crowell—One Hair Pin Cushion, 1 Tidy,
1 Needle Book, and 6 Emerys.
Mrs. W. Barron Williams—1 Tidy.
Miss F. Crowell—One Watch Case.
Mrs. Kellogg—One Pin Cushion.
" Levi F. Ward—One Scarf.
" William H. Ward—Handkerchief Case and
Toilette Articles.

Donations for Miss Ely's Table.

Mr. Wm. Stone—Tobacco Pouches.
Mrs. L. D. Ely—Five pairs Mittens, and 2 papers
Pins.
Miss Mary Butts—Wax Doll, Toilet Mats, and
Handkerchief Case.
Mrs. Dr. Dewey—Three Opera Hoods.
Miss Dewey—One Baby's Shirt.
" Fanny Bristol—Three Chinese Bands, Em-
broided Handkerchief, and 1 pair Mats.
Miss Sallie Hall—One pair Leggings, and 1 Em-
broided Handkerchief.
Mrs. Wall, a blind lady from Wisconsin—Two
Mats.
Mrs. John C. Van Epps—Infant's Socks.
Miss Alice Ely—Five Witch Bags, Wax Flowers.
" Mary Breck—Toilet Mats.
" Caddie Brackett—Tidy.
Mr. Storms—Two Books.
Mrs. Bowman—Tidy.
" George H. Humphrey—Two Bags.
" Swan—Opera Hood.
Miss Starr—Two sets Tides.
" Hamilton—Chatelaine.
Ellen Guernsey—Oil Painting.
Mrs. Allen—Toilet Cushion.

Mary Adams—Solitaire Board, Fan and Toy Chair.
Mrs. E. A. Hurlburt—Tidy Mats. [Receiver.
Mrs. Fred. Adams—Three Feather Fans, 1 Card
Miss F. Whittlesey—Embroidered Band and
Sleeves.
Miss Marion Hills—One Pin Cushion and 1 Tidy.
Rev. C. P. Bush—Books.
Ida Davis—Tidy and Needle Work. [Case.
Mrs. James Sargent—Dressing Case and Shaving
Miss M. Storrs—Tripod.
" J. Kibbee—Thread Frame.
Mrs. Henry E. Hooker—Flowers.

Cash Donations Received at the Thanksgiving Party, Nov. 23, 1869.

Monty Rochester, Cincinnati,	\$1 00
Mrs. M. Rochester,	5 00
" Loop,	5 00
Miss Helen Churchill,	5 00
Curran & Goler, by Mrs. Dr. Mathews, ...	5 00
A Friend, by Mrs. Dr. Mathews, ...	3 00
A Friend,	50
Mrs. William Burke,	10 00
Genesee Falls Lodge, No. 507, F. A. M., by William Shelp, W. M.,	25 00
Valley Lodge, No. 109, F. A. M., by R. H. Smith, W. M.,	25 00
Hamilton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 62, by William Shelp, H. P.,	50 00
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society, by the President, Mrs. H. A. Mock,	10 00
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith,	5 00
Mr. Joseph Bier,	5 00
" R. Morley,	4 00
Mrs. Hiram Smith,	10 00
" S. L. Brewster,	10 00
Mr. William N. Sage,	10 00
" Frederick L. Durand,	5 00
" Charles H. Chapin,	10 00
Prof. Whittemore,	2 00
Mr. Thomas H. Rochester,	5 00
" Jonathan Woodbury,	10 00
" Martin Briggs,	8 00
" C. C. Morse,	10 00
Dr. H. W. Dean,	10 00
Mr. James S. Andrews,	10 00
" A. S. Mann,	20 00
George H. Mumford,	25 00
George Ellwanger,	25 00
Mrs. T. C. Montgomery,	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wilder,	10 00
Mrs. George E. Mumford,	7 00
Mr. Hamlin D. Scrantom,	5 00
" Freeman Clarke,	20 00
Moore & Cole,	10 00
Messrs. R. & J. Peart,	20 00
Mr. James Terry,	10 00
Cash,	5 00
Mr. Samuel D. Porter,	20 00
Mrs. Robert Hunter,	10 00
" Joseph Medbery,	10 00
A Friend,	2 00
Mr. Henry Lampert,	10 00
Miss F. D. Fowler,	1 00
Mr. Samuel Hamilton,	10 00
Mrs. S. M. Benjamin and Mrs. H. Michaels, ...	30 25
Mr. John T. Fox,	10 00
" C. M. Underhill,	2 40
A Friend, by Miss Hibbard,	50

\$525 25

The Treasurer Acknowledges the following Donations.

Mr. Wm. S. Falls, for printing Bills of Fare, \$3,25	
Proprietor Daily Democrat, half of Bill,	3,50
" Daily Union & Adv., "	7,00
" Daily Express, on their Bill,	5,60
" Daily Chronicle, "	20,00
Messrs. Wisner & Palmer, their Bill,	7,87

Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables.

By Mrs. A. Morse, Mrs. Otis H. Robinson and Miss Clara Huntington, ...	\$ 30 15
By Mrs. Ambrose Lane, Mrs. Wm. Stone, Mrs. H. W. Hathews, and Mrs. Geo. Breck,	37 56
By Mrs. Henry L. Smith, Mrs. John H. Brewster, Mrs. Arthur Churchill, and Mrs. James C. Hart,	102 27
By Mrs. James R. Chamberlain, Mrs. S. W. Updike, and Mrs. Wm. C. Rowley,	80 05
By Mrs. George W. Miller, Miss Ward, Miss Carrie Clarke and Miss L. Alling,	77 61
By Mrs. A. G. Mudge, Mrs. H. D. Wilkin, and Mrs. A. H. Cole,	34 00
By Mrs. H. H. Morse, Miss Craig, and Miss Clara McAlpine,	95 55
By Mrs. H. Michaels and Mrs. S. M. Benjamin,	63 45
By Mrs. Curtis Clarke and Mrs. F. Lord,	61 45
By Mrs. Henry L. Fish,	13 00
By Mrs. L. Farrar, Miss E. Hall, and Mrs. George S. Tuckerman,	45 00
By Messrs. Phelan and Williams, from the sale of Sweet Cider,	9 86
By Mrs. E. S. Gilbert, Miss Updike, Miss Walbridge, and Mrs. T. D. Snyder, from the sale of Ice Cream,	80 50
From the Evening Table,	5 50
From the sale of Cigars purchased by Mr. M. Stettheimer, and donated to the Hospital Patients,	10 00

\$745 95

Cash Receipts for the Fancy Articles.

Mrs. William H. Ward's Table, ...	\$93,59
The Misses Breck, Ely, Hall and Butts' Table,	86,70
Miss Zellweger's Table,	60,20
" Julia Whitney's Flower Table,	91,40

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

Mrs. Wm. Brown, 2 years; Mrs. D. D. S. Brown, 2 years; Mr. John Shouder, Scottsville—By Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt, ...	\$ 2 50
Mrs. John Fabrig, 2 years; Mrs. Laura M. Van Kleeck, Mary D. Kingman, Lakeville, Livingston Co.; Mrs. Wm. Foster, Clifton Springs; Mrs. S. S. Forbes, 2 years; Mrs. E. Line, 3 years and postage; Mrs. Augustus Gibbs, Livonia; Mrs. N. S. Barnes; Mrs. J. T. Hough, Knoxville, Tenn., 2 years; Mrs. Henry Coit; Mrs. E. M. Day and postage; Mrs. L. Farrar, 3 years—By Mrs. Perkins, ...	13 23
Miss Frank H. Wood, and postage; Miss Emma C. Hayes, and postage—By Miss Hayes,	1 37
Mrs. Hoag, Lake Road, 2 years—By Miss E. Hall,	1 00

Miss Sarah Allen, Charles Swick, Major Shepherd, Phebe Whitman, Scottsburg, —By Phebe Whitman,	\$ 2 00
Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 6 years; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, Mrs. Hiram Smith, Mrs. H. N. Peck, 2 years; Miss E. P. Hall, Col. W. H. Benjamin, 2 years; Mrs. W. N. Sage, Mrs. C. H. Chapin, Mr. Eugene Glen, Mr. Henry Churchill, 2 years; Mrs. C. P. Bush, Mr. Theodore Smith, Mr. B. W. Tone, Mrs. John H. Rochester, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Gen'l Chas. Powers, C. C. Morse, Mr. N. Tamblingson, Mrs. Levi F. Ward, Mrs. H. L. Kelly, 2 years; Michael Sanford, 2 years; Mrs. Edward A. Raymond, Mrs. Edward Harris, Mrs. W. S. Kimball, Mrs. Rufus Keeler, Mr. O. L. Sheldon, Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 2 years; Mrs. S. Guggenheimer, Miss Mary E. McMaster, Mrs. R. Hunter, 4 years; Mrs. A. C. Wilder, 4 years; Mrs. W. C. Gaylord, 2 years; Mr. James M. Phelan, Mrs. P. T. Turner, Mrs. M. Garson, Mrs. Oberfelder, Mrs. Arthur Churchill, Mr. Van Voorhis, Mrs. A. Reynolds, Mrs. E. P. Gould, Mrs. James Brackett, Mrs. Henry Phelps, 2 years; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, 3 years; Mrs. E. F. Lattimore, Charley Bradstreet, Mrs. Dr. Rristol, Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 2 years; Mrs. E. Pancost, Mr. J. W. Canfield; Mr. J. D. Ely, Omaha; Mrs. James Nichols, Mrs. Otis H. Robinson, Miss Dunlap, Miss Barhydt, Mrs. John Craig, Mrs. E. T. Huntington, 2 years; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 4 years; Mrs. Robert Johnson, 3 years; Mr. C. J. B. Mount, 3 years; Mrs. W. C. Storrs, 2 years; Mrs. Josiah W. Bissell, 2 years; Mrs. C. H. Angel; W. B. Crandall, 2 years—all the above with postage.	
Mrs. Zellweger, 2 years; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, Mrs. Wm. D. McGuire, 2 years; Mrs. George B. Redfield, Mrs. J. T. Fox, 2 years; Mrs. Joseph Frost, Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, Mrs. H. Michaels, Miss F. D. Fowler, Mrs. Wm. Alling, 3 years; Mrs. W. J. McPherson, 2 years; Miss Kitty Allen, Mumford; Mrs. N. Hayward, 2 years—By Mrs. Perkins and Miss Mumford,	73 82
Mrs. Smith, Canandaigua; Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Mary C. Giles, Mrs. Rich'd D. Howell, Miss C. York; all with postage—By Mrs. Mathews,	3 12
Mrs. Lull; Mr. Ives, Batavia—By Miss Hibbard,	1 00
Fred. W. Bradfield, 2 years and postage—By Mrs. L. B. McGuire,	1 25
Mrs. N. T. Rochester; Mrs. George W. Morris, N. Falls—By Mrs. Rochester, ..	1 00
Mrs. Swift, Geneva—By Miss Florie Montgomery,	50
Mrs. M. E. Talman—By Miss Minnie Montgomery,	50
Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 2 years; Mrs. E. N. Allen, 2 years; P. H. Allen, 2 yrs. each with postage—By Mrs. Allen,	3 40
Mrs. E. R. Converse, Miss Aggie Webster, Conesus—By Mr. Converse,	1 00
Mrs. Monte Rochester, St. Luke's Home, Cincinnati—By Mrs. Rochester,	1 00

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, "

Children's Department.

Giving and Getting.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Young Jenny Gray,
 Being sick, one day,
 Her mother took some money,
 Part of a crown,
 And went to the town
 And bought her a comb of honey.

"Eat this my child,"
 She said as she smiled,
 For she was the kindest mother,
 But Jenny said, "No,
 I will give it to Joe,
 My good and patient brother.

So bring me the loaf,
 And cut me off
 First one slice, and then another;
 And nothing loth,
 Having spread them both,
 She sent them to her brother.

The dear little Joe,
 Who was gone, you must know,
 To chop, so, in winter weather,
 His mother and he
 And Jennie, all three,
 Might sit by the fire together.

He came that night
 With a step so light,
 And a face so bright and sunny;
 Some wild-wood bees
 In one of the trees
 He had chopped, had hived their honey.

"O, mother!" cried Jane,
 "You have gotten again,
 The double worth of your money;
 And my comb, as you see,
 Has harvested me
 A hive full of golden honey!"

Ada's Birthday.

It was Ada's birthday. For hours she and her little cousins and friends had made the large cheerful parlor ring with their merry laughter. They had played together lovingly and merrily, until called to tea. After tea, as they came jumping down stairs again, Frank, a little boy of seven, said :

"Now what shall we play at, Ada? I'm tired of building houses and crying forfeits: let us play at being soldiers, and I'll go and ask aunt Emily to come and play the 'Band march' for us on the piano."

"But little girls cannot play at soldiers, Frank," said Ada.

"And besides, who would like to play at killing people?" said Rose. "It is dreadful. Choose some other game, Frank."

"Yes, do. Aunt Emily would not think it a pretty game for us, and she never plays band marches or battle pieces now," said Ada.

"No; I shall play at soldiers; we boys can play without you. Come, Willie, you shall be drummer, and I will be captain."

Rose looked sorry; and Ada said, "Let us ask Aunt Emily to come and tell us all what she told me and Rose this morning; you would like to hear, Frank."

But Frank was angry, and would not listen to his gentle little cousin. He called the little boys, and they marched up and down the room. The little girls sat still; Frank's unkindness had made them sad. Ada went out presently, and brought back with her a case of beautiful pictures, and, going up to Frank, said, "Come, dear Frank, let us have some prettier game, or shall we sit around the table, and look at these pictures which papa gave me this morning?"

"I will play at soldiers, and nothing else," said Frank; and he rudely pushed Ada away—so rudely, that she fell, and struck her forehead against the table foot. She did not scream, though much hurt; and when her little friends helped her up, the blood was streaming down her face.

The first thing she said was, "Do not say how it was, Rose," for Rose was looking angrily at Frank. "Never, mind, Frank, you did not mean it, I know."

Aunt Emily came in just then, and poor Ada was obliged soon to go to bed, for the blow had made her head ache sadly.

The little friends did not care to play any more, when Ada was gone. Frank looked cross, and was sulky. In the morning, Ada was joyful and gay as ever, though a dark mark was on her forehead. Frank was not happy, though Ada kissed him kindly as ever. He could not be happy, with so much pride in his heart. It was pride, which would not let him ask Ada's forgiveness. In the evening his mother came to fetch him home. When he was seated in the chair the servant put into his lap a cage, with two pretty snow-white doves in it, saying it was for him. These doves Ada had bought some time before, of a poor boy, and very much she loved the gentle creatures. Frank had often talked about them, and wished for two like them; but now he could not believe Ada had really given them to him. His pride all melted away before Ada's sunny, loving spirit; and tears were in his eyes, as he threw his arms round her neck, and begged her forgiveness for his rude, unkind behavior, the night before.

Since then, he has often listened with Ada to Aunt Emily, who delights to tell them stories of that kind and loving Jesus whose last command to his friends was, "Love one another."

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.

A. S. MANN & CO.

WE GUARANTEE our American Silks as being entirely free from cotton, perfect and permanent in color as any Foreign Silks, and MUCH BETTER TO WEAR than any other Silks at the price.

A. S. MANN & CO.

State Street.

PLAIN COLORED SILKS, every desirable shade and color, at moderate prices.

A. S. MANN & CO.

OUR present make of Black Alpaca gives universal satisfaction.

A. S. MANN & CO.

H. A. BLAUW,
Chemist & Apothecary

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
Trusses, &c.

PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

81 State Street, (West side.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

HENRY F SMITH,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions,

KEROSENE OIL,

Clover and Timothy Seed,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 80 Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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. 67 & 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.

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.

"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 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.

~~BE~~ 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, 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 Ripping, and pressed nicely Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed.

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.

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

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

CURRAN & GOLER,

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.

W

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,
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. 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 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,

FINE WALLETTS, 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.

41 Buffalo St. nov. '67. 1y ROCHESTER N. Y.

REMOVAL.

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,

H. F. HYDE,

JAS. M. BACKUS, }

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

JOHN T FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

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Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

Nov. 1867. 1y

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.

Nov. 1867. 1y

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.,

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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 A. LANE.

mch. 1866. 1y

CYRUS F. PAINE.


J. SIMMONS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

READY MADE CLOTHING,

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

No. 11 Main St. Bridge, Rochester.

 ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

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

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

BUELL & BREWSTER,

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

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

E. N. BUELL

Rochester, Sept., 1866

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

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Smith's Arcade,

ROCHESTER, N. Y

DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1869.

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.

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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 VIII.—(Continued.)

THE HEART OF Highbury.

Warmed and refreshed by the hot broth and cheerful fire, Walter told his tale in as few words as possible. The old woman listened with close attention, and a look of great concern.

"Tis a bad business!" said she, when Walter was silent. "A bad business, all round. Bad for you, and worse, I fear, for that precious lady, your mother. I know Dame Drum well, and that villain, Mathew—Doctor, as he calls himself—and I fear

the worst from their enmity. They're a bad set, they Gubbings—no better than heathen in a Christian land—worse than the Gipseys themselves. It was not like your father's son, Master Walter, to leave your mother's side at such a time to seek your own pleasure."

"That is what hurts me worst of all!" replied Walter. "I was warned. Wil Atkins told me what the danger was, but I, like a fool, would not believe him; or, rather, like a coward, I shut my eyes to what I did not want to see. Oh, how shall I ever look my father in the face again?" and, overcome with grief, shame and fatigue, Walter burst into tears!

"There, there, do not cry like that, dear lad!" said the old woman, soothing him. "Be a man, and let us see what can be done!"

"I must go on my way homeward!" said Walter, drying his tears. "I am rested and refreshed, and can get over the rest of the way very well." He rose as he spoke, and tried to make a step forward, but the room turned dark, the floor seemed to rise to meet him, and the next he knew he was lying on the settle, with Dame Hurst standing over him, wetting his face with strong water.

"What is the matter?" he asked feebly. "Did I fall?"

"Aye, that you did, and swooned into the bargain!" replied the old woman. "I

began to think you were gone, in earnest."

"But I *must* go!" exclaimed Walter, trying to rise, and falling back again, overpowered by faintness. "I must go to my mother!"

"And so you shall, as soon as you are able!" replied Dame Hurst. "But no good purpose will be served by dying in the snow between here and Corby-End, which is what would surely happen if you attempted the journey just now. Just be ruled by me, my dear young Master. Lie you still and rest, and let me think a bit."

Walter would fain have disputed the old woman's command, but he found a hand upon him too heavy to resist or gainsay. Walter was very proud of the strength of his will, and was wont to say that people could do any thing they were really determined to do. He was now to find, as a good many people have found out before and since, that an irresistible will amounts to very little when there is no bodily strength to back it up, and that no amount of energy or ambition will keep a man on his legs when he is too weak to stand. He was fain to lie still, groaning with pain and impatience, while the old woman hobbled about her hut, putting things to rights, making up her fire, and talking to herself and her cat. At last she came and sat down by him.

"I can think of no better way than this!" said she. "You are clearly unable to move at present, and besides, when they find you have escaped, your captors will be on the watch for you. You must lie here concealed for a day or so, till you are able to travel. Meantime, I will go down to Corby-End as soon as it begins to grow light, and warn your lady mother of her danger, that she may take refuge at Stanton Court. I can then set her heart at rest about you, and bring you news of her!"

"But I fear lest the warning will have

come too late!" said Walter. "I fear the mischief was done yesterday!"

"And so do I!" replied Dame Hurst, sighing; "but at least I can find out the truth."

"And suppose the Gubbings come to seek me here!" said Walter.

"That must be provided against speedily!" returned the old woman. "You must be put in hiding, and I will find you a place where all the Gubbings—aye, and all the constables in Devon, should seek you in vain. But you must promise me to keep the secret, for it may serve the turn of some other poor body, at a pinch."

Walter promised, and the dame hastened away to a door which opened at the back of her house, and seemed to give access to a sort of shed or out-house, filled with faggots, turf and odds and ends of all sorts, among which she was heard rummaging actively. Presently, she came back, and bade Walter try and see if he could stand; and finding that he was so far recovered, she took up the lamp, and, bidding him follow her, she led the way into the out-house, where she had removed the faggots, so as to disclose a low dark opening, hardly large enough to admit one person at a time. She crept into this hole, motioning to Walter to follow her, which he did, it must be confessed, with some trepidation and many misgivings. A somewhat long and torturous passage at last admitted them to a chamber of some height. The walls were of stone, circular or nearly so in form, and inclining toward each other at the top, which was covered, as it seemed, with one large slab of granite. Two or three rude stone seats and a heap of dried fern at one side were all the furniture of this singular apartment, which however was dry and sufficiently airy. The old woman set down the lamp on a rude sort of table.

"Here you are, in the heart of Highbury!" said she. "Nobody can find you here, and

you are no worse lodged than many a saint of the Lord has been before you."

"What a strange place!" said Walter, looking about him. "It does not seem like a natural cavern!"

"Nor is it!" replied the old woman. Doubtless it was built by the heathen long ago, for some of their bloody worship, or may be for a place of refuge; but it has served the turn of many a Christian man since their day. Here you may rest and walk about, if you will, as safe as if you were in your own home. I will leave you the lamp and some provision, and the cat for company if you like. Even a dumb beast is a comfort sometimes. And now give me your message and some token for your mother, for I must shut up my house and begone, with the first peep of day."

Walter felt, in his pockets for a bit of paper, and his hand encountered the book of Queen Catharine Parr's Devotions, which his captors had left him when they stripped his pockets of every thing valuable. Could it be only yesterday that he took the book from the stand of the old stationer at Langham Revels? It seemed as if years had passed since then. Farther search revealed a bit of lead pencil, with which Walter wrote a note to his mother on a blank leaf of the book, telling her of his safety for the present, and craving her pardon for leaving her. The old woman took the note and put it in her bosom.

"But how will you reach Corby-End without being seen and interrupted?" asked Walter. "You cannot go by the road! You must go down at the back of Highbury, and so through my lord's woods—"

"Teach a yellow-hammer the way to his nest, or a fox the next road to his earth!" said the old woman, interrupting Walter with a somewhat grim smile. "I knew every path and rabbit-track in these woods and moors, before your father was born, my young master. Have no fears for me. Keep up a good heart, and if you hear any

noise, fear nothing, only bide still, and no harm will befall you. And, my dear lad!" she added, with a serious voice, "do not you forget your prayers, that He who hath allowed you to fall into these straits, thro' your own wilfulness and folly, will bring you and yours safely out of them. Youth, health and strength, are all His gifts, but they too often make us forget the Giver. Yet doth He not forget us while we are astray from Him, but like a tender Shepherd seeks the lost sheep till He finds it. And if He goes into the wilderness to seek that which is lost, will He not much more, reach out His arms after the lost sheep which is seeking to return to Him?"

There was a sweet and solemn gravity about the old woman's words and manner, despite her homely dialect, which awed and impressed Walter more than all the sermons he had ever heard.

"I have sought him already, Dame, and I believe He hath heard me!" he replied, in a low tone. "I shame me to say, that at the first I wholly forgot Him, and it was the taunting words of the woman Meg, which first brought Him to my mind. Surely He hath already delivered me, and He will deliver my dear mother, who has so loved Him and served Him all her days. Surely, surely He will not leave her to the malice of her enemies. Oh, I "can never believe Him again if He does not take care of my mother!"

"Doubt Him not, my son—no, not for a moment!" said Dame Hurst, almost sternly; "but though He should suffer the malice of your mother's enemies to prevail even to the bitter end, yet He will never forsake her. He tries His saints oft times, and chastens them with heavy scourgings, but His love never fails them, and will not, to all eternity. But I must needs begone! Fare you well, and may His blessing abide with you, and go with me."

Left alone in his retreat, Walter felt the need of the old woman's encouragement.

He had his full share of the superstitions of his age and country. He believed in witches and fairies, goblins and pixies, dwarfish Moormen, half brute and half human, who were supposed to inhabit the wilder parts of the moor, and to entertain a special spite at Christians who trespassed on their domain, and the ghosts of the old heathen which it was said haunted their burial places and ruined temples. Highbury, too, had a specially bad reputation in respect of all these supernatural creatures, and here he was, as the dame said, in the very heart of it—perhaps in the hall of the ghosts themselves, and under the protection of an old woman of doubtful reputation at best, who was generally supposed to have far too much dealing with all these wild creatures. But Walter's naturally brave and generous disposition—for brave and generous he was, in spite of all his faults—would not let him long entertain a doubt of one who had done him such a signal service.

"Pshaw!" said he to himself. "It were folly, and worse, to doubt her; and as to the rest, I must even put my trust above, and if they come to visit me, I must meet them as I may. So, Pussy, are you here?" he added, stooping and taking up the kitten, which had followed them into the cave, and was now rubbing its fur against his ankle. "I little thought, the day I saved you from Tom Drum's dog, that you and I would be companions in such a place as this. Let us look about us and see where we are!"

Taking up the lamp, and carrying the kitten on the other arm, Walter made the circuit of the place. There was nothing to be seen but the bare walls, save that in one corner a tiny rivulet of clear water trickled down the stones, was received into a small basin of stone and then disappeared thro' a crevice in the rocky floor, doubtless to appear as one of the numberless springs which flowed from the sides and base of the hill. Above this little fountain some

former occupant of the cave had cut, or rather scratched, a rude cross, and above it certain words, which, after much study and clearing away of the mould which had accumulated upon the letters, Walter made out, "He shall lead me by ye stille waters!" Walter's heart bounded as if he had met with a friend. "Come!" said he. "Christian men have been here before me, and have doubtless hallowed this place with many prayers. I will trust like them, and not be afraid—oh, could I but be sure that my mother will be guarded!"

Walter set down the lamp, and kneeling near the cross, which seemed to him to make a sacred place of the little spring, he prayed more earnestly and humbly than he had ever done in all his life, for his mother and father's safety, and for forgiveness of his own life of sin. He felt himself for the first time really and truly a sinner before his Heavenly Father, and he promised, with all the earnestness of his heart, that if he were but spared, he would spend the rest of his days, not as heretofore to himself, but to God. Taking the little book of devotions from his pocket, he read such passages of Scripture as it contained, and rose from his knees, tranquilized and hopeful. He once more made the round of the cave, and satisfied himself there was no other outlet save that by which he had entered. Then, trimming the lamp anew and setting it in a safe place, he refreshed himself and fed his little companion from the basket of provisions his hostess had left him, and throwing himself upon the bed of ferns he was soon asleep.—[*To be continued.*]

THE WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.—"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing. "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: "It is no matter;

I will live so that none shall believe them."
Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it, if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

Baby Power.

Six little feet to cover,
Six little hands to fill,
Tumbling out in the clover,
Tumbling over the sill,
Six little stockings ripping,
Six little shoes half worn,
Spite of that promised whipping,
Skirts, shirts, and aprons torn.

Bugs and bumble-bees catching,
Heedless of bites and stings,
Walls and furniture scratching,
Twisting off buttons and strings;
Into sugar and flour,
Into salt and meal,
Their royal baby power
All through the house we feel.

Behind the big stove creeping
To steal the kindling wood;
Into the cupboard peeping,
To hunt for "somesin dood;"
The dogs they tease to snarling,
The chickens know no rest,
Yet—the old man calls them "darling"
And loves each one "the best."

Smearing each other's faces,
With smut of blacking-brush,
To forbidden things and places,
Always making a rush;
Over a chair or table,
They'll fight and kiss again,
When told of slaughtering Abel,
Of cruel, wicked Cain.

All sorts of mischief trying,
On sunny days—in doors—
And then perversely crying
To rush out when it pours;
A raid on grandma making—
(In spite of her nice new cap,
Its strings for bridles taking,
While riding on her lap.

Three rose-bud mouths beguiling,
Prattling the live-long day,
Six sweet eyes on me smiling,
Hazel, and blue, and gray;
Hazel—with heart-light sparkling,
Too happy, we trust, to fade—
Blue—'neath long lashes darkling,
Like violets in the shade.

Gray—full of earnest meaning
A dawning light so fair,
Of woman's life beginning,
We dread the noon-tide glare
Of earthly strife and passion,
May spoil its tender glow,
Change its celestial fashion,
As earth chains change the snow.

Three little heads, all sunny,
To pillow and bless at night,
Riotous Alick and Donnie,
Jennie so bonnie and bright.
Three souls immortal slumber,
Crowned by that golden hair,
When Christ his flock shall number,
Will all my lambs be there?

Now with stillness round me,
I bow my head and pray,
"Since this fain heart has found thee,
Suffer them not to stray;
Up to the shining, portals,
Over life's stormy tide,
Treasures I bring—immortal;
Saviour, be thou my guide."

A True Hero.

The city of Marseilles, in France, was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it that it caused parents to forsake their children, and children to forget their obligations to their own parents.

The city became as a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through its streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing, and as they met one day to talk over the matter, and see if something could not be done to prevent this great destruction of life, it was decided that nothing could be effected without opening a corpse in order to find out the mysterious character of the disease. All agreed upon the plan, but who shall be the victim, it being certain that he who should make the examination would certainly die soon after! There was a dead

pause. Suddenly, one of the most celebrated physicians, a man in the prime of life, rose from his seat and said, "Be it so; I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that tomorrow at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He immediately left the room, and, as he was rich, he made out a will, and spent the night in religious exercises. During the day, a man had died in his house of the plague, and at day-break on the following morning, the physician whose name was Guyon, entered the room, and critically made the necessary examinations, writing down all his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours. Was not this a true hero? While we all admire the bravery which appears on the battle-field, let us not forget that there is an opportunity for the heroic in other places as well.

—*Student and Schoolmate.*

Until Death.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,
And love no other till thy days shall end—
Nay—it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go—
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene
In clearer light than gilds these earthly morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,
If, after death, my soul should linger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast in me
Bestow it ere I go.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head

To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,
And rain drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I—but trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and day
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die; the violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; 'e'en Nature's self forgets;
But while I live, be true.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1869.

Visit to the Hospital.

Found the inmates and a few others, assembled in the hall and parlor as we entered, and that the solemn service for the dead was being read by Dr. Foote, over a patient who had recently died. The name of the deceased was Benjamin Carter, a member of Dr. F.'s church, who had come into the Hospital to die, of that fearful disease, at the very name of which we shudder—a cancer. As the sad procession moved slowly away, a dear little fellow, Martin M., of six years, came up to us. He is one of Dr. Rider's patients, having some trouble with his eyes. He is evidently a great pet. Missed many familiar faces as we entered the soldier's Ward. The Hospital seemed everywhere thinner than usual. Mr. W. was in his chair, writing a letter. Had a little talk with W. J., the blind man from Connecticut; he seems comfortable. Eben, better again. Samuel W., still improving, we trust, but very, very slowly—no wonder he gets a little disheartened. M. F., a young fellow about twenty, interested us—he has some difficulty with his lungs, as we judged from his pale thin looks. F. F. S., has a fractured thigh, from a fall into a cistern. Mr. D., an old patient, still here. Mr. C., is quite ill with dropsy.

R. E., is another patient quite ill, from Canada.

We missed dear little Henry from the Upper Ward. Slowly, silently, like a wreath of snow, he vanished from our sight. Where, now, is the soul, looking out at us from those dreamy, wistful, beautiful eyes! Safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd, we trust. James H., another of these little boys, so long confined with the same disease, better, and now able to get around quite nicely upon crutches. J. S., who has been with us so long, quite sick with a cold. W. S., is a patient from Brockport, with a bad eye. Wm. McC., still lingers. F. B., another consumptive. Mr. L., almost gone. We cannot hope to meet him here again. His case has interested many.

Paid our first visit in the Female Ward to Hattie, a colored girl, suffering from paralysis. She was having a visit from her father. Maggie is a patient with sore eyes. D. L., is a new patient, from Kendall. B. H., another new patient, with scrofula. There have been seven deaths in the Hospital during the month—among them, Mrs. Catharine Williams, of consumption, so often mentioned. She died a humble penitent, appealing for mercy. Mrs. Day, is another from the number whom we shall see no more. Her sufferings, which she bore so patiently, are ended. She rests, as we have reason to trust, in Jesus. Maggie G.'s place, too, is vacant. Lost and fallen as she was, we yet have hope in her death. She died praying for forgiveness, and leaving most earnest messages to her sisters, treading, as she had been, the path of sin, to turn, before it was too late, from their evil ways, and seek the Saviour. God grant that her prayers and entreaties for them may not be in vain, and that they may yet be "snatched as brands from the burning." Sarah's eyes improving slowly. Sorry to find Bridget so poorly. Anna Hess, in the adjoining apartment, is just recovering from typhoid fever, and is still

looking very ill. Found three young mothers, with their babies, in the Nursery. Among them, was Mrs. B., an English woman, interesting us very much. Her story is a sad one. She came here from England with her husband, in June. He was a good mechanic, and soon found employment with the firm of Stott & Brother, file manufacturers. He gave satisfaction in every way, his wages had already been raised, and everything looked prosperous for the young couple in their new home, when he was taken sick. Then their sorrows began, their little savings were soon exhausted, and, discouraged, sick at heart as well as in body, he was brought to the Hospital, where his disease, which proved to be quick consumption, ended his life. The anguish of his last hours, at the thought of leaving his young wife sick, alone and among strangers, can be imagined better than described. One week from the day of his burial, her baby was born, and on the day of our visit was one week old. Her love for the little wee thing, was most touching and beautiful to see. Smiling through her tears, a gleam of purest sunshine would brighten her pale sad face, whenever she looked at it, and, in alluding to her great sorrow, she would say, "but baby is such a great gift to me! I feel as if I could not be grateful enough that she should live!" We do not know a living story—a living picture—which has moved us more than this. There was something in that sweet pale young face—its Madonna look of grief—its Madonna glory too, haunting us ever since that day. The firm which gave employment to her husband, were very kind to him during his illness, and have expressed much interest in her. Twenty dollars were raised for her among the workmen, which, we are sorry to state, have been stolen from her during her illness. Poor woman!—a stranger in a strange land! She has, however, already found kind friends, and we trust that the dark dreary way she must now tread,

may be brightened for her. She hopes, when her child is a little older, and she recovers her strength, to be able to earn her livelihood with her needle. Mrs. S., is another English woman, from Canada, with an infant a week old, and occupying another bed, was a Jewess, with her little one. Our blind man, whose chief delight is in tending babies, will have his hands full.

Christmas was not forgotten at the Hospital. Mrs. Montie Rochester, who never forgets us, and especially our children, sent a box of gifts and toys—and Mrs. W., nice puddings.

A New Year Greeting.

There are gleams of sunshine along the gloomiest pathways. Who has not felt this to be so during these Holidays? There are few hearts, few homes, to whom Christmas did not come, with some faint glimmering, at least, of its blessedness, and hope, and love—and New Year's greetings have rung out merrily in the lowliest as well as the lordliest homes. Kind deeds are always beautiful to witness and to record—and so, it is with pleasure that we tell our readers of Mr. L. C. Spencer's New Year's greeting to us. While the city resounded with glad shouts—gay mansions, were garlanded for the Festival, and beauty shone resplendent—our Hospital was not forgotten. From thousands of lips, in meaningless mockery, went up that day, the greeting, "Happy New Year!"—but, when Mr. Spencer's card was sent in to us, with its "Happy New Year to the inmates of the City Hospital!"—we felt that there was no mockery in this. The kind gift accompanying his words, proved them true. Many thanks our inmates return for those *ten gallons of oysters*. They enjoyed their New Year's dinner very much. Similar donations, we understand, were made by Mr. Spencer to other of our benevolent Institutions—and that *one hundred gallons* were distributed that day, in various ways, by him.

Errors, Etc.

We are a little surprised that no more complaints of errors or omissions in our Thanksgiving Party Reports, have reached us. We are, we believe, so accustomed to being scolded, that we rather miss it. Can it be that our Reports were, so faultless? If any feel that they have any cause for dissatisfaction—let them, we repeat it, speak now, or forever after hold their peace.

Since writing the above, we have received a note from the Treasurer, regretting that, in our List of Thanks, after the Party, that we should have omitted Messrs. Gordon & Kimpal, successors to Norris, who loaned us several articles of which we had need, and in many ways showed themselves exceedingly kind and obliging. We understand, also, that donations to our tables from two or three ladies, whose names we have not yet learned, were not acknowledged—for the reason that they were sent directly to the tables, and not to the committee appointed to receive supplies.

Mr. Carr's "Dew Drop."

Ladies, have you ever tried it? We have, and therefore know whereof we speak. But we do not intend to say a great deal. We would rather you would try it for yourselves, and then report to us what you think of it. Good bread and good biscuits are, as any housewife knows, of the very first importance in a family—indeed we can imagine no domestic peace or comfort without them. From all that we hear, as well as from what we might speak from personal experience, with the "Dew Drop," failures are unknown—or, at least, if there are failures, the fault is not with the "Dew Drop." Mr. Carr has made it a great aim to bring this brand of flour as near perfection as possible, and it is already famous. Ladies, accustomed to using it in giving entertainments, feel unwilling to trust their nicest cake and biscuits to any other. It seems to possess an inher-

ent charm of lightness, and we suppose it is this flaky, frosty, sparkling quality which gives it its name. Poets, for centuries, have written tenderly of the dew-drop, glittering in diamond-like beauty, upon the grass and flowers. The "Dew Drop" is a *flowery* subject—very. We feel almost like writing a stanza, and singing its praises ourselves, but—we won't. Like Artemas Ward—"as a singest we are not a success. We are saddest when we sing—and so are those who hear us."

Nellie M——s' Last Hours.

The following true sketch will be read with tender interest:

ROCHESTER, Dec. 22, 1869.

DEAR MRS. STRONG:—In compliance with your request, I write down some of the particulars of Nellie Malpus' last hours. She had been in the Hospital about two weeks with consumption. On the evening of the 15th inst., I visited the Hospital, and the nurse, Mrs. Woodward, came to me with the tidings that Nellie was near her end, and wanted to see a minister. It was so stormy they could not send until the morning of the next day. She asked me if I would talk with her. Never shall I forget the sweet face, pleading for some one to lead her to Jesus; she exclaimed, "Oh! my sins." I pointed her to the Lamb that was slain for her, as her only hope, and sang to her that beautiful hymn,

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,"

and again pointed her to God. As I parted with her, she said, "Won't you send for a minister in the morning?" I promised her I would do so, and left her pleading for mercy. It was an impressive hour, the storm beating against the window at her head, but the still fiercer storm in that young heart. Forsaken by father and mother, turned from her uncle's door, she found a shelter in that Christian charity—the City Hospital—and, under the care of

a Christian nurse, her heart turned to Jesus.

Early the next morning I called to see her, not expecting to find her alive; but God in mercy had lengthened out the brittle thread of life, to give her time for repentance. She said to me, "I have slept but little, and have been in prayer most of the night; but," with uplifted hands, she added, "my sins are not forgiven." All I could say to her, was, "cling to Christ." She cried out, "I *must* be saved! I *must* be saved!" I replied to her, "you will be saved; only cling to Christ."

I sent for Dr. Robins to come at once. He came in the morning, talked and prayed with her; and again in the afternoon, at which time she expressed her faith in Jesus. I visited her again in the evening, but did not need to be told she was happy—her radiant face expressed it all. I said, "Nellie, you are happy." "Yes; I am happy. My sins are all forgiven. I am waiting for Jesus to take me." I asked how Jesus appeared to her. "O, dearer than all the world beside!" I asked her if she would advise any one to wait until a death-bed to prepare for eternity. With all her energy, she replied, "No, no, no! If I had only lived a Christian life!"

She lingered through that night, and at six in the morning, she called her nurse, and told her she had seen her Saviour in her sleep. He showed her the place prepared for her, and asked her if she wanted to go; she said "Yes!" and He said "Come; for all your sins are forgiven;" "and now," she added, "I am going."

She sent messages to friends, and forgiveness to those who had injured her; thanked her dear nurse for all her kindness, and said, "you have been a mother to me; tell my friends I die a Christian;" and, in bird-like notes, she broke out and sang,

"Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own."

About eight o'clock she fell asleep, leaving

a bright evidence that she would awake in Jesus. Dr. Robins attended the funeral, and followed her to the city of the dead—she to be awakened on the morn of the resurrection.

This touching scene will long be remembered by those who witnessed it.

MRS. S. K. WARREN.

Card from the Hebrew Benevolent Society.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1869.

LADY MANAGERS AND PHYSICIANS, R. C. H.—At a regular meeting of the "Rochester Hebrew Benevolent Society," held this day, a resolution was passed, unanimously, instructing the Secretary to write a letter of thanks to the Managers and Physicians of the Rochester City Hospital, for their great kindness and attention to the sick of our (the Jewish) faith, frequently in their care.

With the earnest prayer of the Society, for the blessings of God upon your noble and philanthropic labors,

I remain, yours, respectfully,

J. CAUFFMAN,
Secretary.

Correspondence.

LAKEVILLE, Oct. 20th, 1869.

DEAR MRS. P.—Please excuse the delay in sending you the money for my "Review." I have never wished to give it up, for I feel too much interested in your Hospital. Had I the means, I would heartily respond to calls which I know are made in behalf of the sick and suffering. I hope some of our more able friends will open their hearts and stores to the aid of your Institution.

Your friend well wisher,

MRS. LAURA M. VAN KLEECK.

CELESTON SPRINGS, Oct. 21st, 1869.

MRS. P.:—While distributing my second-hand clothing, for the winter, I laid aside a portion for your Hospital, which I forward to-day, by express—and add "old rags," for who can resist your pathetic appeal?

Please find enclosed \$3, for "Hospital Review," and believe me,

Truly yours,

MRS. WM. FOSTER.

LAKEVILLE, Liv. Co., Oct., 1869.

MRS. P.:

Dear Madam:—Enclosed, please find fifty cents, to pay for my "Review," last year. I like the little paper very much, and will send the pay for this year soon.

Respectfully yours,

M. A. K.

Mrs. S. B. Fowler has our many thanks, and we accept with pleasure her kind offer to act as agent for us:

LIVONIA, Dec., 1869.

Dear Friends of the Review:

In accordance with my previous letter, I now send you my list of names for the coming year. I should have sent them long ago, but have been prevented. Trusting in your forbearance, I now do so, remembering the adage, "better late than never." My names are slightly changed from last year. With but two exceptions, I send all the old ones, and add one new one.

How much I did want to meet you on Thanksgiving Day! but there seemed to be so many obstacles in the way; yet I still live in hope of seeing you, face to face, for I am sure your patience and fortitude would encourage and strengthen me for life's duties and conflicts.

I enclose, with my list, a trifle from Mrs. W. R. Benton, Andover, N. Y., as a Christmas present from her sister. I hope "the little seed will bring forth much fruit," for the poor sick ones of earth. You will please find in all, six dollars.

I believe you have never accepted me as a voluntary agent. I know I have done but little, yet am willing to act as your agent from year to year, as long as you may need my services and the Master permits me to work in His vineyard, in my humble way.

With great regard for your noble Institution,

I am, your friend and helper,

MRS. S. B. FOWLER.

The suggestion made in the following note from Mr. Palmer, we sincerely trust may meet with a response in one or more of the earnest working women we know are to be found in East Avon:

EAST AVON P. O., Dec. 17, 1869.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS:

Dear Madam—Enclosed, please find one dollar. Place one-half to the credit of my account, and send the "Review" to Miss Mary M., one year, for remainder. If you had a lady agent of some experience, to canvass the town, I have no doubt but a large number of subscribers might be obtained for your very interesting little paper.

Respectfully yours,

G. T. PALMER.

A word from our friend Mrs. S., of Lockport:

* * * I am glad to know, through the "Review," of your prosperity. Accept my many wishes for its continuance, and that you may be blessed in your efforts for good.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 19, 1869.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS:—Enclosed, please find one dollar, past due, for the reception of your excellent little sheet, the "Hospital Review;" and with it, I send most fervent wishes that your noble work of charity may be abundantly blessed and speeded.

Yours, with respect,
MRS. HENRY COST.

Died.

In Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 11, 1869, Mrs. Catharine Williams, aged 44 years.
In Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 13, 1869, John Baxter, aged 27 years.
In Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 14, John Kimbler, aged 46 years.
In Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 17, Helen Malpus, aged 19 years.
In Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 25, J. B. Sinclair, aged 24 years.
In Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 27, Maggie Gannon, aged 21 years.
In Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 28, Benjamin Carter, aged 50 years.

Donations for December.

Mrs. J. W. Bissell—Three cans of Fruit and a quantity of Clothing.
Mrs. Gifford—One pair Shoes.
Mrs. E. S. Haywood, Brighton—Three cans of Fruit and old Cotton.
Mrs. D. Ely—Quantity of Clothing.
Mrs. Gifford—Two Coats.
Mr. Oren Peart—One Turkey.
Mr. Stanton—Two Turkeys.
Mrs. Mott, Victor—Two pairs Socks.
Mrs. Hooker—Quantity of old Linen.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Seven Puddings.
Mrs. Frank Starr—Two crocks of Pickles, 2 bottles of Berries and 1 of Tomatoes.
Mr. L. C. Spencer—Ten gallons of Oysters.
Mr. Wm. S. Falls—Donation of \$1 on printing Bill Heads.

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

Mrs. Gilman Hill, Middlebury, Conn.; Chas. C. Wells, Stratford, Conn. (1 year),—By Miss Hill,..... \$1 50
Belle M. Smith—By Miss Hays,..... 0 50
Mrs. E. R. Coy, Mrs. Sarah Pratt (2 years), Mrs. Bradford Bosley, Mrs. N. H. Fowler (2 years), Benton Barnard, Mrs. L. B. Fowler, all of Livonia; Mrs. Charles Smithwell, Mrs. Warren Hatch, Mrs. M. H. Blackmer, all of Hemlock Lake; Mrs. Wm. B. Benton, Andover—By Mrs. L. B. Fowler, 6 00
G. S. Palmer, Miss Mary Morehouse, East Avon—By G. T. Palmer, 1 00
Mrs. O. L. Wilcox, George T. Shuler, Lockport—By Mrs. J. T. Shuler, 1 00
Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Upton, Victor, Joseph Telsaire—By Mrs. Matthews, 1 50
Miss J. Shaw, Miss Matilda Peck, Mrs. Watson—By Mary Watson, 1 50

Oren Peart, Leonard Ham, Mrs. Isaac Wood—By Miss Hibbard,..... \$1 50
Mrs. T. Smith (with postage), Edwin S. Fox, Mrs. Wm. Sidey, Mrs. Richard Gorsline (with postage), Mrs. S. V. Pryor—By Mrs. Perkins,..... 3 16

Superintendent's Report.

1869, Dec. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 88
Received during the month, 38—126.
Discharged, 24
Died, 7— 31
Remaining Jan. 1st, 1870, 95

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.

Children's Department.

Who Is It?

Now, children, there's somebody coming,
So try to think sharply and well;
And, when I get through with my story,
Just see if his name you can tell.

His hair is as white as the snow drift,
But then he is not very old,
His coat is of fur at this season:
The weather, you know, is so cold.

He'll bring all the children a present—
The rich, and, I hope, too, the poor.
Some say that he comes down the chimney:
I think he comes in at the door.

His coat is all stuffed full of candy,
While all sorts of beautiful toys
You'll see sticking out of his pockets,
For girls just as well as for boys.

For girls he has dolls, muffs, and pictures;
For boys he has skates, or a sled:
And some little boys I can tell of,
Who will take horses with them to bed.

And presents he brings for the mother
And father and aunts with the rest;
But most he will bring for the children,
Because he likes little folks best.

I think you will know when you see him,
He's dressed up so funny and queer;
And then you'll hear every one shouting,
"MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR."
The Nursery.] AUNT CLARA.

Adventures of Winnie's Cat.

A CHRISTMAS TALE FOR CHILDREN.

Three children sat shivering over a forlorn fire, one cold morning that fell among the Christmas days. They had sat silent in their cold raggedness for some time, until one of them, whose small, lame figure looked pitifully young to bear so old and troubled a face, said:

"Archie, suppose you and Kathie go out now, you will soon get warm walking in the sun and among the bright warm shops."

"But won't you be lonely, Winnie?" said Archie.

"No," she replied, "Mother will get home from work early, as it is Christmas Eve, and then, I have Kittie you know," and she stroked with chill-blue fingers, a cat that lay like a snow drift on her ragged lap.

Archie and Kathie had not gone very far down the gay street, when they saw Winnie's cat come running after them, tempted like themselves, perhaps, to desert a cold, damp hearthstone for a warm sunshine. Kathie took it up gently—it was sacred for it belonging to Winnie—and was about to run back home, but they had just reached a brilliant shop, whose interior was a perfect mosaic of color in its close-packed shelves of russet nuts, and crimson apples, golden oranges and rosy candies, and here they paused.

"If Winnie could only see those beautiful things," cried Kathie, her little white face growing radiant, as she pressed near the low broad window and looked eagerly in.

Just then, a girl protected from the cold with rich cloak and furs, and laden with dainty little parcels, came out of the shop, pausing on the step as she caught sight of the two ragged children. To judge from her discontented face, a purchase of some of the bright things within had not given her the same pleasure that a mere sight of them had given Archie and Kathie; but her face brightened as she saw the snowy kitten.

"That is just what I want—a live toy," said the girl, taking it from Archie's arms and laying it among her furs.

"But you can't have it," said Archie, resigning it unwillingly. "It belongs to our lame Winnie, and it's all the pleasure she's got."

"She would rather have money, though,

wouldn't she?" asked the girl, looking with a little scorn at the child's rags.

Kathie hesitated a moment, glancing from the cat into the shop, thinking of what money would buy, and then cried, "No!" as she shut her eyes on the bright shop, but she had hesitated too long. A shining coin lay in her palm, and the girl with the kitten had disappeared in the crowd.

"Poor Winnie," cried Kathie, with a little burst of tears.

"Poor Winnie," echoed Archie, leading the way back home.

Grace, the new possessor of Winnie's cat a selfish child of wealth, had gone but a little way, when the kitten discovering perhaps, the difference between her warm nest of furs and Winnie's old ragged lap, began to grow restless, and suddenly, with a premonitory purr, sprang from her arm, darted across the street, up the half ruinous wall of an old building on to its roof, and took shelter near a low garret window.

Grace stood for a few minutes watching it, until she saw the window open, and a child's hand draw the kitten within, then with a little sob of impatience slowly turned into a splendid shop near by, and therein buying from its fairy like Christmas store, tried to forget her loss, but the gay toys looked uninteresting after the soft-furred, bright-eyed kitten, to possess which she had robbed a lonely child of poverty, and presently leaving the store went into the house wherein her cat had taken refuge to ask for it.

The low damp room into which she stepped and which appeared deserted, frightened her in its prison-like damp and ugliness, and hearing voices above, mounted a short flight of crazy steps and found herself in a dark, cold attic room, near whose fire-place sat a girl, her bent figure in shadow, but a small gleam of red fire-light caught on her work and flying fingers.

"I expect this will be the first Christmas gift grandfather ever got," *Essie*, a boy was saying, as he held a new, red comforter up for her inspection. "When we go this evening to meet him at the church, after he is done ringing the bell, we will carry it to him. He won't say then there is no Christmas for poor people," and the merry child laughed until the old roof rang.

Somehow after hearing this, Grace did not like to ask for her kitten. She remem-

bered Archie's words, "It's all the pleasure she's got!"

This poor child's unselfish Christmas expectations, reminded her how cruelly she had darkened our lame Winnie's Christmas; Essie seeing her, had risen, so she had to put her request. It was pitiful to see how the Christmas light that his laugh had brought to the boy's face died away, and resumed its usual gravity. "I am sorry," she said, "but Willie sold the little cat, (since we were not able to feed it,) for a comforter for grandfather, but run back to the shop, Willie, with it. Jennie will give you the kitten back. Tell her you have found the owner."

Following the child silently down the stairs and along the street, Grace soon reached the shop, hung with a meager array of woolen hoods, stockings, comforters, &c. the patient handiwork of a blind woman and her grand-daughter. The old woman sat behind the counter with her needles busy among the bright wools assorted by Jinnie, who stood behind talking earnestly:

"Now, granny, don't ever you say again that we are too poor to enjoy Christmas. I've been and bought the tea, the very kind you like, and it actually smells like Christmas," and Jennie turned her little bird-like head to one side, and laid her finger with an emphatic tap on the bundle, as if it were a wag's nose.

"I took the kitten to Jack, who I knew wanted a mouser, and he let me have this tea for it, for who could help doing a kindness on Christmas? He wore a sprig of holly in his button-hole, granny, to remind him to be kind when he could these holy days," he said.

Hearing footsteps in the shop Jennie turned with her usual demure courtesy, but it was only Willie, who threw himself into her arms crying:

"Grandfather's Christmas gift is a humbug, Jennie," and so told his story brokenly.

"So is granny's," said Jinnie, trying to jest, with the tears in her eyes, as she took up the tea, "Let's run to Jack's and get the cat again."

"If you are going to Jack's again," said the simple old woman, only catching her words partly, "Bid him come and drink a cup of his tea with us, as it's Christmas Eve, and bring his Arabian Nights with him to read."

"Dear, dear," said Jennie, with a brave attempt to be cheerful, "it's too bad, gran-

ny, he lent it to a little sick neighbor last week, and when it came home half of Sinbad was read away, and the rest is so begrimed that it's like trying to read a coal-heaver's handkerchief."

So marveling at the poverty and beautiful cheerfulness she was seeing about her, Grace followed them to a little corner store still further down the street. Jennie laid her tea down upon the counter before the boy with a sprig of holly in his coat.

"You may keep the tea, Jennie," he said. "I found out that the kitten belonged to my little neighbor, lame Winnie, and was going with it to her as you came in.

So, once more, Grace followed in the path of the kitten, which brought her to Winnie's threshold, where the three shivering children sat over a dead fire, and a woman holding frail Winnie's head in her lap, told with plaintive voice the story of "The Star," and "The Manger."

Grace only waited to see the cat in the lame child's lap again, and then sped like wind back home, where she poured out the penitential story of her selfishness, and her new born desire to make the poor happy. And that she did so, let the bright fire and smoking supper that filled with unknown comfort the home of lame Winnie, and led them for long afterward to think and speak of Grace, as the Christmas angel," bear witness: also, the merry hearts that laughed on the Christmas Eve at Jennie's, where the old Sexton with Essie and Willie gathered, with Jennie and the grandmother, surely not blind to-night with so open and happy a heart about Jack who read the joyous hours away from a new Arabian Nights separating as the new year tolled in with a prayer and blessing from the old sexton on their new found CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

Agents.

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

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.

Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.

L. A. BULLER, Perry Centre.

" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.

" MARY W. DAVIS, "

Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "

" PREEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.

Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.

Miss ADA MILLER, "

" JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.

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

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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.

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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. VI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1870.

No. 7.

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.

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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 & Job Printer,
9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

For the Hospital Review.

Waiting.

BY BERTHA SIBLEY SCRANTON.

I.

So Christmas is over and gone?

Well, what did the blest heralds bring?
Glad tidings of great joy each one,
That far little Bethlehem's son,
Had risen a glorious king?

II.

I read in your white face a sign,
Come closer, the world is asleep,
And only such sad eyes as mine,
For coming of heralds divine,
Their patient, and long vigil keep.

III.

So all of the children are still?
Asleep in the nursery world;
So many small stockings to fill!
—O Father! to bow to Thy will,
When Hope's tender banner is furled!

IV.

Another glad Christmas time too,
You'll crowd all the stockings the same;
And see their eyes, grey, brown and blue,
Grow tender as flowers 'neath dew,
At sound of my missed mother name.

V.

O Marah! thy dregs are so keen!
So bitter thy crimsonest wine!
To see hot tears dripping between
These faces where closest I lean,
Yet knowing Thy will must be mine.

VI.

And all of the toys are put by!
How busy they've been all the day!
When morning first tinted the sky,
I heard their hushed laughter and cry,
Creep down to my door where I lay.

VII.

God bless them! sweet heads, brown and gold,
God bless them! sweet eyes, grey and blue!
And tenderest visions unfold,
And choicest gifts coming years hold,
Thrice blessed little heads then, for you!

VIII.

While mine, where it lieth, I pray,
Beneath Christmas snows may yet seem;
Perchance, the dear type of a day,
Whose sweetness has not died away,
A mother-hood paled to a dream!

IX.

And this, Love, this only, no more!
When they miss, Christmas morning again,
The pale lips they crept up to kiss,
With faces all hushed, as were this,
Without its white meaning of pain;

X.

Then, when they are purest and best,
Tell each of the shuddering love,
That must come to a mother's still rest,
E'en though in white angelhood drest,
When watching her dear ones above.

XI.

And saddest, and sacredest trust,
I give to thy keeping, my Sweet!
The safe homeward guiding, that must
Lead surely, through earth stain and rust,
These same little wandering feet.

XII.

And I o'er your faces will lean,
And kiss you all lying asleep!
With kisses that sift down between
The world and these hearts that are clean,
And pray God their cleanness to keep!

XIII.

Well, Christmas is over and done!
The grey morning creeps in at last,
The heralds that sung, every one,
Have ceased and the anthem is done,
The white wings to heaven have passed.

XIV.

And I, wait to hear of you all,
Within the pale light of the morn,
The sound of wings, tenderly fall,
The voices of seraphs that call,
The sign of the Christ that is born!

Dr. Franklin's Toast.

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as the precise words can be recollected, the following toasts were drank:

"England—The Sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, filled with national pride, and being too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank the following:

"France—The Moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight and consolation of all nations."

All eyes were now turned upon Dr. Franklin, with a feeling of commiseration that nothing was left for him in toasting his own country, when, with his usual dignified simplicity, he rose and said:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON—The Joshua, who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still—and they obeyed him!"

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

THE CLOUD BREAKS.

Meantime, Madam Corbet's enemies at the village had not been idle, and a great crowd was collected round the door of Dame Drum's miserable hovel, from whence proceeded a noise of direful screams and howlings, intermingled with other strange noises.

"Just hear that!" said one of the men to another, as a yell of more than usual loudness made itself heard. "The poor lad is bewitched, sure enough."

"Dreadful doings—dreadful doings, neighbor!" returned the one to whom he had spoken. "Shameful doings for a Christian land. How and when did it begin?"

"This very morning, as I heard the story. Tom Drum had been up to the Hall for a jug of skim milk, which the lady has always been used to give away to any one who would come for it."

"Aye, aye, a likely way to put her spells upon people—but go on."

"He took a drink of milk as he entered his grand-mother's door!" continued the first speaker; when he suddenly cried out, and declared that a toad had gone down his throat, and hopped out again into the jug; and with that he began to scream and roll himself on the ground, as if possessed: and sure enough, when the Dame emptied out the milk, there was a toad in the bottom of the jug. Dame Drum declares she has found queer things in the milk before—such as bits of knotted string, and odd-shaped pieces of wood, but she thought they might have been dropped in by accident. "For my part, I believe they were all spells."

"Very like—very like, they might be so!"

said his companion: "but then you see it might be old Patience who put them in."

"They all say that my lady is always in the dairy and overlooks the giving out of the milk herself!" said the first speaker. "Besides, just look at her! Does she look like a natural Christian?"

"Nay, that she does not, for certain. Every one says she is the Fair Dame come back again, and certainly she is the very moral of the picture at the Great House."

"And we all know the Fair Dame never comes back but for mischief!" said another man, joining in the conversation. "My wife's cousin, Mary Stokes, is house-maid at the Hall, and she tells queer tales of my lady's doings, that she does. More than that, Tom Drum himself saw the lady walking with a ghost in the Abbey churchyard, and I dare say it was that which made her cast her spells on him, for such folks do not like to be overlooked. Mercy on me, how the poor lad screams, to be sure!"

Such like talk flew from mouth to mouth, all through the crowd, increasing the excitement caused by Tom Drum's shrieks and howls. Within the hovel, the feeling was yet more intense among the favored ones admitted to see the possessed child, and observe his grandmother's and Dr. Mathew's performances over him. Tom was a good actor, and as he rolled and twisted his limbs, he might have deceived more acute witnesses. The Doctor, as he called himself, affected now to soothe the patient, and now to drive out, by force, the evil spirit which was troubling him. At last he announced that he could do more, and that the lad must soon die, unless the author of the mischief could be discovered.

"The Fair Dame! It is the Fair Dame who torments me!" cried Tom Drum, who had not spoken since his seizure. "I feel her white fingers pinch me. Oh, she is coming! She is coming!"

And at that moment, Madam Corbet ap-

peared on the threshold of the hovel, looking indeed like a spirit from another sphere, among the coarse excited faces that surrounded her. Tom had calculated his time well. He had asked Madam Corbet to come and see his granny, and knowing her habits, he guessed she would make her appearance on the green about noon. She had been surprised at the crowd about the door, who had made way for her, partly from old habits of deference, partly to see how matters would turn out.

"What is the matter?" asked the lady in her usual clear quiet tone. "Is the poor boy ill?"

Granny Drum sprang up from her knees at Tom's bedside, and advanced toward Madam Corbet with inflamed face and threatening gesture,

"Matter, quotha! Matter enough, when witches and devils go about like charitable ladies, and poison poor folk like we, by putting toads in their milk."

"Oh, Madam, Madam!" added Doctor Mathew, in a solemn tone of reproof. "Was it not enough to give your own flesh and blood to feed your familiar devil, without adding this guilt to your soul?"

"I do not understand you!" said Madam Corbet, recovering her voice. "Here is some strange mistake!"

"Pretty mistake, truly!" resumed the Dame. "No, Madam! The mistake is yours, as you shall find to your cost. You must come here, forsooth, to see how your spell worked, must you? If you ever get back, my name is not Peggy Drum, that is all!"

"I shall leave you for the present," said Madam Corbet. "When you have come to your senses, I will hear what you have to say." She turned to leave the cottage, but the old woman was before her. With an agility for which nobody would have given her credit, she sprung to the door, and cried out, "Neighbors and friends, will you let go the bloody-minded witch and murderess, to poison your babes and blight

your land? Away with her. Just hear my poor lad, and think it will be the turn of your own babes next?"

"Away with her!" shouted two or three voices from the crowd. "Away with the witch to the horse-pond. Tie her thumbs and toes and let us see whether she will sink or swim."

It was remarked afterward, that nobody had known the men who raised the cry, and that a number of strangers were mingled with the crowd of farm lads and idlers about the door of Dame Drum's cottage. Once enveloped in the press, Madam Corbet was swept helplessly along toward the pond on the village green, Dr. Mathew, as he called himself, keeping by her side, urging her, for the good of her soul, to confess, and making every kind of remark calculated to irritate her persecutors to the utmost.

Will Atkins had run at the top of his speed, down from the Hall. The moment he reached the edge of the green, he saw the crowd, and perceived that the mischief was done. At the same moment he was run against by two little fellows, about ten years old, in whom he recognized a pair of twin brothers, orphans, who were, in a manner, under his protection at school.

Oh, Will Atkins, Will Atkins!" cried Tommy, "They be murdering Madam Corbet, among them. They be dragging she to horse-pond, and none to take her part but schoolmaster!"

Will was hot and flurried with running and excitement, but in one moment he was cool and collected as a general on the eve of an engagement.

"Tommy!" said he, "Do you want to save Madam?" Tommy nodded. "You go down to the Cove like a gull, and tell uncle Jan to bring up the fisher lads quick as he can. Davy, you can run like a greyhound. Go you on the road to Blackhill. You will meet uncle David. Bid him hasten to Madam's rescue, and bring

the men with him—and then on to Squire Champernoun, and tell the news there. Off you go, the pair of you.

The brave little fellows set out without more words. Will picked up a cudgel, which somebody had dropped, and drew near the crowd. Pushing his way through by main strength, to where he saw the tall schoolmaster's bald head, he caught sight of the object of his devotion. Madam Corbet could hardly be paler than she was at all times, but there was something wonderful in her face, which made Will think of St. Stephen, at his martyrdom. The schoolmaster, bare-headed, covered with mud, and with blood streaming from a cut on his face, was supporting the lady, and defending her and himself with right good will, with no less a weapon than the long heavy school ruler. At the very moment Will caught sight of him, he brought his truncheon down upon the head of a big boy with such good effect, as to fell him to the earth. "Well done, Dominic!" shouted Will. "Hold up! There is help coming! You get your back to the wall." There was a high stone wall just by the schoolmaster, which bounded the park grounds in that direction. Will placed the lady against it, and himself before her, swinging his cudgel with such good effect, that he soon cleared a ring around him. Nor was Master Halliday at all behind him, for as a big rough looking fellow made a blow at him, he used his long thick ruler with such force as to lay the man senseless at his feet.

"Hurrah!" cried Will; "I did not think it was in you!"

"I did not serve under Sidney for nothing!" replied the old soldier, coolly. "I only wish I had my good broadsword here instead of this toy. But I fear we shall be over matched, and the lady's strength is failing."

"Have no fears for me!" said the clear calm voice of Madam Corbet, "but do

not sacrifice your own precious lives for me!"

"Precious lives be ——!" growled Sidney's old Captain of Dragoons. "I most humbly crave your pardon, Madam!" added the schoolmaster of Stanton. "Fear you not for us!"

"Take stones to them!" shouted the same voice which had raised the first cry. Bring stones and brickbats from the new wall yonder!"

"We are lost if they take to that!" said the schoolmaster. "Cannot you get the lady away over the wall while I engage their attention!"

"I fear not!" said Will. "The wall is too high and smooth!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth, before they were assailed by a shower of missiles, one of which struck Madam Corbet on the head and knocked her down senseless.

"They have killed her!" said Will, between his teeth; "but they shall never lay hands on her fair body, as long as I live!"

At that moment a new sensation seemed to pervade the crowd. Oaths and cries of pain and fear were heard; and then a voice which Will knew well, shouted,

"Willy! Willy Atkins! Where be you, my son?"

"Here, uncle, here!" called Will. "Make for the park wall!"

For a few seconds, they were left in peace, while the crowd surged round them. Then another voice was heard above all the tumult, crying, "let them run! Ride them down! Show no mercy, brave fisher lads!" and from one side, three or four horsemen came plunging through the press, headed by gentlemen with a drawn sword; and on the other, Jan Lee, followed by all the fishermen of the Cove, who chanced to be at home, pushed on, breaking heads, right and left. In a moment it was all over. Will looked about him. He was surrounded by a ring of stern faces—

Lees, Deans and Yeos—all good men and true, headed by old Squire Champernoun, bare-headed and sword in hand. Most of the crowd had melted away, and Mathew, with a broken head, was writhing under a tremendous kicking, administered by the heavy boots of Jan Lee. But the schoolmaster leaned against the wall, faint and bleeding, and Madam Corbet lay on the grass, as if she would never rise again. Will burst into tears. "Too late! Too late!" he cried. "The villains have killed my dear lady!"

The Way.

L

I said, "O Guide, go forth:

I will follow Thee any whither."

And behold, as we went out over the earth,

It was all June together;

The sun steeped half the world in bliss,

And the shadows steeped the rest in quietness.

And I said, "I have heard of Thy way, O Lord,

How that it goeth dark through the dark,—

Fire and water, tumult and blood,

Woes to be suffered and foes withstood.

I have heard that the only way to the ark

Is over the flood!

And now, O Lord, is this the way?

For, behold, I tread smooth paths to-day.

What if I loiter and fail to win?"

But He said, "This is the way;

Walk ye herein."

II.

I spoke again, and said, "I have heard

That our joy-times here are quickly past,

That the smooth paths are not long to tread,

With smile of the sun and with song of the bird;

But, Lord, how long shall this last?"

"Not long," He said;

"And see thou follow Me afterward."

Even at that moment I slipped and sank,

Slipped and stumbled down the bank,

Down the bank to a path beneath,

Chill and dark as the shadow of death.

"Lord," I cried, "I have stumbled astray;

Lead me back, Lord, into Thy way!

Out of the pitfall, out of the gin,

Far from terror and safe from sin,

Hold Thou up my goings therein!"

But He said, "This is the way;

Walk ye herein."

III.

I went along in that shadow of death,
Going and weeping under my breath,
And whispering said, "It was better with me,
O, better!—out on the sunny lea."

But he answered, "This is thy best,
That thou follow Me here, and into My rest."
I said, "O Master, how shall I know
When my best is gladness or woe?
How shall I learn what Thy ways be?"

And He said, "Leave that to Me.
Follow Me only whither I go,
Through chilling shadow and scorching glow,
Through the desert dust and the battle din,
Till the goal be reached, and finished the test,
Till the sorrow is past, and the joy is best,—

Till I say, 'This is My rest;

Enter herein.'"

[Good Words.

From Our Record.

The Cost of Charity.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIRE-SIDE CHATS."

None but those thoroughly conversant with the very spirit and construction of American society, can understand what it costs an American woman to go about doing good. I mean the average American woman, who keeps one poor servant, and sweeps o' Fridays, bakes goodies o' Saturdays, and washes dishes and attends to the domestic broil (in more senses than one.) o' Mondays; who looks after the children herself, and who makes and mends for her family, be the same more or less.

This class includes some of the finest women in the country. There are really but few Flora MacFlimseys. The "Girl of the Period" is not dangerous, numerically. It is chiefly from her violent self-assertion that she looms so portentously upon the public vision. For every fast damsel, who promenades our streets in wonderful *chignon*, with its floating signal of distress; long skirt or short skirt; big hoops or no hoops; who talks loudly in the theatre; who whispers in church; who hums the air *sotto voce*, when Parepa sings, and leaves "Hamlet" in dying agonies "to get out before the crowd;" for every such gay lady I can show you half a dozen of a better sort. Half a dozen, at least, quiet ladylike, womanly girls—in public, ladies; at home true women. Were it not so, God help the republic! These are the mothers and sisters and wives of our soldiers, and our vo-

ters, the "still, small voices," whose echoes sigh through young men's hearts, as they enter Commencement Halls; the ones for whom they strive with hand, pen or sword, and who, though they never write history, help largely to make it.

It is but little for our merchant princes, and our railroad kings, to put down their names upon subscription lists, for sums which to small people seem like independent fortunes. It is not difficult for a dying millionaire, remembering that "shrouds have no pockets," to richly endow this or that favorite charity. It is only a recreation to the single lady, who, lacking home cares, and weary of gayety, devotes a share of her leisure to doing good. And we cannot spare the valuable aid of the money, the labor, or the influence, which these good friends of the Good Cause lend to Christian and benevolent work.

But the main spring of charitable enterprise, in this country at least, is generally to be found in a few modest, quiet, hard-working women, who dress plainly, rise early, work late, sew on buttons and mend stockings, while every body else is abed; who deny themselves that precious hour of anti-breakfast sleep to attend to the baking in order that the ignorant and often inefficient domestic may be relieved of the heavier responsibility of the kitchen, and all to gain a few precious hours in which to work for some "charity's sweet sake." The main labor and care of such institutions fall upon such women, who, because they will do this may do it.

And as every American woman who lives up to her requirements, has actually to discharge varied duties, which in lands where labor is not king, would be assigned to half a dozen individuals, an amount of genuine executive ability is brought into daily exercise, which would astonish anybody who did not carefully study the matter, and some of those who do.

"In this busy world of ours," says Cousin Delight, "some things must be crowded out."

And I will not deny that you find some unfelled seams in the wardrobe of the charitable woman, but you will never find moth-eaten garments in her garret; her poor pensioners do not give them a chance. And she is too busy to spend time in putting them away in camphor; for her heart misgives her when she thinks of making rag carpets, when there are so many shivering

little children in our wintry streets; and if she is a true American woman, her household will not be arrayed in frayed skirts or ragged stockings either.

She sometimes says to herself in her weary hours: (and who is there who has them not sometimes?)

"To what end is all this unending labor, and effort? I work all day and every day, and what is there to show for it?"

Well, not much in embroidery, nor a great superfluity of fluting and flouncing; but numberless comforting stitches.

"Her household are clothed in the work of her hands." The paper and twine, the odds and ends of housewifery, are carefully saved. And if all this unregarded stitchery and imperceptible picking up were left undone, how soon would chaos and old night usurp the place of order and beauty in that comfortable home! And how soon would that cheery, but hard-worked man of business go to the dogs, if it were so!

Pass Lightly, Earth.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

He that spared not his only Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?—ROMANS viii. 32.

Pass lightly, Earth, with all thy joy,
Yea, lightly pass with all thy grief,
Thy pleasantness and thine annoy;
Why should we brood on things so brief!

Why waste the longing or the tear
That Heaven alone can fill or claim!
All that hereafter will be dear
Is gathered in one precious Name.

Love that can never know decay,
Joy that will never tire nor wane,
Rest that will grow more sweet for aye
Through deep forgetfulness of pain;

All satisfaction purely sought,
All consolation long delayed,
The bliss unuttered and unthought
For which we hungered here and prayed.

Jesus! Thy Name is pledge of all—
All this and more than words can tell
And we, whatever may befall,
Shall find hereafter *it was well*.

Modesty is bred of self reverence. Fine manners are the mantles of fair minds.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1870.

Visit to the Hospital.

Hospital, very full—and oh, so full of suffering! Our hearts sank within us as we went from ward to ward. So much distress, so much weariness, everywhere—and as it seemed to us, in every variety of form. Poor Mr. Connors' cough was the first sound we heard, as we entered the Male Ward. It is most distressing. He seems so worn, so exhausted, with it, and yet very patient, very trustful. "It will soon be over," he said to us. Mr. S. W., was feeling brighter and more encouraged, but his leg does not knit well. We fear he will have to lie here a long time yet. Mr. Cowles, about as usual. F. F. S., gone home. Mr. D., not as well. Mr. F., feeling better. J. J., the soldier, lying down, looking very feeble. The German, with a shattered arm, mentioned in our last, and for whom such serious fears were entertained, is doing very nicely, far better than we had dared to hope. But poor William, the faithful nurse, in dressing his arm, became so poisoned that it has been greatly feared he might not recover. He is now, however, we are glad to state, much better, but both hands are still entirely bandaged, and he has no use of them. Very much sympathy has been felt for William, for his faithfulness and kindness have endeared him to all the patients. Mr. T., is a new inmate, just come in. Mr. E., another, with nervous debility and paralysis. J. C., we found writing a letter. He is a nice looking young fellow, injured in some way in the chest. Mr. J., quite ill, in the Cross Ward. Found there also, Mr. R., with his head tied up—bruised from a fall. Little Martin, as great a pet as ever—the brightest thing we found in all the Hospital. We were very sorry to find Georgie V. in bed again, not so well. W. S., continues to

improve. G. McC., better than we have seen him in a long time. Mr. Lowe, still lingers. He was sleeping, and we did not disturb him. We stopped one instant to look at his pale, wasted face—so weary-looking even in slumber, and we wondered if we should find him here when we came again. Two students were in this Ward, from the Theological Seminary. One of them, Mr. C., was looking quite ill.

The first face we saw on entering the Female Ward, was one we shall not soon forget. It was that of a woman of middle age perhaps, or over, lying with her head thrown back, asleep. The face was perfectly livid, and the expression so ghastly, so indescribably fearful, that we involuntarily shrank back with a shudder. "Who is she?" we asked of the Matron, with a little misgiving—feeling, perhaps, that our instinct was at fault, and that we were wronging some poor sufferer. "O," she replied, without any effort to suppress her repugnance—"she is a miserable wretch—the hardest case ever in the Hospital—and yet she was once a clergyman's daughter, and she has gone down, down, from one depth to another, until she was brought here from a low, miserable haunt, where she was living with a negro, whom she calls her husband, although she has given us since she came, three different names." She is now probably near her end, as she has a cancer. We made some remark upon the terrible traces which her life had left upon her face, when the nurse said, "O, it is nothing, as she looks now—but if you were to see her awake once, and were to hear her mutterings and curses!" There was only one look in her face which could make any appeal to us—it was so revolting—and that was its expression of intense suffering. Poor creature, hideous as she was, there was something in that one look which softened our hearts toward her. She was human at least in this—she suffered. It is hard to comprehend how a woman can sink so low. We can understand a woman's

weaknesses, and how, through them and her misplaced trust and love, she may be betrayed and lost—but we cannot understand this utter degradation. We could hardly have believed it if we had net seen this woman's face. And yet have we a right to despise her? Our visit was a peculiarly painful one—haunted with this picture—while upon our ears fell constantly the moans and screams of a poor sufferer in the Cross Ward—a Mrs. L., brought here from Henrietta. A council of physicians had been held over her case, and yet no one had been able to make out the cause of her agony—for agony it is, by night and by day. How many forms of human suffering there are! Mrs. M., piecing a quilt—her quiet, peaceful face was a relief. Anna Hess, still here—still gaining. C. E., with dropsy, better. Katie L., growing weaker, but she will not think so—and there was the hectic brightness upon her cheek, and in her eye, we have so often watched, with fainting hearts and hopes. She interests us. Martha S., better—wants a place, which she now feels strong enough to take, in some family, as cook, or to do general housework. Bridget, feeble. L. C., a very nice young girl, here, recently from Canada. H. S., is a young girl, who had just come in. There were traces of tears in her large dark eyes, and she seemed timid and lonely. Kittie, poor Kittie—gone back to her sinful life. Was there no one to warn her from that path leading so surely into darkness? Was there no one to lead her footsteps into a better way? She was but a mere child as yet—pleasing and pretty. It is very sad to think of her.

In the Nursery we found the young English woman and her baby—both doing nicely. Another young mother is here, whom we saw a month ago. She is very anxious to find some one to adopt her little girl, who is now over six weeks old.

Our appeal for "*pickles*" was not wholly in vain. A few were sent in, but we

want a great many more. We want, too, those "*baby clothes*," which did *not* come. Who will open their hearts.

Our Threat—Delinquents Frightened.

We are glad to find that our threat about those little bills has proved so successful. Several of our oldest and most hardened delinquents have been terribly frightened, and have made haste to settle up their dues. Our receipts for the *Review* this month, show a most encouraging state of things—so many arrearages have been paid, as well as subscriptions renewed and new names added. If our friends do as well for the month to come, we shall have to withdraw that threat, as it will no longer be needed. Our Treasurer feels to return special thanks for the good work that has been done, and for the uniformly courteous and prompt replies to the bills received, and also to the appeal made through our columns.

Notice.

The Treasurer requests us to state, that the receipts for the "*Review*," the past month, in response to her bills, and all money received for subscriptions, will be given in our regular "*Receipts for the Review*." The object of publishing this list from month to month, is to obviate the necessity and to lessen the labor of sending special acknowledgments to each individual. Any one, therefore, sending remittances to the Treasurer, may look to see them acknowledged, not directly by her, but in the next issue of "*the Review*."

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.

Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital, for the year ending Feb. 1, 1870.

LADIES :

In presenting the *sixth* annual report of the *Rochester City Hospital*, we can but renew our expression of thankfulness to Him who continues to crown with success the efforts of those who are faithfully striving to fulfil the Christ-like duty of caring for the sick and needy.

Our Saviour's command to His apostles, "to heal the sick"—His tender ministrations to His suffering children, for their example—have led His followers to provide such institutions for their afflicted brethren, which are the glory of Christian lands.

Change, which marks all of earth, comes to us, and, one by one, our Trustees and Managers are taken from our midst.

Mr. William Pitkin and Mr. Frederick Starr, we miss from our list, but

"Thy name we praise,
And thank Thee, while we shed the mournful
tear,
For these Thy servants, who have closed their
days,
In Thy true faith and fear."

"Nobly didst Thou endow
Body and mind with all high excellence:
For such as these, we thank Thee, Lord, tho'
Thou
Hast called them hence."

The faint hope that, ere this, an addition, to render more comfortable those who avail themselves of hospital treatment, and give more efficiency to the work, would have been at least commenced, has not been realized. But a brighter prospect dawns, which we trust may not be doomed to disappointment.

No changes in the Medical Department have occurred since our last report—but the same Physicians, untiring in their labors, continue to administer to those admitted to the Hospital.

Dr. Jones still remains as Superintendent; Miss Hibbard, as Matron; whilst, un-

der their supervision, Mr. Davis for the Male, and Mrs. Woodward for the Female Wards, continue as the principal Nurses.

The number of inmates for the year ending Feb. 1st, 1870, 345
 No. of deaths, 40
 No. of births, 20
 Total No. admitted since the opening of the Hospital, 1,984
 Total No. of deaths, 130
 Total No. of births, 90

Almost every nation has been represented in this number. To many a homeless wanderer, the Hospital has proved a haven of rest—and it is a satisfaction to know, that many bear willing testimony to its usefulness, its comfort, and to the kind care bestowed upon them.

The religious services have been held on most of the Sundays of the past year—and to Rev. Mr. Morey, who has so often administered consolation to the sick and dying, and to Messrs. Parker and Ely, we feel very grateful, and would extend to them our cordial thanks.

Our "*Hospital Review*," is near the close of its sixth volume. It is a little paper, but worthy of a more extended circulation, if but for itself—while the object should ensure more faithful laborers in its behalf.

In closing, we would extend to all who aid us in our work, our grateful thanks. Our annual donation evinces that their number is great, and increasing, year by year.

"The year has flown—

The present, is all that we can call our own;
 Let us not, then, with the past be vex'd,
 Not with the future be perplex'd—
 Do the duty which lieth next."

C. E. MATHEWS,
 Cor. Secretary.

FEB. 1st, 1870.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 13, 1870,
 Lucy Hutchinson, aged 63 years.

Correspondence.

The barrel referred to by Mrs. Fowler was duly received, but through some inadvertance was not acknowledged, as it should have been. We beg a thousand pardons, and would assure Mrs. F. that our remissness in acknowledging the barrel, was not from any want of appreciation of its contents. They were very acceptable, as donations of the kind always are, to our Hospital.

DEAR LADIES—I send you another small list of subscribers; I had hoped to get more, but the tightness of the times seem to interfere with our benevolent enterprise.

Now I wish to ask you one question: (I have not the least idea of scolding.) Did you receive a box from me last October? I sent one containing vegetables, and grapes in a smaller one within the larger. I have waited long, and have not seen it acknowledged; and as I was writing, I thought I would ask. If you have not received it, it must be at some of the depots. I have ascertained that it was sent from ours.

With much interest in your cause,
 MRS. S. B. F.

Eleven New Names.

We believe nothing for a whole month, has given us more complete satisfaction, than the receipt of the following letter, from Niagara Falls, with its *eleven new names*, in addition to the renewal of the old list. "E. A. S." has our profound thanks for the interest she manifests in our little paper. If there were only more like her! But there may be more than we think. Who, in reading her letter will emulate her good deeds?

NIAGARA FALLS, Jan. 26, 1870.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS:

DEAR MADAM—Enclosed please find eight dollars and a half (\$8.50), for seventeen copies of your *very* excellent little paper, six of the names being those who have subscribed for it for a year or two past; the remaining eleven, new ones that I have succeeded in adding to the list. I shall endeavor to do for you all that I can, from time to time.

We that have taken the "*Review*" for a time past, have become much interested in it, and do, I think, one and all, wish it much success.

Very respectfully, E. A. S.

More Encouraging Returns.

GROVE PLACE, Feb. 1, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. PERKINS:

Please excuse my negligence in paying for the "Review." To make amends, I send advance for the coming year.

Mrs. P. handed me \$1, which amount she supposed to be due you for her paper.

Very truly yours, H. W.

BROCKPORT, Feb. 2, 1870.

MRS. PERKINS:—I do not remember when I subscribed for the "Hospital Review." I paid for the first year, and will pay the rest when I find out how much I am indebted. MRS. J. C. H.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 2, 1870.

MRS. PERKINS:—Having taken the "Hospital Review" the past year, I wish to renew my subscription again for this year. You will oblige me by forwarding it to me. Enclosed you will find \$1.50. Two of my friends also wish to take your paper. You will please send two copies to me.

MRS. WM. W.

LIVONIA STATION, Feb. 2, 1870.

MRS. P.—How much is my indebtedness to you for the "Hospital Review?" Let me know, and I will try and pay up before that little printed bill comes that I read of.

Yours truly, B. S.

Donations for January.

A Friend—Six Shirts.

A Lady Manager—Shoes and other articles of Clothing.

Mrs. Knight—Seven heads Cabbage.

Mrs. Bristol—Clothes.

Mrs. Morey—Six Shirts and Collars.

Miss Baldwin—A bundle of Old Linen & Cotton.

Mrs. Dr. Strong—Old Cotton.

Miss Green—Old Cotton.

Mrs. C. J. Howland—Old Cotton.

Mrs. G. W. Farnham, Pittsford—Two Mince Pies,

Doughnuts, 1 gallon Milk, half bushel Beets, 1

jar Pickles, 1 can Fruit.

Miss Mary Farnham—One pair Socks.

Mrs. Peter V. Stoothoff—Old Linen and Cotton.

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

Mrs. Wm. F. Evans, Mrs. J. N. Slocum, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. H. N. Griffith, Mrs. E. M. Clarke, Miss Jennie Porter, Mrs. Henry Ware, Mrs. Dr. Ware, Mrs. Henry Clarke, Mrs. D. G. Canfield, Mrs. J. R. Jackson, Mrs. Mumford, Mrs. R. Walker, Miss Emma Pettebone, Miss Libbie Townsend, Miss Libbie Trott, Miss Libbie Simmons, Mrs. Chas. Spencer (2 years), Mrs. J. T. Spencer (2 years), all of Niagara Falls—By Miss Ella Spencer,.....\$10 50

Mrs. Geo. W. Lord, Mrs. Dr. Fenn, Mrs. J. Conzler, Mrs. Calvin Waite (postage), Mrs. John C. Nash (postage)—By Miss Waite, 2 77
Mrs. Wm. Wallace, Mrs. Wm. Daggs, Mrs. Hewer—By Mrs. Wallace,..... 1 50

Mrs. Piffard, Piffard—By Mrs. Levi Ward, \$1 00
Miss Ella Sherwood, Hemlock Lake, Mrs. J. S. Beecher, Livonia—By Mrs. S. B. Fowler,..... 1 00

Ida C. Raplee, Cora M. Raplee, Penn Yan—By Miss I. C. Raplee,..... 1 00

Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks (3 years and postage)—By Mrs. Strong,..... 1 62

Mr. Orange Sackett, Avon, (2 years)—By Mrs. F. Starr,..... 1 00

Mrs. Dr. McCall, Mrs. I. Budlong, Mrs. J. Brown (2 years), Mrs. I. Croft (2 years), Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt (2 years), Mrs. W. H. Hanford—By Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt, Scottsville,..... 4 50

Mrs. N. P. Osborne, Mrs. Sam. Porter, Miss Van Everie, Wm. Davis, Dr. Walters, Dr. J. Requa (3 yrs.), Thos. Rochester (2 yrs.), Mrs. J. Steele (4 years), Mrs. L. A. Ward, (4 years), Mrs. N. A. Stone (2 years), Mrs. Dr. Bennett (4 years), Mrs. Alfred Wright (3 years), Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, (2 years), Miss Maggie McDowell, (4 years), Mrs. Lewis H. Alling (3 years), all with postage.....\$20.32

Miss O. S. Davis, New York; Mrs. A. Roda, Mrs. E. T. Throop Martin, Auburn; Mrs. Orvis; B. Simmers, Livonia Station; Mrs. H. G. Glen—all for 2 years, ..\$7.05.
H. R. Steele (4 years), Honeoye Falls; Mrs. E. A. Loder, Mrs. Renouf, S. W. Jones, Mrs. Edwin Hayes, South Byron, Mrs. Mary Chase, Fairport (75 cents)—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins,.....\$4.00—32 13

Herbert E. Root (2 years), Lottie C. Root, (2 yrs), Chili Centre—By Miss L. C. Root, 2 00

Mrs. Eliza Gates, Mrs. Helen Whitcomb, East Mendon—By Mrs. Eliza Gates,.... 0 60

A. S. Mann & Co., Advertisement—By Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,.....15 00

D. Leary, Advertisement—By Mrs. Mathews 10 00

Mrs. Terand Steadman, Mrs. Homer Taylor, Warren's Corners—By Mrs. S. B. Fowler,..... 1 00

Mrs. S. H. Moore, Mrs. J. B. House, South Byron—By Mrs. J. B. House,..... 1 00

Mrs. George Cummings—By Miss VanEverie 0 50

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Jan. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 100
Received during the month, 36—136
Discharged,.....20
Died,.....1— 21
Remaining Feb. 15, 1870,.. 115

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, "

Children's Department.

A Little Child's Hymn,

FOR NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Thou that once on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me;
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay thy hands about my head:
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn will hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear:
Thou that once on mother's knee,
Wert a little child like me.

How to be Loved.

It was recess at Miss Tenney's school. The whole troop of noisy, happy little children came rushing out to play. A high swing was put up in the yard from one of the branches of an old elm tree, and it was a favorite sport among the little ones, to swing there at recess. A little girl, of about ten summers, ran to the swing, and had just seated herself in it, when one of her companions called out roughly, "Here, Julia, I want to swing; let me have it, I say."

Instead of making a quarrelsome reply, and keeping the swing, which rightfully belonged to her, the little girl jumped immediately out, and said pleasantly—

"Well, Joe, you shall have it; I wouldn't have taken it, but I thought no one else wanted it. Just now you were busy with the squirrels; but I am sure you may have it, so don't look so cross about it."

"Now, Joe Stone, you are too bad!" cried the other children. "Here Julia has not had the swing at all for two days, and now because she gives up so pleasantly, you take it away from her; I declare it is a shame! Come, Julia, you shall have your swing." And they commenced pulling Joseph from his seat.

"O don't take him away just for me," said Julia quickly; "let him have his swing; come and help me push him."

Accordingly, she took hold of the rope, and gave the boy a nice swing. Overcome by her generosity, he lost his sullenness, and at last springing to the ground, he caught Julia in his arms, and thanking her heartily, placed her in the swing, and in his turn pushed her.

"I declare, Julia Thompson, you are the best girl!" said one little voice; "I love you dearly."

"And so do we all!" was the universal cry.

Thus pleased and contented, the little children played happily till recess was over. When the time came for them to recite the spelling lesson, Julia took her place as second in the class. A little girl was above her who came to the class in rather a bad mood, and she spoke rudely to Julia, telling her to "move further down, and give her more room." Without making a fuss, as some children would, Julia quietly moved. When they began to spell, Miss Bell Scudder, the cross young lady at the head, missed. The word was passed on to Julia. She spelt it correctly, and took her place at the head. Bell's anger knew no bounds. She turned with a menacing gesture to Julia, and said she would pay her yet, and then commenced whispering to the other girls against Julia. Miss Tenney called her up for talking, and asked what she said.

"I was saying, ma'am," answered the girl boldly, "that Thompson looked in her book when she spelt that word."

Miss Tenney turned to the child.

"Julia, have you deceived me in that way?"

Julia turned her innocent, surprised face full on her teacher, as she answered firmly but respectfully, "No, ma'am, I did not. Did you ever know me to do so?"

"Children, how many of you saw Julia open her book?"

Not a hand was raised but Bell's.

"Julia, I believe you; you have never

told me an untruth ; we will go on with our lessons as before."

After school the children crowded around Julia. Cries of "How mean in Bell!" "Why don't you scold her for it?" "Tell her mother!" echoed through the group. But Julia answered that Bell was sorry to lose her place, that was what made her act so, and that she knew she felt badly for it now. So she went to see her, and found the child sitting sullenly on the door step.

"Bell, I don't feel cross to you," she said, softly, as she put her arms around her neck and kissed her. But Bell's only answer was a push and a "Get away!"

"Please don't do so," cried Julia once more; "I am sorry if you feel badly."

This was too much, and Bell burst out crying, exclaiming—

"I am dreadfully sorry I told a lie about you. I never will do it again—never. Please forgive me."

The forgiveness was readily granted, and then Julia told her she must ask forgiveness of God, who had been much more grieved by what had been said than *she* had. When the other children came up, they found the two girls with their arms about each other's necks, and talking pleasantly.

"Julia, you're a dear good girl," said one and another, as they separated for the night.

Bell and Julia went home together that night. For a while they walked in silence; then Bell said, "Julia, how is it that you always make every body love you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Julia sweetly. "I suppose it is *because I love them.*"

"I'll tell you," said a voice behind them, and Joe Stone stepped up. "She loves every body, and *always gives up her own pleasure* to make other people happy."

Do our little readers know how to make people love them? Have they ever tried Julia's way? If not, try it now.

[Tract Journal.

When'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly *wish* it done;
Begin at *once* and *do* it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-by,
Is just as well to do it;"
But *present* strength is *surest* strength;
Begin at *once* and do it.

The Schoolboy's Cry to Winter.

"The weather is all a sad mistake,"
Said Sammy to Ned, one day;
"For how can a fellow use a skate,
With ice all melted away?"

"How can he ride on a sled down hill,
Or have a match at ball,
When the grass is dead and brown and bare
And the snow-flakes never fall?"

"Old Winter's mood has melted quite,
His scepter's tumbled down,
His eyes are blind with sunshine bright,
And some one's stolen his crown.

"His sparkling gems have vanished all,
He looks like a lazy old king;
No power his subjects to recall,
Or use his biting sting.

"Our skates and sleds are useless now,
Our bells are sound asleep;
Our mittens warm are flung aside,
We walk in mud knee-deep.

"Call back your subjects, one and all,
O, treacherous Winter King,
And let the boys enjoy your reign
Before you yield to Spring.

"Bring back the fetters which you bind
About the dancing lake,
Bring back the diamonds of your crown
That all your beauty make.

"Wake up! and be a king once more,
And take your royal throne;
Wave your icy scepter o'er
A world that is your own.

"And let us boys enjoy the fun
Before it is too late;
We'll shout your praises while we slide
And sing them while we skate."

H. K. P.

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, 25 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

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PLAIN COLORED SILKS, every desirable shade and color, at moderate prices.

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GREY SILKS and small checks and stripes. Fine assortment and reasonable.

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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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TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

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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 "
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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.

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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.

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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. VI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1870.

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THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

THE EXORCISM.

"I trust she is not dead!" said the schoolmaster, rousing himself. "She may be only stunned!"

Old Squire Champernoun threw himself from his horse, and knelt on the grass beside Madam Corbet, earnestly taking her white hands in his own, and bending over her, to see if she breathed. As he did so, she gave a long soft sigh, and opened her eyes, which, however, seemed to see nothing around her.

"Thank God, she lives!" said the old

gentleman, wiping his own eyes. "Do not weep so bitterly, my good brave lad! I hope all may yet be well. Salvation Yeo, do you and young Dean find the means of making a litter on which Madam can be carried home. Meantime, let her be taken into some house, where she can have proper attention. Dick Dean, your horse is fresh; do you ride off to Biddeford, as fast as you can, and bring the surgeon."

"I had best go with him, may be, father!" said young Champernoun, a lad of sixteen or thereabout. "There may be some of these fellows lurking about the roads, and two are better than one!"

"Do so, dear son; it is well thought of!" said the old Squire. You, Jan Lee, leave-kicking that fellow, but hold him fast!"

"Do you hold him, 'Bijah Yeo!" said Jan. "I shall not be able to keep my hands off him, I know." With which confession of weakness, Jan surrendered Mathew to the custody of an old grizzled sailor, and reverently raising the still unconscious lady in his arms, he asked where he should carry her.

"To my house—to my house—that is nearest!" said the schoolmaster.

Accordingly Madam Corbet was carried into the school house and laid on the bed. Jane Lee and Faith Dean had followed their husbands to the green, and to their care and that of their volunteer assistants, the lady was left, while the men returned to the scene of action.

"Now then bring up that fellow Matthew," said Squire Champernoun. "Me-thinks I have seen that face of his before!"

"Aye, that has your worship, and Master Halliday, too, if he will bethink himself!" said old Abijah Yeo, bringing up his prisoner by main force to where the Squire was standing. "Look at him now and see! Don't hang down your head, man!" he added, addressing Matthew, all whose confident and sanctified manner seemed to have deserted him! "Look his worship in the face! 'Tis not the first time you have been in his company!"

Squire Champernoun looked sharply at Matthew, but with a puzzled expression: "I seem to know him, and yet again I don't!" said he. "Who is he, 'Bijah?"

"Does not your worship recollect the spy who came sneaking into our camp that day at Zutphen, giving himself out to be a poor Englishman, imprisoned by the Inquisition, and telling a cock-and-bull tale about his escape? Our good Sir Phillip smelt him out very soon, and would have had him hanged out of hand, only some of the officers were for keeping him to get farther information from him, and in the confusion of the next day he made his escape!"

"I remember the countenance well!" said the old Squire: "but, 'Bijah, that man was as red as a fox!"

Abijah Yeo quietly lifted from the prisoner's head a craftily constructed wig of long black locks, disclosing a head covered with closely shaven foxy-red hair, and a pair of ears which had clearly been cropped by the hangman's knife! "The fox cannot change his skin!" said he: "but he can steal another!"

"By heaven! 'Tis the very man!" said Master Halliday. "I have more than once been puzzled by something in his face and voice; but the wig changed him so entirely; and I think, too, he has colored his skin!"

"But, Yeo, how happened it that you

never recognized him before?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Because I never saw him near at hand before!" said old Yeo. "I only came home from my two years' voyage to the Levant a week ago. My maid shewed him to me after church on Sunday, and I thought then I knew my man!"

"He has brought his pigs to a poor market this time!" said the old Squire, grimly. "Nay, lads, let us do nothing against the law!" he added, as he saw indications in the men's faces of summary proceedings. There hath been enough of that, and too much! Here, you fellows," he shouted to the villagers, who had again assembled round the liberator of Madam Corbet, but at a respectful distance: "Aye, and you women, too, come near, and see this man, who has led you on to abuse and well nigh murder the lady who has never done you aught but good. Do you see him? Hold up your head, sir; you were bold enough this morning, I dare say. This fellow is a Popish spy—a man who, as you may see, has been in the hangman's hands before, and who would have been hanged then if he had had his deserts."

"My Lady found him out for what he was, long ago, and that was why he hated her!" said Will Atkins. "He was always colloging and whispering with they Drums, by night and by day. More than that, I know Dame Drum had to do with the Gubbings, for I heard them talking in her hut when I listened one night, and she and Tom speak their lingo between themselves."

"Say you so, my lad! But we will have the whole matter inquired into, and those who have set this day's work on foot shall answer for it!" said the old Squire, glancing round on the assembly with flashing eyes, which made more than one man shake in his shoes; and one or two began to excuse themselves in true cowardly style, by throwing the blame elsewhere!

"I never should have thought of such a

thing, only for Dr. Matthew and they Wilkines!" said one.

"And then there were the tales told by Mary, up at the House!" said another. "She was always telling of the strange things that the Lady said and did!"

"And Dame Drum gave it out for certain that the Lady was a white witch at the least!"

"Dame Drum!" said Jan Lee, answering the last speaker with a tone of supreme contempt. "Couldn't you use your eyes and ears?"

"But the lad is bewitched—you can't deny that, Master Lee, nor his worship neither," said a little sharp-faced man, the shop-keeper of the hamlet. "And his troubles came on him the very minute he had drunk the milk my Lady gave him with her own hands!"

"That is true!" said Mathew, fancying he saw an opening for once more turning the tide in his own favor. "The boy is bewitched, and the Lady has done it, and it is she who hath put this appearance upon me, to deceive your eyes. I—"

"Don't you dare to take my Lady's name on your lips!" cried the old Squire, unbottling at once the wrath he had heretofore kept in check. "Do you give me the lie to my face, you villain? I tell you I should know you any where—yes, among a thousand, as the man who did his best to betray us to the Spaniards, and would have succeeded too but for Sir Phillip Sidney, who could see deeper into the millstone than most of us. Wretch that you are, I can scarce keep my hands off you. You are a convicted spy and traitor to your Queen—King, I mean—and you shall swing for it, or my name is not John Champennoun. If the boy is bewitched, it is you who have done the mischief, and not Madam, who is as pure as an angel. Whom have you here, Jan Lee?" as Jan approached, half leading, half carrying the possessed boy, who still kept up his contortions and groans.

"This is Tom Drum, your worship, the author of all this stir, and the tool, as I believe, of this man here. I would your worship would leave me to deal with him! If I don't drive the devil out of him, may I never see blue water again!"

"Do as you will!" said the Squire.

Jan turned to his nephew: "Willy, do you run to the school house and bring me the schoolmaster's birch rod!"

"The new one, Willy!" added the schoolmaster, who had got his head bound up, and reappeared among the spectators, with his usual calm face and formal manner, as if nothing had happened.

"You approve, then, of what Jan intends to do, Master Halliday!" asked the Squire.

"It hath ever been the opinion of those who have studied the subject, that corporal castigation is of use in these cases!" replied the schoolmaster, with grave formality. "The punishment being applied to the person of the possessed, is suffered vicariously by the possessor, and induces him to abandon his hold on his victim. Wherefore, I council thee, Jan Lee, to lay on lustily, since if the lad is bewitched, the medicine of the rod is best for his case, and if he is not, nobody will deny that he richly deserves the swinging—as do some others, who shall not miss their deserts!" added the schoolmaster, casting a glance round him which boded no good to certain juvenile rioters.

At first, Tom was determined to stand out, but half a dozen applications of the birch from Jan's stout hands, changed his mind. He first whimpered, and then belled and kicked lustily.

"Do not spare!" said the schoolmaster. "These appearances are merely deceptive, and caused by the evil spirit. In a case of true possession the patient himself feels no pain."

Tom howled louder than ever, as the birch again descended. "Oh, Master Lee, let me go, let me go, and I'll never do so

no more! Oh! oh! I do feel the blows, indeed I do! I made it all! Oh, Master Lee, I'll own all, if you will only let me go!"

"Give him a chance to confess, daddy!" said Will Atkins, who began to feel sorry for Tom. "Any how, he is only a tool of greater scamps than himself."

Jan suspended the rod, still holding Tom fast by his shoulders. "Make a clean breast of it, then!" said he. "Who put the toad in the milk?"

"I did!" said Tom, sullenly.

"For what, then?"

"To make them think it was a spell of Madam's!"

"What did you mean by saying that you saw Madam walking in the Abbey church yard with an evil spirit?" demanded Jan. Tom did not answer, and Jan gave him a shake. "Speak, or I shall find means to make you. Was not that one of your lies?"

"Yes!" said Tom, sullenly.

"And all your actions this morning were mere pretense to get Madam into trouble?"

"Yes!" said Tom again.

"But why did you do so?" asked the old Squire: "What harm had Madam done to you or yours, that you spite her so?"

"She hindered Granny from getting her share of the dole at Christmas!" answered Tom, sullenly: "and she hindered the maids from coming to have their fortunes told. And besides, Watty Corbet always spited me. He would not play with me, and he knocked me down and broke my head!"

"Yes, when you were setting the dog on poor Dame Hurst!" said Will Atkins. "I know you said then that you would be revenged on him, and I warned him as to this very thing!"

"By the way, where is Watty all this time?" asked the Squire.

"He has gone to the Revels!" answered Will.

Tom hung down his head to hide a malicious grin.

"And how happened it that you did not go?" asked the Master of Will. "You and Walter are usually as inseparable as Damon and Pythias."

"My nephew had business at home!" said Jan, briefly. Neither he nor Will had any desire to expose Walter's weakness, and he did not say that Will's only business was to watch over the safety of Madam Corbet, or that he had expressly warned Walter of his mother's danger.

"It was a lucky business, whatever it was, that kept the lad at home!" said the old Squire. "But for your nephew's presence of mind and promptness in action, this matter might have ended worse than it has done already."

"The matter would not have been begun if I had had my wits about me!" returned Will, bluntly. If I had not been such an owl as to believe Jack Wilkin, and go off on a fool's errand to the farm, I should have been at hand to save Madam of her peril!"

"What was that?" asked the Squire.

Will repeated the tale of the way he had been deceived by the news of his sister's condition.

"I do not see that you were at all to blame in the matter, my lad!" said the Squire, when the tale was ended. "It was natural and right that you should think first of your sister, especially as you knew her to be ill. But this matter shall be sifted to the very bottom. Well, Salvation Yeo, have you the litter ready?"

"Yes, your worship, but the women think it better not to move my Lady till the doctor comes:" replied Salvation. "Her own woman is come down from the House, and is in attendance upon her."

"Has Madam spoken?"

"Not yet, but she seems to be reviving. Here comes my uncle and Thomas Dean, with a fellow we caught lurking behind the church and peeping out!"

"Have him up, and let us look at him!" said the Squire.

The man was brought forward accordingly, an ill looking fellow enough. He was recognised at once by several bystanders, as one of the strangers who had first raised the cry against the Lady.

"I see him coming from Dame Drum's hut this very morning as ever was!" said a woman. "I had been sitting up with Mary Jane, as was brought to bed of twins yesterday, and fine lad babies they be, as ever I see; and I was coming home, as it might be in the grey of the mornin', and I see this man a comin' out of Dame Drum's door! I'd swear to the size of un, an' the stoop in man's shoulders, any day; besides, I know his face."

"And I've seen him afore!" added an old fisherman, peering into the face of the prisoner. "As sure as you live, Squire, 'tis one of they Gubbings as used to live up on the edge of the Moor yonder, till my Lord and the Captain drove them out. I have seen him many a time. I heard they swore vengeance on my Lord and all his family, but specially on the Captain."

"I never see you afore in all my days!" said the prisoner.

"Hark to him!" exclaimed the old man. "Don't his speech tell what he is! They Gubbings are at the bottom of this business, Squire; and old Mother Drum belongs to 'em; that you may be sure of!"

"I should not wonder if you were right, Daddy!" said the Squire, "but we shall see. Meantime let our prisoners be put into confinement, and let a guard be set over this lad and the old woman. And, as for you village men and lads who have helped on this thing, you have had a fine dance after the devil's pipe this morning, and now you have got to pay the piper. My Lord will be at home in a few days, and we shall see what he will say to them who have so abused his kinswoman."

The men began to look at each other with blank faces, and the little shop-keep-

er, who had put in a plea for Tom Drum, looked most scared of all. He had been anticipating a grand addition to his profits from the servants at the great House, and had indulged dreams of supplying spices and other matters to the housekeeper; and these anticipations had led him to lay in a larger and more expensive stock than he had ever ventured on before. He began to see his golden dreams rapidly vanishing in the sour breath of my Lord's displeasure, and ruin staring him in the face. He endeavored feebly to excuse himself, but the Squire cut him short!

"I will have no excuses!" he said, sternly. "The day draws to a close, and I have much to do. If it had been any one else, I might have had some patience with you, mayhap, for this whole nation is bedeviled on the matter of witches, I think; and there is no reason why you should not be as great fools as your neighbors; but, that you should turn on Madam Corbet—a lady whose whole life has been one work of kindness and charity among you—a lady who never in all her life gave willingly pain to any human creature——" The Squire's voice broke down, and he blew his nose fiercely. "Go about your business, every man of you!" he shouted. "I will trust none of you. You, Abijah Yeo, pick you out a squad of men whom you know, to guard the prisoners. Jan Lee, do you the same, and watch round Schoolmaster's house till Madam is able to be removed. Nephew, ride you back to the Hall, explain matters to my wife, and bring down with you two or three of the men. I will myself remain here!"

"Should not some one be sent to meet young Corbet, and bring him home?" asked the schoolmaster. "Madam will be certain to ask for her son the first thing. I am not altogether easy in my mind about the boy!" he added in a lower tone to the Squire. "This seems to have been a deep laid plot and nobody can tell how far it may extend."

"You are right; you are right!" said the Squire, hastily. "Here comes my son Phillip, with the surgeon! Phillip, my lad, do you take a fresh horse and a companion with you, and ride to the road to Langham. Find Walter Corbet—he will be coming homeward about this time—and bring him back with you. See that your arms are in order, and keep a good look out!"

The surgeon looked rather grave when he heard the story, and asked to be taken at once to the patient. After an examination, he announced that the injuries, tho' severe, were not dangerous. Madam Corbet had recovered her senses by this time, and begged to be taken home. She seemed so anxious about the matter that the doctor consented, and she was tenderly laid on the litter which had been prepared, and carried up to the Hall.

"Has my son returned?" was her first question.

"No, my Lady, not yet, but it is full early!" said the old serving-man. "I doubt if any of the Revelers have returned as yet!"

Madam Corbet was taken to her own room, and laid in bed. She was quite herself now, calm and collected as ever.

"Where is Mary?" was her next question.

"I am sure I neither know nor care, Madam!" returned the old housekeeper, firing up—"so she is out of my sight. The jade—but I will give it to her! To be telling such tales of the mistress, who was like a mother to her."

"Hush, hush, my good woman!" said the surgeon, imperatively. "Your lady must be kept quiet, or I will not answer for the consequences."

Prudence bit her lip, but love for her mistress was stronger than any other consideration, and she held her tongue.

Phillip Champernoun and his companions set out on the Langham road without delay. They met plenty of people coming

from the Revels, among them the Parson and his wife; but though they rode all the way to Langham, and questioned every body they came across, they could hear no news of Walter, after he had left the inn where he had stabled his pony. On their way homeward, they overtook Jerry Wilkins, and remembering his brother Dick's connection with the rioters, Phillip Champernoun had no hesitation in taking him into custody. Jerry persisted in saying that he had not seen Walter, and knew nothing of what had happened, but he contradicted himself more than once, and was evidently terribly scared when he heard the result of the riot, and that his brother and the Drums were in custody. He begged hard to be set at liberty, but in vain. Phillip held him fast, and he was soon lodged in the prison where two or three of the other rioters were confined—a disused apartment belonging to the Church. Here they were strongly guarded by a number of the fishermen, headed by old Abijah Yeo, while another set of men kept watch at Corby End.

"My mind misgives me that this is a sore business for Walter!" said the schoolmaster, when he heard that Phillip Champernoun had returned with no tidings. "Walter was too ready with his tongue and his fists not to make enemies, and the Gubbings would hate him for his father's sake."

"Those Wilkinses always hated him, and so did Tom Drum!" said Will Atkins. "I don't believe he would have gone to the Revels but for them. Oh, Watty, Watty, why would you not hear me? But you shall be revenged, if I die for it!"

"Hush, dear lad. Do not speak of vengeance!" said the schoolmaster. "Let us be content with justice, and be sure that will fall heavily enough on these poor misguided people!"

The gayest smilers are often the saddest weepers.

For the Hospital Review.

Clipped and 'Prisoned.

"Soul," I said, "dear Soul, sing unto me a song,
On this fine morning of a tuneful June;
When hearts of birds are bursting with their joy
To give their poem's melody a tune.

"When flowers are singing too, their sweetest
notes,

Which you must hear on restful days like these,
And leaves breathe anthems holiest and pure,
Through all the dim aisled splendor of the trees.

"When clouds like 'phantom ships' sail through
the blue

Deep ocean vastness of the far off skies—
Whose solemn stillness is a song unborn
To mortal hearing, dulled by earth's sad cries.

"The birds, flowers, leaves, and drifting clouds,
All laden from the Fount of Harmony,
Have failed not, Soul, but thou, O more divine
Than one of these, hath breathed no melody."

And my soul answered, "Can a songful bird,
When raptured from the wood its heart loved
best,

And placed in prison bare, with pinions clipt,
Give forth the music of its native nest?

"Can pining sit and sing in wanton mirth?
Forget its longings for the trees in song—
Forget the freedom that was all its life?
Disdain its fetters, and forget its wrong?

"Some say, a Hand shall beckon me to come,
From out the darkness, to immortal June—
Where golden sunlight, and angelic airs,
Shall bid my music blossom into tune.

"Ah! dear some day, from bonds and bondage free,
Free as the bird this June day sits aglee;
Free as the air and sunshine—free as God
Meant all the children of His care to be!"
"Roy."

THE RIGHT PERSUASION.—A soldier lay dying in the hospital, in terrible agony. A visitor asked him: "What church are you of?" "Of the Church of Christ," he replied. "I mean of what persuasion are you?" "Persuasion," said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Savior: "I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

Wrong on both Sides.

The subjoined extracts from *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, by Rev. Geo. Macdonald, read in the light of recent circumstances, will perhaps answer the question of Who is the sinner? in a manner new to some of our readers. We commend it to the careful attention of the young. — *Ed. Advocate & Guardian*.

That you have had wrongs, and bitter wrongs, I do not for a moment doubt. And him who has done you most wrong you will not forgive?

"No."

"Not not even for the sake of Him who, hanging on the tree, after all the bitterness of blows, and whipping, and derision, and rudest gestures and taunts, even when the faintness of death was upon Him, cried to His Father to forgive their cruelty? He asks you to forgive the man who wronged you, and you will not—not even for Him! Oh! Catharine, Catharine?"

"It is very easy to talk, Mr. Walton," she returned, with forced but cool scorn.

"Tell me then," I said, "have *you* nothing to repent of? Have *you* done no wrong in this same miserable matter?"

"I do not understand you, sir," she said freezingly, petulantly, not sure perhaps, or unwilling to believe, that I meant what I did mean. I was fully resolved to be plain with her now.

"Catharine Weir," I said, "did not God give you a house to keep fair and pure for Him? Did you keep it such?"

"He told me lies," she cried fiercely, with a cry that seemed to pierce through the storm over our heads up toward the everlasting justice. "He lied, and I trusted. For his sake I sinned, and he threw me from him."

"You gave him what was not yours to give. What right had you to cast your pearl before a swine? But dare you say it was all for his sake you did it? Was it all self denial? Was there no self indulgence?"

She made a broken gesture of lifting her hands to her head, let them drop by her side, and said nothing.

"You knew you were doing wrong. You felt it even more than he did: for God made you with a more delicate sense of purity, with a shrinking from the temptation, with a womanly foreboding of disgrace, to help you to hold the cup of your honor steady, which yet you dropped on the ground. Do not seek refuge in the cant about a woman's weakness. The

strength of a woman is as needful to her womanhood as the strength of man is to his manhood; and a woman is just as strong as she will be. And now, instead of humbling yourself before your Father in heaven, whom you have wronged more than your father on earth, you rage over your injuries, and cherish hatred against him who wronged you. But I will go yet farther, and show you, in God's name, that you wronged your seducer; for you were his keeper, as he was yours. What if he had found a noble-hearted girl, who also trusted him entirely, just until she knew she ought not to listen to him a moment longer, who, when his love showed itself less than human, caring but for itself, rose in the royalty of her maidenhood, and looked him in the face—would he not have been ashamed before her, and so before himself, seeing in the glass of her dignity his own contemptibleness? But instead of such a woman, he found you, who let him do as he would. No redemption for him in you. And now he walks the earth the worse for you, defiled by your spoil, glorying in his poor victory over you, despising all women for your sake, unrepentant and proud, ruining others the easier that he has already ruined you."

In the Grave.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

When I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping,
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests
Like full hearts break, [rushing
When the swollen streams o'er crag and gully
Sad music make, [gushing
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms
Burst through that clay, [twining
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creatures sleeping,

The great and small,
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crowned,
Will there be one there versed in misery's story,
Pacing it round?

It may be so; but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such need,
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wallings of to-day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And, though thy bosom should with grief be swel-
Let no tear start; [ling,
It were in vain, for Time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1870.

Are we Doing or Dreaming?

We are sometimes staggered, when the private lives of great men are unfolded to us, men whose noble and lofty utterances have inspired the world—to find how mean, how petty, how base they really were. The question arises—can they express sentiments so powerfully as to move others, as they do, without feeling them? We think not. "To move others, we must first ourselves be moved." We believe it is possible to feel a great deal, and the feeling be to little purpose, and indeed may prove a positive injury to ourselves, however much good it may do others, unless it move us to personal action. We must live and make real our dreams. There is danger even among clergymen of being better at preaching than practicing. Paul felt this danger, when he said—"Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I, myself, should be a castaway." It is not necessary to doubt the genuine-

ness of these emotions. As the unhappy Lady Byron said of her gifted, but fearfully depraved husband—"The angel was in him, it is in us all." Undoubtedly, in most gifted natures, noble elements are strong—and to a fine imagination, wrought upon by a warm imagination, lofty sentiments glow and fill the soul. The angel breathes and gives glory to the poet's vision, and to the orator's burning words. Those who read, and those who listen, are stirred to noble deeds and their lives made better by them. But alas! too often the result seems to have been the reverse upon themselves and it is a strange fact, that this very poet, this very orator, if we knew them intimately, might so shock us with the inconsistencies—the cowardice—the petty selfishness—of their daily lives that we should believe all their fine sentiments a sham. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of sham and pretense and affectation of this sort in the world; but it is not always true that one does not really possess noble sentiments because inconsistent with them, and under the control of baser ones. It is a most curious fact, that all fine emotions which do not result in action, actually harden our natures. We are no metaphysicians, and cannot understand *why* this should be so, but it is an old and long accepted fact. This is the most serious argument brought against novel-reading, that a great deal of feeling and sympathy are called out without any practical benefit; and in this way sensibilities are blunted.

Understanding this, and as an offset to it, Rogers, in his Greyson Letters, suggests to his novel-reading niece, that "she keep a debtor and credit account of sentimental indulgence and practical benevolence, with occasional memoranda, running thus: "For the sweet tears I shed over the romantic sorrows of Charlotte Devereux, sent three basins of gruel and a flannel petticoat to poor old Molly Brown." The suggestion, although playfully made, is a good one, founded upon the truest philosophy. Sen-

timent is nothing, or rather worse than nothing, unless it leads us to action—and to put in practice its suggestions. A friend was once telling us of a lady of her acquaintance who, from her varied experience, had learned to place no faith whatever in people of "fine feelings," especially poetical people. She always expected them to fail where any practical service or self-denial was required. One illustration, among others she gave in defence of her position, was of a visit made her at her beautiful country residence, one summer, by a brother and sister, devotedly attached to each other. The brother was taken ill, and indeed for a long time lay as it were, between life and death. The sister expressed all proper sisterly sympathy and anxiety, in words and looks, and tones and *flowers*—but, as the lady sarcastically remarked—"she was a poet." She did not take her place by his bedside—the lady herself did that. She did not give up her daily rambles and her revelings, over the beautiful grounds—she needed the soothing calm of nature for her sorrows—but her friend, the lady in question, took her position by her sick brother's bedside, and watched by him day and night. After his recovery, and their return to their city home, the lady received, along with many overwhelming expressions of gratitude, for her ministrations to her brother, a very beautiful poem, in which the whole event was so touchingly wrought, that she said "it would bring tears to your eyes, if you had not known as I did, that I took all the care of her brother, while she dreamed and poetized." But this could not be true of all our poets. We have shining illustrations to the contrary. Of our own sweet poet, Whittier, it is said—that his daily life is a more beautiful poem than even his loveliest verses.

It is true, however, that we do suspect people who are given to outgushing expressions of fine sentiment and feeling. There is, as we said before, not only a great

deal of sham in the world, but there is still more of warm, genuine sentiment, which is worse than worthless, because not put into use. It spends itself in words rather than in deeds, and the soul it was intended to elevate, becomes instead, harder than a nether millstone. The coldest, the stoniest, the most unimpressible hearts in the world, it is said, are those which were once the tenderest, the keenest, the fullest of all that is most beautiful in impulse and affection; but whose wealth has been wasted—whose finest feelings have been turned in upon themselves instead of blessing others, and whose souls have been seared over and over, by that hardening process of giving play to every emotion, without the guidance of principle, or without practical benefit to others.

It is very easy to sit at ease and congratulate ourselves upon how much we feel for the sufferings and sorrows of others—and how much we *would* do for them if we could—how much more than a great many we can think of—and to draw plans which we would carry out if we were rich. There is something very grand and captivating, in these and similar reveries. But we cannot watch ourselves too carefully. Let us be afraid of our benevolence, which leads us to rest satisfied with what we *would* do, and let us judge of it by what we are willing *now*, by self-denial, to do. Let us fear, in fact, every feeling and every emotion, however noble and beautiful, which does not seek to express itself in *deeds*. Even "faith without works is dead."

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.

Correspondence.

A Model Letter.

This little letter is in such charming contrast with some it has been our fate to receive, that we publish it, hoping that our readers will take it for a model. Weary and discouraged as we sometimes get, the spirit and tone here manifested are very refreshing:

MRS. PERKINS:

If I am remiss in my subscriptions to your interesting Paper, give me a "dun" oftener—but don't fail to send the sheet. Yours,
Lake Ave. MRS. A. B.

There is a great deal of truth in what Mrs. F. suggests in the following. We know that our subscription list might be greatly increased, if our readers would all adopt her plan:

LIVONIA, Feb. 18, 1870.

Dear Ladies:

Enclosed, you will find one dollar, for two more copies of the "Review." You may think it strange that I send you again so soon. I will give you the new plan which I have adopted, namely: When my friends are visiting me, I introduce to them your little paper. That reveals to them, in part, the workings of your noble Institution and, with a little urging, they quietly yield to our wishes and the merits of the cause. Now, I will add, that, with like effort or any other, only that the object is accomplished, we might increase your subscription vastly, and aid you much in extending your usefulness.

Yours, for the good of humanity,

MRS. S. B. F.

P. S. Mrs. S. P. does not receive her paper of late. Will you please see to it? Also, she wants the two back numbers, as her little son is so interested in that continued story, he cannot bear to lose any part. S. B. F.

Will not some one in Pittsford, who reads this letter, assist Mrs. F. in finding subscribers, or, better still, enlist as regular agent for us?

PITTSFORD, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1870.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS:

Enclosed, find \$2.00, the amount due for my subscription on "Review," from July, 1866, to July, 1870. I hardly know of any one to suggest to make collections here for the "Review." If my health would permit, I should be glad to make the effort myself. I will at least do what I can, to get new subscribers for your valuable little paper, as I wish it might be taken by every family in Pittsford. Yours truly,

MRS. G. W. F.

SOUTH BYRON, Feb. 20, 1870.

Dear Madam :

Enclosed, please find one dollar, to pay for the "Review" for this year. Also, please send it to my friend Mrs. L. H. M., South Byron. I took it last year, and am very much interested in what you are doing for the sick and afflicted. I mean to do more for you in inducing people to subscribe.

Your well-wisher,

Mrs. L. B. H.

We are sorry to lose our friend Ida from our list of agents, but if so it must be, we appreciate her thoughtfulness in securing some one to fill her place :

PENN YAN, Feb. 23, 1870.

DEAR MRS. PERKINS :

Please again excuse the delay in answering your kind letter. I have at last found willing hands to take up the work which I was obliged to lay down. Miss Jennie Oliver, of this place, promises to renew the subscriptions, as far as in her power. Hoping that she may soon send you a better account than I could,

I remain, respectfully, your friend,

IDA C. R.

Donations for Feb. and March.

Miss Sarah S. Starr—One year's No. of "Hours at Home," for the Library.
Miss Curtiss—Books.
Mrs. Ives and neighbors, Batavia—Quantity of Baby's Clothing.
Mrs. Little—Pickles.
Mrs. Chambers—Pickles.
Mrs. C. F. Weaver—Tomato Pickles, Clothing, old Cotton, and Oranges.
Mrs. William Pitkin—Bundle of old Clothing, 4 bottles of Wine.
Mrs. Ives, Batavia—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Levi Ward—Pickles and Tomatoes.
Mrs. E. F. Hewer—Quantity of Baby Clothing.
Mrs. C. P. Wright—Quantity of Baby Clothing.

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

Mrs. Henry Cribben—By L. F. Hyne,\$.50
Mrs. B. Pratt—By Miss Nellie Pixley,62
Mr. Orange Sackett, Avon (4 years)—By Mrs. F. Starr, 2.00
Mrs. C. F. Weaver (2 years),—By Miss Hibbard, 1.00
Mrs. Dr. Jewett, Canandaigua (3 years)—By C. W. Dixon, 1.50
Dwight A. Whitney, Adrian, Mich.—By Mrs. C. A. Kellogg,50
Mrs. Job Whipple, Mrs. S. W. Howard, Brockport—By Mrs. J. Whipple, 1.00
Miss Lottie I. Wright (4 years), Mrs. T. M. Griffith (4 years), Mrs. J. Tryon (3 years), Miss Fleming, Lewiston, (3 years),—By Miss Wright, 7.00
Miss Kelly, Mrs. Kitty Brown, Rhinebeck; Mrs. Hattie Middlebrook, Oswego; Mrs. Mary C. Wight, New York City; Mrs. Peter Green, Brooklyn—By Mrs. Arner, 2.50
Mrs. Phebe E. Brooks, Brooks Grove—By Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger,50

Mrs. W. P. Hawkins (4 years, \$2.12), Mrs. L. T. Howard (4 years, \$2.38), Fairport, —By Mrs. M. Chase, 4.50
Mary Cox, Scottsville, (2 years)—By Mrs. Renouf, 1.00
Mrs. W. H. Ward (2 years), Miss Newell (4 years), Mrs. J. W. Adams (\$5.00), Mrs. H. S. Brewer (2 years,) Mrs. J. Adams, Mrs. E. D. Brown (2 years), Mrs. E. Loop, Mrs. Roscoe B. Ashley (3 years), Mrs. Augustus Brown (2 years), Julius T. Andrews (3 years), Miss M. A. Moses (2 years), Mrs. E. G. Billings (2 years), Mrs. Edward Ray, Mrs. M. B. Breck (3 years), Miss Carrie Rogers — all with post- age,\$22.12
Mrs. G. W. Farnham, Pittsford (4 y'rs), Mrs. E. E. Sill, E. A. Taylor, Mrs. C. M. Lee, (2 y'rs), Mrs. A. Bier (2 y'rs), Miss Hattie H. Lacy, Avon (3 years); Miss M. A. Welton, West Bloomfield (4 years); Freddie Straub, Conesus Centre; Mrs. Gilbert Alberts, Manlius (3 y'rs); Mrs. Ettie Vance (2 years), Mrs. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station (2 years); George B. Stone, Adams Basin; Mrs. Wm. Zeereld (2 years), Miss Sarah Shelton (4 y'rs), Miss C. P. Brooks, Brooks Grove (4 years); Mrs. J. A. Pray, Mt. Morris (3 years); Mrs. John Howes, Brockport—By Mrs. Perkins, ...\$19.95—42.07
I. H. Sanderson, Advertisement, \$5; Moore & Cole, Advertisement, \$10—By Mrs. Perkins, 15.00
Curran & Goler, Advertisement—By Mrs. Mathews, 5.00

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Feb. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 115
Received during the month, 17—132
Discharged, 23
Died, 5— 28
Remaining Mar. 15, 1870, .. 104

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 23, 1870,
Mrs. Susan Clark, aged 38 years.
February 25th, Alonzo Fairchilds, aged 38 years.
March 5th, S. H. Adams, aged 25 years.
March 7th, Frederick W. Eales, aged 53 years.
March 7th, Lossen McGarry, aged 42 years.

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, "

Children's Department.

The Flowers on a Frolic.

WINTER once fell fast asleep
On a New Year's Day,
And slept so soundly that the flowers
Ventured out to play.

Hidden away in dark caves
They for weeks had lain;
It would be nice, they thought,
To come up again.

First they peeped—then they laughed—
Never was such fun;
Violets with their purple caps
Capered in the sun.

Periwinkle's sweet blue eyes
Danced with life and joy,
White and yellow crocuses,
May-buds fair and coy,

Daffodils in orange silk,
Hyacinths in green;
Such a pretty, merry sight
Ne'er before was seen!

And while they sported there,
Happy as the day,
Up rose Winter from his lair,
Grim and stern and gray.

Tweaked the violet's purple caps,
Pinched the May-buds fair.
Turned the crocus blossoms pale
With his freezing air.

Poor flowers! pretty flowers!
'Twas a sorry sight—
All their sweet, unconscious ranks
Scattered in affright.

All their merry gambols o'er,
Glad to shrink and run
Underneath the friendly earth
Till the Spring should come.

Learn a lesson, little ones:
Winter never sleeps;
Though he slumbering seems, he still
One eye open keeps.

Stay at home another time,
And don't come out flocking
Till you hear at the door
April's gentle knocking.

From Our Record.

The Record of a Drummer Boy.

"It is only a drummer boy," was echoed by the voice of the careless crowd, as the body of little Willie Gray was borne through the streets of Alexandria on a litter; "He was drowned in the river to-day, while bathing.

Willie Gray was the son of a poor widow residing in the city of New York. In the summer he sold papers, so that in the winter he might pay for his schooling with the money he earned.

One evening he returned from his rounds through the city, looking more thoughtful and sober than usual. The quick eye of a loving mother soon discovered the untasted supper and downcast look; so, brushing the light curly hair from his forehead with a gentle hand, she gazed earnestly and long into his deep blue eyes. This look stole from his heart the confession that had been lying at its door for so many long days.

"Mother, I want to be a drummer boy, and the Ninety-first Regiment leaves for Alexandria to-morrow. You know, mother, I will not need to spend all my pay, and I will send most of it home. You will not be lonely when I am gone, for sister will be left. Then after the war is over I will come back a grown man. You will never have to teach music any more; I will take care of you and sister just as father did, when he was living."

The mother's drooping eye-lids quivered, and for a moment her heart rebelled at so great a sacrifice; but her voice was firm and calm when she replied: "My son, if the Lord asks that from me, I have no right to say no. I cheated myself too long with the hope you would never grow old, and I could always keep you." And she folded him to her heart as though she would keep him there forever.

The next farewell was spoken; and Willie, with his Bible next his heart, (the parting gift of his mother), was fast wending his way to the scene of conflict and temptation. He soon became a great favorite among his comrades. Everybody loved the brave, true-hearted boy.

The great ships, laden with the sick and wounded, rocked quietly upon the bosom of the river. Here Willie lay,—dying, and so far from home. Only the one word "Mother," and the struggle is over.

As the hour draws near for tattoo, many

a soldier draws his rough sleeve over his eyes to hide the tears for their lost favorite The drum major has stolen quietly into the cabin, and is now gazing for the last time upon the form of his little comrade. As one tear after another falls across the furrows of that care-worn face, his eye rests upon a bright golden curl, peeping from beneath Willie's blouse. He draws from the pocket a mother's parting gift, the Bible. The water has saturated it, and cemented between its folds is one bright curl, "for mother."

If, in your wanderings, you should chance to pass through the soldier's burying ground at Alexandria, you will see written on a black head-board in white letters, the words:

WILLIE, THE DRUMMER BOY, 91st NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS."

If curiosity should lead you to examine still further, you will find written at the base of the board, where the tall grass almost hides it from view, this farewell sentence: "Willie, I leave for the field of battle to-night, and it is my earnest prayer, that if God should call my soul from earth, it may be carried in your angel arms to heaven."

From the Advocate and Guardian.

Gentle Nellie.

You never heard her slam the door,
Nor cups and saucers clash;
Nor throw up with a sudden jerk
The sliding window-sash.

You never saw her throw a book
With force upon the ground,
And rush, with bonnet by the string,
And ringlets all unbound.

You never heard impetuous words
Of anger from her lips;
Nor felt the sting of furious blows
Dropped from her finger-tips.

And would you know the reason why?
She is a Christian-child,
And knows if she would please her Lord,
She must be meek and mild.

Sweet, pleasant words she ever speaks,
And gentle are her ways;
Oh, beautiful my Nellie is,
And happy are her days.

Notice.

The Treasurer requests us to state, that the receipts for the "Review," the past month, in response to her bills, and all money received for subscriptions, will be given in our regular "Receipts for the Review." The object of publishing this list from month to month, is to obviate the necessity and to lessen the labor of sending special acknowledgments to each individual. Any one, therefore, sending remittances to the Treasurer, may look to see them acknowledged, not directly by her, but in the next issue of "the Review."

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.

Agents.

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

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
" Mrs. 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.

Advertisements.

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Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter column,.....	\$10 00
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A Column contains eight Squares.

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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. VI

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL, 1870.

No. 9.

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IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

NEWS.

Early the next morning, before it was fairly light, Will Atkins, who had staid at Corby-End all night, rose and wandered out into the wood near the house. A sprinkling of the snow, which had fallen so heavily on the high moor, here hardly covered the ground and was already beginning to melt. Every thing looked wet and uncomfortable in the chill grey morning light, and Will's heart was full of grief and anxiety. As he looked up at the windows of my lady's room, where a faint light was

still burning, and thought of the news which might meet the Captain, now daily expected home from his voyage—as he thought of Walter, whom he loved with all the devotion of a boy's first friendship, lying dead under the snows on the Moor or sold into helpless slavery, his self-command gave way. He burst into tears, and leaning his head against a tree beside the path, he wept long and bitterly.

"It was my fault," Will said to himself, in the wilfulness of grief. "If I had managed better he would have staid at home, and all this might never have happened."

He was roused from his sorrowful musings at last, by the presence of a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. Vexed that any one should witness his tears, he turned round suddenly, and it was with a momentary sensation of fear that he saw Dame Hurst standing by his side.

"What brings you here so early, good Mother?" said he, recovering himself in a moment. "This is no place for you, and I warn you, do not venture into the village. There has been trouble enough already."

"I bring not trouble but help, I trust!" said the old woman. "But tell me how is the dear lady, at the house, yonder? Is she not wearying for news from her son?"

"I have not seen or heard from her this morning!" replied Will. "The doctor thought last night, she might survive the blows she had, only for her trouble about

Walter. Do you know any thing of him, Dame?" he asked, eagerly. "Oh, if you will but tell me that he is alive and well, I will do any thing for you!"

Walter is alive and safe, and I trust will soon be well again!" said Dame Hurst. "My errand here was to bring his mother news of him. But what about the Lady? Has any mischief befallen her?"

In a few hasty words Will told her what had happened the day before. The old woman nodded.

"This was what Walter feared the worst!" said she: "but I trust the villains will be come up with. Let me on to the house, good lad, and bring me in if you can by some back way. Who is at the house?"

"Old Squire Champernoun and his son, with my uncle and some of the fisher lads. I can take you round to the little side door which opens to the garden."

"Nay, if the old Squire is there, I fear nothing!" said Dame Hurst. "He is a good gentleman, though something hasty. Bring me to speak to him, dear lad, as soon as you can!"

Great was the amazement of Jan Lee and the other men assembled round the fire in the great Hall, when Will came in, leading old Dame Hurst: and great though subdued the rejoicing when it was understood that she brought tidings of the missing boy. One hastened to set the old woman in the warmest corner by the fire, and relieve her of her wet mantle, and another to bring her a cup of warm ale. There was perhaps as much of fear as of love in their attentions, for Dame Hurst's supernatural powers were fully believed in by all her acquaintance. She had worked wonderful cures, that was certain, and it seemed altogether probable that one who had cured a man of rheumatism in his feet and ancles, by a charm so simple as a bath of briar-wood ashes, might bring the same plague on any one who offended her, by some means apparently quite as easy. At any

rate, it was best to keep on the safe side of her, at least for the present.

Meantime, Will heard from the butler, that the old Squire was up and in the sitting room, whither he repaired without delay. The sight of Madam's pretty orderly room, with her work-table, and her embroidery lying just where she had laid it down the day before, brought her image vividly to Will's mind and a great lump to his throat, as he thought he might perhaps never see her in her accustomed seat again.

"Well, good morning, my Paladin!" said the hearty voice of the old Squire. "Truly you deserve the grace of knighthood as well as any hero of the round table, only knighthood has come to be no great grace in these days. You should have lived in the times of our good Queen. What, crying! Nay, I must not have that!"

"I am not crying, your worship!" returned Will, rather indignantly; and swallowing hard at that obstinate lump, "only coming suddenly into Madam's room, where I have so often seen her and Master Walter—" The lump would not be swallowed after all, and had its way!

"Aye, I see, I see!" said the Squire, soothingly, and wiping his own eyelashes. "But I hope all may yet be well if only we can get news of Walter!"

"There is news, your worship!" said Will, eagerly: "It was that I came to tell you. Dame Hurst is below, desiring speech of you, and she says she has intelligence of Walter, and that he is alive. Shall I call her hither?"

"Have her up, have her up, by all means!" said the Squire, eagerly. "What, dame! It is but a cold morning for you to walk so far. Set a chair for the good woman, Will! And so thou hast brought us good news of our young scapegrace, ha!" "I trust so, Squire! Walter Corbet was alive when I left him but a scant two hours ago, and I think, with rest and care, will once more be well; but he has passed

through dire and strange peril since yesterday at noon, and but for the special grace of God he would now be enduring a fate far worse than death. All praise be to His Holy Name!"

"Amen!" said the Squire, reverently removing his hat. "But let us hear how all this has chanced!"

Dame Hurst repeated the story of Walter's adventures, which the reader has already heard.

"'Tis a strange tale as ever I heard!" said the Squire, "and yet if it be true, as I see no reason to doubt it, explains some things which have perplexed us not a little. There was the poor girl who disappeared between the hill farm, and her father's house, two or three years ago, and the children that were lost on the moor last spring—why should they not have gone in the same way? But we will talk of that another time. The present distress is to bring Walter home. I will myself ride to your house, Dame, with my son and nephew, and a man or two, and we will take with us a spare horse for the lad to ride." "You must take me with you!" said the Dame; "you will never find him else. I have hidden him where he would be safe from an army."

"Very good, you can ride behind one of the men!" returned the Squire. "Willy, do you see the horses saddled, and bid them send refreshments for the good woman!"

"Here comes Mrs. Prudence with breakfast!" said Will.

That staid gentlewoman at the moment opened the door, followed by a man bearing a tray. She started and looked amazed enough at seeing Dame Hurst seated before the fire on her mistress' hearth.

"You see you have a guest, Mrs. Prudence," said the old Squire, smiling at her evident astonishment. "Make much of her, for she has brought a medicine to your mistress worth all the drugs in London. How is the dear lady?"

"Much better in body, I trust, sir, and quite right as to her mind, but weary and anxious for news of Master Walter. That would be the best medicine for her—worth, as you say, all the drugs in London, and all the Dame's simples, to boot—not that I am making light of them, either," added Prudence, bethinking herself. "I am sure she wrought wonderful cures on my sister's children when they had the chin-cough."

"It is even news of Master Walter that the worthy dame has brought us this cold morning!" said the Squire. "From all I can learn, her kindness has saved his life!"

Mrs. Prudence dropped the trencher she held, in a way that would have ensured a sound lecture to any maid in the house, and forgetting all her studied composure of manner threw her arms around the old woman, and hugged and kissed her in a tempest of joy and thankfulness.

"I always said she was a good woman!" she sobbed; "and I am glad Master Walter saved her that day, though he did spoil his doublet and shirt; Oh, Dame, where is the dear lad? Only bring him safe home, and you shall never want for food or clothes again, though I should go cold and hungry myself! It is little I thought when I spoke against witches that my dear lady would ever be taken for one!"

"Many a witch, so-called, has suffered, who was as innocent as Madam, herself!" returned Dame Hurst. "And many a one serves the devil all his days, and is yet buried with all the honors men can give. Remember that, Prudence Dean, and when you hear a poor old woman miscalled again, do you not add your voice to the cry. Right glad am I that Madam escaped yesterday, not only for her own and her husband's sake, but because enough of innocent blood has already been spilt, and cries to God for vengeance all over this wicked land. Let them who have spilt it, look well that it does not fall on their heads, and the heads of their children. And, as for James Stewart, who has urged on this

business, and blown the coal he should have quenched, the sword shall never depart from his house, nor from his son's house, forever.

The touch of wildness in the old woman's voice and manner only made her words more impressive to her auditors; and, it was not till after a moment or two of awe-struck silence, that Squire Champenoun said briskly:

"Well, well, Dame, you may be right, for aught I know; but these are dangerous words. Will Atkins, don't stand staring like a stuck pig, but go and order the horses. Dame, do you eat and drink and make ready to return with us, and leave matters of King and State to your and my betters. James Stewart is King, however he came so.

"In Scotland he was born and bred,
And, though a beggar, must be fed,"

as the impudent 'prentice lads sing in London. Prudence, recollect yourself, old girl, and show yourself worthy of your name.

Prudence was herself again directly. "Do you think I had better tell the good news to Madam?" she asked.

"Not yet, not yet," interposed Dame Hurst, before the Squire could answer. "Better have the boy safe at home first!"

"But I thought you said he *was* safe, Dame?"

"And so I trust he is. I hid him where I do not think his enemies would find him, even if they dared look for him in my house; yet there is often a slip 'twixt cup and lip, you know, and it would be well to make sure."

"You are right, Dame!" said the Squire. "Say nothing for the present, Prudence. I trust we shall soon have Walter at home, and in his mother's arms. Are the horses ready, Will?" as Will Atkins re-entered the room.

"They are ready and waiting," replied Will; "and please, Squire, do let me go

along with you. I can ride the black horse, and take Dame Hurst behind me."

"Surely, dear lad, you shall have the first sight of your friend. But you must eat and drink after your long, cold walk Dame; and I shall not be the worse of a comfortable cup and morsel myself. An old soldier never sets out without his provision, if he can help it. Here's to your health, Dame, and to yours, Mrs. Prudence, and a handsome husband to you."

Prudence simpered and bridled, while Will could have stamped his foot with vexation.

"I do hope I shall never be old if that is the way with old men!" thought the impatient lad. "However can he think of eating and drinking at such a time, with Walter in peril of his life maybe, and Madam in such suspense about him?"

The Squire was, as he had said, an old soldier, and took matters much more coolly than the fisher lad, but he disposed expeditiously of his crust of brown bread and his second cup of ale, and announced his readiness to set out. The party, consisting of the Squire, his son and nephew, and young Dean, besides Will and his companion, were soon on the road.

"Well, now, I wouldn't be young Atkins for something, a riding with that witch behind me," Mary ventured to remark to one of the men.

Mary had kept herself very quiet, and very much out of sight; but, finding that her mistress was like to recover, and that, as she expressed it, "no great harm was done after all," she began to pluck up a spirit, and to begin her usual coquettishes with her ill-used lover, Salvation Yeo.

"Who knows what she may do to him! Like as not she may train them all to their destruction. For my part, I want nothing to do with witches, black or white!"

For all answers, Mary received a box on the ear, which made her head ring more changes than the church bells on a holiday. Blubbering, she turned round to see the

author of the assault, and beheld Mrs. Prudence, who at once repeated the application on the other side of her head!

"Oh! come, then, Mrs. Prudence," said Salvation Yeo, "why, don't beat the poor maid like that."

"Because she deserves it, and ten times as much," cried the incensed waiting-woman. "Because it is she, and others like her, who have wrought this harm. She has told all sorts of idle and wicked tales about the dear lady who took her in, and took care of her like a mother, while she had ne'er a home to go to, the ungrateful lying piece that she is—that I should have to say so—and she my dear dead sister's child! I would she had died in her cradle before she had brought this disgrace on us all!"

"I didn't say nothing!" sobbed Mary: "nothing so very bad, I mean. A girl can't always mind every word she says!"

"Didn't you tell Faith Dean how that the lady kept a magic glass in her room, and how you peeped into it, and saw the image of the Captain's ship! Didn't you tell her, and ever so many others, how she talked with spirits! And how your lips were blistered just by tasting the wine she gave to poor Franky the day he died?"

"You did, Mary; you can't deny it," said Thomas Dean. "My wife told me that very day, and she was for coming and telling my lady directly, but I persuaded her not to say anything. I think now I was mistaken, but I did not like to make a fuss! I see that Faith was right and I was wrong, which is generally true when we have any dispute," added Thomas. "'Tis the only fault I find with the woman, that she is always right!"

"Then, Mary, if this be true, I haven't a word to say for you," said Salvation, gravely. "I've always liked you, as you know—too well for my own good, mayhap," added the young fisherman, flushing a little; "but if you have been playing

such a traitor's part to Madam, and you eating her bread all the time ——"

Salvation checked himself and turned away.

"Don't you mind, Salvation Yeo!" said Mrs. Prudence. "You're a great deal too good for her, anyhow, and she don't care the value of a ribbon for you. You, Mary, go to my room and set you down at your wheel, and see that you stir not from it til I give you leave, or your shoulders shall smart for it. I could forgive you all the rest, but that is too much. Get out of my sight, or I shall do you a mischief!"

Mary judged it best to obey, and went to her appointed task, wishing heartily that she had held her tongue, and kept quiet. Salvation Yeo was the richest as well as the handsomest of all her numerous suitors; and though she laughed at his grave ways, and made fun of him for a Puritan, she fully meant to marry him at last. She cast a look at him as she passed, but the look was lost. Salvation turned away, and gazed steadfastly out of the window.

"Don't thee fret too badly now, dear lad," said Thomas Dean, coming to his side, and putting his hand on the youth's shoulder. "Mary is not the maid for you any way. 'Tis not only this matter in which she is far more guilty than her aunt knows, or than I cared to tell her. I have known of her stealing out and meeting Matthew and Jerry Wilkins in the park, and down by the lane, more than once, when her aunt thought her safe abed. Take it like a man, my son. Better sharp pain now than long pain and shame hereafter!"

Salvation wrung his old friend's hand.

"I know, I know; but it is hard on a man. Only let Matthew take care how he shows his face here again," he added, firmly. "I will put him into Dobby's pool as sure as my name is Salvation Yeo!"

"He won't show his face here just now," said Thomas Dean, "nor any of the rest of the tribe. Do you know the news from the village? You know they shut up Mat-

thew and the rest of them in the old tower room, as they call it?"

"Well!" said Salvation.

"Well," it seems there is a way of getting from that room into the church, which 'Bijah did not know of, and which the sexton, like a drotted addle-headed old idiot, as he is, never told him about. So in the night Matthew got this door open, and he and the other fellows—the Gubbings—with Dick Wilkins, gets out through the little low door that opens by my Lord's pew, and which nobody ever thought of watching, and off they go. Old 'Bijah is in a proper fume about it, and Parson and School-master are rousing every one to go in search of them. I don't know what the old Squire will say!"

"He will say it is all the fault of old Abraham, as it is," said Jan Lee! "Nobody else knew of the door from the tower into the church, though I must say I should have thought an old sailor like Uncle 'Bijah would have kept a sharp look out. It will be a proper handle to hold over the old man!"

Reine D'Amour.

ROMANCE A LA BIEN-AIMER.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

Close as the stars along the sky
The flowers were in the mead,
The purple heart and golden eye,
And crimson-flaming weed:—
And each one sigh'd as I went by,
And touch'd my garment green,
And bade me wear her on my heart,
And take her for my Queen
Of Love,—
And take her for my Queen.

And one in virgin white was drest
With downcast gracious head;
And one unveil'd a burning breast
Mid smiles of rosy red;
All rainbow bright, with laughter light,
They flicker'd o'er the green,
Each whispering I should pluck her there
And take her as my Queen
Of Love,—
And take her as my Queen.

But sudden at my feet look'd up
A little star-like thing,
Pure odour in pure perfect cup,
That made my bosom sing.
'Twas not for size, nor gorgeous dyes,
But her own self, I ween;
Her own sweet self, that bade me stoop
And take her for my Queen
Of Love,—
And take her for my Queen.

Now all day long, and every day
Her beauty on me grows,
And holds with stronger, sweeter sway
Than lily or than rose;
And this one star outshines, by far,
All in the meadow green;
And so I wear her on my heart,
And take her for my Queen
Of Love,—
And take her for my Queen.

[*Cornhill Magazine.*]

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL, 1870.

Our Little Bills.

Our little buff bills have been for the most part received so kindly, and responded to so promptly and so courteously, that we cannot forbear a word of thanks. It has not been an easy or pleasant task to send them. We knew, in short, that "duns" were never very welcome; but, with the state of our paper finances and the state indicated by our books, we felt that something must be done. Our friends for the most part have seemed to understand our position, and we thank them. We have made some mistakes—but if we have sometimes hurled (as we confess we have) our little missiles at the heads of the innocent and undeserving, we have not meant to do so, and we are very sorry. One great cause of dissatisfaction has arisen from a want of understanding of our rules. Although we have repeatedly stated the fact, very few of our subscribers seem to have comprehended it, that we never stop a paper until told to do so. In some cases

individuals have subscribed for themselves, or for a friend, for a year. The name has been entered upon our books, and with no direct request to stop the paper at the end of the year, it has been sent on steadily for five. Of course the person receiving it may have imagined it paid for by the friend who first sent it, and we, in ignorance of the circumstances, finding the name and arrearages upon our books, send in our bill. The fault is clearly not ours, but there has been a misunderstanding, and it is unpleasant all around. Then, again, there are mistakes for which we do acknowledge ourselves to blame. Payments have been made in some instances, and names have been requested to be stopped, which, through some inadvertence, we have neglected to record upon our books. All we can say is this, kind reader, if you have received, or should receive, one of our bills—don't get cross or vexed with us, even if you do not deserve it. If we are at fault we shall be very glad to rectify it, if you will give us the opportunity. We hope our readers have, none of them, so bad an opinion of us as to believe for a moment that we would willingly deal dishonorably with them. We are "poor but honest."

Visit to the Hospital.

Mr. Connors continues feeble, but he seemed less distressed than on our last visit. Mr. S. W., improves. He is able now to get about on his crutches. Mr. D., so ill, had died. Mr. E. is also dead. J. J., better. The German, with a shattered arm, well and gone. William, the nurse, entirely recovered, and he met us with that pleasant smile which falls like sunshine upon so many sufferers here. William deserves to be a favorite. Mr. H., with an assistant at each side, was trying to walk. He improves, but it is slowly. J. C., better. Mr. J., who was so ill in the Cross Ward, much better. Mr. R., recovered and gone. Mr. J. the blind soldier,

expects to leave soon, and go to the Asylum for disabled soldiers in Maine. Among the new inmates, we noticed Mr. C., a nice looking old gentleman. Mr. K., in the Cross Ward, interested us. He is sinking rapidly, with consumption. The perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead. His wife was sitting beside him, and there was a look of hopeless sadness—despair, upon both their faces, touching to see. F. R., in the same ward, badly burned. Little Martin, the pet of the house, we did not see, but he is still here, and merry as ever. We were sorry to find Georgie Vivian, who has been so well, in bed again, with the same old trouble in his hip. James, continues better, and has grown so large, and was looking so rosy and well that it was quite refreshing to see him. Poor Georgie—it must be doubly hard, having been so much better, and able to go all over the house, to be confined again. Mr. Lowe, still living, and strange to say, looking brighter to us than on our last visit. There is an almost dazzling radiance in his face, at times, and yet we left him, asking ourselves, doubtfully, as we have many times before. Shall we find him when we come again? Eben, we did not see; he was in a room by himself, not so well.

We were sorry to find poor Bridget failing, and so feeble and depressed in spirits. She could not speak to us, and the tears were fairly raining down her face. The woman with a cancer, the daughter of a clergyman, mentioned at length on our last visit, and concerning whom we have received so many questions from every direction, died in a few days after we saw her. If there was any gleam of light gilding her passage to the unknown world, it was a secret in her own soul. To those who were with her, it looked all darkness. Mrs. L., from Henrietta, suffering so intensely when we were here, we are happy to state, has recovered and gone. H. S., who had just come in, and for whom

our sympathies were enlisted, is still here. L. C., from Canada, recovered. Mary R., very lame. Mary O'C., is a young girl, with erysipelas. Mrs. M., still at her patch-work. She recently contributed one of her quilts, pieced by herself, to the Eighth Ward Society, which has always assisted us so much. Among the faces not familiar, were those of a German woman, B. B., with erysipelas—Mrs. Rogers, with consumption—and the pleasant, gentle face of Mrs. Lawrie, an English woman. Katie L., we could see, had failed very much. She was sleeping and we did not disturb her. Mrs. W. (the nurse), tells us she looks forward peacefully now to her early death, and does not shrink, as she has done, from having any one speak of her disease as consumption. Many times during the day, she lifts up her heart in prayer. God, who is so soon to take her to Himself, seems lovingly fitting her for Himself. Susan Gale, the colored woman, much worse, and has been removed to the Cross Ward. She too, Mrs. W. tells us, is an earnest Christian. This trust is the only comfort for those lying where she and Katie are now, and alas for those who are without it! Another new face is that of Ella H., from Oil City, recovering from a relapse of typhoid fever—a little wandering—doubtful if she ever recovers. Anna Hess, well and gone. C. E., with dropsy, still here—comfortable.

Paid a brief visit to the Nursery. The young English woman, often mentioned, has obtained some situation in the Orphan Asylum, with her baby. The other young mother has found a home for her child. It has been adopted by its father's sisters. A poor girl is now in the Nursery with her child, a boy only two weeks old, for whom we are very anxious to get a good home. Here is an opportunity for some one to do a noble, self-sacrificing deed of Christian charity. Who will take him?

The friends accompanying us, came with arms full of choice reading—magazines—

sermons—papers—which they scattered in showers everywhere through the Hospital, and they were everywhere eagerly welcomed.

Notice from the Treasurer.

The Treasurer received on the morning of April 19th, a letter from the city, inclosing two years' subscription for the *Review*, and postage, with no name attached. Will the person mailing this letter please send full address, that the proper credit may be made on the Treasurer's books? Will L. S. D. also send full address?

Correspondence.

FARMINGTON, April 2d, 1870.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treas.:

Please find enclosed, \$1.00, which place to the credit of Mrs. J. A., Farmington, N. Y., to pay for arrearages of two years, also one year in advance. Hoping for your good success,
I remain respectfully, J. A.

A very gratifying response to one of our little "duns":

ROCHESTER, April 5, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. PERKINS:

Enclosed please find \$2.25—(subscription to July, 1871.) Until the little buff slip came in the last *Review*, I had a better opinion of myself than to suppose I could be so delinquent. Of course, I expected that any person who was at the Hall, last Thanksgiving Party, would pay their "dues," at least. You see, as I haven't the shadow of an excuse, I can only say, I'll try to do better hereafter.

Your friend,

MRS. A. M.

We admire the candor in the following:

LOCKPORT, April 11, 1870.

MRS. PERKINS:

Dear Madam—Find enclosed for subscription to "*Review*," \$2.00. I shall not try to make any excuse because I have none that would be valid; and a poor excuse is worse than none. I will try to do better in future.

Yours truly,

A. R.

LANSINGBURGH, April 12, 1870.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS:

Dear Madam—I enclose \$3.00, for the "*Hospital Review*"—\$2.00 for the past four years, and \$1.00 for two years in advance. Trusting you will excuse my long neglect,

I am, respectfully yours, MRS. C. M. H.

If we could always get such charming replies to our "duns," as the following! But perhaps it is better that we should not. This world, if we did, might be too much of a "little heaven below."

BRIGHTON, April 14, 1870.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS:

Dear Madam—I am quite surprised, as well as chagrined, to find myself so greatly in arrears with the "Review." I can scarcely tell how it happened—only time passes so swiftly, and years elapse almost before we are aware, unless reminded by a friendly "dun."

Permit me to assure you, my negligence has not been due to any want of appreciation of your charming little paper, or lack of interest in, and sympathy with, the noble charity it represents.

Please accept the enclosed, (\$3.00), as an offset to my indebtedness, and direct my paper to B.

Very respectfully, M. E. Y.

Died.

In the City Hospital, March 16th, 1870, Eliza Cummings, aged 57 years.

March 25th. George Dyer, aged 66 years.

April 7th. Henry Quigley, aged 49 years.

April 12th. Godfrey Reder, aged 28 years.

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

Mrs. Hubble (2 years), Adams' Basin; Miss Marion Hibbard (2 years), Pittsford; J. B. Whitbeck, Fillmore; George Hibbard, Sycamore, Ill.—By Miss Hibbard.....\$ 3 00
 Mrs. Collinson (2 years)—By Mrs. J. S. Hall..... 1 00
 Mrs. F. A. Gray (6 years), York; Mrs. Seth M. Gates, Warsaw; Mr. E. Hathaway, Bristol, R. I. (2 yrs.)—By Mrs. Matthews, 5 50
 Mrs. Oliver Stark, Mrs. D. Tuthill, Mrs. J. L. Lewis, M. A. Stone, Frank Cramer, Charles C. Lapham, Penn Yan—By Miss Jennie Oliver..... 3 00
 Master Charlie Sherman (2½ years), Newark—By Mrs. H. L. Fish..... 2 25
 Mrs. Charles H. Stillwell, Miss Judson, Mrs. Langdale—By Fanny Hurd..... 1 50
 Mr. R. H. Smead (2 years), Pittsford; Chas. Budd, Greece—By Dr. Jones.... 1 50
 Mrs. Rebasz, Mrs. E. C. Baker, Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Miss Tracy, Mrs. A. R. Eastman, Mrs. F. Whittlesey, Mrs. Charles Coots, Mrs. Wm. Burke, Mrs. W. Richardson, A Friend—each 2 years and postage..... 11 48
 Miss Nannie J. Cannaby, Mrs. G. H. Roberts, Mrs. W. F. Holmes, Miss Fanny Hooker, Mrs. Willard Hodges, Miss Sarah Solomon, Mrs. Hemmingway, Miss Libbie Hitchcock, L. S. D.—each 3 years and postage..... 10 54
 Mrs. A. Morse, F. H. Marshall—each 4 years and postage..... 4 60
 M. E. E. Yale (5 years), Mrs. Oscar Craig—each with postage..... 3 62

Miss M. M. Stowell, Avon. (2 years); Miss Clara L. Richman (2 years), Saginaw City; Mrs. N. Braley (5 years), Albion; Mrs. De Graff, Auburn; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine (3 years), Henrietta; Mrs. Judith Allen (3 years), Farmington; Mrs. J. D. Shuler (3 years), Lockport; Mrs. Bridget Allison, Manchester; Mrs. Stephen E. Haskell (6 years), Lansingburg; Ashley Rowell (4 years), Lockport; Mrs. S. S. Cutting, (2 yrs.) Brooklyn; Mr. Lansing Valentine (5 years), Victor—By Mrs. Perkins.....16 75 = \$46 89

Donations for April.

Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Pickles.
 Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Pickles.
 Mrs. Curtis—Books and Papers.
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Quantity of Ginger Snaps.
 Mrs. Geo. Mumford—Two Sets Merino Window Curtains.
 A Friend—Pickles.
 Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, Henrietta—Bottle of Raspberry Vinegar.
 Mrs. F. S. Rew—Large quantity of Magazines and Papers.

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Mar. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 104
 Received during the month, 28—132
 Discharged, 18
 Died, 4— 22
 Remaining April 15, 1870, .. 110

Notice.

The Treasurer requests us to state, that the receipts for the "Review," the past month, in response to her bills, and all money received for subscriptions, will be given in our regular "Receipts for the Review." The object of publishing this list from month to month, is to obviate the necessity and to lessen the labor of sending special acknowledgments to each individual. Any one, therefore, sending remittances to the Treasurer, may look to see them acknowledged, not directly by her, but in the next issue of "the Review."

Hospital Notice.

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

Children's Department.

From the Independent.

Tom and Tim—the Twin Roosters.

BY AUNT ROSIE.

Tom and Tim were brothers. They were two young roosters, so much alike in feather and limb as to be distinguished with difficulty one from the other. Their feathers were grey, red, and brown, and the colors were blended into each other with great beauty and softness. Altogether they were two as handsome, likely young roosters as you would often see. At the time our account of them begins they had already left their mother's sheltering wing, and had started life for themselves; and, in their own opinion, they were of quite as much consequence as the "old red," who had lived a good many years, and had grown very pompous and grand because of his superior wisdom and experience. They were very proud of their own stumpy tail-feathers, and imagined them quite as graceful as the long, drooping plumes of the "patriarch" of the barnyard, though they did secretly envy the purple and green and the glimpse of gold in his neck and tail, as he proudly strutted before them in the sunlight. By dint of much practice they had acquired a weak and "squawky" crow, of which they were very proud, but which melted away into terrible insignificance whenever the "old red" would ring out his sonorous and musical cock-a-doodle-do-o. It was a curious sort of love these brothers bore each other. If you saw one of them picking among the cabbages, you were sure the other was not far off; and if you watched a moment, you would see him come out from under a bush, or from behind a large leaf. They would scratch side by side in the barnyard, and both chase together grasshoppers on the lawn; and at night they could always be seen close by each other, roosting side by side on the same limb of the old apple tree at the end of the barn. Always together—sometimes peaceably enough, but oftener fighting. You recollect I told you that they did not heed the pleadings of their mother when they were young; and this habit grew stronger as they grew older. Sometimes they would fight by the hour together; then, exhausted and forlorn, with

bloody top-knots and ruffled feathers, they would mope awhile in the fence corners, and then go forth as peaceably together as if nothing had happened: Dreadfully selfish these brothers were, too. If one picked up anything he thought particularly nice, the other would chase him all over the yard to get it away from him, although there was plenty more just like it. Many a large crust and big piece of meat stuck in Tom's throat in his haste to swallow it before Tim had a chance at it; and many a choice crumb did the Turkey Gobbler and the Gray Goose snatch up while Tim was racing after Tom to get away from him the morsel he had appropriated.

If chickens *could* be mortified or ashamed, you would think these would have been, as they spent their time and strength in this way, day after day, gaining nothing but very tired and weary legs from chasing each other so much, and stretched throats from swallowing so fast. But then you know chickens haven't the sense to be sorry. You don't know any brothers and sisters who quarrel and are selfish to each other, do you? You don't love them any better for it, if you do, nor respect them any more. We who have the Bible to read know that we are commanded to *love* one another; and, if we hate each other, we have murder in our hearts. What a dreadful feeling for nice little children to entertain toward anybody, especially toward their *brothers* and *sisters*! But I must tell you what became of Tom and Tim. All summer they lived on in the same strange sort of friendship, and the children at the farm-house had fed them every morning from the breakfast-table, as well as amused themselves in driving the cows and finding the hens' nests in the barn; and as the days grew cooler, the family began to think of breaking up. Some of them lived on the farm, and some had their home in the city. At last the trunks were all packed, the last walk had been taken, and the last game of croquet played. The next day they were to separate; and, as the children sat out on the doorsteps, watching the long shadows of the mountains, and talking over the fun they had enjoyed during the summer, Charlie, the youngest of the city boys, and who had made the chickens his especial care, started up suddenly, exclaiming: "Come to think of it, I haven't seen the 'Twins' to-day. I wonder where they are." No-

body seemed to know. Philip knew that he had held the lantern the night before, while Amos, the hired man, took Tom and Tim from their nap on the limb of the old apple-tree, and that he had carried the light and set it down in the woodhouse, where there was an axe and a log of wood, and then he had ran away as fast as he could, so as not to see the poor fellows die; but he did not tell Charlie what he knew. The farmer had said, "I won't have those two roosters tormenting each other so. They had better be killed for the children's lunch."

Charlie, getting no satisfaction from the boys, got up and ran into the great farm-kitchen. And there good Mrs. Pratt had been as busy as a bee. She had buttered a plateful of her nice, light biscuits, and ever so many slices of her home-made bread; a couple of loaves of cake stood on the table, beautifully iced ("because," the good lady said, "the children love iceing so, you know"); and two roasted chickeas on a plate, all ready to be packed into the lunch-basket. "Oh, how nice!" said Charlie, quite forgetting what he came for in his interest in Mrs. Pratt's bountiful preparations for the morrow.

"Are these all for us, and these two nice chickens, too?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Pratt. "We didn't like to separate them, you know."

"Why," gasped Charlie, "you don't mean it—you haven't gone and killed the 'Twins'?"

"Well," said Amos, from the doorstep, where he sat smoking his pipe, "they had no call to be everlastingly fightin', then. Good enough fur 'em, I say."

The boys and everybody declared that they couldn't eat a mouthful of those chickens; but the next day, when the lunch-basket was opened, the delightful fragrance and the rich golden brown of the roasted fowls, together with the rousing appetites induced by the long ride and the bracing air of the mountains, made them forego their resolution. With many an expression of regret for the untimely fate of Tom and Tim, they made an end of the twin roosters, and left their bones to bleach on the mountain-top as a warning to all two-legged animals who feel tempted to fight.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

Chanticleer's Reveille.

Hark to Chanticleer's shrilly call!
Perched on the top of the old stone wall—
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

He flaps his wings in a frantic way,
This *avant courier* of the day—

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"Ho! girls and boys, 'tis time to rise,
A rosy flush creeps up the skies;
There's plenty of work for all to do,
There's work for me and there's work for you—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"The days are short and time flies fast,
Life's morning hour will soon be past;
Then up and at work while yet you may—
No hours so bright as the early day—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"The farmer hies to his meadows green,
They are glittering now with diamond sheen;
The milk-maid merrily trips along,
Cheered by the robin's matin song—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"Come, Kate and Will, and Harry and Ned,
Waste not the precious hours in bed;
Morning has opened her purple gates,
Her smiling train your coming waits—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The Church Mouse.

A little mouse once lived in a church in New York city. His home was right under the organ.

Mouse was an aristocratic little creature; he had no more affinity with the vulgar mice who inhabit corn-barns and granaries, than the Prince of Wales with a chimney-sweep.

The grand roar of the organ had been his lullaby; he had looked through stained glass windows all his life, and the bonnets which came there to worship every Sunday were made by the most fashionable milliners in New York.

You have often heard the expression, "As poor as a church mouse;" but this one was as plump as a Christmas turkey, and I will tell you why. Just outside the iron railing in front of the church an old woman kept a fruit and candy stall.

Fair or foul, there she sat under her umbrella—for in fair weather it shielded her from the sun, and in foul it sheltered her from rain. Mouse supposed this stall was

placed there on purpose for him, so he helped himself freely to anything he fancied.

Sometimes the old woman saw him, and aimed a blow at him with her umbrella, which made him very indignant, and he wondered the police did not arrest her for assault and battery, as well as for being a thief.

Being so fat and well fed, I don't see why he should have had such a habit of gnawing things which were not at all nourishing. He would gnaw the organ, the velvet prayer-books, the pulpit, and even the great Bible itself.

The sexton tried every means to catch him; he set traps, he brought in a cat, and at last he went so far as to set a price on his head. He actually offered sixpence to any boy who would bring him that mouse, dead or alive.

It was all in vain. Mouse grew bolder and bolder. One day he got into the sleeve of the minister's surplice, which was a very wicked and outrageous thing indeed.

Then he skipped away and hid himself in the folds of a lady's dress. She shook her dress, almost shrieking with fright. A gentleman pulled out his handkerchief, and out popped Mouse with it. He then disappeared, no one knew where, but if a bit of gauze or ribbon fluttered in the summer breeze, the owner imagined the mouse was at the bottom of it.

Deacon DeGroot had, as usual, settled himself to sleep as soon as the sermon commenced—a habit which annoyed the minister a great deal. His head, which was rather bald, was bent forward on his breast, so that the sunbeams, coming through the stained window, cast flickering rays of red and blue upon it.

Mouse, who had been all this time roaming about the church, spied this beautiful shining object, and felt a desire to know what it was. To scramble to the gentleman's shoulder, and thence to the top of his head, was the work of a moment.

There he sat upright facing the pulpit, then whisked suddenly about and faced the audience.

A smile passed from one face to another, and some little boys and girls giggled outright. Then Mrs. DeGroot, very much ashamed, poked her husband with her parasol. He awoke with a start, bringing his head up suddenly, and the mouse scampered away.

The sexton started in pursuit of him as

soon as the benediction was pronounced, but the minister begged him to spare its life, saying it had done what *he* had never been able to do with his best sermons, it had kept the congregation awake through the entire service.

Deacon DeGroot was never known to sleep in the church again, even on the hottest summer day; or, if he fell into a doze, he would wake with a start and clap his hand to his head.

Mouse lived on to a gray old age.
[*Youth's Companion.*]

Miscellaneous.

My Spider.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

Spinning, spinning, ever spinning,
Spins a little spider,
And I watch her weave her net,
Sitting close beside her.
And she weaves with subtle art,
Over, in and under,
'Till the complicated mesh
Seems a perfect wonder.

The web she spins is never meant
To catch the poor blue bottle,
Nor the golden armored wasp
To hamper and to throttle.
For the threads my spider weaves
Are curiously ethereal—
Little sighs and pouting looks,
And such like odd material.

Ah, the web is meant, for me,
Poor, unhappy poet;
There's no use in struggling now,
I'm done for, and I know it.
Sunny curls and moonlight walks,
And passages from Byron,
Have bound me down, in chains as strong
As triple hammered iron.

Cease your spinning—your poor game
Owns that you have nicked him;
Cease your spinning, wily one,
I'm a willing victim.
Crown your sacrifice with flowers,
I'll neither lag nor falter,
Put a ribbon round my neck
And lead me to the altar.

From Hall's Journal of Health.

Fifteen Follies.

First—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

Second—To believe that the more hours children study at school the faster they learn.

Third—To conclude that if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is, the more good is done.

Fourth—To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Fifth—To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

Sixth—To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. The "soothing syrup," for example, does stop the cough of children, and does arrest diarrhœa, only to cause, a little later, alarming convulsions, or the more fatal inflammation of the brain, or water on the brain! at least, always protracts the disease.

Seventh—To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

Eighth—To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried on yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

Ninth—To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satiated, merely to gratify the taste.

Tenth—To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

Eleventh—To remove a portion of the clothing immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman in New York knows that if he does not put cover on his horse the moment he ceases work in winter, he will lose him in a few days by pneumonia.

Twelfth—To contend that because the dirtiest children in the street, or on the highway, are hearty and healthy, therefore it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that continuous daily exposure to the pure out-door air, in joyous, unrestrained activities, is such a powerful agency for health that those who live thus are well, in spite of rags and filth.

Thirteenth—To presume to repeat, later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposures and intemperances which in the flush of youth were practiced with impunity.

Fourteenth—To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that pure, cold air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a close and foul apartment; the latter, at most, can only produce nausea; while entering a conveyance after walking briskly, lowering a window thus while still, exposed to a draft, will give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks and months of suffering, if not actual death within four days.

Fifteenth—To "Remember the Sabbath day" by working harder and later on Saturday than on any other day in the week, with a view to sleeping late next morning, and staying at home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by the plea of not "feeling very well."

Agents.

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

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
 Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
 " Mrs. 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 MILLS, "
 " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
 " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
 " PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
 " LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

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

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Rochester, Sept., 1866

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DYEING & CLEANSING
ESTABLISHMENT,
Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central
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bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleansed without in-
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Cleansed or colored without Rippling, and pressed nicely
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ALFRED S. LANE.

mch. 1868. 1y

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Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VI

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1870.

No. 10.

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

Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,

9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

Be Just and Fear Not.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact: though clouds of night
Down on thy watchtower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide,
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Ory not, "The way is plain:"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And, as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock;
The foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand;

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in HIM that's TRUE.

"Abandon thyself; resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy great inward peace. Give all for all. Seek nothing; ask for nothing; stand exclusively and unhesitatingly in me, and thou shalt have me. *Thou shalt be free in heart, and darkness shall not fall on thee.* Seek this, pray for this, desire this; then all vain imaginations, all excessive agitations of mind, all superfluous cares shall vanish. Then immoderate fear shall cease, and inordinate love shall die."

[Thomas A' Kempis.]

For the Hospital Review.

The Langham Revels.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

BY LUOY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

WALTER COMES HOME.

Meantime, Squire Champernoun and his party were riding toward Highbury as fast as the state of the road would permit. The snow, which never lies long on that coast, was rapidly melting, and their progress was frequently delayed by the necessity of fording with care some little streams which might have been leaped by a boy the day before, or by mud so deep and sticky that the horses seemed likely to pull their shoes off. At last they arrived within sight of the cottage, and the old woman pointed out in the snow which here lay thickly, the tracks of horses' feet.

"The villains have been here, as I am alive! I fear we have come too late!"

"I do not think they will have found him, even if they have entered the house!" said Dame Hurst. "Do you bide outside and let me go in and see!"

"Are you not afraid of encountering the villains, Dame?" asked Phillip Champernoun. "They may do you a mischief!"

"I do not fear!" returned Dame Hurst. "Do you bide here as I tell you. The Gubbings are gone if they have been here, and they will not have found the lad if they have pulled the house down. Nay, you may ride nearer the door, if you will."

"Let her have her own way!" said the Squire. "'An Englishman's house is his castle,' they say, and we may as well indulge her in her fancy."

"I wish she may not mean mischief," muttered one of the serving men from the Hall. "I have heard queer tales about this same Highbury hill."

"Why, what harm can she do you, you great hulking case of beef and ale?" asked the Squire. "If you are afraid, you had

best ride back again, and ask Prudence for a draught of lavender, to quiet your spirits!"

The other men laughed, though somewhat inclined to share in the groom's fears, and Dick held his peace, muttering under his breath, that he believed the old Squire feared neither God nor devil.

"My father fears God, and therefore does not need to fear the devil!" said Phillip Champernoun. "But see, the old woman is opening the door again, and there is somebody behind her. She beckons us to come near. As I live, the witch, if witch she be, has kept faith with us. It is Walter himself, and no other!"

But Will had caught the first sight, and it made him forget all restraints of "manners." Before any one else—even before the Squire himself, he was at the door of the hut, and had Walter in his arms.

"Oh, Willy!" were Walter's first words. "If I had minded you, all this might not have happened. But my mother! Is she alive!"

"Alive, and I trust likely to do well, my dear lad! See, here is the Squire, who saved her from the mob!"

"Nay, that credit belongs to Willy himself!" said the Squire, as Walter turned to him: "but we may discuss that afterward. Dear lad, I am glad as if you were my own son. I never thought to see you alive again!"

"That you do see me alive, is owing, under God, to this good kind woman," said Walter. "She succored me, refreshed me with food and medicine, and hid me in safety."

"Have you had any disturbance?" asked Dame Hurst.

"I heard men's voices about the place!" said Walter, "but not clearly enough to distinguish them. But let me hasten home, for the love of God. I shall not be easy till I see my mother again."

As Walter spoke, however, he staggered and almost fell.

"Your head is still giddy from the effects of this accursed prison!" said the Dame. "I wonder that you are able to stand at all. But we will soon set that to rights, with fresh air and rest. It is well you did not return to your wits in the hold of a Bristol slave ship, or in a Turkish or Spanish galley, as many another has done, who has fallen into the hands of these wretches. Let me tell you men, you would be much better employed in driving out the Gubbings than in persecuting old women or young ones either!"

"It shall be done, Dame, at least so far as my power goes!" said the old Squire. "I will smoke them out of their nest before many days are over, or my name is not John Champernoun. But, Walter, are you ready to ride?"

"Will you not go with us, Dame?" asked Walter. "I fear to leave you here, lest the villains should return and wreak their vengeance on you!"

"Nay, I am in no danger at present!" returned the Dame. "I do not think the Gubbings will venture near me, and I suppose even the village lads would not harm me just now."

"I will break the head of the first one who dares to look askew at you!" said Will Atkins.

"Well done, Will!" You will certainly win your spurs!" said the Squire, laughingly. "But you are right in this case. Come, Walter, get you to horse, and away. You have much to hear and to tell, but we will not confuse you any more at present. Will, do you ride at one side, and I will take the other. Farewell, Dame; you shall hear from me in a day or two!"

"And from me!" added David Lee; "and, Dame, I and my wife will take it ill of you do not soon come down to see us at the farm."

The fresh air and the motion did much to dispel the fumes of the powerful narcotic which still troubled Walter's brain, and he was able to give the Squire an account

of his adventures, from his first meeting with the two sailors to his arrival at the Dame's cottage.

"'Tis as plain as the nose on my face, that the whole is one and the same scheme!" said the Squire, thoughtfully. "It was a regular and most artfully planned trap."

"I need not have walked into the trap if I had not been a fool!" said Walter, bluntly and blushing. "Will warned me ever so long ago, that those Drums were plotting mischief against my mother, and he begged me not to go to the Revels to-day—I mean yesterday. I am confused as to time!" said poor Walter, putting his hand to his forehead. "Was it only yesterday that I left my mother to ride to Langham Revels?"

"Only yesterday, dear lad!"

"He is talking too much!" said grave Basil Champernoun. "If he grows excited, he will be having a fever or something."

"You are right, Basil, as usual!" said the Squire. "Say no more, Watty. We will hear the whole tale, by and by."

"One thing I must say!" returned Walter, eagerly. "Squire, if the Gubbings are driven out, or taken prisoners, I pray you, an' it were my last breath, let no harm be done to that woman Meg. I am sure she meant me to escape, though she dared not let me go. Promise me, Squire, that no ill shall befall her!"

"I promise you, my dear. Do not disturb yourself," said the Squire, kindly. "I will see to it myself, that she is rewarded. See here we are, in sight of home, and some one is coming to meet us! Can you see who it is, Basil? I am something short-sighted."

"It is nobody I know!" Basil began to say, when Will exclaimed, "It is the Captain and my Lord! As true as you live, Watty, it is your father and cousin!"

We will not attempt to describe the meeting between Walter and his parent.

The Captain had come into Plymouth with his ship, and had ridden post from thence, overtaking Lord Stanton and his family on his way. My Lord and Lady had stopped for the night at the house of an old acquaintance, but Captain Corbet's impatience would not let him delay, when so near home, and he had ridden all night, to be met at the village with the news of the outrage offered to his wife, and the disappearance of his only son.

That afternoon Walter made a clean breast of it, and told his father all. He felt as though he could not look him in the face again till he had done so. The Captain listened kindly, and assured his son of his full forgiveness, though he did not attempt to exonerate Walter's fault.

"All this trouble, which might have cost your own life and your mother's, might very likely have been prevented, but for your yielding to those two faults of which I have often warned you—your love of pleasing yourself, and your unwillingness to be told any thing, or to be governed by any opinion but your own."

"I know it, father," said Walter, humbly. "I have been a fool and worse than a fool. I was so afraid of being governed by Will, that I let myself be governed by Dick Wilkin and Tom Drum. I see it all now. Will has told me all along, that there were dangers, but I would not believe him. He warned me against going to the Revels and leaving my mother, but I could not bear to lose the pleasure, and because those boys called Will my bearer, I quarreled with Will and left my mother to perish. But for his constancy and bravery—" Walter shuddered, and hid his face in his hands.

"We will never forget what Will has done for us!" said Captain Corbet. "But Walter, how is it to be in the future? Are you to profit by this lesson, or is it to be wasted as so many others have been, leaving you to go on making your own pleasure the rule of your life, and following

your own wilful temper to the bitter end?"

"It shall not be lost indeed, father!" replied Walter, eagerly. "I have lived a long time since yesterday morning, and I do not think I can ever be the same again. I have seemed to see more of myself than I have ever done before, and I do not feel proud of the sight."

"None of us feel proud of the sight, my son, when we get a real look into our own hearts, and see what lurks there—when, to borrow an illustration from your favorite, Spencer, we see the enchantress stripped of all her fine robes and jewels, and exposed in her native filth and hideousness. The trouble is, we are apt so soon to forget what we have seen, and to flatter ourselves that we are not so very bad, after all,—that, indeed, if it were not for somebody or something else, we should be very good. I think this last has been one of your troubles. When, for instance, you have yielded to passion, you have excused yourself by saying that you should not have been angry unless some one had provoked you!"

"I know!" said Walter, blushing. "I reasoned in that way about this very matter. I said to myself that I should have cared nothing about going to the Revels, if Will had not said so much about it; but now I *would* go, if only to shew him that I would not be governed. But, father, I do hope I shall be different now!" added Walter, blushing still more, and looking down. "When that poor woman, Meg, taunted me with my helpless condition, the other day, and asked me why I did not beg God to help me, it came over me like a flash, that though I had had so much good teaching from you and my mother—though I had been to church, and said my belief and my prayers, all my life, I was yet in reality no better than a heathen. I had never in reality believed in Him or Dame Hurst, and I had never once thought of asking Him to help me. Father, I felt ashamed—yes, ashamed to ask Him. It

seemed so mean and selfish. But, after all, I thought He desires us to come to Him in our troubles, and, perhaps he has sent or permitted this very distress, that I might be reminded of Him. So I lifted up my heart to Him, and I do think He heard me. Then when I was hidden in the place where Dame Hnrst put me, I prayed again, and read all the Scriptures contained in the little book I was bringing to my mother, and it did seem as though He heard me again. Such a wonderful peace and quietness seemed to fall upon me as I cannot describe, and I somehow felt sure that God had forgiven me. You do not think it was wrong, do you, father?" asked Walter.

"No, my son. If you asked God in faith to forgive your sins, you have His promise to do so, and the presumption is, not in believing, but in doubting, His word. But, Walter, remember that this is only a beginning."

"I know it!" said Walter; but then it is a good thing to begin. I dare say I shall do wrong a great many times, but I am sure I can never be quite what I was before. It seems as if I had begun a new life!"

"God grant that it may be so!" said his father; "even that eternal life which he gives to His sheep, so that they shall never perish, neither is any man able to pluck them out of His hands."

The Temptation.

He might have reared a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head;
Time was, and He who nourished crowds with bread,
Would not one meal unto Himself afford.

Twelve legions, girded with angelic sword,
Were at His beck, the scorned and buffeted;
He healed another's scratch: His own side bled,
Side, feet and hands, with cruel piercings gored.

Oh, wonderful, the wonders left undone!
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought;
Oh, self-restraint, passing all human thought,
To have all power, and be as having none!
Oh, self-denying love, which felt alone
For needs of others, never for its own!

Trench.

Family Harmony.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is like to be crossed in the day—so prepare for it.

2. Every body in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore, we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different tempers of each individual.

4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.

7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy, suited to their state.

9. To watch for little opportunities for pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants, and commend them for little things, when they deserve it.

12. In all the little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.

13. To try for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves—"Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation, not to exalt ourselves, but bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with the younger ones and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.

17. Never to judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.

18. To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of life.

19. To read the scriptures every morning, and ask God's blessing to attend each member of the family through the day.

I could write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

How many apples did our first parents eat in the garden of Eden? Eve 8 and Adam 2.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1870.

Visit to the Hospital.

Another month gone, and the month of bloom and beauty here again! Sweet May—how we have all welcomed her—none more than the inmates of the Hospital—and her return has wrought wonders here. The Matron tells us the wards are thinner than they have been for many months. Our first visit was with Mr. W. He is a great help to us in remembering the names of patients, and giving us little items of interest connected with them. Mr. Connors met us with a very bright face. He is much better and very grateful. S. W., improves, but so slowly, he gets very much discouraged. An industrious, hard-working man, the months he is doomed to stay here, seem very long and tedious. J. J., who appeared better on our last visit, grew very much worse, and the symptoms of insanity which had before shown themselves slightly developed, to such a degree, that it became necessary to take him to an Asylum. Mr. H., a disabled soldier, in whom we have always felt an interest, has gone to his home in Marion. J. C., not so well. Mr. C., an old gentleman, mentioned before, was looking so stout and robust, we hardly knew him. Met Mr. F. again—a young man with consumption. Among the new faces, we noticed Mr. D., with a lame ankle—John Bird, a colored boy, with consumption—Mr. P., father of the colored girl who died recently in the Hospital—and E. D., a young fellow, who had cut his foot badly. C. H., is another young fellow, also a stranger, whose looks interested us, but he was not at all communicative. Mr. McC., mentioned in our last visit as sinking rapidly with consumption, is dead. His disease ran a swift race with him. Mr. J., in this ward, very low. F. B., so badly burned,

recovered, and gone home. The Matron tells us she never knew one so terribly burned as he, was to recover so soon.

Found Mr. Lowe still in his place—if possible, a little more of a shadow than a month ago. How strange that he should still linger on, and that Mr. K. should have gone so rapidly. “Still here!” was his greeting to us. Shall we hear it again? Georgie V., enjoying a big book of pictures—his little face very bright and happy, considering how hard it must be, having had a taste of freedom, to be shut up here again—these lovely May days too. Mr. McC. says, smilingly, “You may put me down for better this time, I guess”—for worse, it may be, when we come again. With his disease, the story is a changeable one, but it will be all told soon.

In the Female Ward, we found changes, as usual. H. S., recovered and gone. Mary R., not so well—has paralysis. Mrs. M., sewing, busy, as we always find her. B. B., recovered. Three from this ward have died since our last visit. Mrs. Lawrie, the English woman—Mrs. Rogers, with consumption—and Susan Gale, the colored woman. “Their places know them no more forever”—but they are soon filled—and they are soon forgotten. Dr. Van Ingen administered the sacrament to Mrs. Lawrie not long before her death—a service in which Katie and a few others joined. The scene was a solemn and impressive one—Mrs. Lawrie awaiting the summons of death—Katie, so soon to follow—and the groups of the feeble and suffering gathered around. Katie is now very low. She was confirmed by Bishop Coxe, on his recent visit to this city. Ella H., from Oil City, better. C. E., about the same. E. C., had just come in, with erysipelas. J. G., another new face—is from Victor. Mrs. G., was doing some embroidery, making some very elaborate pillow cases. The most painful thing we meet here in the Hospital, is the number of young “girls of the town,” who are brought here in time of

sickness, and who recover only to return to their sinful course. Those who have tried, tell us it is utterly in vain to talk with them, and to urge them not to go back. They answer despairingly, "there is nothing else left for us now"—"No one will receive us"—"What can we do?"—"Where can we go?" Undoubtedly, many choose to go back, and no effort, as in some instances has been proved, would restrain them. But even if there were a true longing for a better life, what encouraging answer could be given them? What hope held out? Three young girls of this class were here to-day—their beds placed side by side—all young—not over sixteen, we should say—all pretty and attractive. If they recover, they will go back from whence they came. We know of no power on earth to stop them—no hand that will be outstretched to save them.

Rags Wanted.

In taking our leave of the Matron, on our recent visit, we asked, "What shall we tell our readers is the most urgent want just now at the Hospital?" "O," she replied with emphasis, "tell them we want *Rags*—pieces of old linen—old cotton—anything—everything!" Baby-clothes have come in splendidly, from all quarters. We have now a good full supply, thanks to our many kind friends. We have enough for the present—we are obliged to you. We have sometimes had enough of other things—but of *rags*, beggars that we are, we have never yet had enough!

Clothes Wanted for "Little Martin."

"Little Martin," whom we have so repeatedly mentioned in our visits, and who has been called the "Sunshine of the Hospital," is sadly in need of some clothes. Who would like to make little Martin happy and more presentable than he is just now, with a whole new suit—or even one partly worn? He is a dear little fellow—six years old—and not large of his age.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Treasurer requests us to ask, particularly, that subscribers, in changing their address, should give her prompt notice, as much trouble in receiving papers arises from a failure to do this.

Notice.

The Treasurer requests us to state, that the receipts for the "Review," the past month, in response to her bills, and all money received for subscriptions, will be given in our regular "Receipts for the Review." The object of publishing this list from month to month, is to obviate the necessity and to lessen the labor of sending special acknowledgments to each individual. Any one, therefore, sending remittances to the Treasurer, may look to see them acknowledged, not directly by her, but in the next issue of "the Review."

Election of Officers—City Hospital.

At a meeting of the Directors of the "*Rochester City Hospital*," held May 4th, 1870, the following Officers and Committees were appointed:

TRUSTEES.

Geo. H. Mumford,	Aaron Erickson,
L. A. Ward,	William Brewster,
E. M. Smith,	Samuel Wilder,
James Brackett,	B. R. McAlpine,
J. B. Elwood,	D. R. Barton,
H. F. Montgomery,	A. Champion,
S. D. Porter,	W. F. Cogswell,
D. W. Powers,	G. H. Perkins,
J. H. Brewster,	C. C. Morse,
James Vick,	E. S. Ettenheimer.

OFFICERS.

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

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE TRUSTEES.

G. H. Mumford,	L. A. Ward,
Samuel Wilder,	C. C. Morse.

COM. TO AUDIT TREASURER'S ACCOUNTS.

John H. Brewster, James Vick.
E. S. Ettenheimer.

COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS.

James Vick, D. W. Powers,
James Brackett.

LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mrs. M. Strong, Mrs. W. H. Perkins,
Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Mrs. E. M. Smith.

LADIES' VISITING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. G. H. Mumford, Mrs. W. W. Carr,
Mrs. F. Starr, Mrs. A. Bronson,
Mrs. E. D. Smith, Mrs. G. F. Danforth,
Mrs. H. L. Fish, Mrs. E. T. Smith,
Mrs. G. J. Whitney, Mrs. Hiram Smith,
Mrs. B. Williams, Mrs. Dr. Crowell.

Donations for May.

Mrs. Dunlap—Pickles.
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—A box of Linen.
Mrs. Wm. Church—Bedstead.
Mrs. Pulver—Pickles.
Mrs. McPherson—A barrel of Flour.
Mrs. Geo H. Mumford—Clothing.
Mrs. J. W. Bissell—Clothing.
Mrs. W. W. Carr—Pickle Higdorn.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Pickle Mangoes.
Mrs. E. S. Caldwell—Jar of Berries and Tomatoes.
Mrs. Warren—Pie Plant.
Mrs. Parsons—Pickles and Pie Plant.
Mrs. Dr. Rider—House Plants.
Mrs. Angle—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Craig—Old Cotton and Clothing.
Mr. Hamilton—Two Atheneum Tickets.
Chas. B. Hill—One Atheneum Ticket.
Mrs. H. Ely—One Dressing Gown.
A Friend—Barrel of Apples.

Cash Receipts.

"Little Monty," of Cincinnati, for the
New Wing..... \$6 00

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

Mrs. Jesse C. Smith, Brooklyn, \$1.50; Mrs.
Wm. Curtiss, 50 cents—by Mrs. E. D.
Smith..... \$ 2 00
Mrs. A. Augustus Porter, Niagara Falls,
\$1.00; Mrs. L. C. Graves, Niagara Falls,
50 cents—by Miss Ella A. Spencer.... 1 50
Mrs. J. F. Royce, Albion, \$1.00—by Mrs.
E. M. Smith..... 1 00
Minerva Ellis, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Galusha,
\$3.25—by Mrs. Kelly..... 3 87
Mrs. Fanny Roderick, 50 cents; Mrs.
Parkhurst, 50 cents, East Pembroke—
by Mrs. Mathews..... 1 00
Mrs. S. Moody, New York,—by Mrs. N.
T. Rochester..... 1 00
John Welch, \$1.00; Miss Delphia Cornes,
50 cents; Freddy S. Benedict, \$1.00;
Mrs. Charles Wickes, 50 cents; Mrs.
Powers Wickes, 50 c.; Geo. P. Decker,
\$1.00; Mrs. Dayton S. Morgan, \$1.00;
Fred Palmer, \$1.00; Mrs. N. P. Pond,
\$1.00; Mrs. J. Harrison, \$1.00; Mrs.

W. H. Seymour, \$1.00; Mrs. W.
B. Mann, \$1.00; Mrs. Geo. Benson,
\$1.50; Mrs. McGee, \$1.00; Mrs. Thos.
Cornes, \$1.00; Mrs. S. M. Ashley, \$1.00;
Mrs. J. W. Adams, 50 cents; Mrs. N.
L. King, \$1.50; Mrs. J. R. Randolph,
\$1.00; Mrs. G. R. Ward, 50 cents; Fred
Palmer, donation, 50 cents; all of Brock-
port; Miss Frank Fletcher, Lockport,
\$1.50—by Mrs. Decker..... \$20 50
L. B. Baker, 50 cents; Mr. Oriel, 50 cents
—by Miss Hibbard..... 1 00
Miss Frank Clarke, Mt. Morris, \$2.00;
Mrs. Harmon, Buffalo, \$1.50; Mrs. J. H.
Martindale, 62 cents; Mrs. Ira W.
Greene, West Rush, \$4.00; Henry L.
Churchill, Great Barrington, \$1.00; Mrs.
M. Cross, 63 cents; Mrs. Oramel Bige-
low, Groveland, \$2.00; Mr. D. A. Van
Valkenburg, Lockport, \$3.00; Francis
Tully, \$2.62; Mrs. D. C., 65 cents; Mrs.
Mylrea, \$1.12; Mrs. Cornelius Ketchum,
Bushnell's Basin, \$1.00; Harvey W.
Brown, \$2.75; Mrs. H. P. Brewster,
\$1.15; Mrs. E. T. Lacy, Scottsville, 50c;
Mrs. S. A. Ellis, 50 cents; Mrs. J. F.
Lovecraft, \$1.12; Mrs. E. D. Swain,
Madison, Wis., 50 cents; Mrs. R. Wood-
ruff, \$1.12; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, \$1.63—
by Mrs. Perkins..... 29 41

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Apr. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 110
Received during the month, 22—132
Discharged, 29
Died, 5— 34
Remaining May 15, 1870... 98

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, April 20, Susan
Gale, aged 50 years.
April 20, Mrs. Annie Lawrie, aged 50 years.
April 25th, James McCague, aged 37 years.
April 30th, Jacob Karl, aged 18 years.
May 7, John Riley, aged 65 years.

Correspondence.

Many thanks for the "barrel of apples,"
here alluded to. It was a very acceptable
donation, just at this time, when our stores
of canned fruit and jellies are exhausted—
and when our patients were needing most
something fresh and appetizing:

BROCKPORT, May 11th, 1870.

MRS. MATHEWS:

I have sent to-day, one barrel of apples, for
the inmates of the "Rochester City Hospital."
Trusting it may add a little to their comfort, and
to the suffering in particular, I remain, a friend
indeed, to your deserving Institution,

Mrs. D. S. MORGAN.

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

The Apple Blossom.

The beautiful Spring has come again—with its birds, and flowers, and bright sunny days. The apple trees are laden with flowers, so lovely, so rich, so fragrant. Oh! is there anything more beautiful than an apple tree in spring time in full blossom? Were you ever in an apple orchard when the trees were laden with blossoms, just after a shower, and as the clouds rolled away, and the blue sky and the sun appeared, revealing to the eye the rich flowers, covered with dew drops, sparkling like diamonds? Oh, did not something whisper in your ear, and to your heart, God is love—and as you looked upon it, did not the air seem filled with music—the hallelujahs of the skies? Yes; it is easy in such a moment to feel that “angels are hovering round.”

The apple blossoms' visit brings to mind a story—an *experience* of childhood—the little ones will like to hear it. It is a simple story. Many years ago, two little girls played in the sunlight—happier they seemed than many little girls now, for they had had much to fill their young hearts with joy—they both revelled in nature, and the spring time was a joyous time to them. They watched for the first flowers, and the apple blossom was to them a welcome guest. They lived in merry England, children, where apple trees are not so abundant as with us—and to pick apple blossoms was a forbidden pleasure. This was the very reason those two little girls, as they sat on a box-hedge, swaying themselves to and fro, as if in a rocking-chair, immediately beneath a tree laden with apple blossoms, were seized with an indescribable longing to possess the forbidden blossoms. The older one, Mary, said to her sister Annie, “Father says we must not get the blossoms, because if we leave them on the

tree, and wait, apples will come in place of the blossoms.” “But,” said Annie, “they are so pretty, and I always did want so to get one—just one—the tree is so full. I am sure it cannot be missed, and no one will ever know.” Mary replied, “If you will get one, I will keep the secret.” The temptation was great, the joy of actual possession would be shared by another, and Annie sprang on to the firm box-hedge, and the coveted blossoms filled her hand. She stood examining and looking at the delicate shading on each tender petal. It was a happy moment—but of short duration, for some evil genius told Mary to say, “Annie, I will tell. You knew better than to get the blossoms;” and, with the words on her lips, she ran swiftly to tell her mother, saying, “Annie has got an apple blossom!” Poor Annie stood confounded for a moment—and then the same evil genius whispered in her ear, “This is not fair—run, with quick steps, to meet your mother, and with the blossom in your hand, say, ‘see, mother, what Mary has got!’” The good genius whispered too, “Tell the truth, Annie, for God knows all about it, and mother will forgive.” But alas, the evil prevailed; and Annie, rushing forward and meeting her mother, positively asserted that Mary had picked the blossom. What could their mother do, but just what she did—to take them both by the hand, and place them in a room together, where—alone, with their own thoughts, and nothing to look at but each other's eyes and the apple blossom—they would see how very sinful they were, and confess their guilt? It was a solemn hour. They are both women now, and every spring, they are reminded of this sin of their youth. They will never forget the plucking of the apple blossom!

M. H. S.

“How can you do the most good?” asked a lady of a little girl. “By being myself just as good as I can be,” was the wise reply.

Telling Fortunes.

BY ALICE GARY.

"Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—Proverbs 23; 20, 21.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,

For you to accept or refuse;

The one of them good, the other one bad;

Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,

A fortune right fair to behold;

A house and a hundred good acres of land,

With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, the boughs hanging down

With apples, russet and red;

I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,

But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door,

See the fanning-mill whirling so fast;

I see them threshing wheat on the floor—

And now the bright picture is past!

And I see rising dismally up in the place

Of the beautiful house and the land,

A man with a fire-red nose on his face,

And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish,

That he were less wretched to see:

For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,

And his trowsers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,

And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;

And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,

And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,

And that drowsiness clothes men with rags,

And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,

Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,

And to be right side up with your dish;

Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,

And your shoes like the mouth of a fish!

God is the best friend-maker; if you need a friend, and cannot find one, go to God; He can make you one, and one exactly suited to your disposition and wants.

From the Presbyterian.

Hans Federkop.

In the great city of Amsterdam, situated upon the Zuyder Zee, in Holland, there once lived a little Dutch boy, called Hans Federkop. Hans was a little square built paunch of some fourteen years, with a white tow-head, and copper-toed shoes.

Hans was a very cute little chap, droll, and good-humored, but as lazy and useless a scamp as could be found in all the eleven provinces of Holland.

School was his terror, and work his abomination. He played truant at the one and slighted the other, till he was given up as the most incorrigible scape-grace in the neighborhood. His honest father, Jacob Federkop, a hard-working potter, coaxed, and begged, and thrashed, and sent him to school, and put him to work, and even sent him to sea, in hopes of breaking up his intolerable habits, but a day or two would generally find him back again, looking as innocent and unconcerned as though nothing had happened.

And O how he could fib! Such excuses he could make, and such explanations he could give! What pitiful stories he could tell, and adventures relate, concerning himself! Indeed, if his own account could be credited, Hans Federkop was one of the best doing, but worst used boys in all Amsterdam.

Well, one day Hans was sauntering listlessly along the red tiles of his native town prowling about for some object of interest or mischief, to pass away the time, when his attention was drawn to a rag shop. Peeping through a crack of the closed door, he discovered that the ragman, old Pete Lagerfass, was packing up his weekly collection of rags, and bones, and brass and bottles, &c., to sell them at the rag warehouse.

Well he hadn't looked long till he discovered the trick of the rag business. Pete was busily engaged in wetting the rags in the centre of the bundles, and filling the linings with sand, to make them weigh heavier.

When Hans saw this, a new idea struck him; and struck him so hard that he struck his head against the door, which, in turn, brought old Pete upon him before he knew, who, seizing him by the collar, gave him such a drubbing as soon convinced him how little Pete relished to be watched at

his work. In a moment, however, old Pete let him go, and from beating suddenly changed to caressing him, lest the boy's tongue might spoil his future profits. The issue of this was that old Pete and Hans became sworn friends.

After this a change appeared in Hans; he affected to reform, and become a better boy. But it was observed after this that he always had money, though no body could account for the way he got it; and moreover, about one night every week he was either out very late, or out all night; but then, when his father, the honest Jacob, brought him to task about it, Hans had such a plausible story ready for the occasion that there was no finding him out.

This went on for some months, when one night Hans was brought home nearly killed. His head was cut open, and one of his arms had a compound fracture.

And it happened thus:—On the night in question the clerk of the warehouse where old Pete sold his rags was a little later than common at the office settling up his accounts. He was just about to leave, with the bar of the gate in his hand, when he heard a strange noise in the rag shed. Hurrying out there, what was his astonishment to behold one of the rag bales rolling and tumbling about the floor as though it were alive, and emitting smothered, and to his startled ear, unearthly shrieks.

Being very superstitious, he at once concluded that it was a spook, and between terror and confusion he dealt the bale a rousing thwack with the bar. Instantly the rolling ceased; a loud cry was heard and out tumbled the rumped form of the unlucky Hans, half smothered, and now bruised and bleeding.

For a long time it was not known whether or not Hans was going to live. For many weeks he rolled in fever, and in his delirium he talked incessantly of old Pete Lagerfass, and rags, and bones.

At length reason returned, and with it very painful reflections, and finally a resolution to reform, and become an honor to his parents, instead of a disgrace, in case he recovered.

His first duty, however, was to confess every thing to his father; and you may guess the good old potter's astonishment to learn how Hans got his money, and the true cause of his mishap.

The idea that struck Hans when watching old Pete, was this. If Pete can cheat

the warehouse out of a groschen or two, by making his bale weigh heavier, why cannot we make it a thaler or two by making it heavier still?

"Ah, but," says old Pete, "if you put a stone in, they'll find it when the bale is opened, and block that game very quickly."

"But," answered the young rascal, "put a *living* stone in the bale, that can creep out before it's found, and the game will do. I'll be the stone, Pete. Just you tie me inside, so that I can breathe, and sell your bale so late in the day as to prevent its being opened that evening, and I'll worm myself out, and make my escape from the warehouse during the night, and no body be the wiser."

This was the way that Hans got his money—by selling himself once a week, as old rags, at so much a pound, old Pete getting one-half the rogue-money, and he the other.

And so he might have gone on for years, but for old Pete dumping him out of the scale, head downward, on the night in question, which well nigh smothered him and led to his discovery.

Well, to make a long story short, old Pete fled into a neighboring province, where he was arrested for drunkenness and vagrancy, and died in prison; and Hans, on account of his youth and suffering, was pardoned on condition of reform. And reform he did. But his character had been so bad, that it took him long to do it.

He was so ignorant that the school boys called him "No. 1 Jack;" and because he had been so bad, they called him "rag bag" and "spitz booby," and many other bad names. But he bore it all famously. Your Dutch boys are just the kind to do what they undertake—slow but sure.

Well, he persevered till he became the best scholar in the school, and never was called "No. 1 Jack" again; and he soon grew so honest and kind, that no body could find in their heart to call him "rag-bag," or "spitz booby."

After this he learned his father's trade, and became so skilful in moulding and enamelling his work, that his pottery sold far higher than any body else's.

After this again, he learned the secret of making porcelain from an escaped workman of the royal manufactory of Vienna and by means of his great talent, and industry and honesty, he improved that concealed art so much, that he became the fin-

est porcelain artist and richest man in all Amsterdam.

Well, when Haps became a great man he used to tell this story to all his boys and apprentices, and how the breaking of his head was the providential means of saving him. And he would always give them this advice:

1. Never *deceive* your parents.
2. Never grow up *idle*, for that's the devil's opportunity.
3. Cease your bad ways just as soon as you find them out; and
4. Persevere in doing well, even if bad children should call you "rag-bag" and "spitz booby."

JUN.

Lullaby.

BY MISS SARAH E. HENSHAW.

Baby, what do the blossoms say,

Down in the garden walk?

They nod, and they bow, in the twilight
gray;

Pray, can you hear them talk?

They say, "O darling baby bright,
We are going to sleep; good night!
For the lullaby breezes have come to sing
How God takes care of every thing."

Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what does the robin say?

Do you hear this evening song?

He sits and sings his sunset lay

With a heart all blithe and strong.
He sings, "Good night, my baby dear!
Sleep soft, sleep well, and do not fear,
For somehow I know, as I sit and sing,
That God takes care of everything."

Sleep! sleep!

Baby what does the cricket say?

Do you hear his measured voice?

He says, "The sun has gone away,
And I've come out to rejoice.

For the cold dew falls upon the grass,
And the fire-flies whisper, as they pass,
'Cricket, cricket, come out and sing
How God takes care of everything.'"

Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what does the katydid say

Do you hear its hoarse, loud tone?

It says, "I sleep the livelong day,

In my nook so clean and lone.
Bud now the stars no more are hid,
And I'm telling them what my Katy did—

Katy, my daughter who loved to sing
How God takes care of everything."

Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what are your mother's words,

As you nestle upon her breast?

She says, "Come hither, my sweetest of birds,

For you must seek your nest.

The flowers and the robins have gone to sleep,

The crickets and katydids their watches keep;

And your mother will sit by your cradle, and
sing

That God takes care of everything.

Sleep! sleep!

[Little Corporal.]

Miscellaneous.

A LAWYER'S LETTER.—The following is said to be a copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients: "Sir, I am desired to apply to you for the sum of one hundred dollars due to my client, Mr. Jones. If you send me the money by this day week you will oblige me—if not, I shall *oblige* you."

When Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he had had an uncle hanged. The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied, that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who *deserved* hanging.

Two Irishmen, stopping at the Island House, Toledo, lit their gas, and with windows open, sat down to enjoy a chat. The hungriest of Toledo mosquitoes soon flocked in, and drove them desperate. The clerk, who was summoned to devise some defence against them, told them to close the windows and put out the gas. They acted on the suggestion, and placed themselves between the sheets. Just as they began to doze, a lightning-bug, which had strayed into the room, caught the eye of one of the travelers. He roused his companion with a punch. "Jamie, Jamie, it's no use! Here's one of the craters sarchin' for us wid a lantern!"

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said, "A girl now seems all head." Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

The following ode to the organ-grinders is going the rounds:

"Eternal Rome! who sat on seven hills,
Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
Sent forth its legions, thick as Egypt's illa,
To grind opposing nations to the dust.

"And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,
Nor is there city where ye may not find
Her legions now, as in the ancient time;
They still go forth, their mission still to *grind!*"

Coleridge tells us of a man who never heard his name spoken by others, and who never spoke of himself, without taking off his hat. This though very absurd, is nevertheless amusing. Such a man could never be the object of an unkind feeling. So far from quarrelling with the subject of an hallucination so agreeable, the gravest looker-on may indulge his curiosity in watching the illusions which appear so grand to him who suffers them: and so grotesque to all the world besides. It is a curious fact, that the more conceit a man has, beyond a certain point, the more endurable he is to others. A little vanity provokes you: a little more incenses you: a good deal amazes you—but after that, every addition is positively agreeable. To this source we are constrained to ascribe the pleasure with which we listen to the speeches of many of our public men—not excepting some of our popular preachers.
[J. A. Alexander.

"Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?" Because they are both *hardly* done.

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. Muthews.

List of our Little Agents.

Mary Perkins, Rochester,
Florie Montgomery, "
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Fanny Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass.
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The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*:

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Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
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Jan. 1866. 1y

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OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

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Vice Presidents..... { PATRICK BARRY,
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Secretary & Treasurer—JOHN H. ROCHESTER.
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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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ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

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18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE.

mch. 1866. 1y

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No. 11 Main St. Bridge, Rochester.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

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Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

WAREHOUSE, 44 EXCHANGE STREET,

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ROCHESTER.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VI

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1870.

No. 12.

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.

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Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street.

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 & Job Printer,
9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

From the Old and New.

The Portrait of Edgar Allen Poe.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Slowly I raised the purple folds concealing

That face, magnetic as the morning's beam;
While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing,
Like Memnon wakening from his marble dream.

Again I saw the brow's translucent pallor,

The dark hair floating o'er it like a plume;
The sweet, imperious mouth, whose haughty valor
Defied all portents of impending doom.

Eyes planet calm, with something in their vision

That seemed not of earth's mortal mixture born,
Strange mythic faiths and fantasies elysian,
And far, sweet dreams of "fairly lands forlorn;"

Unathomable eyes, that held the sorrow

Of vanished ages in their shadowy deeps,
Lit by that prescience of a heavenly morrow
Which in high hearts the immortal spirit keeps.

Oft has that pale, poetic presence haunted
My lonely musings at the twilight hour,
Transforming the dull earth-life it enchanted,
With marvel and with mystery and with power.

Oft have I heard the sullen sea-wind moaning
Its dirge-like requiems in the lonely shore,
Or listened to the autumn woods intoning
The wild, sweet legend of the lost Lenore.

Oft in some ashen evening in October
Have stood entranced beside a mouldering tomb,
Hard by that visionary lake of Auber
Where sleeps the shrouded form of Ulalume.

Oft in chill, star-lit nights have heard the chiming
Of far-off, mellow bells on the keen air,
And felt their molten-golden music timing,
To the heart's pulses answering unaware.

Sweet, mournful eyes, long closed upon earth's
sorrow,

Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream!
Sleep, wayward heart! till on some cool, bright
morrow,
Thy soul, refreshed, shall bathe in morning's
beam.

Though cloud and shadow rest upon thy story
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time, as a birthright, shall restore thy glory,
And Heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.

An old Scotchman, of Boston, used to say, "I'm open to conviction; but I'd like to see the man that can convince me." Old minister Wells, the predecessor of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., himself a Scotchman, used to say, "It behooveth a Scotchman to be right; for if he be wrong, he will be forever and eternally wrong."

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

Funeral of Charles Dickens.

BY REV. W. H. BIDWELL.

Noiseless preparations were made for the funeral obsequies of Charles Dickens, in view of his express injunctions to avoid all parade and display. How could these sacred difficulties be got over? Rochester cathedral was ready to receive his remains. Dean Stanley, of Westminster, was ready and more than willing to receive the sacred deposit in a quiet manner suited to the occasion, which was arranged between Charles Dickens, Jr., and Dr. Stanley. Early in the morning, a special train left Rochester, with the remains, almost unobserved. At Charing Cross, a private room was in reserve and occupied for a quarter of an hour. A few minutes past 9, on Tuesday morning, a hearse and two mourning coaches left the Charing Cross Railway station and proceeded in the direction of the Abbey. As the unattractive cortege passed along Whitehall, no one imagined that the remains of Charles Dickens were thus being conveyed to their final resting place. The simple procession wended its way to the Abbey, entering Dean's-yard and passing into the cloisters, which were reached at half-past 9 o'clock. Eight men bore the coffin from the hearse to the grave. The family, with the medical attendant, Mr. Foster,—fourteen persons in all,—formed the procession. The coffin was met at the entrance by the Dean, who read the whole of the service save the lessons, which were read by others. As the procession entered the Abbey, the organ pealed forth its solemn strains; but there was no choral service during the ceremony. When the coffin was lowered into the grave the notes of the organ again arose, and there was another solemn peal when the funeral service was concluded at the grave. The coffin was strewn with flowers as it was being let down into the tomb. It bore the following inscription: "Charles Dickens, born 7th February, 1812; died 9th June, 1870." This simple ceremony was in wide contrast with the gorgeous grandeur of the funeral of the illustrious George Peabody, a few months since, which we attended, and looked down on his coffin in its temporary tomb, when the Abbey was crowded with mourning friends of England and the United States.

The spot chosen for the grave is exceedingly appropriate. It is underneath the central slab of the "Poet's Corner." It lies at the foot of Addison's statue, and around and near it sleep the ashes of the mighty dead of past ages and centuries in this venerable mausoleum of kings and renowned men of bygone generations. We were in the Abbey shortly after the closing scene of the grave. What seemed to us like a repetition, a second edition of the funeral services, was being performed, but with a large addition of persons. The atmosphere of the Abbey was full of solemnity. Even the organ seemed to feel the sympathy as it breathed forth, in subdued tones, that glorious anthem of Spohr, from Rev. 14,—*"Blessed are the departed,"*—which was sung with deep pathos. We spent some time at the tomb and dropped some white roses on the slab as a humble tribute. No spot of earth contains such a grand family gathering of the mighty dead as "Poet's Corner," and the impression was deeper now than ever, though we have been often there. On his pedestal, stands immortal Shakespeare, looking down into the grave of Dickens, holding in his hand a scroll, as if he had just read it at the funeral of Mr. Dickens:

*"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
And all which it inhabit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."*

A vast wealth of great names lies around the grave of Dickens, in "Poet's Corner," such as grace and adorn no other spot of earth. At his feet are Dr. Johnson and David Garrick; near his head are Addison and Handel; while Oliver Goldsmith, Rowe, Southey, Campbell, Thompson, Sheridan, Macaulay, Thackeray, or their memorials, encircle him; and near by are the memorials of Ben Johnson, Dr. Samuel Butler, Milton, Spencer, and Gray; while Chaucer, Dryden, Cowley, Mason, Shadwell, and Prior, are close at hand, and tell the bystander how

*"These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep."*

Multitudes, in years and ages to come, will make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Charles Dickens and to the graves of the mighty dead which surround him. The Royal sympathy was thus expressed from Balmoral, by telegraph:

"From Col. Ponsonby to Mr. Helps—
The Queen commands me to express her
deepest regret at the sad news of Charles
Dickens' death."

My Baby.

I have laid my baby down, now,
Poor little patient one,
Its days on earth were numbered,
And even that number is done.
My hands drop idle on my lap,
There's no more to be told,
Than that I buried my joy to-day,
With my baby, six weeks old.

She suffered, my little darling,
And gave such a pitiful cry,
While there was nothing I could do,
But to sit and see her die.
And now I have laid her down,
Will the flowers keep off the cold?
Tell me, is my baby warm?
My baby, six weeks old!

My baby girl, my first, my all,
I can not give her up.
Oh God, Thy rod falls very hard,
And bitter is Thy cup.
Forgive me that I cannot see,
The wisdom Thou hast shown,
In taking back what Thou had given,
And leaving me to moan.

For sorrow comes and sorrow goes,
But this will always stay,
I cannot weep, I cannot talk,
I cannot even pray.
I can only make within my heart,
A tiny grave to hold
The deepest sorrow of my life,
My baby, six weeks old.

J. A.

A dear little girl had been taught to
pray specially for her father. He had been
suddenly taken away. Kneeling at her eve-
ning devotion, her voice faltered; and, as
her pleading eyes met her mother's, she
sobbed: "Oh mother, I cannot leave him
all out. Let me say thank God that I had
a dear father once, so I can keep him in
my prayers." Many stricken hearts may
learn a sweet lesson from this little child.
Let us remember to thank God for mercies
past, as well as to ask for blessings for the
future.

Our Savage Neighbors.

BY HON. J. T. HEADLEY.

Red Cloud and his chieftains are, ere
this, once more in their native wilds—a
bit of barbaric grandeur stirring up civiliza-
tion a moment, and it has disappeared in
the boundless prairies of the West. Though
accustomed to the exhibitions presented by
these occasional visitations of chieftains to
the Capital, the present one was more
striking from the remarkable character of
Red Cloud—the most prominent among
them. This haughty savage, fresh from the
borders of the Rocky Mountains, to whom
the wonders and wealth and splendors of
civilization were all new, sat himself com-
posedly down in his war-paint before Presi-
dent and Cabinet, showing in his whole
bearing that he felt himself their peer.
His appellation, "Great Father," was but
a courtly phrase to introduce the stern, un-
qualified accusations of injustice and wrong
against them. The boldest diplomat of
Europe would not have dared to venture on
such severe, outspoken language as he did.
The contrast that the barbarian and Chris-
tian government presented at this moment
was striking and humiliating. The latter
was dumb before the former. His charges
could not be denied, and a feeble attempt
to ward them off was made by expressing
a desire for peace and making fair promises
in the future.

It was painful to see this savage occupy
such a high moral vantage ground over our
Government. He is a savage, with the
prejudices, errors, and, doubtless, treachery
of one; but over all these breaks the light
of a great mind. Besides, there seemed a
downright sincerity about him that could
not fail to enlist our sympathies. He could
talk of nothing else but his wrongs. Spec-
tacles and shows and admiration, ordinarily
so attractive to an Indian, were thrown
away on him. He was after his rights, and
could not be amused with such frivolities.
His language, too, was terse and to the
point. He was in too dead earnest to in-
dulge in figures of speech. Red Jacket
could reach our feelings in saying: "I am
an aged hemlock; the winds of a hundred
winters have whistled through my branch-
es;" but Red Cloud asked for no exhibi-
tion of feeling, and he demanded his
rights.

It was no common savage that could re-

main, as he did, unmoved by the attention lavished on him at Washington and the pomp and display of New York, because the wrongs done him and his race so occupied all his thoughts. Before the sea of upturned faces at Cooper Institute he stands haughty as a king, but the thunders of applause cannot arouse his vanity; they only kindle hope in his breast that such expressed sympathy may betoken good; and there is something touching in the earnestness with which, on the strength of it, he appeals to the multitude for aid. There is power in such a man, and he knows it. Still, he is a savage, and it will be apt to show itself in a savage manner. Backed by thirty thousand warriors, he can sweep our entire frontier with destruction and sunder our railroad connection with the Pacific for an indefinite length of time; and if he dared to talk so boldly—nay, angrily—to the Government in the very Capital, and utter such denunciations in the heart of civilization, what will he say and do when his “foot is once more on his native heath” and he is surrounded by his braves? If he could speak such bitter words here to the President and Cabinet, what will be his language to his assembled chieftains on the distant plains or under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains?

Trouble will come from this chief if we are not careful. He left us in no pleasant mood, and, unless there is a great change in our policy, that mood is not likely to be improved. One who could rise so superior to the extraordinary influences that surrounded him as he did while in our midst, is not to be governed by fear. Driven to the wall, he will die like Sampson, amid heaps of his slain foes. No such force as he can control has ever been concentrated on our frontier, and, if he comes to the conclusion that his hunting grounds and the home of his ancestors are to be taken from him forever, he is not the man to submit to it tamely.

There always has been among thoughtful Christians, and especially ministers of the Gospel laboring on our frontier, a fear that a day of terrible vengeance was preparing for us for our treatment of the Indians. This fear is based on the declarations of a just God, who punishes national sins where alone they can be punished—in this world. But it may be asked, What shall we do? We need their territory, especially the right of way through it, and must have it. Hith-

erto, we have purchased their land, if beads, trinkets, bad blankets, and worse whiskey, can be considered fair pay by a Christian government, and obtained a title to them so far as false representations and deceptive treaties made through dishonest agents can give it, and can any other course at this late day be adopted? Perhaps it is too late now to find any solution of the Indian question except by fraud and force. But the General Assembly sitting in Philadelphia at the same time the Government and the Indians at Washington were holding their unsatisfactory consultation, furnished the only one, and, if it had been adopted at the outset by the nation, a sure one. This was a resolution they unanimously passed, in which they declared that Christian principle, justice and kindness should characterize our treatment of the Aborigines. Had it been the basis of all our treaties and transactions with them, we never would have been troubled with the problems that now seem so hard to solve. It is idle to say that the Indian is treacherous and cruel and such a course would only have aggravated the difficulty. The logic of Christianity reaches conclusions, under the providence of God, that human reason cannot foresee, and religious principle produces results that the wisest statesmanship cannot accomplish. It is true, something is being done in the right direction. Under the direction of commissioner Cox, the Indian commission was directed to submit a plan to meet the difficulties of our position. They have done so, and many, if not all, of the propositions submitted, are wise ones, and should be carried out. More than all, they have stumbled on a new discovery—remarkable as it is new in national policy—viz., that “no material advantage to the whites, based on moral wrong, can be a real gain.” It has taken the Government nearly a hundred years to make this discovery, which the humblest Christian could have told it at any time. It is as old as the Bible and changeless as God. Its adoption, however, would be such a startling innovation that it is not safe to expect it. It may be tried like a new cannon or some other strange invention; but, if the first experiment should prove unsatisfactory, it will surely be abandoned and fraud and deception be resorted to again,—these last to be backed by mounted riflemen.

Enthusiasm is existence. Earnestness, life's exceeding great reward!

A Poem by Mr. Dickens.

The London *News* says that to that paper of February 14, 1846, Mr. Dickens contributed the following verses—which will be new to many—elicited by a speech at one of the night meetings of the wives of agricultural laborers in Wiltshire, held to petition for free trade:

THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABORERS.

"Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God to put it in the heart of our gracious Queen and her members of Parliament to grant us free bread!"—*Lucy Simpkins, at Bremhill.*

Oh God, who by Thy Prophet's hand
Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whose water came at Thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake:
Strike, now, upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high;
And let some drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die!

The God, who took a little child
And set him in the midst,
And promised him His mercy mild,
As, by Thy Son, Thou didst:
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear
Where Lords and Gentry are!

Oh God, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop;
For, in Thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep;
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine angels weep!

The God, who with His finger drew
The Judgment coming on,
Write for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!

Oh God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare,
Until they look (too late) on high
And see an Arrow there!

Oh God, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In memory of Me!"

Oh God, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them Bread to eat,
And went from door to door.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1870.

Work in Earnest.

We suggested last month the desirableness of beginning at once the paper work for our new year—but now, as the time draws near, we must talk in earnest. We cannot content ourselves longer with suggestions. We must entreat. We are not, to confess the truth, entirely satisfied with the results of our paper. The *Review* has by no means proved a failure. It has accomplished too much for our Hospital—and has won, we have reason to believe, too dear a place in many homes, for us to say that—but, at the same time, it has not accomplished what it might, and what it would have done, could it have had a wider circulation. And why can it not have? We do believe that, with a little determined effort on the part of each of our friends, that its circulation might be easily doubled both in the city and country. Our city has never yet been thoroughly canvassed for subscribers, and we doubt if one single town in the country has been. Our Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Mary's Hospital, have given us a striking example of what zeal and earnestness will do. Their little "West End Journal," has not, we believe, seen as many months as our *Review* has years, and yet their list of subscribers already far exceeds ours. Shall we allow ourselves to be thus easily outdone? Shall we admit, as so many contend, that there is a zeal, and a will, and a working power in the Romish Church that we Protestants do not possess? With the August number we commence a new year, and let us begin it with good hope, good courage, and a good long list of new names. Let each of our readers now resolve to send us at least one new one—and if this could only be done, just think of the result! Another thing which we want to urge is,

that this work be not delayed. Now is the time—no other can be just as good. We know the weather is hot and a little discouraging to effort, but there is always a cool pleasant hour in the morning, or after tea, for this work. "Where there is a will there is a way." We want to hear from our agents if possible before the new year commences, and therefore they cannot begin too early to make up their lists, and see how much they can do for us. Subscribers also are here reminded that it is now time to renew their subscriptions—forward remittances, and pay up arrearages, if any such are existing. It is a little hard-hearted of us, our readers may think, to try to stir up to so much effort and exertion for August, but our year now closes and our new one begins. Time does not wait, and we cannot delay. Your summer rest and recreation will not, we believe, be the less sweet for the little exertion we ask of you—and that you have done something for your good angels to record.

A Sad Case.

The following brief paragraph, which we cut from one of our daily papers, gives the outline of a very sad but not uncommon story—and its ending. Mr. B. was, we are told, a man of more than ordinary intellect and culture, of fine appearance and well connected. His brother, upon receiving tidings of his death, came on immediately to make arrangements for his burial. With what a heavy heart these last sad offices must have been performed over one in whom so many bright hopes had been centered, and had been crushed. There is a solemn warning in this case—but, alas! who will heed it? Our Hospital is full of these sad histories, and yet these repeated lessons seem to harden rather than arrest those following the same dangerous path, and who, spite of all warnings, entreaties, prayers and tears, will follow it, even to the same bitter end:

SUDDEN DEATH.—A man named Robert H. Buel, who has lately been engaged in the occupation of peddling stationery about the streets, was sent to the City Hospital yesterday morning by the poor authorities. He died there last night. Coroner Morrison was notified and he will make an examination. Deceased had served as a soldier with distinction and had earned the title of major. His death was probably caused by excesses and exposure to the storm of Wednesday night. He has a brother in good pecuniary circumstances residing in Massachusetts.

Since the above was written a jury, called by Coroner Morrison, has returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from exposure and long continued debauch. Drs. Little and Jones made a post mortem examination.

Visit to the Hospital.

Two months had passed since our visit, and we expected and found many changes. The hot summer—groan under it as we may—has thus far proved a very healthful as well as beautiful one. It has thinned our wards marvellously, and disease and chronic infirmities of all sorts, have disappeared under its genial spell. The sun was fairly scorching on the morning of our visit, but the heat did not seem felt at the Hospital, and once more we, as well as the guests who accompanied us, grew eloquent over the high, airy rooms and the fine breezy location of the Hospital. Particularly summery and pleasant it looked that morning—the wide green lawn, slumbering in the sunshine—the shady seats, under the trees—and the croquet-grounds, idle now, but charmingly suggestive.

Of course, Mr. W's face was the first to greet us in the Soldier's Ward. His chair was drawn up to the table—his box of tools open before him, and he was making himself very useful in putting new handles upon knives. A vision of a knife-basket, not unfamiliar to us, came up before us just then, with its unique collection of dismembered and shaky specimens, and we could not help thinking that a man like

Mr. W., might be "handy to have in the house." Found Mr. C., sitting in one of the most charming of windows, getting the benefit of the full sweep of air, and yet he insisted upon it, that he was almost dead with the heat—but he looked very fresh and smiling, for one so far gone, and certainly much improved from what he was a few months ago. Among the new faces, we noticed D. O'D., with bad eyes—Mr. B., injured by jumping from the cars—and young Vaughn, in whom much interest is felt. He caught his foot in the line of a canal boat, and before he could extricate it, it was cut entirely off. Little Georgie V., around again, but obliged to use his crutches. Mr. Lowe, still lingers, but we think that he has begun, even on "this side," to discover some meaning—some reason why his sufferings have been so protracted, and when, as we trust he may, he reaches the blessed shore of the "other side," he will understand still further why the passage over the river was so long. He was always a grateful patient—appreciative of little kindnesses—and now it is gratifying to know that he welcomes, as he did not once, the voice of prayer by his bedside. Many petitions have gone up for Mr. Lowe, that the lamp of his life might not be permitted to go out in darkness—that his final trust and rest might be in Jesus. Perhaps these prayers have been already answered, and that through this mystery of suffering—through these lengthened days and weeks and months of weariness, he has been kept waiting until the Light should come.

Mr. F., much better. He is a printer, and wants a situation very much—thinks his health would be better if he were at work. John B., the colored boy, so much better that he has gone to Lockport to drive a carriage for a physician in that place. Mr. P., also colored, comfortable. C. H., whose looks interested us, recovered and gone. Mr. J., dead.

We did not expect to find Katie in the

Female Ward. She had been promised a visit home on her eighteenth birth-day, and as the time drew near, she was very eager to go. Her wish was fulfilled, but she died the next day. We were sorry to find Mrs. M., in bed, not so well. Mrs. M., with erysipelas—Mrs. C. H., an old lady, with rheumatism—and Carrie Boyd, with measles, were among the new inmates. Ella H., has recovered and gone back to Oil City. J. G., improving. Mrs. J., with dropsy, seemed to be suffering very much.

The Nursery would be silent now, but for the baby left motherless by the sad death noticed elsewhere in our columns. Poor little thing—offspring of so much sorrow—and yet how innocent, how all unconscious it lay in our arms. Painful thoughts of the dead despairing young mother haunted us, as tenderly we laid the little one back in its crib, and left it to its baby sleep.

What will our Little Agents Do?

One little friend in Cincinnati, will do something for us, we are sure. We can always count upon Montie. But what will the rest of our little friends do for our *Review*? We should like to offer a premium to the one who will send us the longest list of new names during the month of August. We are not authorized to do this, but the one who will send us the most shall have, if nothing more, our very warmest thanks and praises, and the reward of doing good. Is not this sufficient? We await a reply.

Another story of sin and sorrow and death, closes at our Hospital this month. The following notice, which appeared in the *Democrat*, from the pen of the kind-hearted clergyman who administered to Mary's dying hours, has touched many hearts. All honor and praise to that noble Christian woman who dared to extend, in her hour of need, the sympathy and charity which those with whom her life from

childhood had been so closely bound, had coldly denied. Her little one lives and still remains in the Nursery at the Hospital. It is now two weeks old, and is an unusually strong, healthy, promising child. A home and parental care are earnestly solicited for this little waif. Who will take her? Who will give to poor Mary's child—the shelter which its broken-hearted mother despaired of finding for her?

[From the Democrat.]

The Refuge of the Grave.

"To bring repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom,—"

At noon, to-day, the grave will have closed over one more broken heart. Mary McVean, aged 21, late of Leroy or its near neighborhood,—sheltered and cheered for months by a Christian home, to which a seeming chance had directed her footsteps,—gave birth on Wednesday last, at the City Hospital, to a daughter, from which she uttered a mother's passionate vows never to part. No voice or hand of kith or kin came near to put the silver lining on the cloud of her desolation, and as her heart turned from the beautiful face of her innocent babe to its future and her own, the weight of the burden crushed it. The pangs of the body had been borne in silence; the agony of betrayal and its sequel broke the power of endurance, the nervous system sank beyond human power of succor, and with the prayer "forgive—oh, forgive," and long, deep sighs of uncontrollable hysteria, Mary sank to the silent refuge of the grave. The noble and considerate Christian woman whose judicious and affectionate kindness had been "a shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to Mary, was absent from the city, or her attentions might possibly have done what medical aid could not do, in soothing the paroxysms of a breaking heart. All that official attentions could do was done. But the record of Mary's demeanor and the proofs of her real character furnished in the last moments of her life to the sympathizing witnesses who gave her shelter, will redeem her memory from shame, and be a legacy to her little one, doubly and trebly orphaned. Of course the writer of this knows the whole history, and so do more than one, who with far different feelings, will read this article to-day.

CHAPLAIN.

Rochester, July 20, 1870.

Can You Guess?

Reader, can you guess what is most needed just now at the Hospital? The Nurse says we want something good—something appetizing, for our invalids—fruit, jellies, delicacies, &c.—but the Matron tells us, that, more than anything else, we want rags. With so many sick—so many injured—so many sores and wounds, of every description, to dress—is it strange that we never have rags enough? And surely are we asking too much—simply to be kept in rags?

Special Notice to Subscribers.

The Treasurer requests us to state, that several papers were returned to her through the post office the past month, whose names cannot be found in the City Directory. Our subscribers will see from this the great importance of giving us prompt notice of any change of address.

A Beautiful Charity.

We cut the following from a New York paper. Could not something of this kind be done in our own beautiful city, so renowned for its abundant fruits and flowers?

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.—An association has been organized in this city for distributing fruit and flowers to the patients in the various hospitals. The meetings are held every Tuesday and Friday, from twelve to two o'clock, in a hall at No. 237 Fourth avenue, where any contributions, however small, of fruit and flowers are gladly received. A committee of several ladies proceed with the contributions of the day to some one of the hospitals, and, so far as their treasures will go, make a fair distribution among the patients.

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.

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.

Superintendent's Report.

1870. June 1. No. Patients in Hospital,	102
Received during the month,	32—134
Discharged,	28
Died,	0—28
Remaining July 1st, 1870...	106

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Grandma, or the Power of Love.

The snow is falling lightly; it comes down so gently—down, down, looking so much like geese feathers that we can almost fancy we see an old woman sitting up in the clouds plucking a goose; as the flakes fall, they melt upon beautiful leaves, of every shape and shade of color. The maple leaves are conspicuous among the rest with their scarlet, and gold and brown; no two leaves can be found exactly alike, and little Maggie yonder, muffled in hood and cloak, is looking for the prettiest. She has a willow basket on her arm, partly filled with leaves. They look very glossy; the melted snow has given them a look as if they had been varnished, and Maggie holds up one to look at, that is much larger and gayer than the rest. "Oh," she says, "how pleased Grandma will be with this one. I know she will place it over Grandpa's picture. I never saw him," said Maggie to herself, "but he must have been very good, or Grandma would not have loved him." The snow falls faster and Maggie turns her face toward a little cottage which can be seen plainly a quarter of a mile distant. The smoke is curl-

ing from the chimney, and up through the branches and leaves of an old oak tree that spreads its branches over the little cottage. It is growing darker every moment, and the snow continues falling. Maggie shelters her little basket of autumn-tinted leaves under her cloak and thinks she sees Grandma's usual smile of welcome, at the cottage door. Grandma has won the heart of the little one of only eight summers, by her kindness and gentle loving words. Now Grandma is only a plain old woman, but she is all the world to Maggie; she thinks no one so beautiful as her Grandma, and to her the child carries every sorrow, and every joy—the first flowers of the spring time and the last leafy beauties of autumn. No harsh words ever escape Grandma's lips; a reproof is always followed by a kiss, and Maggie feels that Grandma loves her, and says nothing to her but what is for her good. Maggie's mother is one who is full of household cares. She is "troubled about many things." She *thinks* she has no time for flowers, or autumn leaves—no time for caresses, no time to tell stories, nor to talk about Heaven, and all those things that Maggie loves so well to hear; so her mother has no thought in Maggie's mind tonight, but Grandma fills her heart. She nears the cottage. If her mother should meet her she would expect only short hasty words complaining of her long absence, and idleness. She desires therefore to see the smiling, loving eye, and hear the gentle voice of Grandma. She steps upon the door-sill and perceives her mother busy preparing the supper, and, to Maggie's surprise no harsh words fall from her lips, but silence unbroken fills the house. Maggie knows that something unusual has occurred, for now her attention is attracted by sobs from a far corner in an adjoining room—her father calls her, and she walks up to him and clasping his neck wishes to share his grief, but turning her head toward the direction of the bed, she stands for a mo-

ment mute with astonishment, and then comprehending all that her childish heart could grasp, she burst into a flood of tears. She had never thought that her Grandma could die, but there lies the lifeless form of her darling friend. Maggie sobs, great sobs of grief, and father and child stand with hearts filled with love and anguish, to look upon Grandma, all silent and motionless, who will never speak to them again. Grandma has passed away—Grandma is dead! She has been gathered, a shock of corn fully ripe, without sickness, without a complaint, giving no one any anxiety or making the slightest trouble; her spirit has fled to that Saviour and to that Heaven which she had so often told Maggie about. Poor Maggie, whom could she show her pretty leaves to now—who would tell her stories, who would hear her prayers at night and morning, and give her a gentle kiss as she lay on her pillow! For Maggie's mother was always too much engrossed with her cares to do things which to her seemed such nonsense. Maggie's nature needed to be guided by a deeply loving sympathetic friend such as her dear Grandmother had been to her. Maggie knew nothing of this; how could she! She had loved her without knowing why, she had obeyed her unquestioningly, now Maggie felt very desolate, and although so young, yet her thoughts dwelt much upon God, and Christ, and heaven. She enjoyed nothing as much as a visit to Grandma's grave, which she kept always neat, and covered with the flowers she loved. When alone, she would sit, and in her childish way, wonder if Grandma could see her, and see how she longed for a smile, and loving words. The flowers and the beautiful in nature everywhere, were mingled in her mind, with the sweet smile of her Grandmother, and often she wondered why her mother did not smile and love the flowers too, and why her mother and father speak roughly to her. She wonders why home does not seem as attractive to

her as when Grandma lived, and why she does not love to please her mother. Alas how can Maggie know the power of affection, she is not old enough to know the reason why, and her mother is like a thousand others all over this great country, an industrious energetic woman, but entirely ignorant of the great power of love to bring her children into acts of obedience and of its power to develop the mind and make them lovers of all that is beautiful in nature, and above all lovers of God. Children are naturally religious, and the marvels of our holy religion are to them sources of great happiness when taught through the medium of a deep affection.

M. H. S.

An Old Story Newly Told.

Tommy, prowling on the lawn,
Spied a sparrow just at dawn,
Up and at her labors;
Secure and sweet she hopped along,
Or flying nestward, sang a song,
That roused her sleepy neighbors.

But Tommy meant to break his fast,
"That tune, song-sparrow, is your last,
Whatever you intended;
Just come down on the grass to me,
I'll eat you up in seconds three,
And so your story's ended."

The sparrow is a little chit,
And plain of dress, but full of wit,
So when upon the grass she lit,
And Tommy at a bound,
Had whisked her off behind a tree,
And growled "I'll make a meal of thee,"
She plucked up courage—"Tom," said she,
"Just set me on the ground,
And do, I pray you, have the grace,
Before you eat to wash your face."

Tom was a cat of high degree,
And used to good society,
"Your words are wise, you bird," said he,
"Though you're a silly creature."
Knowing that manners make the man,
He set her down and slow began,
With dignity (cats only can)
To wash each solemn feature.

Scarce was his paw across his nose,
Before aloft the sparrow rose;
From tallest tree the garden grows,
 She sends him down a song;
"Tommy, don't you wish you could
For breakfast have a sparrow good?
Birds are such dainty, tender food,
 I know for one you long."

Tommy eyed her with a grin,—
"I must say, bird, you took me in,
 But long as I've to stay
Upon this earth, so full of cheat,
Of artful birds, and all deceit,
My breakfast when it's caught I'll eat,—
 My face wash when I may."
And so, you know, do all the race of cats
until this day.

Talk of the Lichens.

Far up the sides of the mountain the naked rock shot up still higher. It seemed very high as you looked upward. The rock was even on its face, and was full perpendicular. On its surface were four kinds of lichens growing—from that whose leaf was very small, to the last, which was quite coarse and large. We sometimes see such lichens on an old fence, an old tree, or an old house. The face of the huge rock was almost covered with them. As I sat down under the shadow of the mountain, waiting for my friends, I gazed at the lichen, and began to wonder in my own mind what it was created for, and of what use it could be, when I seemed to hear a small, crispy voice, far up the rock, calling out:

"Mother, how old am I?"

"Why, my child you have just begun to live. You are only eighty years old yet."

"And how old are you?"

"I call myself young, for I am only five hundred and twenty years old."

I now listened with all my ears, for I knew the lichens were talking among themselves. I felt sure they would say more, and I took out my pencil to put down what they might say. Pretty soon heard the same little voice say:

"Mother, ain't you discouraged?"

"Discouraged! at what, pray?"

"At your size! Five hundred and twenty years old, and how very small you are!"

"Not so small, either! I cover six inches square already, while there's my poor grandmother almost eleven hundred years

old, and she covers only five inches even now! Very few, I am happy to say, of the lichen family who have worked harder or accomplished more than I have, though I do say it myself."

"Well, mother, of what use is it to cling to this great rock, and hang here summer and winter, amid storms and cold and wind beating upon us! We might as well die and drop off. Nobody would miss us or care. What do we live for?"

"To raise wheat."

"Raise *what*?"

"Raise wheat, to be sure."

"Pray, mother, what do you mean? We lichens, away up here, on this cold rock, raise wheat! If that isn't funny!"

"Listen, my child. This huge mountain is a solid rock. If it was all pounded up fine it would make soil on which men would raise wheat. But it is now very hard and there is nothing to pound and turn it into powder. And so God has created us, the lichens, to have our home here to cling to it, to gnaw it, and, with a kind of acid we have, to crumble and dissolve it. Don't you remember that the very last year you rolled down two little grains of the rock? 'Well, every grain we make falls down; then the rain washes it into the little brook, and the brook carries it into the river, and the river raises it up, and as it overflows its bank, drops it just where the old soil is worn out, and the wheat needs new. The Nile thus carries down little particles from the mountains and makes Egypt so fruitful."

"O! mother, how often can I gnaw off rock enough to raise a kernel of wheat?"

"Perhaps once in thirty years."

"O! what slow work! When will what you dig out this year raise wheat?"

"Perhaps five hundred years hence. God sees that there will be old men and little children upon the earth then, and they will want bread; and so He has created us and placed us here to prepare soil and get this rock ready to raise wheat. Thus He goes before and provides, and makes even the poor little lichens useful; and if we do our duty His smile will cheer us; and though we can do but little, yet that will do good to somebody."

The lichens stopped talking, but I did not stop thinking. What would my young reader have thought had he been there?

[S. S. Times.

A Dinner and a Kiss.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There is not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

Miscellaneous.

A formal fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl, "how are you, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." The child simply and honestly replied, "I don't want to know."

"Oh dear!" blubbered an urchin, still smarting under a redent application of birch, "perhaps forty rods *do* make a furlong; but golly! I'm sure one rod makes an acher."

Govern your thoughts when alone, and your tongue when in company.

Sidney Smith, passing through a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter. "What have you done with your doll?" "I have put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up." "But if you shouldn't have any?" "Ah! well! then it will do for my grandchildren."

At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm 'appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

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,

Agents.

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

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
" Mrs. L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
" MARY W. DAVIS, "
Mrs. C. F. SPENNER, "
" 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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
Three Months,.... 2 00	One Third Column,.... 13 00
Six Months,..... 8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 18 00
One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

Notice.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF MONROE COUNTY, }
Rochester, Aug. 2, 1874. }

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the Statutes of this State and to the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that an Election will be held in this county on the Tuesday succeeding the first day of November next, at which Election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. JOSEPH S. CAMPBELL, Sheriff.

AT THE CITY OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, }
ALBION A. CANTALIST, Secy. }

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 suc-

ceeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of John T. Hoffman
A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Allen C. Beach.

A Comptroller, in the place of Asher P. Nichols, appointed by the Governor in the place of William F. Silver, resigned.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of John D. Fay.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of George W. Chapman, appointed by the Governor in the place of Oliver H. Mason, deceased.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Solomon Scheu.

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

Representative in the Forty-second 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 the Assembly.

A County Clerk, in the place of Charles J. Powers.
A County Judge, in the place of George W. Rawson.

A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Addison S. Whitcomb.

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Orlando P. Simmons, and Leodowick Wooden.

Two Clerks, in the place of John N. Harder and Henry T. Chamberlain.

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

The attention of Town and City Election Boards, Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is respectfully directed to Chapter 319, Laws of 876, herewith printed, as to be read and used under said act.

CHAPTER 379.

AN ACT to provide for the payment of the Canal and General Fund Debt for which the tolls are pledged by the Constitution.

Passed April 15, 1870, three-fifths being present.

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

SECTION 1. The Commissioners of the Canal Fund a money authorized and directed to borrow, on the credit of the State, such sum of money as may be required for the purpose of paying and extinguishing the canal and general fund debt for which the tolls are pledged, as provided by sections one, two and three of article seven of the Constitution. The Treasurer is authorized and directed to issue and deliver to the said Commissioners, as required by the said registered or coupon bonds of this State, having a given term to run, bearing six per cent interest, payable semi-annually, for such amounts as shall be required by said Commissioners for the purpose aforesaid. Upon the receipt of the said coupons, the said Commissioners shall sell the same to the highest bidder, at not less than par, either by private sale, for sealed proposals, in the usual manner, or at public auction, upon the notice, as the said Commissioners may see fit. The proceeds of the sale of the said coupons appropriated to pay and extinguish the canal and the general fund debt, as they may exist when this act shall become operative.

§2. A state tax shall be annually levied and collected, sufficient to pay the interest on such moneys as shall be borrowed under this act, and in addition thereto, to provide for an annual contribution sufficient to create and establish a sinking fund, which shall pay and discharge, within eighteen years, the principal of the debt created under the provisions of this act. But in case the Legislature shall annually provide and appropriate any moneys from the canal tolls or otherwise, to the payment of any portion of the interest on such debt, or such contribution to the sinking fund aforesaid, the said debt or moneys shall be enforced only to the extent which may be necessary and sufficient for the purposes aforesaid.

§3. Now, the said canal and general fund debts shall have been paid, or fully provided for, in pursuance of section one of this act, the Canal Fund shall thereupon and thereafter have full power, from time to time to fix, regulate and reduce the rates of toll upon the canals of this State, in such manner and to such extent as they may deem expedient to promote the interests and commerce of the State, and to prevent the diversion of business. And it shall be the duty of the said Board to exercise this authority in such way as to secure to the canals of this State the greatest practicable amount of tonnage and transportation; and the Legislature, in accordance with the requirements of section three of the seventh article of the Constitution, declare its concurrence in each adjustment and reduction as the said Board may deem advisable in the exercise, from time to time, of the authority hereby vested and conferred.

§4. This act shall be submitted to the people at the next general election to be held in this State in November next. The inspectors of election in the different election districts in this State, shall provide at such public election day, a box in the usual form, for the reception of the ballots herein pro-

vided; and each and every elector of this State may present a ballot, on which shall be printed or written, or partly printed and partly written, one of the following for a name: "For the act to create a State debt to provide for the payment of the Canal and General Fund Debt," or "Against the act to create a State debt, to provide for the payment of the Canal and General Fund Debt." The said ballots shall be so folded as to conceal the contents of the ballots, and shall be endorsed: "Act in relation to the Canal and General Fund Debt."

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

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

§7. Sections four, five, six and seven of this act shall take effect immediately; but sections one, two and three of this act shall take effect when ratified by the People, as hereinafter provided.

Respectfully yours, &c.

H. A. NELSON,
Secretary of State.

ang3-4-70&lawtd

BINGHAM, BROOKS & BEMIS,

DEALERS IN

Stoves & Hot-Air Furnaces

AND

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS Generally.

Refrigerators, Coolers, Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs,
&c. &c. Agents for the Indicator Cook
Stove, the latest and best.

15 BUFFALO ST. [June, '70] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Geo. H. Phillips & Co.

Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in

Stoves & Hollow Ware

249 RIVER ST.

Geo. W. Phillips,
J. M. Howk,
W. A. Clark.

TROY, N. Y.
May, '70.

DR. H. C. WANZER & SON, Dental Parlors,

Over 16 Buffalo Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1870.

6 ma

A. S. MANN & CO.

WE GUARANTEE our American Silks as being entirely free from cotton, perfect and permanent in color as any Foreign Silks, and **MUCH BETTER TO WEAR** than any other Silks at the price.

A. S. MANN & CO.
State Street.

PLAIN COLORED SILKS, every desirable shade and color, at moderate prices.

A. S. MANN & CO.

AMERICAN SILKS.—Our standard quality, black and stripes. \$2.50 per yard only.

A. S. MANN & CO.

FOR Boys' wear we have an unequalled stock of medium weight Woolens, very cheap.

A. S. MANN & CO.

WE DEAL largely in Black Alpacas, and can sell them much below usual price.

A. S. MANN & CO.

GREY SILKS and small checks and stripes. Fine assortment and reasonable.

A. S. MANN & CO.
State Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

ELWELL & MOSELY,
DEALER IN
MOURNING GOODS,
CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS,
Special Bargains in Black Silks and Alpacas,
No. 9 Main Street Bridge,
Jan. '96, 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. '69. 1yr. Rochester, N. Y.

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.

L. C. SPENCER & Co.

Oyster & Fruit Packers,

Nos. 325, 327 & 329 Alice Anna St.

BALTIMORE, Md.

Office, 116 State St., Rochester, N. Y.
December, 1869.

STODDARD & WETMORE, Druggists & Apothecaries

61 BUFFALO STREET,

Smith's Arcade, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dealers in Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
December, 1869.

OUR present make of Black Alpacas gives universal satisfaction.

A. S. MANN & CO.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,
(SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAUW.)
CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
Trusses, &c.
PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
81 State Street, (West side.)
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
Nov. 1867. 1y

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

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,
No. 106 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.

MEAT MARKET.
E. & A. WAYTE,
Dealers in all kinds of
Fresh Meats, Poultry,
SMOKED MEATS,
SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.
140 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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

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.

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

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 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. COLER.

SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.
[Established in 1864.]
Jan. 1866. 1y

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,
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. Woodworth,
A. Carter Wilder, James M. Whitney.
Ebenazer 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.

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. mch. 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

J. SIMMONS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

READY MADE CLOTHING,

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

No. 11 Main St. Bridge, Rochester.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

TOILET SOAPS,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.,

No. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

HYDE & BACKUS,

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

DEALERS IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

No. 55 State Street,

R. F. HYDE, } ROCHESTER, N.Y.
JAS. M. BACKUS, } 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 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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, 44 EXCHANGE STREET,

Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER.