

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1870.

No. 1.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW;

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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

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JACKSON FALLS, N. H., Aug. 6, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:

It has several times occurred to me, when reading the oft-repeated accounts with which the papers abound, of hot days and nights, that I would send you a few words about this cool retreat, where, free from noise, dust and fashion, we enjoy cool mountain breezes, good, pure, clean and airy rooms, for a moderate sum. Perhaps some of your readers may be glad to know, another year, if not this, of "Thorn Mountain House," Jackson Falls, N. H. The house accommodates about thirty, forming a pleasant and agreeable circle, where every one is received and welcomed, without introduction, and esteemed for their social qualities.

While I was putting off writing from

day to day, a Rev'd guest, who came here to rest from serious labors and duties, put into verse the charms of Jackson, so much more glowingly than any prose which I can command, that I venture to enclose a copy:

Yours truly, C.

A BRAG ON JACKSON.

Let others sing in boastful strains,
Of Conway and the Glen,
Cathedral Rocks and Cascade Falls,
And of the Devil's Den:
Let them descant in pompous rhymes,
Of that small water-run,
Where old Diana took her baths
Beneath a broiling sun.

But give to me the cooling shades,
Along those rocky walls,
Where roaring "Wild Cat" tumbles down,
O'er Jackson's famous Falls;
Yes, give to me the quiet walk,
At morning, eve and noon,
To hear those sparkling waters sing
Their old romantic tune.

Standing in Conway's sandy street,
They point you to the West,
Those far-off hills which are to them
The islands of the blest.
On those remote and rocky cliffs
They show a pretty sight—
A horse with head and tail erect,
Known as the "Horse in White."

You first look up—you then look down—
You twist and toil and turn;
At last, the noble "Horse in White"
You surely can discern;
But when you find this famous beast,

Which Conway, people show,
He's putting straight for Jackson
As fast as he can go.

If I desired to spend my days
In playing of croquet,
To Conway I would bend my steps,
In her hot dust to stay.
But as I seek the mountain groves,
The cool and shady dells,
I stop no more in Conway
Than necessity compels.

If I had four great swell-top trunks,
All full of dresses rare,
I would not go to Jackson Falls,
To show their glories there:
To old Franconia I would go,
As fast as I could ride,
Where lives the grim-faced man in stone,
Far up the mountain side.

This "Old Man of the Mountains,"
Would clear his face of frowns,
And smile a grand and awful smile,
At sight of my new gowns.
He is the only man, I find,
In all the round I've been,
Who cares a fig whether I dress
In blue or white or green.

Then let us raise a hymn of praise
To Jackson's famous Falls,
Her blooming belles, her mossy dells,
Her wild romantic walls;
And far and near let people hear,
Till all the world shall know,
For pure delight, by day and night,
This is the place to go!

Victor Hugo on the War and Woman's Duty.

Victor Hugo has addressed the ladies
of Guernsey, England, as follows:

Ladies: Again some men have condemned a part of the human race to death, and a desperate war has commenced. This is neither a war of liberty or of duty, but a war of caprice. Two peoples are about to destroy each other for the pleasure of two princes. While thinkers are perfecting civilization, kings are perfecting war. This will be a frightful one. Some *chefs d'œuvre* are announced—a gun that will kill 12 men; a cannon that will kill 1,000. It is no longer the pure and free waters of the great Alps that is to flow in torrents

into the Rhine, but human blood. Mothers, sisters, daughters, wives, shall weep. You are about to go in mourning; some because of their own troubles; the rest because of the misfortunes of others.

Ladies—what carnage! what a conflict must follow the meeting of these unfortunate combatants! Allow me to address you a prayer. Since the ignorant forget that they are brothers, be their sisters; come to their aid, and make lint. All the old linen of our houses which is of no use can save the lives of the wounded. It will be fine to have all the women of this island employed in this fraternal work; it will be a glorious example and a great benefit. Men do evil; let you women supply the remedy; and, since on this earth there are bad angels, let you be the good ones. If you resolve to do so, and commence, in a short time you will have a considerable quantity of lint. We shall then make two equal parts, and shall send one to France and the other to Prussia.

The One Sweet Thing that is Lost to Me.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

The dew is off the full-blown rose,
And the wind will flout it before he goes;
And the down is brushed from the yellow peach;
And the purplest grapes are out of reach;
And I am as sad as sad can be
For the one sweet thing that is lost to me.

Dear, my friend! it is none of these;
For after the wind will come the bees;
And the peach that ripens toward the south
Is just as sweet for the eager mouth;
But I am as sad as sad can be
For a sweeter thing is no more for me.

Why will you make me say it twice?
Leave my life to its own device!
Ah! you say that my hand is cold;
I say that my heart is numb and old;
I say I am as sad as sad can be,
That love, sweet love is no more for me.

But I—I would love you if I could;
I would nestle to you in my tender mood.
I am so weary of being alone,
I needs must take this piteous moan;
My soul is famished so utterly
For the one sweet thing that is not for me.

You should have come in the Long Ago—
 Before my heart went under the snow ;
 You should have come while the violets bloomed,
 Ere the sweet blush-roses were all entombed—
 Before I was sad as sad could be,
 While love, sweet love was sweet to me.

Now, for the good I should receive
 I have so little left to give,
 I am ashamed that your love should lie
 Low at the feet of such as I ;
 Let me be sad as sad can be
 That this sweet thing is not for me.

Kiss me but once, upon the brow—
 Promise to be my friend from now ;
 Pity me that I cannot love—
 Pity me all the world above !
 Leave me as sad as sad can be
 For the one sweet thing that is lost to me.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

The War as viewed by French Protestants.

The Paris *Esperance*, a Protestant paper has the following on the Proclamation of War :

"The Lord reigneth!" This thought constitutes, in every age, the strength of the believer ; but what need has he to take refuge in it and to recall it, in days of great commotions, and when great events have suddenly arisen to disturb the repose of nations ! It is not our province to estimate the gravity or to recount the phases of the war which has just burst out between two powerful nations, one of which is our own. At the very moment when our readers will be glancing at these lines, blood will be ready to flow ; and will, perhaps, have been already spilt ; and what sorrow, what ruin, what suffering of every kind will strike some and alarm others ! One's heart is ready to break at the thought ; and one asks—From whence will deliverance come ? But 'the Lord reigneth,' and on all sides the prayers of Christians are ascending to His throne. May it please Him to soften the horrors of the coming war, and to bless the efforts which have this end in view, and may He soon restore peace ! May He preside at the Councils of those who govern ! May He impress on all the great lessons of the time ! May He vouchsafe His Presence to all those who suffer ! May He beside the hospital bedsides, and with the families among whom, in so many places at once, anxieties and bereavements are being

multiplied ! Yes, let men of faith all pray ; but let them act as well. What a powerful and urgent appeal to all the devotion of Christian charity ! How much there is to be done ; what holy duties to be fulfilled ! An admirable institution—the Society for the Aid of Soldiers wounded by Land or Sea,—of which we may, in passing, recall the Protestant origin, has at once set itself to the work. This Society needs doctors, infirmaries, 'money, linen, lint, clothing, and bedding.' Let these wants be largely provided for, that in this, as in all else, French Protestantism may show that a heart truly human, because truly Christian, beats within the bosoms of its children. We learn with pleasure that several among them have already given noble examples in this respect, which will not, we hope, remain isolated.

"But it is not bodily sufferings only which demand our aid. Many of our co-religionists are in the ranks of our army. Our churches sent almoners to our Protestant soldiers in the Crimea, in Italy, in China, and in Mexico. And she will also send her agents to the banks of the Rhine ; and we know that exertions are already being made for the prompt accomplishment of this design. May the blessing of God rest on this part of our work !"

THE HIDDEN BATTLE-FIELD.—The world which we bear about with us must differ widely from the world in which we appear to dwell. It is in this contrast, this want of harmony between the visible and invisible, the seen and the felt, that lies the trial of our daily life ; and often as we are tempted to judge hastily and unkindly, to murmur at the moody look, or to reprove the sigh of discontent, it may perhaps check us to remember that when earth is bright to us, it may be dark within the heart of those we love ; and that the slightest symptoms of annoyance which jar upon our sensibility, or ruffle our temper, may be but the signs of some inward struggle, with which, if we could behold it, we should but too painfully sympathize.

[E. M. Sewell.]

Frederick the Great once said : "There is a god of war ; the issue of battles is written in the stars. I have won battles that I had already given up for lost, and have been beaten when victory was already within my grasp."

Bury Thy Sorrow.

Bury thy sorrow ;
The world hath its share ;
Bury it deeply,
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly,
When curtained by night ;
Tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief ;
Tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight
A glow on thy way ;
Gather the moonbeams,
Each soft, silver ray.

Hearts grow weary
With heavier woe,
Droop 'mid the darkness ;
Go comfort them, go.

Bury thy sorrow ;
Let others be blest ;
Give them the sunshine ;
Tell Jesus the rest.

The Prisoner of Glatz.

In a cleft of a mountain-range in Upper Silesia, through which the wild and raging River Neisse forces its passage down to the Oder, stands the Prussian fortress of Glatz, a natural fastness, begirt by mountain-peaks like walls, and fortified yet more by human skill. The valley itself is shut out from the rest of the world, and enclosed by the massive walls and gratings of the castle. Woe to the man imprisoned in Glatz ! Everything calls out to him, "No hope remains for thee ! No hope !"

Here, in the early part of this century, lay the Count M——, hopelessly shut in behind bolts and bars. By treason against the realm, and especially by personal violence offered to Frederick William III. of Prussia, he had drawn the anger of that monarch on his head, and was condemned to solitary imprisonment for life. For a whole year he lay in his frightful, lonely cell, without one ray of hope ; either as to this world or the next, for he was a skeptic. They had left him only one book—a Bible ; and this for a long time he would not read ;

or, if forced to take it up to relieve his weariness, it was only read with a feeling of hatred towards the God it reveals.

But, sore affliction, that has brought back to the good Shepherd, many a wandering sheep, had a good effect upon the Count of M——. The more he read his Bible, the more he felt its influence on his forlorn and hopeless heart.

On a rough and stormy November night, when the mountain-gales howled round the fortress, the rain fell in torrents, and the swollen and foaming Neisse rushed roaring down the valley, the Count lay sleepless on his cot. The tempest in his breast was as fearful as that without. His whole past life rose before him ; he was convicted of his manifold short-comings and sins ; he felt that the source of all his misery lay in *his forsaking God*. For the first time in his life his heart was soft, and his eyes wept with tears of genuine repentance. He rose from his cot, opened his Bible, and his eye fell on Psalm 1. 15 : "Call upon Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." This word of God reached the depths of his soul ; he fell on his knees for the first time since he was a child, and cried to God for mercy ; and that gracious and compassionate God, who turns not away from the first movement of faith, towards Him, heard the cry of this sufferer in the dungeon, and gave him a twofold deliverance.

The same night, in his castle at Berlin, King Frederick William III. lay sleepless in bed. Severe bodily pains tormented him, and in his utter exhaustion he begged of God to grant him a single hour of refreshing sleep. The favor was granted ; and when he awoke again, he said to his wife, the good-hearted Louise, "God has looked upon me very graciously, and I may well be thankful to Him. Who in my kingdom has wronged me most ? I will forgive him."

"The Count of M——," replied Louise, "who is imprisoned in Glatz."

"You are right," said the sick King ; "let him be pardoned."

Day had not dawned over Berlin ere a courier was despatched to Silesia, bearing to the prisoner in Glatz pardon and release.

God often denies his children what he gives to others ; but he denies them in love.

Shore and Sea.

The sleep of youth, the dreams of love;
Fair girlhood's sweet and flushed repose;
The rounded neck and throbbing breast
Half-hidden by the loosened hair,
That stirred through all its flossy lengths,
Gleams golden in the chaste moonlight:—

Above, framed in the silver light,
Her hero's face, her lover's soul,
Keep tender vigil o'er her sleep:
The clear brave eyes beam quenchless light,
The firm lips wear a tenderness
As caught from pressing gentler ones,—
This on the Shore!

Death in the foaming jaws, agape
With more than human rage and hate;
Death on the wings of maniac winds,
That wave off foam white, seamless shrouds,
And whirl them round a doomed ship,—
The hoarse, death rattle in her masts:

Dim eyes whose light's forever quenched;
White lips that wear no tenderness;
Stiff arms that idly beat the waves,
Like useless oars thrown out to drift
Upon the tide they could not stem;
The moon's pale death-watch over all,—
This on the Sea!

Give sepulture to woe, O, Shore!

As thou hast done to hope, O, Sea!

Forevermore.

A. R. A.

Popular Fallacy that We should Rise with the Lark.

At what precise minute that little fairy musician doffs his night gear and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a more human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises, we take ten, or half-past ten, (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest requires another half hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sunrises, as we are told, and such like gauds, abroad in the world, in summer time especially, some hours before what we have assigned, which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice,

in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun, (as it is called,) to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail working courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveler. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually, in strange qualm, before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversions. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale, we chose to linger abed and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into daylight a struggling and half vanishing nightmare; to handle and examine the terrors or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid or so careless as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns, or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world whither we are hastening. * * * Therefore we choose to deal with visions.

The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

[Lamb.]

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1870.

What Can We Say?

Our new year begins with this month, and what can we say, that we have not said, to urge our friends and agents to the necessity of earnest work for the *Review*? Our receipts, as will be seen by the published lists this month, are very meagre. Still, we do not want to be discouraged. 'Tis hardly time to hear from our friends, since the last issue. Our Hospital work increases. With the New Wing, will come additions to our numbers—additions to our cares and interests. Our paper, must we say, keeps pace with our growth. What do our readers say? We ought to look to our paper as a powerful auxiliary, not only in building our New Wing, but in furnishing it and fitting it for use. But, for our paper to do its work, it must have circulation. It must be sent forth on its mission. What will each reader, each subscriber, do for us this month?

At Last!

At last, we are able to make the happy announcement that our New Wing is actually begun; and is going up bravely, proudly, every day. It promises to be a very great improvement, not only to the appearance of our building, but of inestimable benefit to our city and vicinity—enabling us to provide not only for a much greater number of sufferers, but more comfortably. The want of the New Wing has been a long and pressing one. We have felt ourselves every day almost straightened for want of room. To pay for it, and to furnish it, and to fit it up, are now the next questions—but we leave our

friends, for the present, at least, to devise their own plans. Churches and individuals also, combined to furnish the Hospital at its opening, and perhaps the New Wing will be supplied in something the same way.

Our Terms.

The terms of our *Review* are only fifty cents a year, payable in advance—and twelve cents for postage—making sixty-two cents in all, for city subscribers. Country subscribers pay their own postage on delivery.

Would You Believe It?

Full as our city is just now of, most tempting and delicious fruit—not one apple even, the Matron tells us, is brought to the Hospital!

Subscribe Now!

Now, the beginning of the year, is the time to subscribe for the *Review*. Do not delay.

Rochester Female Charitable Society.

We publish this month the list of officers and visitors in the Charitable Society, thinking that it might be of some service to that society as well as convenience to our readers to have the list for reference. It is gratifying, with so much sickness and destitution, as there must ever be in a city of this size, to see how thorough the provision made to reach every case. The field of action of the Charitable Society, comprises the entire city, every street and every family, even, by this division, come under the care of some visitor, and if the visitor be faithful, and cases are carefully reported, no one, in time of sickness, need be uncared for!

Arrears.

Are any of our subscribers in arrears for their paper—on are any of our agents in arrears with their lists? If so, promptness now will make all amends.

Entertainment at Washington Hall for the Benefit of the Hospital.

Two Hebrew boys, anxious to do something for our Hospital, after a good deal of planning, have decided to get up an entertainment for our benefit, to be given in Washington Hall, the first evening of its re-opening, on the 8th of October. We do not know of just what the entertainment will consist, but of a variety of interesting and amusing things. We hope the affair will be generally patronized by our friends, for the boys have shown a great deal of zeal and manly perseverance in their efforts. They want to devote the proceeds, and they are very sanguine of success, to furnishing a room in the Hospital.

Rags Again !

If our readers could understand the thousand uses for rags in a Hospital, they would not be so surprised, when we tell them that we want rags again. A great many have been sent. We acknowledge them gratefully—but a great many have been used, and we must use a great many more.

Visit to the Hospital.

Hospital full—fevers prevailing. Mr. W., with a group of patients, was at the table where we have so often found him, busy with a game. Young Vaughn, we were pleased to find so far recovered as to form one of the group. He is now able to get around on his crutches. Mr. P. (colored), another of the party—better than a month ago. Two others of the number, H. C. and M. H., both convalescing from fever. Arthur K., a new face, is a little boy of twelve. George P., another new comer, had dislocated his shoulder by a fall from a load of straw. We have nothing so pleasant to say about Mr. Wright, as we could wish. He is patient but discouraged—he has been here so long and his improvement so slow. A. B., a consumptive patient. F. S., looking pretty sick. E. W., has chills and fever. John D., is

one of the sufferers from the sad accident on Water street, where three were killed. He has a leg broken. W. W., recovering from fever. Robert L., in cross ward, quite ill with fever. One of the saddest cases here and in which many are interested, is that of J. P. He was very ill with typhoid fever, but was supposed to be recovering and very much better, when he had a relapse. It is regarded very doubtful if he lives. He is a bright intelligent boy, of more than ordinary promise, and his employer gives him a most excellent name. F. W., delirious with typhoid fever. Mr. Lowe, still alive, but, as he lay sleeping, we could hardly have believed him so, if we had not known. A beautiful, choice bouquet lay on the table beside him, telling of a remembrance still more beautiful. Jas. H., in bed again, with his old hip disease. His visit home was no benefit to him. M. C. and M. S., patients with dysentery.

In the Female Department, found Mrs. M. H.; also H. H., from Mendon, with a bad throat. Mrs. S., ill with jaundice, very, very yellow. M. R., improving. C. B., recovered. J. G., better. Mrs. J., with dropsy, feeling more comfortable. R. B., erysipelas, and M. L., some affection of the brain—were both new faces to us. Mrs. M., we were glad to find, better. Mrs. L. and Rose K., each had chills and fever, and were quite ill. M. H., is a patient with rheumatism. Sarah R., a young orphan girl, with consumption, interested us deeply. She has a sweet face and gentle, refined manners. The day was exceedingly warm—one of the hottest of this hot summer. When we first saw her, she was sitting out doors, with her sewing, under the shade of a tree; but before we left, she came in and put a heavy woollen shawl around her. It was time for her chill, and it was coming on. In the afternoon and evening, her cheek and eyes will be bright with fever.

Poor Mary's child, for whom we so earnestly solicited a home, has gone to tenderer

care—and to more loving arms than in this world could ever have been opened to receive it. The Good Shepherd has taken it to His own bosom.

Rochester Female Charitable Society,

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK POOR.

CORPORATE OFFICERS—Trustees.

Mr. Levi A. Ward, Mr. William N. Sage,
Mr. John Williams, Mr. Fred'k A. Whittlesey,
Mr. Maltby Strong, Mr. George J. Whitney.

Officers of the Society, for the year Commencing Nov. 2, 1869.

Mrs. Maltby Strong, President,
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Mrs. Freeman Clarke, Second Vice-President,
Mrs. Adolphus Morse, Third Vice-President,
Mrs. Oscar Graig, Secretary, 10 S. Washington St.
Mrs. A. McVean,* Treasurer, 105 S. Fitzhugh St.
Mrs. N. B. Northrop, Assistant Treasurer, 32 N. St. Paul Street.

* Mrs. McVean will be at home every day from 10½ A. M., until 12½ P. M.

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Office Expires 1870.

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Miss. M. A. Hunter, Mrs. E. T. Smith,
Mrs. R. T. Field, Mrs. Fred'k Starr,
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Office Expires 1871.

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* Deceased.

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7th " —Miss Sarah E. Storrs, 123 East Ave.
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9th " —Miss Minnie Shaffer, Graham street,
10th " —Miss Fannie Fowler, 6 Stillson street,
" —Mrs. G. Lovejoy, 5 Stillson street.
11th " —Mrs. George Carpenter, Jay street,
12th " —Miss Alida R. Warner, Mt. Hope Ave.
" —Miss M. A. Farley, Mt. Hope Ave.
13th " —Miss Eliza Davis, 96 Hudson street,
14th " —Miss Nellie Johnson, 93 North street.

HOSPITAL COMMITTEE.

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Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. E. M. Smith.

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Mrs. J. M. Crowell, Mrs. E. T. Smith,
Mrs. H. L. Fish, Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney,
Mrs. F. Starr, Mrs. W. B. Williams.

VISITORS' DISTRICT.

West Side of the River.

1—North of Bloss and west of State, Mrs. M. C. Mordoff, 85 Lake Avenue.
2—North of Lyell to Bloss, and west of Frank, Mrs. James H. Kelly, Graham St. west side of Jones Square.
3—North of Lyell to Bloss, and west of State to Frank, Mrs. John A. Shaffer, Graham, west side Jones Square.
4—North of Perkins to city line, and east of State to the River, Mrs. C. S. Baker, Lake Avenue.
5—North of Vincent Place, to Perkins and east of State to the River, Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 Lake Avenue.
6—North of Brown to Vincent Place, and east of State to the River, Mrs. L. Gardner, 68 Jones St.
7—North of Mumford to Brown, and east of State to the River, Mrs. Wm. H. Beach, 32 Jay St. and Mrs. M. Briggs, 181 State St.
8—North of Buffalo to Mumford, and east of State to the River, Mrs. Hovey, 35 N. Fitzhugh St. and Mrs. J. C. Miller, 28 N. Fitzhugh St.
9—North of Smith to Lyell, and west of State to Erie Canal, Mrs. J. O. Hall, 283 State St.
10—North of Jay to Smith, and west of State to Erie Canal, Mrs. Kerr, corner of Jay and Frank St.
11—North of Platt to Jay, and west of State to Kent, Miss Elizabeth P. Hall, 41 Frank St.
12—North of Platt to Jay, and west of Kent to Erie Canal Mrs. E. T. Huntington, 78 S. Fitzhugh St. and Mrs. J. T. Fox 79 S. Fitzhugh St.
13—North of Allen to Platt, and west of State to Erie Canal, Miss Starr, 18 N. Fitzhugh St.
14—North of Buffalo to Allen, and west of State to Sophia, Mrs. William Ward, 29 Allen St. and Mrs. S. Porter Jr. Elizabeth St.
15—North of Buffalo to Allen, and west of Sophia to Erie Canal, Miss Durand, 12 Centre Park.
16—North of West Avenue to Brown, and west of Erie Canal to King, Miss E. Smith, 10 Canal St.
17—North of West Avenue to Brown, and west of King to North Frances, Mrs. A. J. Wilkin, 148 West Avenue.

- 18—North of West Avenue to Brown, and west of North Frances to Brown, Mrs. Stephen Coleman, 16 Madison St.
 - 19—North of Brown to Wilder, and west of Wilder, Mrs. J. Taylor, 1 York St.
 - 20—North of Brown and Wilder to Jay, and west of Erie Canal to Saxton, Mrs. Abram H. Cushman, 27 Jay St.
 - 21—North of Wilder to Lyell, and west of Saxton, Miss C. Tuttle, 70 Oak St. and Mrs. Robert Newman, 99 Jay Street.
 - 22—North of Jay to Lyell and west of the Erie Canal to Saxton, Mrs. C. M. Crittenden, 33 Oak St. and Mrs. W. Rankin, 44 Ambrose St.
 - 23—South of Buffalo to Troup, and east of Fitzhugh to the river, Mrs. A. Bronson, 75 Plymouth Avenue
 - 24—South of Buffalo to Troup, and west of Fitzhugh to Washington, Mrs. David Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue, and Miss Fannie Alling, 99 S. Fitzhugh St.
 - 25—South of Buffalo to Troup, and west of Washington to Caledonia Avenue Mrs. H. Pomeroy Brewster, 21 S. Washington St.
 - 26—South of Buffalo to Troup, and west of Caledonia Avenue to Ford, Miss McKay, 5 Caledonia Avenue.
 - 27—South of West Avenue to Troup, and west of Ford to Reynolds, Mrs. P. H. Curtis, 45 Spring St.
 - 28—South of West Avenue to Clifton, and west of Reynolds to Genesee, Mrs. J. Burns, 82 West Avenue.
 - 29—South of West Avenue and west of Genesee, Mrs. E. M. Parsons, West End, Chili Road.
 - 30—South of Clifton to Hunter, and east of Genesee to Reynolds, Mrs. S. K. Warren, 5 Reynolds St.
 - 31—South of Hunter to Bartlett, and east of Genesee to Reynolds, Miss Sarah Frost, 161 Plymouth Avenue.
 - 32—South of Hunter to Bartlett, and Plymouth Avenue, and east of Reynolds to Caledonia Avenue, Miss Anna Whittlesey and Miss Marion Hill.
 - 33—South of Bartlett, and west of Plymouth Avenue, Mrs. Ezra Taylor, 205 Plymouth Avenue.
 - 34—South of Adams to Hunter, and east of Reynolds to Caledonia Avenue, Mrs. Wm. B. Kibble, 3 Tremont St.
 - 35—South of Troup to Adams, and east of Reynolds to Caledonia Avenue, Mrs. S. M. Campbell, 6 Atkinson St., and Mrs. Lewis Alling, 62 Plymouth Avenue.
 - 36—South of Troup to Adams and LaFayette, and east of Caledonia Avenue to the River, Miss F. Whittlesey, corner Troup and Fitzhugh Sts., and Mrs. E. D. Smith, 11 S. Washington St.
 - 37—South of Adams and LaFayette to Glasgow, and east of Caledonia Avenue to River, Mrs. Henry Redfield, 123 Plymouth Avenue.
 - 38—South of Glasgow to Valley Canal, and east of Caledonia Avenue and Valley Canal to the River, Mrs. H. Lyon, 30 Tremont St.
 - 39—East of Plymouth Avenue to Valley Canal, Mrs. J. M. French, Exchange and Glasgow Sts.
- East Side of the River.*
- 40—North of Lowell to Scranton, and west of Clinton to the River, Mrs. Fred. Turpin, 37 N. Chatham St., and north of Scranton, Miss A. Huntington, 250 N. St. Paul St.
 - 41—North of Gorham to Lowell, and west of Clinton to the River, Mrs. E. A. Galusha, 24 Gorham St.
 - 42—North of Atwater to Gorham, and west of Clinton to the River, Miss E. M. Gay, 8 Clinton Place, and Miss Mary Wright, 10 Clinton Place.
 - 43—North of Atwater to Kelly, and east of Clinton to St. Joseph, Mrs. M. M. Parsons, 14 Franklin Square.
 - 44—North of Kelly, and east of Clinton to St. Joseph, Mrs. Dr. Bennett, 63 Andrews St.
 - 45—North of Kelly, and east of St. Joseph to Hudson, Mrs. J. Castlemann, 99 Hudson St.
 - 46—North of Atwater to Kelly, and east of St. Joseph, to Hudson, Miss Mary Emerson, 38 N. Chatham St. and Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 2 Franklin Square.
 - 47—East of Hudson to North, Mrs. Wm. H. Brown, 135 North St., and Miss A. R. Judson, 10 North Avenue.
 - 48—South of Atwater to Andrews, and west of Clinton to the River, Mrs. P. Story, 56 North St.
 - 49—South of Atwater to Andrews, and east of Clinton to North, Mrs. T. L. Johnson, 93 North St.
 - 50—South of Andrews to Main and east of St. Paul to North, Mrs. Wm. Tuttle, 6 Tappan St.
 - 51—South of Andrews to Main, and west of St. Paul to the River, Mrs. Geo. G. Clarkson, 27 N. St. Paul St.
 - 52—North of Main to University Avenue, and east of North to Scio, Mrs. M. Day Hicks, 6 New Main St.
 - 53—North of University Avenue to Tappan, and east of North to Scio, Miss Clara Guernsey, 64 North Union St. and Mrs. Henry Brewster, 39 S. Clinton St.
 - 54—North of Tappan to Ontario, and east of North to Scio, Mrs. A. T. Banning, 4 Delevan St., and Mrs. Elias Gates, 1 Park Avenue.
 - 55—North of Ontario and east of North, Mrs. Philander Davis, 20 Concord Ave.
 - 56—North of Main and east of Scio, Mrs. C. T. Amsden, 52 University Avenue, and Miss G. Allie, 23 East Ave.
 - 57—North of East Avenue to University, and east of Main to Union, Miss Mary Ward, Grove Place, and Mrs. Dr. Arink, 35 Andrew St.

- 58—North of East Avenue to Main, and east of Union to Goodman, Miss Emma Smith, East Avenue, cor. Meigs.
- 59—South of East Avenue to Monroe, and east of Alexander, to Goodman, Miss Maria Smith, corner of Grove and Gibbs St.
- 60—South of East Avenue to Monroe, and east of Union to Alexander, Miss C. Stone, corner East Avenue and Alexander St.
- 61—South of Court to Monroe, and east of Chestnut to Union, Mrs. J. M. Cavan, 6 Chestnut Park.
- 62—South of Court to Howell, and west of Chestnut and Monroe to St. Paul, Mrs. A. Enos, 15 W. Alexander St.
- 63—South of Howell to Erie Canal and Alexander, and east of St. Paul and the Canal to Monroe, Mrs. Ross.
- 64—South of Monroe to Erie Canal and east of Alexander, Miss Abbie Marsh.
- 65—South of Erie Canal to Grand, and west of the canal to South Avenue, Mrs. A. Peck, 8 Cyprus St.
- 66—South of Grand and west of Erie Canal to South Avenue, Mrs. A. G. Andrews, 27 Comfort St.
- 67—South of Court to Canal Bridge, and west of St. Paul to the River, Mrs. Trennenan, 34 Court St.
- 68—South of Main to Court, and west of Stone to the River, Mrs. DeWitt, and Mrs. Cook, 45 N. Clinton St.
- 69—South of Main and East Avenue to Court, and west of Chestnut to Stone, Mrs. D. P. Westcott, 39 Stone St., and Miss Crowell, corner of Main and Gibbs St.
- 70—South of East Avenue to Court, and East of Chestnut to Union, Mrs. Seward Whittlesey, 38 East Avenue.
- 71—South of Canal bridge to Hickory, and west of South Avenue to the River, Mrs. Edward J. Hunter, 54 Jefferson St.
- 72—South of Hickory and west of South Avenue to the River, Mrs. J. H. Putnam, 62 Hickory St.

PHYSICIANS.

EAST SIDE.—Frederick Douglass, office, 53 Main, residence 32 Franklin Street; district all north of Main Street. Sydney A. Pierce, office 98 Main, residence 19 Broadway; district all south of Main Street. Michael Widemann, German Physician, office and residence 17 Nassau St.

WEST SIDE.—Almon Pratt, office 16 Exchange, residence National Hotel; district all south of Buffalo St. Lawrence McKay, office and residence State, corner of Brown; district all north of Buffalo Street. J. F. Reichenbach, German Physician, office and residence 24 King Street.

COUNTY PHYSICIANS.—Charles C. H. Miller, 19 South Clinton St. Charles Vail, 128 State St. Thomas Collins, 74 Main St., residence 36 Chestnut Street.

OVERSEER OF THE POOR.—John Cline, office Centre Market.

MEETINGS.

SOCIETY MEETINGS are held the first Tuesday of each month. In December, February, April, June, August, and October, at Mrs. A. McVean's. In January, March, May, July, September, and November, at Mrs. N. B. Northrop's.

VISITORS.

Each Visitor is required to keep an accurate account of money received; the names of persons assisted; the items of expenditure, with the dates thereof; and report the same to the Treasurer once in three months; viz: the first Tuesday of January; April and July; also, to make an Annual Report, on the first Tuesday in October.

Donations for July.

Mrs. Hiram Smith—6 new Shirts, and old Cotton.
Mr. P. McEwin—half bushel Cherries.
Mrs. Forbs—half bushel Cherries.
Miss Emma Hayes—Cherries.
Mrs. Mumford—Cherries.
Mrs. Warren—3 jars Black Raspberries, 1 of Cherries.
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Quantity of Clothing and old Cotton.
Mrs. Perkins—4 bowls Grape Jelly, 2 of Currant Jelly, and old Cotton.
Mrs. W.—Old Cotton.
Mrs. E. S. Haywood—Quantity of Squashes.
Miss Emma Hayes—Apples.
Mrs. Dr. Van Ingen—Apples.
McLean—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Gilman Perkins—Pickled Pears and chopped Pickles.

Donations for August.

Mrs. E. P. Smith—Seven Bouquets.
Miss Emma Hayes—Apples.
Mrs. David Clark—Quantity of Clothing.
Mrs. Wm. Davis—Bottle Raspberry Vinegar.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

FOR JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

Mrs. Hallowell.....	\$2 12
Mrs. H. Dykeman.....	1 50
Mrs. D. A. Watson.....	5 00
Mr. Eastwood, by Mrs. T. C. Montgomery	50
Mrs. C. Dewey.....	68
Mrs. Dr. Bristol.....	50
Miss Alice Failing, Canajoharie.....	1 00
Joseph Wheeler.....	50

Cash Receipts.

For advertising Florence Sewing Machine, \$15

Superintendent's Reports.

1870. June 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 108	
Received during the month, 31—139	
Discharged,	33
Died,	4— 37
Remaining July 15, 1870, ...	102
1870. July 15th. No. patients in Hospital, 102	
Received during the month, 41—143	
Discharged,	31
Died,	2— 33
Remaining August 15, 1870, ...	110

Children's Department.

[Translated for "Our Dumb Animals," from the French of
Celine Renard.]

Hide, Birdie, Hide.

When the clock has struck one, and the school
hours are o'er;

And, roaming the fields far and wide,
The village boys shout and play freely once more,
Deep down in your nest, birdie, hide!

You gather your little ones under your wing,
But the school-boy, not giving an ear
Of pity or love to the sweet notes you sing,
Will climb up and laugh at your fear.

You'll hear their loud breathing, and rough hands
will feel,

Then fly away sad and alone;
And when to your linden-tree trembling you steal
You'll find your poor nestlings all gone.

They will mourn in their cage, and without you
will die,

Then your wings quickly hide, birdie, hide,
In your nest in the leaves of the tree thick and
high,
When the school-boys' shouts ring far and wide.

But when the sweet notes of a song greet your
ear,

If the leaves scarcely stir from their rest,
If no boy's, but a little girl's footsteps you hear,
Look fearlessly forth from your nest.

She dances and sings, and bounds gaily along,
Like a butterfly airy and wild;
Then as if in a dream, stops, and hushes her
song;
Of her mother, or God, dreams the child.

Her hair on her shoulders floats waving and free,
The brook murmurs low at her feet;
One golden curl clings to the branch of the tree
That bends down, the water to greet.

With finger on lip she will listen to you,
One peep at your little ones take,
For never a nestful of eggs will she view,
Lest the bird her young should forsake.

Then, birdie, be fearless if near you she comes,
And warble your prettiest lay,
And watch till she scatters your dinner of crumbs
Near the tree, and goes quickly away.

Hush! one o'clock strikes from the village church
tower;

Be careful, and hide, birdie, hide
Your wings in your nest in the linden-tree bower
Ere the boys shall be at your side.

From the New York Observer.

An Adventure at the Sea Side.

Little Jessie went with her papa and
mamma to spend the summer at the sea-
side. She had never been near the sea
before, and she was almost wild with de-
light, when she saw the beautiful ships sail-
ing on the water, and heard the sound of
the waves, as they dashed against the
shore. There were a great many children
living in the house where Jessie went, and
every day they passed hours together play-
ing on the beach; building forts and
houses, in the sand, and digging great holes,
for the water to fill up, when the tide
should come in.

Jessie's mamma often told her that she
must stay with the other children when
they were on the beach, for she was afraid
to allow her to wander off alone.

What pleased Jessie more than anything
else, was finding shells. She was making
a beautiful collection to give to her papa
on his birthday, and as she wished it to be
a great surprise, she did not tell any one
of her intention. One day, when she was
tired of building sand forts, she started off
to fill her bag with shells, for the next day
would be her papa's birthday. She was so
busily engaged, that she forgot her mam-
ma's warning, not to wander off alone,—
and she walked along for some time with-
out looking up. At last she raised her
head, and looked behind her. What was
her surprise, to see her little friends far, far
away; so far, indeed, that they looked like
little black specks upon the sand. What
could poor Jessie do? Her shoes were so
full of sand that she could walk no further,
and besides, she was so tired! She must
sit down and rest.

Directly in front of her was a large
stump of an old tree, which had been dug
up by the roots, and thrown upon the
shore. It was used by the boys as a kind
of out-door bathing house. "O," thought
little Jessie,—“I will just climb up on top of
that old stump, take the sand out of my
shoes, put my shells nicely in my bag and
then run home.” She felt a great deal

better when her shoes were off, but still her feet ached, and were so tired that she thought she would rest a little while, and run home all the faster to make up for lost time. "I'll lay my head against this old root, which makes a fine pillow," said she, "and look out at the waves for a few minutes." So saying, she arranged herself comfortably, and soon fell fast asleep. She slept for some time, and when she awoke, she was, greatly surprised to find herself, as she supposed, in the middle of the sea. Water, water, all around her, and the waves breaking up against the sides of the old stump! She screamed aloud in the greatness of her fear, but no one heard her. She got up quickly and stood upon the stump; and then she saw that she was not in the middle of the sea, because she could see the shore not far off, but the water was too deep for her to wade through.

Poor little Jessie! All alone on the stump of an old tree, with the water coming higher and higher all the time; for the tide was coming in.

She thought she should be drowned! The little black specks upon the sand were no longer to be seen. The children had gone home.

"Papa! papa!" she screamed; "mamma! mamma! O, somebody, come to me, or I shall die." There was no answer. The sound of her own voice frightened her; and, covering her face with her hands, she sank down almost fainting. Then she thought of her dear mother and how she had promised her that she would never walk off alone; and now, this was the terrible punishment for her disobedience. O, if she could only see her for one moment, put her arms around her neck, and tell her she was sorry, but no! no one could hear her cry. No one would come to help her.

Suddenly the thought struck her,—"God can always hear me,"—and kneeling down, she put her little hands together, and said: "Pray God send some one to me, and forgive me for my Saviour's sake, amen." She felt so much better after this, and had so much more hope; that she shouted again with all her might, "Help, papa! help!" and then, to her great delight, a voice answered, "Jessie, I am here. Papa has come." A few moments more, and she was safe in her father's arms. O, how glad her dear mamma was to see her when she arrived at home.

A nice warm supper was waiting for her, and warm clothes to make her dry and comfortable. The room never looked so pretty before, nor the flowers on the carpet so bright; but, best of all, she was safe at home, with her papa and mamma.

No scolding did they give their little daughter, but that night in Jessie's room, where no human eye could see them, the mother prayed that God would give her darling a thankful and obedient heart for Jesus' sake.

Hospital Notices.

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

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

List of our Little Agents.

Mary Perkins, Rochester,
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Fanny and Ella Colburn, Rochester,
Fanny Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass.,
S. Hall, Henrietta,
Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
Mary Lane,
Samuel B. Wood, "
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Mary Watson, "

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*:
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" Mrs. L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
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Vice Presidents.....PATRICK BARRY,
SAMUEL WILDER,
Secretary & Treasurer—JOHN H. ROCHESTER.
Attorney—FREDERICK A. WHITTLESEY.

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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. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1870.

No. 2.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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

For the Hospital Review.

Who are Our Heroes?

Are they the gallant and brave who in dying
Drained their life current with Liberty's slain,
Offerings to Freedom? The brave who are lying
Under the battle-turf, out on the plain?
Are there no laurels, whose sweet exhalations
Mingle their incense as matchlessly now
As where the conflict of nation with nation
Ceases to garland some conqueror's brow?
Victory is not alone for the just:
Power trails ensigns of Right in the dust.

Who are our heroes? The few and the gifted
Genius has stooped from her eyrie to crown?
Who from her heights, by her power uplifted,
Look through the mists which encircle us down?
They have surmounted, with vigor untiring,
Barriers Fortune has strewn in their way;
Proved the undaunted, the true and aspiring,
E'er for the goal they rejoice in to-day;
Yet fallen natures have virtues, allied
Closely with labors whose sources are Pride.

Are they the skilled in profound erudition?

They who have poured upon Mystery light?

Proud devotee at the shrine of Ambition,

Lifting from Science its shadow of night?

Who have toiled well where the quarry of Ages

Stretches away in the cavernous Past,

Mingling the lore of the poets and sages

Treasured as long as the centuries last,

Finding rich veinlets of ore when they wrought?

Heroes they are in the kingdom of Thought.

There are some fields where no war horse is dashing

Over the slain, amid carnage and strife,

No bugles sounding and no sabres clashing—

Scattered along in the marches of Life;

Struggles with Passion, and triumphs o'er Feeling

No pen can chronicle, no poet sings,

Waiting the day of the angel's revealing,

Rich with the trophies which Sacrifice brings,

More than an army, or power, or pelf,

Man may possess who has conquered himself.

There are more lives than Fame has rewarded,

Efforts than ever were crowned with success,

More noble lives than were ever recorded,

Save in the hearts which their memory bless;

Some in the high places their fragrance are shedding

In Immortality's radiant bloom,

More with the humble and lowly are treading

Pathways unnoticed, unmarked to the tomb.

Man judges man by his deeds as they shine;

God, who is Justice, rewards the design.

We, who have censured the hearts that have falter'd

In the performance of duties undone,

Fathom but little of that which has altered

Currents of contests which never were won.

Greater to Him who will balance our losses,

By what our strength or our talents may be,

Are they o'ercoming the trials and crosses

We, in our selfishness, never may see.

Think, restless soul, ere more gifts are desired,

For those that are given, will much be required.

EMMA PLAXTER,

Gerard, Kansas, Sept., 1870.

Kitty's Box.

"Bring me something, mamma," said little Kitty, as her mother lingered at the nursery door to kiss her darling, before starting on a shopping expedition. Kitty's mother was very much engaged about her purchases, yet she found time, during the morning, to stop at a toy-shop, according to the child's petition.

It was hard to select a new plaything for a baby girl so petted, and loaded with gifts. She owned already the pretty furniture of a play-house and a large array of dolls.

"I wish they would contrive new toys," she exclaimed, after looking through the shop in vain. She had just decided on a transparency, pure and delicate as sunlight on marble, to hang in the play-room window, the sweet face of St. John, which might throw a lesson of holy love even on the merry life of Kitty.

At this moment, outside the plate-glass window, came a child ragged and dirty, with an old shawl making a hood around her dull face. She carried a basket on her red, thin arm, so heavy that she bent away from the burden. The child's nature had not been wholly beaten out by ill usage and the early work of life, her eyes brightened at the sight of flaxen-haired dolls and cups of cunning size. This poor little girl had the love of play, and a longing for beautiful things through her misery and ignorance. The lady looked hastily away, it troubled her to see the wistful face, and she thought of her own clean, fair-haired little girl, with greater, deeper joy. Yet, as she took the illumination carefully in her hand, and walked away, the remembrance of the poor face haunted her still. While her own child was caressed and cared for perpetually, what was she doing for motherless and stray little ones?

Kitty's mother went home in the street-car, thoughtful and abstracted. When she opened the door, the glad voice of little Kitty greeted her on the stair-case, and "O, Mamma, what have you brought?" was the first question when the paper parcel was seen. They went to the nursery together, where Kitty had been playing before the glowing grate. The large waxen doll, dressed in blue silk and lace had been drinking tea from the tiny service of china and silver, while smaller guests of different sizes clustered around the table. Kitty looked in

wonder, at the plain, white slab, half ready to cry with disappointment until her mother hung it in the window by the little loop. Just then the western sky, flushing for the last time before the dusk, struck through the picture a ray of light, changing into soft beauty the graceful head.

Now Kitty was overjoyed at the new possession, but still her mother pondered on the best way of lighting up her own life.

She had been satisfied with home duties, trying to be a good mother, but she had not felt like the transparency the glory of letting the sunlight of charity fall through her daily living.

When Kitty's mother was reading the verses for the night, the chapter was the one in which the last day is described, and the solemn scene of the King calling the righteous into life eternal and bidding the wicked depart. She was struck by the praises bestowed on those who were commended for well-doing, they had not merely fulfilled their parts at home as mothers and sisters, but they were spoken of as those who had clothed the naked, fed the hungry and visited the sick. These are the blessed of the Father, to inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world. Tears clouded the reader's eyes, as she saw that those were sent away into everlasting punishment, who had neglected "to do it unto the least of these." While she had been praying daily for strength to lead the nearer life of likeness to Christ, and reading His book, she had overlooked these ministrations.

As she lay awake, meditating on the same words, she thought of Kitty's luxurious toys, to which she had been constantly adding, never failing to bring some new treasure, while homeless and hungry children were unheeded. She thought of her own childish days, and the rag-dolls with painted faces and black silk hair, of the little oyster shells for plates and the broken bits of china hoarded as precious toys, of little baskets braided from rushes, and birch-bark baskets for work. These make her even happier than Kitty's toys of ingenious and beautiful manufacture.

It was the Thanksgiving month, when the days are growing shorter, and winter begins to pinch the hands and feet of poor little children. Kitty's mother had planned many ways of spending each day, now she arose with a great resolve to do something before that day which would give her a

little approbation from the King, when she should stand before Him in judgment. She planned the filling of a box, with Kitty's help, before the Thanksgiving day. The child was quite old enough to understand what her mother meant and glad to enter into her loving thoughts of giving, for children readily respond to the picture of poor little children, without shoes or stockings, or bread and butter.

The day was dark and rainy, yet not too cloudy for a brightness in the house, while Kitty went with her mother to closets and bureau drawers to get half-worn suits for the box. Under an umbrella Kitty's mother went forth bravely, to buy some stout muslin and flannel. Then the sewing machine worked with right good will until the sky grew darker, but still Kitty's mother persevered in finishing some garments by the shaded gas-light, while the rain was pouring without and Kitty was asleep in her white bed.

In the morning, one of Kitty's aunts came and wondered over the coarse material in her sister's dainty work-basket. When she heard of its destination, the fair-haired, blooming girl pulled off her gloves and hat, and sat down to sew, although it was a real task.

When Kitty's mother went out again, Kitty herself said, "Bring something for the box, mamma, for the poor little girls who have nothing to wear." The going without for a fortnight of superfluities of candy and toys brought rich supplies for the box. Kitty was allowed daily to peep within to see how it was filling with aprons and frocks, shoes and hoods. Some of Kitty's friends heard of her box, and sent pieces of warm, woolen stuff and mittens, indeed the box was more talked of in their little circle than the Thanksgiving day. Kitty had the promise of going that day to see the children in the Home. So they worked, Kitty and her mother, before Thanksgiving, until the box was packed full, and pressed down, to admit some of the prettiest toys and lace bags of candy.

It was a happy time, when it came to be packed and sent by Express, but Kitty began to sigh when the man bore it away from the door, for in the box all her sympathies had centred for many days. "You shall send another box," was her mother's promise. Even papa felt his eyes moist when he heard of the box on its way, and knew how glad it would make little boys and

girls, like his own in body and soul, and he privately sent a bank-bill before Thanksgiving, on his own account.

O mothers, remember the poor little children, who are motherless, and send them a goodly portion. O children, think of the little ones and give them part of your clothes and toys. O fathers, included yourselves in that number who will have it said of them, "Ye did it unto Me."

Before this very Thanksgiving day, do something for the hungry, the thirsty, the naked and the friendless.

Byron's lines to the first Napoleon have a grand force in them, as applied to Napoleon the Third :

Byron's Ode to Napoleon.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with kings to strive:
And now thou art a nameless thing!
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life,
The sword, the scepter and the sway,
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The desolater desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it yet some imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound,
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:

He fell, the forest prowler's prey:
But thou must eat thy heart away!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more;
Or deepen every stain;
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height
To set in such a starless night?

Wanted—St. George.

In that most veritable of histories wherein are chronicled the triumphs of the Seven Champions of Christendom in their warfare against all "Pagans, infidels, and enemies of the God of Heaven," most notable mention and mastership is given to St. George, not alone for his invincible prowess for his enchanted steed Bayard, and sword Ascalon, but for that he was clothed with all gentle graces, that he was by day or night the courteous knight, of rare and princely behavior."

Now-a-days there are no burning dragons or witch Kalybs for the champions of Christendom to overthrow. The conspirators against decency, civilization, and heaven muster yet in legions; but St. George with his Barbary armor and enchanted lance would cut but a ridiculous figure before them. Our champions rout them manfully; one by one of the dark host, Slavery, Bigotry, and Unbelief, has gone down, or is to go, before the modern weapons of the pen and tongue. St. George and his compatriots needed physical strength and skill to meet their ghastly foes; but our knights must attack their spiritual enemies with spiritual forces; faith in God and man, shrewd mother-wit, and, above all, mouths like Aaron's, that will speak well. It is, as we all know, not only by their tongues they set forth the civilization, the lofty truths born into the world, since the days of dragons and witches; it is in their words, their gracious lives and presence, dignified by all nobility of manhood, that we find the old-time St. George with his poor courtesy and effort at gentle grace set aside and utterly thrown into the shade as the rude type of a rude era.

Conceive that most grave and courtly knight, with his pure virgin lady Sabra, making a pilgrimage through the United

States to witness the signs by which this rare civilization and progress of the nineteenth century manifests and justifies its life. Imagine the finely-toned manners, the rare courtesy, the gentle dignity of speech by which they would be instructed and warned of the new brotherhood among men.

Do they take up a journal of the foremost thoughts in the central city of civilization intended for the morning supply of mental food for cultured men and delicate women? Eight of the twelve columns are devoted to "Beastly Murders." "A Thief's Games," "Chopping a Man to Death," or the details of "Burns' Pit," and accurate descriptions of the chewing therein of trained rats by a man. But hold! here is a history of a noble charity wherein homeless babes are taken in and cared for. Here the knight, whose vow was to protect the weak and helpless, can surely learn a novel lesson from these latter times. Our modern champion finds it and reads it to him: "The lovely lady President was present and wore a gros-grain silk trimmed with gold color piping, and bestowed her wreathed smiles on all. The Secretary was ravishing in blue velvet," etc.

If St. George should fail in these dashes here and there by that most Christian knight Jenkins to detect any symptom of progress, or of the rare and princely behavior worthy of a country and an age which have spent their best blood in the cause of freedom, and loosened the chains of four million slaves, let him enter the halls of Congress and hear the daily discourse of men who represent and govern that country and that age. Here, doubtless, in the wise benignity of words, in the stately gravity of bearing, he will find the reflection of this day of the world, a day more noble than any which Plato knew. He hears the lie given and taken without a grimace; he hears this man accused of bribery, another of theft, in the same language which he heard in the New-York slums, and finally, at the mysterious words, "Shoo fly! don't bodder me," thinks it better to go down to the slums at once, and learn from the shoe-black teachers what Congressmen only give him second-hand.

But on the way, Sabra, let us suppose, desires to find a convention of her own sex, whereupon they journey to Newark.

Women, no doubt, with the wider culture and lofty glimpses into truth afforded by the many passing centuries, have risen to heights of strength and serenity to which the fair and gentle maiden of that past barbarous age can only look up in hopeless envy. Their desire, too, to assume the place and duties of man can only arise from the fact that they have conquered all those of their own: that in purity, refinement, tender womanliness they have no more to learn. Sabra seats herself in a chattering turbulent crowd and hears one of her sisters announce that "Man was the whale; "Jonah in his stomach was woman; and man would find it plaguey hard to keep her swallowed!" Another sister varies the figure and defines "man as a little Almighty in boots." Convinced that the language of these oracles is figurative and capable of some divine interpretation, Sabra gives it up and comes away. Where shall we direct the sanguine knight to take her for the clearest glimpse of our modern civilization? Shall we invite them to peep in the back door of H. R. H.'s bedchamber with us, to count over his collars and socks and finger his jewelry? or to the gallows to gloat over our next treat of a dangling wretch who dies game?

Or shall we honestly ask ourselves if there is not some altogether noble and gracious thing owned by this knight of the grave and gentle speech which we have almost let fall in our hurrying progress: a something which is fast becoming a lost art in our schools, our legislation, our women, and we had almost said our churches: the manner kindly, simple, and true, the speech, gentle and courtly, by which the champions of Christ honored him, their brother, and themselves. Shall we take a lesson from St. George?—and if we are willing, where can we find him or his likeness?

'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp
Which holds the mother fast;
It is the mother's gentle clasp,
Around her darling cast.

Just so Thy child would cling to Thee
Knowing Thy pity long:
For feeble as my faith may be,
The hand I clasp is strong.

The pursuit in which we cannot ask God's protection must be criminal; the pleasure for which we dare not thank him cannot be innocent.

That Land.

There is a land where beauty can not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall die!
Where is that land, Oh, where?
For I would hasten there!
Tell me, I fain would go.
For I am wearied with a heavy woe!
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender from my path are gone!
Oh, guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know the land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and tearful with despair!
Where is it? Tell me where—
Thou art kind and gentle—tell me where!
Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife!
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths have trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe;
Think of His weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for Him;
Think of the blood like sweat,
With which his brow was wet;
Yet how He prayed unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do not thou despair;
Christ from His heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer.

Victor Hugo's Bombast.

Victor Hugo wrote an address to the Germans, which most of our readers have probably seen. It was as follows: "You may take the fortress, you will find the rampart. You may take the rampart, you will find the barricade. You may take the barricade, and then—who knows the resources of patriotism in distress—you will find the sewers mines of powder ready to blow whole streets into the air. This will be the terrible sentence you must accept: To take Paris stone by stone, to slaughter Europe on the spot, to kill France in detail; in each street, in each house that great light must be extinguished soul by soul! Germans, hold back! Paris is formidable. Think awhile before her walls. All transformations are possible for her. Her indolence gives you the measure of

her energy. She seems to sleep. She will awaken. Her thought will leap from its scabbard like a sword; and this city, which yesterday was Sybaris, to-morrow may be Sarragossa."

Some wit has made the following free translation, which is quite as good as the original: "You may take the rampart—you will find the ram partner. You may drink all the Strasburg beer—you will find the barrel. You may take the barber's pole—you will find the barber, and then—who knows the resources of undiluted spirits—you will find enough American whiskey and nitro-glycerine to blow whole streets into the air. This will be the terrible sentence you must accept: To drink all the beer in Paris, barrel by barrel; to absorb ton upon ton of saurkraut in detail; to slaughter every dog in Paris to make sausages for your soldiers; in each street, in each house, in each kennel, that great source of redolent bolognas, must be extinguished dog by dog. Germans, hold back! Paris is indeed formidable. Think before her wall. It is better than fighting. All transformations are possible to her. Yesterday she was a monkey, to-day she is a man, to-morrow she may be a gorilla. She seems to sleep. 'Tis but the seeming. She is either drunk or playing possum. Her hair will rise like the forest monarchs of Argonnes. Her tooth-pick will leap from its scabbard like a sword; and this city, which yesterday was Paris, to-morrow may be Pekin or Porkopolis."

The Happy Man.

BY VIRGINIA D. BURKLEY.

A German king, not unknown to fame,
But possessed of an unpronounceable name,
Fell ill one fine day of the strangest disease,
Of which nothing could cure him or set him at ease.

Physicians were summoned from country and town
Men of modest pretensions and those of renown,
Who dosed him with drugs and to such a degree,
That he wished himself hanged or drowned in the sea

At length an old monk, with a very grave face,
Said, "But one thing will cure this singular case,
And that, my dear Sovereign pray do not feel hurt,
Is to put upon you a happy man's shirt."

"That's easily done," all cried with one voice,
And the people commenced with great glee to rejoice
Couriers were sent the whole country around,
But of men quite content, not one could be found.

They hunted for days over mountain and sea.
And found one at last in a cave by the sea,
Half blind, lame and deaf; but when found out, alack
The happiest man had no shirt to his back.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1870.

The Annual Thanksgiving Party.

We are not prepared to announce the day of our Thanksgiving Party, but that it is very, very near, we are certain, and that our friends have no time to spare in getting ready for it. The Managers propose to give it earlier this year than formerly, before the roads shall have become so bad as to prevent our country friends from coming in. We want to see our country friends in large numbers, and now, before laying up their winter stores, we hope they will set aside something for the Hospital. Harvests and fruits have been so abundant, we expect the thank offerings will be many and large. To make our Donation a successful one, much must be done and done immediately. Work for the Fancy Tables should be begun at once. If we would have them equal to what they were a year ago, there is certainly no time to be lost. Then, it is time for our agents and friends to be stirring up efforts for our paper. We look to our Party for a good harvest of new names, subscriptions renewed, and old dues paid up. To receive the full returns for the paper we hope to do on that day, old subscribers must be visited and districts and wards thoroughly canvassed for new names. Again we look to our Party for a large and generous supply of provisions. To accomplish this, personal solicitations must be made. Our friends in the country must not only set aside something themselves for us from their goodly stores, but they must stir up their neighbors and friends to do the same. With the large and increasing numbers now filling our Hospital, our wants are

very many, and everything in the way of provisions will be very acceptable. Last, but not least, we want a great deal of money raised. We have not only our floating expenses to meet, which are heavy, but our New Wing, now going up steadily, and promising to be such a blessing to our city, *must be paid for*. To raise the funds for this and for all our other expenses, will tax all the wisdom and ingenuity and energy of all our friends. But, remembering the gratifying returns for our Party a year ago, and the warmth and generosity with which city and country have ever responded to our calls, we do not despair. We have faith in our good cause—faith in our friends—faith in God.

The Paper.

Returns from our Agents and subscribers do not come in as promptly as we could wish. Our list of receipts is meagre this month, as will be seen, and it was still more so last month. And yet it is the time, of all others, when we expect the most—when we have just entered upon our new year. We do not want to scold, and we do not want to despair. What shall we do? What will our friends do for the paper? If each one would renew their own subscription, it would be something, and if each should procure us one new name, our anxieties and discouragements would all be at an end. But perhaps our friends are waiting for our Party to show us what they mean to do for us. We shall certainly look for a great deal then. Do not disappoint us!

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.

A Kind Donation.

With orchards bending and breaking under the weight of apples, and with fruit and vegetables of all kinds so nice and so plenty, we do not have the remembrances at our Hospital we think we might reasonably expect. But we have had one kind remembrance during the month, which we record with due pleasure and gratitude. Mr. Erickson, whose generous donation of flour a year ago, to our Hospital and to all our benevolent Institutions, will be remembered, has just given us *five barrels* of nice apples, and a large quantity of grapes.

Died.

In the City Hospital, August 18th, 1870, Edward Fagan, aged 23 years.
August 28th, Mary Yatter, aged 19 years.
September 3d, Mary Bulah, aged 20 years.
September 3d, John Phalan, aged 18 years.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mr. T. Raines 50c., Mrs. J. H. Adams 63c. \$	
Mrs. Chas. Atwater 63c.—by Mrs. T. C. Montgomery.....	1 76
Mrs. Barry, 50c., Mrs. Elwanger, 50c. Mrs. Dagge, \$1, Mrs. McGraw, \$1, Mrs. Sproat, 50c.—by Mary Watson	3 50
Mrs. Norwood, 50c.—by Mrs. Armstrong.	50
Miss M. S. McFarlin, Miss F. H. Bryan, Mrs. L. M. Jones,—by Mrs. N. T. Rochester.	
Mrs. R. T. Field, 62c.—by Mrs. Strong...	62
P. W. Cornell, 50c., Mrs. W. H. Cheney, \$1.25, Mrs. A. Devos, \$1.50, Mrs. N. W. Benedict, \$1.25, Mrs. G. G. Townsend, 50c., Emma J. Fairbanks, Adams Basin, 50c.—by Mrs. Perkins.....	5 50
Mrs. Steele, 50c.—by Dr. Baker.....	50
Mrs. Seward, West Bergen; 50 cts. Mrs. Capt. Kitts, West Avon, 50c.—by Miss Hibbard.....	1 00

Donations for September.

Mr. Ives, Batavia—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Chester Kellogg—Quantity of Linen.
Mrs. Hiram Smith—Muskmelons and Grapes.
Miss Emma Hayes—Apples and Cucumbers.
Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Old Linen.
Mrs. Lee—Plums.
Mr. Conklin—Sweet Apples.
Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Johnson—Delicacies for the sick.
Mrs. Badger—8 gallons Chopped Pickle, and one-half gallon Catsup.
Mrs. Dr. Strong—Chopped Pickles, and Pears.
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—4 yards Flannel for one of the patients.
Mrs. G. J. Whitney—3 Flannel Shirts for one of the patients.
Mr. Aaron Erickson—5 barrels of Apples.
Mrs. E. M. Smith—3 Flannel Shirts.

Mr. Cornell—Apples.
Mr. Smith—Dressing Gown.
Mrs. Robert Hunter—Quantity of Clothing.
Capt. Kitts—2 bushels Apples, 1 bush. Tomatoes.
Mrs. Loop—Grapes and Apples.
Mrs. Erickson—Grapes.
Mrs. Parsons—Bbl. of Apples.
Mr. Wm. Cox—1 bushel Crab Apples.
Mrs. Lee—Grapes.
Mrs. Perkins—Grapes, Pears, and Stewed Pears.
Mrs. Chester Dewey—Clothing.

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Aug. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 110
Received during the month, 43—153
Discharged, 44
Died, 4— 48
Remaining Sept. 15, 1870, ... 105

Children's Department.

From Our Record.

A Masquerade.

A little old woman before me
Went slowly down the street,
Walking as if aweary
Were her feeble, tottering feet.

From under her old poke bonnet
I caught a gleam of snow,
And her waving cap string floated,
Like a pennon, to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle
Sudden her footsteps caught,
And I sprang to keep her from falling,
With a touch as quick as thought.

When, under the old poke bonnet,
I saw a winsome face,
Framed in with the flaxen ringlets
Of my wee daughter Grace.

Mantle and cap together
Dropped off at my very feet;
And there stood the little fairy,
Beautiful, blushing, sweet!

Will it be like this, I wonder,
When at last we come to stand
On the golden, ringing pavement
Of the blessed, blessed land?

Losing the rusty garments
We wore in the years of Time,
Will our better selves spring backward,
Serene in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shapes that hide us,
And made us old and gray,

Shall we get our child hearts back again,
With a brightness that will stay?

I thought—but my little daughter
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine;
"I was only playing," she whispered,
"That I was ninety-nine."

Three Beautiful Deeds.

One lovely spring morning an eastern prince sat in his little rustic house in the middle of his grounds, and was engaged in friendly conversation with one of his noblest subjects.

Suddenly a body of soldiers brought to his presence a man whose feet and hands were chained. The poor prisoner was accused of a great crime. The whole affair was told to the prince, and soon the pleasant expression of his face vanished. He looked very sorrowful, and, turning to his friend, said:

"This man is very wicked; he has done an awful deed. How it pains me to see that one of my subjects could be guilty of such a great crime.

Then, addressing the rough soldiers, who held great sabres in their hands, he said:

"Go and cast the guilty man into prison, and to-morrow he shall certainly die."

Sala, who was the friend of the prince, sighed deeply and, after talking a while, went off to his own home. He sat down to talk, but could think of nothing but the prisoner. He lay down to sleep, but could not forget the man lying chained in a dungeon. He arose again from his bed and went at midnight to see the stranger who was in prison.

"Where were you born?" said he to the wretched looking culprit.

"I was born," replied he, weeping bitterly, "in Damascus. There I left a peaceful home, a dear wife, and affectionate children."

"Heaven bless Damascus," said Sala, "for there lives the man who saved my life."

"What! in Damascus?" asked the prisoner, "Tell me, my kind friend, how it happened."

Then Sala said: "Some years ago the prince discharged the governor of the city, and appointed me in his place. My journey to the city was long and dangerous, but finally I reached Damascus and took possession of it in the name of my prince.

But on the first night there was a disturbance in the palace and all over the city. The inhabitants had a riot, which was concocted and managed by the former governor. Many soldiers were with him, and I began to fear that the palace would be burned down, and that I would be destroyed. The soldiers drew their sabres, and rushed through the halls, and found my bedroom. I thought that I would be instantly killed. But I succeeded in finding a secret passage, and at last escaped from the palace in disguise. I ran into another part of the city to get away from all danger, but I did not know what moment I might be killed. A kind man saw how frightened I was, and took me into his house. He kept me there four weeks. I was very anxious to get home as soon as possible, so that I might see my dear family again. My good friend saw how destitute I was, and heard me speak of my disposition to get home once more. He gave me all the money I wanted, and then said to me: 'Farewell, and may heaven bless you on your journey. Here is my swiftest horse, and here are two faithful attendants, who will see you safe home.' He then kindly embraced me, and I took my departure. I reached my home in safety, and there I have lived ever since; but I shall never forget the man who saved my life."

The stranger then took something from his pocket, and looking up into Sala's face, said: "Do you remember this locket? Do you not know me? This locket you gave me when we parted in Damascus. It is your own picture!"

In a moment Sala recognized him as the man who had preserved him. He fell on his neck and kissed him many times, and said:

"Thank God that I see you once more! The desire I have long had is now fulfilled. I behold my dear and noble benefactor! Is it possible? Or am I not dreaming?"

After further conversation, Sala, looking at the prisoner's chains, said:

"Do tell me how you came into this wretched condition?"

The prisoner replied:

"I am innocent of the crime they charged me with. Wicked and envious men have beheld my prosperity, and bent themselves on my ruin. They have torn me away from my wife and dear children. But I can not now be saved. As I am

very soon to die, please bear my last farewell to my dear ones at home, in Damascus."

"You, my friend," exclaimed Sala, "shall not die. No, I would sooner die myself."

Sala then rushed out of the prison and came back an hour and a half later.

"Here," said he to the prisoner, "is a fleet horse, my silver spurs, and my farewell kiss. Flee for your life! The prince will be very angry when he knows you have escaped. But never mind, I will die in your stead."

"Noble Sala," replied the prisoner, "you shall not die for me. I am not afraid to die, because I am innocent. If you will do as I ask you, it is all I wish. Go to the prince and prove that I am innocent."

"No, my friend," said Sala, "he will not believe me. My life is dear to me, but yours is far dearer. Hasten away! Hasten for your life!"

But still the prisoner refused to go. When the day broke Sala went to see the prince. He told him all the facts, just as the prisoner had related them to him. The prince was very angry, and declared that Sala had no business in the prison at all. He said that the prisoner must die, but Sala told him that every good prince was just to all his subjects. He fell at his feet and pleaded earnestly for the prisoner. At last the power of truth and righteousness prevailed. The prince said that for Sala's sake the prisoner might go free.

Sala then hastened off to the prison and told the poor culprit all that had occurred. On the afternoon of that day, Sala and the prisoner walked slowly through the palace grounds, and were admitted to the audience chamber of the prince. After the first few words of conversation had been spoken the prince said to the prisoner:

"To Sala, and not to me, you owe your freedom. I have ordered costly clothing, many horses and camels, and a large purse of money. Go to your home in peace and safety."

Now, children, can you tell what are the three beautiful deeds? You answer, "Yes," I am sure—Well, now tell me who has done more for his enemies than those men did for their friends? Our blessed Saviour. He died in our stead. Through his death we are delivered from the sentence of eternal ruin, pronounced against us. Then, while he says to us, "I have obtained your freedom; I have died on calvary for you," you must not stay in the dark cell

any longer; but go out into the bright sunlight of God's favor; enter by prayer into his audience room; and he will give you richer presents, and bring you to a better home than this world has ever possessed.

Tide-Marks.

It was low tide when we went down to Bristol, and the great, gray rocks stood up bare and grim, above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"O, that is the *tide-mark*," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises until it reaches that line, and in a great many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"O," thought I, "that is all, is it? Well, I have seen a great many people that carried *tide-marks* on their faces." Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said,

"Shut down the blind now, Carrie; the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie shut the blind and turned her face away from the window. O dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout, and the queer little marks on the forehead had deepened into actual *wrinkles*.

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how badly you will feel when you grow up, to have your face all marked over with the tide-marks of passion;" for these evil tempers leave their marks just as surely as the ocean does, and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave.

Take care, little folks! and whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the "*tide-marks*."—*Lee*.

Not letters, but *life* educates, if we are educateable.

A Little Run-away.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Where is our Freddy?

Mischievous Fred!

Nurse wants to find him;

It's time for bed.

Cook, in the kitchen,

Busy and hot,

O, have you seen Freddy?

"No, I have not."

Jane in the laundry,

Washing away.

O, have you seen Freddy?

"No, not to-day."

John, in the garden,

Weeding the flowers,

O, have you seen Freddy?

"No, not for hours."

Gracious! It's bed-time;

Where can he be?

Come along, shaggy Carlo,

Find him for me!

Search through the barn yard;

Search here and there;

Search well through the stable;

Search everywhere.

Ah! search no longer;

Freddy is found

In the gray pony's manger,

Slumbering sound!

CHESTER, N. Y.

Good for Something.

"I wonder what these hateful spiders are made for?" said Laura, as she brushed one off her fair round arm, with an expression of great disgust. "I am sure I cannot see any possible use for them."

"I have heard of one that was very useful," said grandpa, sliding his spectacles into their bright silver case. "It was the means of saving the life of a most excellent man."

"A spider save a man's life?—why it could not even defend itself," said Laura. "Please tell us about it, grandpa."

"A good Christian man was once driven from his home, on account of his religion, by bitter persecutors. They were searching diligently for him, but he always managed to escape. One time, however, he

was very close pressed, and they were almost upon him. He was forced to crawl into an empty oven, hoping they might possibly overlook him, though it was very unlikely. Directly God sent a little spider, which wove a thick web over the entrance, with all the skill and haste she was master of. When her work was all done, the wicked soldiers entered the house, and commenced searching everywhere. One noticed the spider's web, and remarked it was no use searching in the oven; for nobody could have crept in there for several days without destroying that web." You may be sure the good man's heart rejoiced when he heard these words; and when the last soldier left the house, his heart went up with deep thanksgivings to God for his great preservation. So you see that even a poor despised spider may be God's instrument in doing a very great work. Depend upon it, there is nothing of God's handiwork but is of some use, whether we are able to see it or not. The more we learn of his curious creatures, the more we shall be led to admire his greatness and goodness."

E. L. M.

Miscellaneous.

Artemas Ward on Mormonism.

Brigham Young has two hundred wives, Just think of that! Oblige me by thinking of that. That is—he has eighty actual wives and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. So we say he has two hundred wives. He loves not wisely but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in one family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me when I was in Utah.

It was leap year when I was there, and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and taking their soft white hands in mine which

made eighteen hands altogether, I found them in tears.

And I said: "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thyness?"

They have a sigh, seventeen sighs of different size. They said:

"Oh! soon thou wilt be gonested away."

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place, I wentested.

They said: "Doth thou like us?"

I also said: "I doth, I doth."

I also said: "I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away."

They then said: "Wilt not marry us?"

I said: "Oh! no! It cannot was."

Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined, when they cried:

"Oh! cruel man! this is too much! Oh! too much!"

I told them it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

Chinese Salutations.

The salutation between two Chinamen when they meet, consists in each clasping and shaking his own hands, instead of each other's, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?" is, "Have you eaten rice?" This being the great staple article of food throughout the empire, and forming the chief and indispensable part of every meal, it is taken for granted that if you have "eaten rice" you are well. Etiquette requires that in conversation, each should compliment the other and every body belonging to him, in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Wong."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is at Suchau."

"How many are your illustrious children?"

"My vile, worthless brats, are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

When were there only two vowels? In the days of *no a* (Noah), before *u* and *i* (*yuo* and *I*) were born.

King William of Prussia is not lavish on personal apparel. His valet recently gave him a hint, by substituting a new coat for one which he had worn much longer than he ought, and was thereupon summoned to the royal presence, "Where is my old coat, Jean?" "I have taken it away, your majesty; it is no longer fit to be worn." "What are you going to do with it, Jean?" "I believe I am going to sell it." "How much do you think you will get for it?" This was hard to answer, for no clothes-seller in the world would have given sixpence for the old coat. Jean, therefore, hesitated a moment, and then answered, "I believe I shall get about a thaler for it, your majesty." The king took his pocket-book from the night-table, opened it, and handed Jean a thaler. "Here, Jean," he said, "is your thaler. That coat is so comfortable. Bring it back to me. I want it yet."

Characterizations of the various languages are common enough. Every schoolboy has heard of that one by Charles the Fifth, who said that we should speak Spanish with the gods, Italian with our lady love, French with our friends, Germans with soldiers, English with geese, Hungarian with horses, and Bohemian with the devil. In the case of the English the witty monarch alluded to its frequent s sounds or sibilants. Byron made a comparison of different languages with music. "The Russian tongue," said he, "was like a kettle-drum; the German like a bass-viol; French like a wedding hymn; Italian like an Æolian harp; the English only being the human voice." On the contrary, the German Heine gives the following: "Take a word into the mouth, turn it round therein, and eject it; that's English."

"THE SERVANTS."—Cook: "Yes, Susan, I'm a writin' to Mary Hann Miggs. She've applied to me for the charicter of my last missus, which she's thinkin' of takin' the sitiuation——" Susan: "Will you give her one?" Cook: "Well, I've said this. (Reads.) 'Mrs. Perksits presents her compliminks to Miss Miggs, and begs to inform her that I consider Mrs. Brown a respek'able young person, and one as knows her dooties; but she can't consensly recommend her temper, which I had to part with her on that account.' It's allus best to be candid, you know, Susan!"

Teacher—"T-h-a-t spells what?" Bright Scholar—"Does it; I thought it spelt that!"

The deserted rooms of the Emperor were found strewn with bottles of tonic, of which he is said to have stood greatly in need. He abandoned his iron tonic for steel and lead applications, that were entirely Teutonic.

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

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Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column, \$10 00
Three Months, 2 00	One Third Column, 12 00
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One Year, 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 25 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

Notice.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF MONROE COUNTY, }
Rochester, Aug. 3, 1870. }

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the Statutes of this state, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that an Election

will be held in this county on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which Election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. **JOSEPH B. CAMPBELL, Sheriff.**

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1st, 1870.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

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

A Governor in the place of 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. Allen, 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 Benson, 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.

Are representatives in the Forty-second Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the counties of Monroe and Orleans.

Also, a Representative in the Forty-First Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans, in the place of Noah Davis, who has ceased to be a Representative.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Also to be elected for said county:

Three Members or Assembly.

A County Clerk, in the place of Charles J. Powers.

A Special County Judge, in the place of George W. Rawson.

A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Addison N. Whiting.

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Orlando P. Simmons, and Lodovick Woodden.

Two Coroners, in the place of John N. Harder and Henry P. 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 379, Laws of 1870, herewith printed, as to their duties 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 25, 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 are hereby authorized and directed to borrow, on the credit of the State, such sum of money as may be necessary 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 them, registered or coupon bonds of this State, having eighteen years to run, bearing six per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, for such sum of money as shall be required by said Commissioners for the purpose aforesaid. Upon the receipt of the said bonds, the said Commissioners shall sell the same to the highest bidder, at not less than par, either by advertising for sealed proposals, or in the usual manner, or at public auction, upon the notice as the said Commissioners may deem best. The money thus obtained is hereby appropriated to pay and extinguish the canal and the general fund debts, 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 tax hereby directed shall be enforced only to the extent which may be necessary and sufficient for the purpose aforesaid.

§ 3. When the said canal and general fund debts shall have been paid, or fully provided for, in payment of section one of this act, the Canal Board 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 trade and commerce of the State, and to prevent the diversion thereof. 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, declares its concurrence in such adjustment and reduction as the Canal 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 each poll, on said election day, a box in the usual form, for the reception of the ballots herein provided, and each and every elector of this State may present a ballot, on which shall be printed or written, or partly printed and partly written, one of the following forms, namely: "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 Debts." 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 Debts."

§ 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 town officers shall apply to the submission to the People herein provided for.

§ 6. The Secretary of State shall, with all convenient dispatch, after this act shall receive the approval of the Governor, cause the same to be struck off and printed upon slips in such numbers as shall be sufficient to supply the different officers of this State concerned in 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 hereinbefore provided.

Respectfully yours,

H. A. NELSON,
Secretary of State.

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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.

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ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

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

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JAS. M. BACKUS, } nov. 1867. 1y

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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.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,
(SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAUW.)
CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
Trusses, &c.
PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
51 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,
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Nov. 1867. 1y

M. V. BEEMER,
Men's Furnishing Goods,

35 Buffalo & 3 Exchange Streets,
Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,
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Choice Groceries and Provisions,
OF ALL KINDS,
No. 106 Buffalo Street,
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Jan. 1866. 1y

JOHN SCHLEIER,
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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 adjust-
ed 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 induc-
ed 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 ES-
TABLISHMENT.**

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

Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed
all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch, on
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**GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EX-
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Rochester, N. Y.

CURRAN & COLER,
SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.
Druggists & Apothecaries,
No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,
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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. PARKINS.
[Established in 1826.]
Jan. 1866.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1870.

No. 3.

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, 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.

The Baby.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at one kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

Christine Nilsson.

Irenæus, of the New York Observer, writes this of the Swedish songstress:

* * * * *

"Just as we came back from the seashore the Swedish songstress, Christine Nilsson, came from beyond the sea—a Northern bird, a dove to look at, a pure, sweet, bright, joyous creature, with a voice to charm the ear and soul.

"How glorious, dear friend, it would be to have an exhaustless mine of gold, or pearls, or diamonds, to scatter broadcast among the poor sons and daughters of poverty and want: to have power in our hands to make the children of sorrow rejoice and be glad in the gifts of wealth and all the good things wealth can buy: to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy by pouring into her lap the riches that make rough places smooth and springs of water to rise in the desert. How like to this is the gift of song. Such a bright spirit as Christine Nilsson lights upon this planet and begins to sing. The world hears her and is glad. The world claps its hands, and she sings again and again. Her voice goes across the waters, and other nations hear. She goes from land to land, like a bird who lives to sing, was born to sing, and must sing, and wherever she goes, the hearts of men are made to rejoice. Crowds sit at her feet and drink in her melodies as refreshing draughts. They hear again, and are never satisfied with hearing, for they are rapidly educated under the influence of such songs to appreciate the higher range of art which is required to develop nature and illustrate the near approach to perfection which educated nature can attain. Miss Nilsson is such an artist. *Ars celare artem*; the art

that conceals art, and simply shows what the human voice in a slight female frame can be and do, when refined and stimulated and rendered with the soul's loftiest aspirations after excellence, that is what the singing of such an artist as Miss Nilsson is. Since those glorious days of the Lind, when the old Castle on the Battery was turned into a hall of song,—would God that all the fortresses on earth could be made houses of praise,—since those days, no one has been with us with such a power to please us as this Swedish bird of song."

Waiting.

I said as I sat alone to-night,

And thought of the life I have led thus far,

"Of what avail is it that I live,

I am so much weaker than others are.

'Tis true each day brings its work to do,

And I try to do it with patient will,

But what does it profit that I work,

And were it not better that I stood still.

For surely the labor of my hands,

Let me do with a will whatever I can,

Is too small to be counted anything

In the carrying out of God's great plans.

Yet others toil, and their work and name,

Shall be told in the ages yet to be,

And the good they have done by living here,

Shall only be known in eternity."

I said—but, speaking, I heard a voice,

"Whatsoever your hand shall find to do,

Be it small or great, if you do it well,

Is the best and only work for you.

For each has his place in life to fill,

And God, who appoints, is wise and great;

And, seeing the end, He has deemed it best,

That some should labor and some should wait."

J. B.

A SMILING FACE AND A KIND HEART.

—Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.

Letter to a Bride.

One sometimes finds a gem among the castaways of the forgotten years. The following congratulatory letter to a young lady on the eve of marriage comes to us from the leaves of a venerable scrap-book.

The gentle heart that intended it, with the bride and her maidens, may have passed away with the flowers that perfumed the feast, but "the old, old, story" is told as sweetly now as then, and the same stately ceremonies usher in the event which links the destinies of two hearts:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands—three stately pluckings from the bush of ceremony. I am gazing upon a card, and upon a name; a name with which your gentle life began, a name with which your throbbing heart was lost. There is nothing strange about the card. The maiden sign still looks up from it calm and customary, as it looks on many a friendly visit, as it lies in many a formal basket.

"I am gazing, too, upon a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will be 'At Home,' one day; and that is nothing new. But there is another card whose mingling there puts a tongue of fire into this speechless pasteboard. It tells us that feeling is maturing into destiny, and that these cards are but the pale heralds of a coming crisis, when a hand that has pressed friend's hands, and plucked flowers shall close down on one to whom she will be a friend and flower forever after.

"I send you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of a delicate, durable friendship.

"It seems meet that a past so calm and pure as yours should expire with a kindred sweetness about it; that flowers and music kind friends and earnest words should consecrate the hour, when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

"The three stages of our being are the birth, the bridal and burial. To the first we bring only weakness; for the last we have nothing but dust. But here at the altar where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man whispering the deep promise that arms each with the other's heart to help on in the life struggle of care and duty.

"The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene—the gay and frivolous will look solemn for once, and

youth will come to gaze on all that its sacred thoughts pant for—and age will totter up to hear the old words repeated that to their own lives have given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb; some will laugh as if it were a joke; but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of our lives.

“And now can you who have queened it over so many bended forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart?”

“Hitherto you have been a clock giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch buried in one particular bosom, marking only hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart, where time and feeling shall be in unison until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock, where all hearts are united around the ‘Central Heart’ of all.

“Hoping that calm sunshine may hollow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature.

“Yours, _____”
—[At Home and Abroad.

Baby Looking Out for Me.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing blue eyes looking out at me;
Two rosy red cheeks dented with a dimple,
Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and the shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to baby looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself as mothers will,
Spake I softly, “God in Heaven,
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gear and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from thee;
But from want and sin and sorrow,
Keep her ever pure and free.”

* * * * *

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently:
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,

That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded clean and white;
These are left me—and these only
Of the childly presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying;
Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain;
Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying;
But I miss her sadly by the window-pane,
Till I look above it; then with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see her angel, pure and white, and sinless,
Walking with the harpers, by the sea of glass.

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars;
Baby's looking out for me.

Clerical Anecdotes.

Dr. Elliott, a noted clergyman of an old Connecticut town, being “well-to-do,” and keeping neither locks nor bolts on his possessions, was frequently visited by burglars in a small way.

Coming home late one night from a visit to a poor parishioner, he heard on passing through his kitchen, a strange, swashing noise in his cellar, soon followed by the sound of stealthy steps coming up the stairs. Hiding behind the door, he saw emerge a tall man, bending under a huge basket, filled with salt pork, just taken dripping from the brine.

The doctor recognized a poor neighbor, and stepping forward, said kindly: “You have a heavy load there. Allow me to assist you.”

With a cry of dismay, the culprit dropped the basket, and actually fell on his knees, entreating forgiveness, on the plea that this was his first offense, and that his family were suffering from want of food.

“But my friend,” said the doctor, “you certainly knew you had only to come to me and ask for help to get it, without damaging your soul with sin and your coat with brine in this way. I forgive you of course, but I do think you have taken more than your share of pork. I will divide

this with you, and, when you want more, or anything else, just come and tell me frankly."

And, against the remonstrances of the poor wretch, he compelled him to take just half of the stolen meat, saying, "Carry it to your wife, with my compliments. I hope it will go down just as slick as though you had not taken it without leave.

Dr. Elliott never revealed the name of this man, though he enjoyed telling the story as he did one somewhat similar, which is well worth preserving.

One dark night he went for his horse in the barn, which was at some distance from the parsonage. Just as he was about to enter, he heard some one coming out, and immediately concealed himself behind a large bush in the lane, hiding his lantern under his cloak. Presently the wide barn door swung open, and a man appeared, bending beneath an immense load of hay bound together by a rope. Through loops of this rope he thrust his arms, and he carried the huge mass like a pedlar's pack. The doctor suffered this thieving Atlas to pass him; then, taking a candle from his lantern, he crept softly forward and set fire to the hay, then again concealed himself. In a moment that moving haystack was one great, crackling blaze, and the thief, with wild cries, was frantically flinging it from his head and back. He succeeded in extricating himself without help, and then ran as though pursued by fiends across the snowy fields.

Some months after this there came to the doctor's study a pale, thin, melancholy looking man, who, after much painful hesitation, expressed a desire to make a confession of sin. With a serious and sympathetic manner, yet with, I suspect, a sly twinkle in his eye, the minister set himself to listen.

"I've a dreadful load on my conscience for a considerable spell; and it does seem, doctor, as ef't would kill me. I'm a'most dead now."

"Ah! is it possible? What can you have done? You are a respectable man and a church member," replied the doctor in seeming surprise.

"Yes, I jined the church thirty years ago, replied the farmer; then sinking his voice to an awesome confidential tone, he continued: "But I'm a dreadful sinner, for all that, doctor; and, bein' a church member my sin, you see, was of too much account

to be winked at, and judgment follered close on arter it. O dear, O!"

"Pray tell me your trouble, brother."

"Well, doctor, it concerns you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. One time, last winter, I got a leetle short of fodder, and I thought to myself as how you had more'n enough for your critters; and so one night the devil tempted me to go over to your barn, an' to —, O dear, O!"

"To help yourself to a little of my surplus hay, eh?"

"Yis, doctor, jes so! But I never got home with that ar' hay. The Lord would not let me do it. I had a load on my back and was carryin' it away, when all at once it burst into a blaze about my ears."

"Struck by lightning?"

"No, doctor, it was a clear night. I've jest made up my mind that fire dropped down from Heaven and kindled that ar' hay, 'Twas a judgment an' a warnin', an' I'm afeared a sort of forerunner of the flames of hell. I haven't had no peace of mind since, nor felt like eatin' a good meal. At last, I thought I might feel better if I'd jest own up to you, an' ask your pardon an' your prayers."

To the astonishment of the poor penitent, the minister laughed outright merrily. Then he said: "Be comforted, neighbor; your little thieving operation was hardly of such consequence to heaven as all that. It was I who caught you at it, and set fire to the hay from my lantern; and I must say you yelled lustily and ran briskly for a man of your years. Why didn't you tell me if you wanted hay? Now go home in peace, get well and steal no more."

"You' doctor? You? Be you sartin sure you sot fire to that ar' hay?"

"Yes, quite sure; that was my own little bonfire. I hope it didn't scorch you much. I noticed when you came to meeting the next Sunday that your hair was a little singed. As for the flames of hell, neighbor, that's your own look-out. I trust there is time to escape them yet."

"So, so! 'twas you did it all! The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the farmer fervently. "It raly is an amazin' relief, an' my old woman was right, for she says: Go to the minister an' confess, an' that'll lift the biggest heft of the sin off your conscience, an' be better than doctor stuff.' An' so you did it? Well, folks say you're a master man for a joke; but this one was more

solemn than a sermon to me, an' more effectual, doctor, I do believe."

So saying, the farmer departed in peace; and the parson kept the secret of his name, even in his own family, always, I think.

Harsh Judgments.

O God! whose thoughts are brightest lights,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by Thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is Earth's false eyes to blind.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul!
More grace, O Lord! more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving heart!
More sunshine from Thy face.

[Faber.

HOW TO KEEP POOR.—There is no man but who would rejoice to have a way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches. No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day at ten cents; seventy-three dollars; three cigars, one after each meal, one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents, board for a big dog, thirty dollars—all in one year, two hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents—sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes.

Punch says that when Lot's wife was turned to salt he took a fresh one.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1870.

Our Party.

At last we are able to announce it. Friday, November 11th, 1870, is the day fixed upon. It will be held at Corinthian Hall, during the day and evening—and all interested in the Hospital, both in city and country, are here respectfully and cordially invited to be present.

Gentlemen all Invited.

The gentlemen of Rochester and vicinity, are all cordially invited to take dinner and supper with us at Corinthian Hall, on Friday, Nov. 11th. Dinner hours, from 12 to 4; supper, from 6 to 8. Bill of fare to suit the most epicurean taste. As the ladies are to serve the tables themselves, nothing need be said of the attentiveness of the waiters, except this, that those who have undertaken the task, do not mean that there shall be any complaints. Gentlemen who were present a year ago, and who know something about the fare (fair), and what to expect, will not, we think, need any urging to accept our invitation.

The Programme.

The programme for the day and evening will not vary in its general outline from what it was a year ago. There will be the Refreshment Tables in various parts of the Hall, filled with everything delicious and tempting, and nice, where belles and beauties will preside—and where gentlemen are all invited to dine, and to stay to tea even, if they choose. There will be the Flower Tables—the Candy and Ice Cream Tables! the Fancy Tables, where, judging from the rumors which reach us, the displays will be unusually attractive. In a quiet corner will be the *Review* Table, which, by no means, must be passed by—where the Paper Commit-

tee will be congregated, to receive subscriptions and arrearages, and put down new names. Among the chief attractions of the day, will be the gathering together, socially and informally, of the friends of the Hospital, from city and country—young and old—grave and gay. "A place," as was remarked a year ago, "to find all the prettiest ladies of Rochester," looking their prettiest, too, as women always do, when animated with a noble and loving charity. Then last, not least, and crowning all, will be the Evening Entertainment. How do you like our programme?

The Entertainment.

No pains will be spared to render our Entertainment fully equal, in every respect, if not beyond, the one a year ago. To those who were in attendance then, this assurance will be sufficient. Our friends are, we find, eagerly anticipating the occasion—and we think they will not be disappointed. The work for the different departments has been committed to the hands of those with experience and ability, and who understand both how to plan and to execute.

A Decree.

A decree has gone forth, fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that, in all well regulated households no dinners are to be cooked on Friday, Nov. 11th. Tired wives, and tired Bridgets are to have a rest that day—and all the gentlemen are to be sent to take dinner and supper with us, at Corinthian Hall.

What Shall Be Done?

The receipts for the *Review* this month are still very meagre, when we consider that we are now at the beginning of our new year, which should be our harvest time. We have not scolded, nor do we wish to complain, but our Treasurer really looks discouraged. What shall be done? What will our friends do about the paper?

The Evening Entertainment,

Is still a profound secret. What it will be we cannot even guess, but it has been put into the hands of a committee of gentlemen whose names are a sufficient guarantee for something brilliant—something "rare, rich and racy." The following gentlemen compose the committee:

HON. E. M. SMITH, LEVI WARD, JR.

CHAS. B. HILL, G. M. ELWOOD,

MR. SAMUEL WILDER.

Mr. Hill's name alone would fill Corinthian Hall, at any time, and added to this, so many others equally well known, our readers can judge for themselves what they may expect. We would simply suggest to them that if they want seats, they cannot be too prompt in securing tickets. There will be a rush of course.

The "Review" Table.

"Still pursuing," if not "achieving," our faithful Treasurer continues her unwearying efforts for the *Review*. The only hope now leading her on through so many discouragements, is that which clusters around the *Review* Table, at our Donation. She will be there with her books—her pen—her pencil—to record new names, and to explain and settle up satisfactory all old accounts. Whatever else you may do, dear reader, or may not do on that day, do not neglect the *Review* Table. Our paper has accomplished a great work for the Hospital, and will yet do much for us. Sustain—encourage it! In short, subscribe for it! If you are already a subscriber—subscribe for some one else—some little far away cousin or niece—or some poor soul who will find the little paper a companion and comforter. Do not slight our corner at Corinthian Hall at the Party. We shall take it deeply amiss of any who passes us by.

Our friends, in sending in donations, of whatever description, will please be particular to give their proper address, that due credit may be given.

What Do We Want?

Are any asking what we want at our Donation? Just think for one moment of the Refreshment Tables to be kept supplied all day, with turkeys, hams, oysters, salad, jellies, coffee, cream, and every other luxury, and you will see some things that are wanted, and of which it would be difficult for us to get too much. Then, we want contributions to our Flower Tables, Fancy Tables, Candy Tables, and in fact, to all our tables—and then we want free, generous patrons of them all. We want Hospital stores—delicacies of all kinds for the sick—those “extra cans of fruit”—jellies, pickles, wines, &c. &c. We suffer so much for things of this sort before the year is over. Then we want general supplies—coal, flour, apples, potatoes, &c. &c.—clothing for men, women and children—bedding, towels, and indeed everything in the way of Hospital supplies—not forgetting the “old rags.” O, we want everything almost—money, even—and we want to see all our friends. Come—and then we will tell you the rest!

Our Special Request.

We do not feel that we have any right to ask great things of our friends. All have not great means, and those who have, must judge for themselves what they ought to do with them. But there is one thing we do ask of every friend of the Hospital—of every reader of the *Review*—and that is, that they bring us *one new subscriber* for a gift on our Donation Day. This is our one special request. Will you refuse it? Do we ask too much?

A Quilt from the Little Girls on Cypress Street.

It seems like old times to receive the following, with the accompanying quilt Little hands used to be so busy for us, but they have done so little of late we had begun to think they had forgotten us. Where is the little band of workers who used to

bring us so many new subscribers—make us so many quilts, and get up little bazaars for us? This quilt proves that they have not all deserted us. Now, we want to thank each little girl, whose name is here given, and ask them if they will not each bring a new subscriber to our Party?

This quilt is made and presented to the Hospital by the following little girls of Cypress Street:

Louisa Allen,	Mary Watson,
Cora Allen,	Ella Watson,
Hattie Deuel,	Aggie Peck,
Bertha Deuel,	Mattie Peck,
Kate McGivern.	

Annual Donation Festival.

The Annual Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital, will be held at Corinthian Hall, on Friday, November 11.

The Ladies will be happy to see their friends and all interested in the care of the sick and suffering.

Refreshments for the tables are most earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the Hall on Friday morning. Also, Fancy Articles, will be thankfully received, by any of the Managers previously, or on the day of the Festival.

MRS. M. STRONG, *Pres't*,

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, *Treas.*

MRS. E. M. SEITH, *Sec'y*,

MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, *Cor. Sec.*

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. W. B. Williams, Mrs. Dr. Crowell.

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.

The Hospital Review.

A Gift.

Mr. Henry Smith, New York, for the New Wing.\$10 00

We cannot refrain from making special mention of the above generous donation. Many of our readers will recall to mind *this* Mr. Smith, "the Razor Strop Man," as the faithful and efficient nurse, who gave his services to the Hospital before the east Wing was erected, when the main building was *the* Hospital, and was filled to its utmost capacity with sick and wounded Soldiers. At an early period of the war, inspired with ardent patriotism, he devoted much of his time to the recruiting of volunteers, and subsequently went himself to the field, although exempt by age, and was seriously wounded at Gettysburg. While at our Hospital, ever ready, he worked by night and by day, to aid the soldier boys and forward the interests of the Institution. His cheerful face and kindly words, so full of encouragement, did much to raise the spirits of the despondent, as he passed from Ward to Ward, in the faithful discharge of his duty. Anxious for the increase of Hospital facilities, he became interested in the east Wing, and gave of his ability towards its erection. When completed, yes, before its completion, he looked forward to another—and now, though absent for nearly four years, he has not forgotten the Hospital, or the need of another Wing, to render it what it was designed to be—an ornament to our city as well as a refuge for the suffering. We thank Mr. Smith for his gift, and assure him that he is very gratefully remembered, not only by the soldiers, to whose every care he ministered, but by all those who went in and out, on their mission of love.

We are also reminded of others who, long since, gave to this same object: "Little Monty," as he was then called, originated and held a fair, at which he sold kites and other articles made by himself, bringing to us fifteen or twenty dollars,

to "help make," as he said, "another Wing." Mr. Wm. S. Falls, Mr. Erastus Darrow, and others, also contributed generously for this purpose.

We hope, at our coming Festival, this object may be substantially remembered.

M.

Donations for October.*

Mrs. Dr. Bristol—Large quantity of Rags.
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—5 yards of Flannel for one of the patients.
Mrs. Samuel Wilder—5 barrels Apples.
Mrs. William Pitkin—1 Crib Quilt and 1 Crib Blanket.
Mrs. Dr. Crowell—Pears and Delicacies.
Mrs. John Craig—1 bushel Pears.
Miss Sarah S. Hewes—1 large Arm Chair, and 1 large Wheeled Chair.
From several Little Girls—1 Bed Quilt.

* In consequence of the illness of the Matron, the list of Donations for this month is incomplete, but will be remedied in our next.

Receipts for the Hospital Review.

Miss Sarah Allen, 50 cents; Miss Phebe Whitman, 50 cents; Charles Swick, 50 cents—By Phebe Whitman, Scottsburg, \$1 50
Henry Smith, New York—By Miss Hibbard 5 00
Mrs. Woodruff, \$1.50; Mrs. Fellows, Penfield, \$1.00; Miss Endress, Dansville, 65 cents—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews 3 15
Mrs. W. Pitkin, 62 cents; Mr. T. H. Rochester \$1.63—By Mrs. Pitkin 1 25
Mrs. E. D. Smith, 63 cents; Mrs. Isaac E. Sheldon, New York, 50 cents—By Mrs. E. D. Smith 1 13
Mrs. H. J. Frost, Melrose, 50 cents; Mrs. Hiram Smith, \$1.50; Mrs. George. J. Whitney, \$1.25; Mrs. E. T. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, \$1.25; Mrs. J. B. Parmelee, Spencerport, 50 cents; Alma Rowley, Victor, \$2.00; Mrs. Harvey Ely, 70 cents; Mrs. J. P. Kelly, 50 cents—By Mrs. Perkins 8 82
Advertisements—E. N. Buell, \$5.70; Witherspoon & Bro., \$5.00 10 70

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Sept. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 105
Received during the month, 24—129
Discharged,24
Died,2— 26
Remaining Oct. 15, 1870,.... 103

Died.

In the City Hospital, September 25, Bridget McQueen, aged 38 years.
Sept. 30, Mary B. Hewes, aged 58 years.

Children's Department.

From the New York Observer.

"That's the Place!"

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

There was a queer old gentleman at the Academy on examination day. The trustees seemed to think a great deal of him, and treated him with much respect; but the boys felt rather uneasy, as his sharp, grey eyes looked searchingly at each one of them, and they saw that he was listening carefully to their answers.

"I do wonder who that old chap is!" exclaimed Charly Vane, after the exercises were over, and they were preparing to go home. "I declare, he frightened me so I don't think I could have told the points of the compass, if he had asked me!" Harry Brown laughed. *He* did not look frightened; he had done his part well that day, and many admiring glances had rested on the boy who was called "the best scholar."

The strange old gentleman was standing with one of the school-officers, in the playground, as Harry passed out with several other boys.

"Harry," said Mr. Raymond, stopping him, "I think this gentleman has left his cane in the hall up stairs, will you look for it?"

"Certainly, sir," and Harry went quickly up to the school-room again, and, returning with the cane, presented it to the gentleman, with a polite bow.

"That's a fine boy," remarked Mr. Raymond, as Harry passed on toward the gate; "he is one of the boys we are proud of." The old gentleman was following Harry closely with those stern grey eyes.

Just as the boys reached the gate, a young girl from the female department of the school was going out; and, in trying to open it, dropped one of her books. The other boys paid no attention; but Harry stepped forward, held open the gate, and picked up the book, handing it to her with a pleasant remark. At the moment a carriage, containing several ladies, drove up. As they looked at Harry, he recognized them, and raised his cap from his head, with a graceful bow.

The old gentleman saw it all: but when Mr. Raymond said, in a pleasant way,

"How few boys have such good manners!" he only replied, "It is all very well; but let me see that boy *at home!* *that's* the place! Let me see him with his mother and sisters, and then I can judge of his good manners. If you want to know a boy's true character, see him in his home; *that's* the place!" The old gentleman brought down his cane with emphasis at these last words; and Mr. Raymond seemed rather disappointed that he had not appreciated more the "model boy" of their school.

But I think the old gentleman was right when he said, "*that's the place.*" Suppose we look into Harry Brown's home, and see how he appeared there that same evening.

Harry went into the room where his mother and sisters sat at their sewing. He threw his cap carelessly down upon the table; he did not even say "good afternoon," as he took it off. Perhaps he forgot it, or else he did not think it worth while,—only his mother and sisters, you know!

"Well, Harry, did your examination pass off successfully?"

"Oh, yes, first rate!"

Harry might have told the particulars of the examination, to interest his mother and sisters, as they had been unable to attend it: but he did not seem to think it necessary. He began to look around for a seat. Somehow the ladies' work had become scattered about on the different chairs, and it offended Harry's feelings.

"For pity's sake, can't you give a fellow a chair to sit on?"

Sister Ellen began to move her work. "Here is one," she said; and, as Harry took it, a spool of cotton fell and rolled away. He did not pick it up; but sat down, and opened one of his books. Surely, that did not seem like the boy who had so politely held open the gate and picked up the book for a young miss, half an hour before! But it was only Harry's sister this time; and perhaps he thought it foolish to be polite to *her*!

When Harry's father came in, and asked him to look in the library for a magazine which had been left there, Harry did not do it with that "certainly, sir," and that bright look which had so pleased Mr. Raymond in the afternoon, and which would have pleased his father still more and helped to make home happy.

At the tea-table Harry did not think of

those little acts of politeness which he would not have forgotten had he been taking tea with Mr. Raymond or the strange old gentleman, instead of *only at home*. He helped himself to bread, without noticing that his sister by his side had none. He said, "Here, take it!" when Ellen did not see that he was holding the butter-plate towards her. And he neglected the little "thank you," and the "please," which are such necessary parts of politeness at all times.

Then, when Harry went to bed, he did not think it worth while to say "good night"—though he had been very careful to say a polite "good afternoon" before leaving school that day.

In truth, Harry's good manners were kept for those outside of his own home. And that strange old gentleman knew how many boys had this fault. So, in a few years, when he wanted a book-keeper for his counting-house, from among the graduates at the Academy, he would not select one, until he had visited several at their homes and become acquainted with their manners there. Then—to the surprise of all the school—he did *not* choose Harry Brown. "For," said he, "I don't want any boy about me who can't be polite to his mother and sister!"

Boys, how many of you are like Harry? Some of you are, I know. Then bear in mind the words of the strange old gentleman: "Let me see that boy at home; *that's the place!*"

Do not think that home is the place where you can throw off all politeness, and be as careless and rough as you please. If there is a place on earth where you should wear your good manners and be polite and kind—"that's the place!" If there are any persons to whom you should give your most polite words and kind attentions, those persons are your father, mother and sister. Will you give more attention and respect to those outside, than to the dear ones at home? Will you be praised for good manners by strangers, and cause those at home to think you rude and thoughtless? It will make your homes much more happy and pleasant, if you wear your best manners always there. Do not omit any act of politeness there, which you would perform elsewhere. Do not be ashamed to be polite at home: that is the best place in all the world to you; that is the place where your best friends are;

that is the place where your true character will appear: therefore, remember to cultivate politeness at home!

"I Don't See Nature."

A TRUE STORY.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

They were all to a picnic bound that day,
At the back of the Mountain Farm;
Marshall and Bernard, Teeney and Tot,
With mother to keep them from harm.
With uncle to manage the mettlesome team,
They were off in the morning at nine;
"I know of a place where strawberries grow,"
Said uncle, "and there we will dine.

"Tis a grassy nook by the edge of the wood,
And near is a bubbling fountain;"
All the children agreed that uncle must know,
For 'twas uncle who owned the mountain.
And I'll show you a gorge in the deep ravine,
The rudest and ruggedest spot:
And there we'll see Nature in rare undress"—
"O my!" said Teeney and Tot.

'Twas a blessed day in the dewy wood,
With the brooks and breezes free;
But the rocky rift in the mountain's breast,
That was the wonder to see.
A hundred feet were the craggy walls;
The floor was a solid block,
Save where, in a corner, the tumbling brook
Had scooped out a bowl in the rock.

Cried Teenie, "Splendid!" Mamma said "O!"
And the boys gave a harrowing shout;
"But I don't see Nature," said little Tot,
Shyly peeping about.
"I hope she isn't afraid of us;
It's surely the place, I guess;
You know, dear mamma, what uncle said—
Where Nature goes to undress!"

[The Little Corporal.

One of the most touching instances of fidelity of which we have ever read, and one which has a lesson for human beings, is said to have occurred on the Seine at Paris: A young man who wanted to drown his dog, took him in a boat and threw him overboard. While pushing the animal from the boat with his oar he fell overboard, and would have been drowned had not his dog held him up till assistance came and rescued him.

A Sea Flower.

Would it not be curious, little people, to think of flowers growing on the rocks under the deep sea?

Well, strange as it seems, if you could take a peep into the blue depths some sunny morning, you would see what you would be certain were flowers of the loveliest colors and shapes.

They are in fact, however, animals, and have mouths, and eat meat and drink water as well as you.

One of these exquisite wonders of the sea is called the Opelet, and is about as large as a German Aster, looking, indeed, very much like one.

Imagine a very large double Aster, with ever so many long petals of the most delicate shade of light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the Aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the Opelet himself generally clings to a rock.

How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight! But those beautiful waving arms—as you may call them—have an other use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—to well hidden that one can scarcely find it.

Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of their rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is quickly drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and seen no more.

Then the lovely arms unclose, and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

[Children's Hour.

When, for some little insult given,

My angry passions rise;

I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,

And bore his injuries.

Christ's Children.

Shades of night are creeping, creeping,

Dark and darker grows the day,

Little forms are robbed for sleeping,

Little hands are raised to pray—

Jesus, Thou who watch art keeping,

Listen what the children say :

"We are little children, Jesus,

By Thy footstool bending low,

And we know Thy goodness sees us

While we think, and speak, and go—

In the schoolroom, in the wildwood,

In our troubles, in our glee,

Thou who knew'st an earthly childhood,

Let the children follow Thee!

"We are little travelers, Saviour,

And the world is wide and long,

Very weak is our behavior,

But Thine arm is kind and strong.

Hold our tender feet from falling,

Keep our spirits free from sin,

From thy fold in heaven calling.

Take thy little travelers in!

"We are little Christians, Father,

Little soldiers of the Lamb,

And around Thy cross we gather,

Battling for Thy precious name!

Help us, Father, Saviour, Jesus,

Fight our sins and weakness down,

Till the love of Christ release us,

From Earth's cross to Heaven's crown."

So, as shades of night come creeping,

And as darker grows the day,

While they kneel before their sleeping,

Feeble words in faith to say :

All Thy little children keeping,

Jesus, hear them when they pray!

A man who is going to do good with his money when he shall get a great deal of it, makes a bargain with the devil; and the devil outwits him. Where men are going to use their money so that it will do good when they get through with it, the Lord is apt to get through with them before they think of being through with their money. If you want to be benevolent by-and-by, be benevolent now.

A paper which wishes to avoid slang, delicately advises its belligerent neighbor to "imitate the example of the rivulet in a time of drought."

Miscellaneous.

How They know the Yankee.

An American tells this story of his foreign experience:

One day last fall, in company with an eminent clergyman of London, I was making my way toward the Thames Tunnel, when we were stopped by an itinerant vender of pictures, who seemed to know my companion. "Buy some of these pictures of the public buildings of London, sir," said he, "and you can give them to your American friend to take home with him."

I was in a hurry, but my wonderment would have stopped me if I had been running to a fire.

"How in creation did you know I was an American?" I asked.

"Why, I couldn't mistake that," the picture-seller replied, with a quiet laugh; "you're American all over."

I purchased a picture, and then asked him to explain himself.

"I would know by your soft beaver hat," he said. "That is an American fashion."

"Well, if it were not for that?"

He glanced down at my feet.

"Your boots would betray you. Nobody but Americans wear square toes."

"Well, what else?"

"Your chin whiskers. Englishmen always wear the mutton-chop style."

"Well, anything more?"

"If you won't be offended, sir?"

"Not at all; I am seeking for information."

"I should know you by your thin, peaked face."

"Well, my friend, I said" I fancy you are to the end of your catalogue now. Suppose that I wore a stiff, high-crowned hat, roundtoed boots, mutton-chopped whiskers and had a face as red and chubby as any in Britian—would you be able to know me for an American then?"

"Certainly I should, as soon as I heard you speak," the fellow triumphantly answered. "You Americans invariably commence every sentence with a *well*."

My English friend laughed loud and long at the man's adroitness.

"I believe he is more than half right," he said. "See if your nationality is not detected everywhere you go."

It was even so. In Paris I was importuned to buy a photograph of Lafayette, because he was "ze friend of ze Americans;" in Genoa a dirty vagabond was clamorous to exhibit to me the house where Columbus was born, because he discovered the "Signor's great cuntry;" and at Alexandria the climax was capped by a ragged little descendant of the Pharaohs, who besought him to take a ride on his donkey. "Strong donkey—fast donkey—nice Yankee Doodle donkey!" was his irresistible appeal, in the only English words he knew.

Sum Natral History.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

FLEAS.

The smallest animal of the brute creation, and the most pesky, iz the Fleas.

They are about the bigness ov an onion seed, and shine like a bran new shot.

They spring from low places, and can spring further and faster than any of the bug brutes.

They bite wus than the muskeetoze, for they bite on a run; one flea will go aul over a man's suburbs, in 2 minnits, and leave him as freckled as the meazles.

It is impossible to do anything well with a flea on you except sware, and fleas ain't afraid of that; the only way is to quit business ov aul kinds and hunt for the flea, and when you have found him he ain't there. This iz one ov the flea mysteries, the fakulty they have of being entirely lost jist as you have found them.

I don't suppose there is ever killed, on an average, during enny one year, more than 16 fleas in the whole United States of America, unless there is a casualty of some kind—once in a while there is a dog gits drowned sudden, and then there may be a few fleas lost.

They are about az hard to kill az a flax seed iz, and if you don't mash them as fine as ground pepper they will start business on a smaller kapital jist as pestiverous as ever.

There iz lots ov people who have never seen a flea, and it takes a pretty smart man to see one ennyhow; they don't stay long in a place.

If you ever ketch a flea, kill him before you du ennything else; for if you do put it off 2 minnits, it may be too late.

Menny a flea has passed away forever in less than 2 minutes.

List of our Agents.

Mary Perkins, Rochester,
Florie Montgomery, "
Fanny and Ella Colburn, Rochester,
S. Hall, Henrietta,
Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
Mary Lane, "
Ella Van Zandt, Albany,
Minnie Montgomery, Rochester,
Mary Watson, "

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
Three Months,..... 2 00	One Third Column,..... 19 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.

Notice.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF MONROE COUNTY,
Rochester, Aug. 3, 1870.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that an Election will be held in this county on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which Election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. **JOSEPH B. CAMPBELL, Sheriff.**

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1st, 1870.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

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

A Governor in the place of John T. Hoffman.
A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Allen C. Beach.

A Comptroller, in the place of Asahel P. Nichols, appointed by the Governor in the place of William F. Allen, resigned.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of John D. Fawcett, resigned, and partly written, in the place of George W. Chapman, appointed by the Governor in the place of Oliver Bascom, deceased.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Solomon Schuss.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

A representative in the Forty-second Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the counties of Monroe and Orleans.

Also, a Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans, in the place of Noah Davis, who has ceased to be a Representative.

COUNTY OFFICERS,

Also to be elected for said county:

Three Members of Assembly.

A County Clerk, in the place of Charles J. Powers.

A Special County Judge, in the place of George W. Rawson.

A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Addison N. Whiting.

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Orlando P. Simmons, and Lovell Wood.

Two Coroners, 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 379, Laws of 1870, herewith printed, as to their duties 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 25, 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 are hereby authorized and directed to borrow, on the credit of the State, such sum or money as may be necessary for the purpose of paying and extinguishing the canal and general fund debt, for which the tolls are pledged, as provided by section 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 them, registered or coupon bonds of this State, having eighteen years to run, bearing six per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, for such amount as shall be required by said Commissioners for the purpose aforesaid. Upon the receipt of the said bonds, the said Commissioners shall sell the same to the highest bidder, at not less than par, either by advertising for sealed proposals, in the usual manner, or at public auction, upon the notice, as the said Commissioners may deem best. The money thus obtained is hereby appropriated to pay and extinguish the canal and the general fund debts, 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 toward the debt, 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 and transfer 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 tax hereby directed shall be enforced only to the extent which may be necessary and sufficient for the purpose aforesaid.

§ 3. When 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 Board 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 trade and commerce of the State, and to prevent the diversion thereof. 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, declares its concurrence in such adjustment and reduction as the Canal 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 each poll, on said election day, a box in the usual form, for the reception of the ballots herein provided; and each and every elector of this State may present a ballot, on which shall be printed or written, or partly printed and partly written, on the following form, namely: "For the act to create a State debt to provide for the payment of the Canal and General Fund Debts," or "Against the act to create a State debt, to provide for the payment of the Canal and General Fund Debts." 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 Debts."

§ 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 or mail sending, 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 town officers shall apply to the submission to the People herein provided for.

§ 6. The Secretary of State shall, with all convenient dispatch, after this act shall receive the approval of the Governor, cause the same to be struck off and printed upon slips in such numbers as shall be sufficient to supply the different officers of this State concerned in 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 hereinbefore provided.

Respectfully yours, &c.

H. A. NELSON,
Secretary of State.

aug-3-4-4&lawtd

A. S. MANN & CO.

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

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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 Alpacos, and can sell them much below usual price.

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

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15 BUFFALO ST. [June, '70] 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.
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.

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December, 1869.

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December, 1869.

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CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
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PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
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Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
Nov. 1867. 1y

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Men's Furnishing Goods,
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Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N.Y.
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Nov. 1867. 1y

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D. LEARY'S
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DYEING & CLEANSING
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ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
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RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-pd. to '68. G. W. GOLER.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,
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ROCHESTER, N. Y.
CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.
Jan. 1866. [Established in 1826.]

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Secretary & Treasurer—JOHN H. ROCHESTER.
Attorney—FREDERICK A. WHITTLESEY.

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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.

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ESTABLISHED, 1866.

GEO. N. STORMS, Merchant Tailor

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

Formerly Boy & McFarlin's. ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Nov. 1867. 1y

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

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FINE GROCERIES,

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And Fancy Articles,

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Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

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PAPER.

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

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Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

" WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME. "

VOL. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1870.

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.

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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.

That he who smites the Summer weed,
May trust thee for the Autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubble rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blessed;
And God and man both own his worth,
Who toils to leave as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at least in heaven.

Agricultural Ode.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

This day two hundred year ago,
The wild grapes by the river's side,
And tasteless ground-nut, trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the river told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruit he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

O, Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need,
The joys of simple faith is born;

The Emperor, the Empress and the Prince in Exile.

Nothing is easier and at the same time, nothing is meaner than to kick the dying lion. The bitterest and most determined opponents of the imperial usurpation of December 2, 1851, can take no pleasure in the unmanly abuse and contumely heaped upon the fallen Emperor of France and his family by some of the very creatures who cringed for his favor and fed upon his bounty while he was in power. We are glad to perceive that none of the decent republicans do this pitiful thing. Even Rochefort is conservative and silent, and Victor Hugo suspends the denunciations of the chastisements that he inflicted when Napoleon was the master. Only the low adventurers and lickspittles, who are ever ready to kiss the feet of success and to leap upon the prostrate body of misfortune, have persisted in the howl that continues to follow the dethroned family now in exile. The French people have dire cause indeed to cry out, in the political

sense, against the man and the system that have bequeathed to them such a legacy of humiliation; but the French people were themselves very largely to blame, since they sustained that man and system by their votes and vehemently called for the war. In fine, they pushed the Emperor into the field, if the voice of their press be true, and now, when assailing him, they are somewhat in the position of those

—who knock a man down
And then kick him for falling.

Our course has been plain and clear in this whole matter. We have reprobated the attacks of the empire on Germany and we have greeted the formation of a republic. But it is a duty as well as a right to pronounce justice, and now, by much concurrent testimony, we are informed that, despite feeble health and excruciating pain the Emperor Napoleon III. strove, at the last, to do all that a reasonable man could do by the influence of his personal presence on the battle-field at Sedan. Both French and English correspondents state that he was on foot among the troops from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon. He first went to the corps of General Lebrun, at Balan, where the action was very fierce, encouraging the soldiers and displaying the greatest coolness amid the storm of shot and shell. He was four hours on the field in that direction where the peril was most imminent. Afterward, while he was in the sub-prefecture of Sedan, in the very centre of an avalanche of fire, several shells burst on the roof and in the courtyard, and the adjacent streets were flocked with bleeding corpses. Even then he made no offer to yield until commander after commander arrived to urge that further resistance would only involve the slaughter of the whole army.

The Empress, too, toiled night and day with her Ministers and in the hospitals at Paris. For two weeks preceding her departure she hardly disrobed or slept, and all who saw her pitied the anxieties that had nearly bereft her even of the ordinary appetite for food, while they sympathized deeply with the tenderness of heart that made her daily pass laborious hours in the military hospitals. The poor young Prince a mere child in years—after being buffeted about day after day and week after week between the armies, was a Namur, in Belgium, by the Emperor's order, pale, weak and downcast, when he heard of his father's

captivity. He remained for a few moments with his head bowed and in tears; then, looking up, he said, "All this is nothing should France but be spared entire."

And now this little family of three persons—the father, the mother, and the son, are virtually banished from the soil of France as well as cast down from their high political estate. The head of the circle is a prisoner, more securely held than was the first Napoleon on the rock at St. Helena—the modern Prometheus with the vulture of a disappointed ambition that would have scaled the very heavens gnawing at his entrails. The lesson is a most impressive one to men and nations; the solace to the chief actors in the scene, let all generous hearts believe, is the consciousness of having acted well their part in the closing hour and having borne with dignity the inevitable decree of fate. Napoleon, Eugenie and the Prince may prove far more worthy of the respect of mankind in their reverse than in their grandeur.

[N. Y. Herald.

November.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No traveling at all—no locomotion—
No inking of the way—no notion—
"No go," by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine—no butterflies, no bees—
No fruits—no flowers, no leaves—no birds.
November. [Hood.

He that hath pity on another man's sorrow shall be free from it himself, and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another shall one time or another fall into it himself.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1870.

The Whole Story.

Our Lists this month, tell all the story. More is unnecessary. Such lists speak more powerfully than words, and yet, with hearts so full, we can not withhold all expressions of our gratitude. But here, too, words fail us. How poor, how inadequate, they seem, to convey the height and depth, and warmth of our feelings just now. Rochester and its adjacent towns, have always come up nobly to the aid of our Hospital. A year ago, the receipts of our party seemed fairly overwhelming to us—and now what can we say? The full returns from our tickets and other items are not in, and yet the Treasurer tells us that we are already several hundred dollars beyond our receipts then. True, we needed it. The New Wing, going up steadily every day, to the delight of all our eyes and hearts, must be paid for, and the increased number of patients we hope to be able to provide for, demands a fuller and larger supply. But who of us had faith to believe that it would come so promptly, so generously, so spontaneously? Our Ladies can talk of nothing but the Donation. No wonder that their faces and lips are all aglow with enthusiasm. A great good work has been done. Kind friends, everywhere, we thank you more than we can tell you!

The Day!

Come and gone—but not like so many days—empty and in vain. Friday, Nov. 11th, 1870, was a great day, a glad day, lustrous with good deeds, which angels have recorded. Everything seemed to combine to render the gathering at Corinthian Hall delightful. In the first place, and for the first time, we had a beautiful day for our Party—a November day, it is true, but only such in name. It was

bright, and sunny, and golden enough for October, with just a tinge of Indian summer softness and dreaminess. Every year before, we have had the weather to contend with—some furious squall, or raging tempest, as our friends will remember, sent as if to test their perseverance. But Nature, tired of her freaks, met us in gentler mood that day, infusing her beauty and glow into all hearts. The scene at Corinthian Hall suggested vividly a year ago. There were the same groupings of fair and smiling ladies—the same loaded, tempting tables—only, if anything, more tempting—the same air of a fête—the same coming and going, of gay throngs of visitors—and the momentous moment for all—the rush of gentlemen, at the ringing of the bell! Those who, early in the morning, saw the ample provision for our tables—the array of turkeys, all nice and brown—the hams—the tongues, silent but eloquent—the innumerable salads, and oysters, and jellies, and cake, and cream, &c.—might have fancied we had supplies enough to last a hundred years, but, to the credit of our gentlemen be it said, the stores were none too ample. There was, to quote from our evening programme—not any “too much of a muchness” for them. They sat down unflinching to the great tasks before them, and acquitted themselves like *men*. In the words of the old song of Jacky Spratt, and his efficient spouse,

—“they cleared the cloth,
And left the platter clean.

We said the scene suggested a year ago. We might have added, without the exaggeration to which perhaps the warmth of our feelings is apt to lead us, that it was even fairer than then. The flags, gracefully draping the Hall, heightened the general effect—flowers were choicer and more abundant—we had more sunshine,—and the Fancy Tables, as well as the Refreshment Tables, we could not help thinking, were a little more brilliant in their displays

than a year ago. We do not know as there were any prettier ladies, but there were more pretty ones, and the little caps worn by some of the waitresses, were decidedly picturesque and charming. We were not surprised to hear that two New York gentlemen, (not so accustomed and not so hardened to such fascinations as our Rochester gentlemen may be,) should have left each twenty dollars for their dinner, at one of these tables. Undoubtedly they felt that, under all the circumstances, it was worth it. The ladies vied with each other in rendering their tables attractive to their guests. One of the most elegant, elaborate and costly tables in the Hall was furnished entirely by the proprietors of the Brackett House. Another very handsome table was furnished by the Hebrew ladies of the city, solicited by Mrs. H. Michaels and Mrs. S. M. Benjamin.

The Fancy Tables were a great attraction to visitors—so many pretty things had been made for them—so many pretty things given—and the avails were very gratifying. Nothing was sold upon commission—everything was given, and everything was disposed of. Among the most beautiful things we saw, was a Madonna, in velvet and gilt, from Mrs. Fred Turpin—an elegant table, from Messrs. Hunn, Smith & Spencer—handsome and elaborate tidies—sofa-pillows—choice pencilings, and a numberless variety of scarfs, toilet cushions, mats, &c. &c. The Treasurer was kept busy all day, receiving the usual number of subscriptions for the *Review*, and an unusual number of cash donations, large and small. Another individual kept busy that day, and filling no insignificant corner, was the vender of "liquid apple-sass." We have not yet seen his receipts, but from the continued draughts we saw him give out that day, we expect he will be able to stand the pressure of even the heavy one we have yet to make upon him.

The Evening Entertainment passed off successfully. The limited time allow-

ed to the performers for preparation, rendered their task a difficult and trying one, in many ways—and the Ladies, at whose solicitation they consented to undertake it, feel that they are entitled to special thanks, for their kind and persevering efforts, as well as for the very handsome benefit received through them. Corinthian Hall was full—the audience, one which must have highly gratified all connected with the Hospital—and one in itself worth going to see. The music was all excellent, but the gem of the evening, was "The Orange Girl," sang with charming grace and sweetness, by Miss Woolard, and which called out an enthusiastic *encore*.

Our Special Thanks.

In returning our *special thanks*, we find it very difficult to know where to begin, and as we shall find still more so to know where to end. Every body we meet, connected with the Board, tells us of some praiseworthy body or deed, deserving of special mention. The Ladies of the Fancy Tables want us to return special thanks to Messrs. G. Schwab & Co., for various donations, amounting to over \$23.00, and whose kind note we publish elsewhere. Mr. Geo. W. Harrold is another happy man they have marked out for distinguished honors, for sending them \$18.00 worth of pretty things for their table. Messrs. C. B. Woodworth & Son, come in for a share of notice, for their generous supply of perfumeries. Messrs. Stoddard & Wetmore—Scrantom & Wetmore, and Mr. D. M. Dewey, all gave handsomely, and helped to swell the long, goodly receipts we publish to-day. Very special thanks, moreover, they want to return to Mrs. Fred. Turpin, for the beautiful Madonna, elsewhere mentioned in our columns, which sold for \$30.00. Mr. and Mrs. Turpin remember our Hospital kindly every year. Their interest in it has been deeply awakened from having adopt-

ed an infant from the Nursery, a few years since. The little one, then the "Hospital pet," has now grown to be a very beautiful child—the sunshine of the home and hearts it went to brighten. That beautiful table, too, valued at \$20.00, from Messrs. Hunn, Smith & Spencer, they want us to say something nice about. We have already tried to, in another place—but it will doubtless be gratifying to Messrs. H., S. & S., to know how warmly the ladies reecho their praises. Messrs. Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., come in for a share of their admiration. This firm gave liberally to the Fancy Tables, and have also, the ladies tell us, given every year, the crimson flannel for covering their tables, afterwards donating the same to the Hospital. Messrs. Woodward & Rundle were there too with their gifts.

A very gratifying donation was one from the Young Ladies of the German Allen Street Church, who gave \$22.50, in cash, besides articles for our Fancy Tables. The Ladies likewise desire to return thanks to Messrs. Wisner, Brackett & Palmer, for loaning dishes for use—to Mr. John M. French, Jr., for loaning and putting up stoves—to Mr. H. H. Babcock, who gave us the coal—and to Messrs. Hunn, Smith & Spencer, once more, for loaning tables—and to all who sent us assistants, needed in our labors. Nor must Mr. Fleming nor George be forgotten, for doing all they could, both in the Hall and kitchen, to help us. All who took part in our Evening Entertainment, are surely entitled to our special thanks—the Band, who gave their services—the gentlemen who loaned instruments—and the amateur players who, with no pretence to professional skill, yet realized so handsome a sum for us. The Daily Press, who gave us repeated notices of our Party—Mr. Falls, our "bills of fare," and all that goodly list of gentlemen who sent us in their bills receipted—have also our thanks.

And now, they did not tell us so—but

we do think that all the ladies who labored so arduously and perseveringly, in getting up this Hospital Entertainment, ought to be thanked too. The ladies of the Fancy Tables, whose efforts commenced weeks and months ago—the ladies at the Refreshment Tables who, in addition to the hard work in preparing for them, were kept so busy, so driven, all day, until, when all was over, they were, to tell the truth, ready to drop, with fatigue. Nor are those ladies to be thanked less, who, in the receiving room below, and who, superintending in the kitchen, shut away from the splendor and attractiveness of the Hall, did their part so well.

In conclusion, we think that the gentlemen, who accepted our invitation so cordially and so courteously, to dine with us, and who paid so handsomely for their dinners, ought to be thanked—and those ladies too who, loyal to our edict, did not entertain the gentlemen at home, but came to the Hall and dined with them.

And now, if there is any other poor soul who ought to be in this list, but is not—catch him, and we will thank him too.

What the Children Did.

O, the children—we must by no means, forget to mention what the children did for us. Some of them worked so hard, and did so much, and are deserving of so much praise. There was Minnie S. and Fanny G., who, although both ill, made articles for the sale—Fanny, ten rabbits—Minnie, a pair of mats, &c.—Georgie B. and Hugh M., took twelve shillings of their own pocket money, and invested in a Grab Bag, filling it with toys and trinkets, and made \$5.52 for us. Another little boy had some evening papers given him, which he sold in the Hall, and made quite a little sum. And then—there were the children who sold tickets for the Evening Entertainment—who made pretty things for our Fancy Table—who assisted at the Refreshment Tables, and made themselves generally useful. We thank them all.

Errors or Omissions.

Greatest pains were taken by the Ladies on Donation Day, to prevent mistakes or omissions, in receiving and crediting donations, and if there were any such, as in all human probability there were, they think it will be found in almost every case owing to the fact that donations were carried directly to the Hall, and not to the Committee, who were stationed down stairs to receive them. The ladies request that all errors should be promptly reported to them.

A Mistaken Impression.

A friend in the country, in sending us a few names for the *Review*, says: "I wish the number of subscribers was twice as large, but people in the country imagine they have no duties in connection with a *City Hospital*." This is certainly a much mistaken impression. Our Hospital is City Hospital, only in name, and from the fact that it is located here. Country Hospital, would be just as appropriate, as a full proportion always of our inmates are brought in from the various towns around us. The Hospital is not supported by the city, and is in no sense a peculiarly city Institution, but designed for the benefit of all within its reach. Hence its claim is just as strong upon the country as city.

Correspondence.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 20, 1870.

MRS. W. H. P., Treas. "Hospital Review."

Madam:—Enclosed, find \$1.50. I think my subscription was up two years ago; but as you continue to send the "Review," it is right and just that it should be paid for. Besides being well worth the price in itself, it is for a good cause.

Yours, respectfully, MRS. A. D.

NORTH BLOOMFIELD, Nov. 2, 1870.

MRS. W. H. P.:

Dear Madam—I think it about time to renew my subscription to your excellent paper. I feel as though I could not do without it. May God bless you in your noble work.

Yours truly, MRS. W. B.

LIVONIA, Nov. 8th, 1870.

Dear Ladies:

Enclosed, please find five dollars and a half, for your good little paper. I wish it were more, and I intend it shall be, but thought it not best to wait longer, for a more convenient time. As it is, however, I think I am doing quite well, for instead of one new subscriber I send nearly all my old list and three new ones. I am thankful for small favors.

I believe I must give you a word of encouragement (as it was to myself) in a pleasant little incident which occurred in my collecting the above amount: I have a kind and interesting neighbor, who sent me not only her full subscription, but doubled it, saying, "I send it as a present. I gave her my heartfelt thanks, not for my own sake, but for God's suffering poor.

As ever, your friend and helper,

MRS. S. B. F.

P. S.—You may expect me to dine with you, Nov. 11th, Providence permitting. Oysters and the fixings for three!

16 CHARLOTTE ST., ROCHESTER, NOV. 8, '70.

My Dear Mrs. P.:

I feel very much ashamed that I have been so delinquent in remitting my subscription for the *Hospital Review*. Please pardon the delay, and find enclosed, 62 cents.

With warmest wishes for the success of the good work, I am, Yours truly, MRS. N. S. B.

ELMOOD FARM, Nov. 9th, 1870.

MRS. WM. H. P.:

Dear Madam.—Enclosed, please find \$3.00, of which, \$2.50 are due for my subscription to the *Hospital Review*. Please send to Mrs. T. B. F., Syracuse, N. Y. She is interested in a Hospital, and wishes to learn how such institutions are conducted in other places. I trust I have learned from your little paper, how, in many ways, we may follow the example of Him "who went about doing good." Few of us may see the beauty and glory we aim at. God will proceed at His own pace, and calls us to go along with Him; "to wait in faith and not make haste." But we will never give up trusting. There is reason—"The same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

With a wish, and a prayer, that you Rochester ladies may be blessed in your noble works, I am yours, for Christ and humanity, A.W. McN.

Among the many pleasant responses to the appeals for our Donation, we give the following from G. Schwab & Co. Their contributions to our Fancy Tables were very numerous—valued at over \$23.00, and yielded us a handsome profit:

ROCHESTER, Nov. 12, 1870.

MRS. W. H. WARD:

Esteemed Madam—As per your request, we here enclose list of merchandise donated by us to the Hospital Fair. Believe us to be more than happy to aid you in any future charitable undertakings.

Yours, respectfully,
G. SCHWAB & Co.

Card of Thanks.

The success which attended the efforts of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, demands a most hearty expression of thanks to all who gave them their aid in making their Annual Festival of such substantial benefit to the Hospital; to the citizens, who contributed so freely; to the ladies, who so bountifully supplied the refreshment and fancy tables and served them so faithfully; to the gentlemen and ladies who furnished the entertainment for the evening; and to the publishers and editors of the several daily papers, who are always ready with good words for every good cause.

C. E. MATTHEWS,
Corresponding Secretary.

RECEIPTS OF THE DONATION FESTIVAL, NOV. 11, 1870.

Cash ..	\$2,586 49
Expenses ..	264 15
Total ..	\$2,322 34

MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
Treasurer.

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Oct. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 103	
Received during month, ... 27	130
Discharged, ... 28	
Died, ... 0	28
Remaining Nov. 15, 1870.	102

Donations for November.

Mrs. Biden—Two Dressing Gowns.
Mrs. C. Dewey—Old Sheets.
Mrs. Jas. Brackett—Two pairs Socks—2 Shirts, 3 Night Gowns, 2 pairs Drawers—old Linen, 7 boxes Pie Cocoa, 4 bottles Catsup, 1 bottle Tomato Pickles.
Mr. E. S. Heywood—Twenty bushels Apples.
Mrs. Hiram Smite—Fifteen bushels Apples.
A Lady—Large bundle of Old Linen.
Mrs. A. M. Badger—One barrel Apples.
Messrs. Jacob Howe & Son—One bbl. Crackers.
Mrs. E. G. Lovcraft—One can Jelly and 1 can Raspberry Jam.
Alice Seward—Two Baby Sacques, and 1 Crib Quilt.
J. P. Wheeler—Two pairs Hose, 3 Shirts, 1 Handkerchief, 1 pair Pants and 1 Vest.
Mrs. J. W. Bissell—Three jars Tomato Pickles and 1 jar Catsup.
Mrs. Robert Fenn—Half dozen Brooms.
Mrs. Dr. Strong—Cake and Jelly.
Mr. Orange Sackett, Avon—Two barrels Apples.

Donation Festival,

HELD AT CORINTHIAN HALL, NOVEMBER 11, 1870.

Donations to the Lunch Tables.

Mrs. George J. Whitney—Hot Turkey and 2 loaves of Cake.
Mrs. George E. Jennings—Baked Beans, scalloped Oysters and Biscuit.
Mrs. James C. Hart—Two Oyster Pies, 3 Ducks, Pickles and Jelly.
Mrs. S. B. Roby—Lobster Croquettes, Cake and Biscuit.
Mrs. A. H. McVean—Veal Omelet, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe and Fruit.
Miss Helen Churchill—Two gallons Oysters, 3 lbs. Crackers and 6 bunches Celery.
Mrs. John H. Brewster—Chicken Pie, Biscuit, jug of Cider, Jelly and Flowers.
Mr. John Mogridge—Three Chickens.
Mrs. Hiram Smith—One Turkey, 2 loaves Cake, Bread, Biscuits, Jellies and Celery.
Miss Agnes Elwood—Twenty-five bunches of Celery.
Mrs. C. H. Chapin—Oyster Pies.
Mrs. George Lord—Hot Turkey, Cranberries and Tomato Pickles.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Turkey, Chicken Salad, Charlotte Russe, 3 Wine Jellies, 2 loaves Cake, Cellery, Apples and Pears.
Mrs. Joseph B. Ward—Turkey.
Mr. L. A. Ward—Basket of Pears.
Mrs. W. H. Perkins—One Turkey, Chicken Salad, Cucumber and French Pickles.
Mrs. J. C. Cochrane—Two gallons Pickled Oysters and Cake.
Mrs. Isaac Hills—Turkey and bowl Currant Jelly.
Mrs. Pells—Two roast Chickens and 2 Cakes.
Mrs. H. C. Wanzer—Turkey.
Mrs. C. J. Hayden—Dish scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. W. C. Bush—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Charles B. Hill—Hot Turkey.
Mrs. Henry L. Fish—Two Turkeys and 3 loaves of Cake.
Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—Twenty-four Moulds Cranberry Jelly.
Mrs. Maltby Strong—One Hot Turkey, 2 loaves of Cake, Jelly and Mashed Potatoes.
Mrs. W. Barron Williams—Two hundred fresh Rolls.
Mrs. S. D. Porter—Plum Pudding and Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Amon Bronson—Hot Turkey.
Mrs. Samuel Wilder—One boiled Ham, 3 gallons Oysters, 6 bottles Catsup, 1 jar Tomato Pickles, Cranberry and Crab Apple Jelly and Cut Flowers.
Mrs. E. M. Smith—One Turkey and 1 gallon of Oysters.
Mr. F. Gorton—Two Turkeys and a large dish of Pork and Beans.
J. A. Ely—Lemon Pie.
Miss Libbie Bronson—Four loaves of Cake Currants and Malaga Grapes.
Mrs. Isaac F. Quinby—Two loaves of Cake and jar of mixed Pickles.
Mrs. J. E. Hayden—One roast Ham.
Mr. A. M. Parsons, Brighton—Barrel of Cider.
Mrs. W. T. Preston—Bundle of Books, &c., for the Hospital.

Mrs. James M. Whitney—One dozen Quail, Celery, Pickles and Jelly.
 * Mrs. C. C. Merriman—Turkey, Jelly and Celery.
 Miss Anna Wild—Two Cocoanut and one Chocolate Cake and 2 bowls Jelly.
 Mrs. Henry Smith—Chicken Salad, Pies, Grapes and Jellies.
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Ham, Jelly, Biscuits, Pies, Pickles and Pears.
 Brackett House—One Ham, 2 Chickens, 2 boned Turkeys, 2 Pyramids, 4 moulds Wine Jelly, 1 dish Chicken Salad, 6 lbs. Confectionery.
 Mr. E. C. Purcell, Congress Hall—Two rounds of Alamode Beef.
 Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Two gallons Oysters.
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Three bottles Catsup, 1 bottle Raspberry Vinegar, 3 cans of Tomatoes, 2 cans Damsons, 1 of Cherries, and 1 of Peaches.
 Mrs. Dr. Fenn—Rolls.
 Mrs. Waite—Jar of Plums.
 Mrs. Williams—Ten heads Celery.
 Mrs. William Kidd—Two dishes scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. Fred Turpin—Tomatoes, Cherries, Raspberries and Jelly.
 Mrs. Knapp—Two Chickens and Biscuit.
 Mrs. E. B. Holmes—Charlotte Russe, scalloped Oysters and Cream.
 Miss Butts—Wine Jelly, 4 Lemon Pies, 2 quarts Cream, Grapes, Pears, Celery and Flowers.
 Mrs. L. D. Ely—Two Cocoanut Pies, Plum Pudding, Doughnuts and Apples.
 Mrs. E. N. Buell—Chicken Salad, Cream Pie and Mangoes.
 Mrs. George C. Buell—Hot Turkey, Oyster Pie, Pickled Peaches and Cream.
 Mrs. George E. Mumford—Two dishes scalloped Oysters.
 Miss Farrar—Chicken Pie, Chocolate Cake and Cream.
 Mrs. Barber—Charlotte Russe and Pickled Oysters.
 Mrs. Levi—Five boxes Grapes.
 Mrs. Koch—One frosted Cake.
 Mrs. H. Mock—Two Cakes.
 Mrs. N. Stern—Four Cakes.
 Mrs. J. Schatz—Two Tongues.
 Mrs. S. Hayes—Two dishes of Jelly.
 Mrs. Sickle—Four dishes of Jelly.
 Mrs. Garson—Six Pies.
 Mrs. Broner—Sponge Cake.
 Mrs. Hays—Two Chickens.
 Mrs. Van Bergh—Two Cakes.
 Mrs. Sloman—Two Cakes.
 Mrs. Krantz—Boiled Tongue.
 Mrs. Rosenberg—One fancy Cake.
 Miss Kauffman—Dish Cocoanut Drops.
 Mrs. H. Michaels and Mrs. S. M. Benjamin—Chicken Salad, Lobster Salad, Cake and Pickles.
 Mrs. Stillson—Chicken Salad, Saratoga Potatoes and Turkey.
 Mrs. Benjamin McFarlin—Cake.
 Mr. H. Austin Brewster—One lb. Tea and 2 bags of Salt.
 Miss Semple—Half lb. Tea.
 Mr. J. Warren—Wine for Hospital.
 Messrs. H. E. Hooker & Bro.—Eighty bunches of Celery.
 Mr. John S. Caldwell—Two boxes Soda Crackers.
 Mr. R. DeForest—Books for the Hospital.
 Mr. Henry Smith—Basket of Fruit.

Mrs. Charles Smith—Fifteen lbs. Coffee.
 Mrs. Herve D. Wilkin—Scalloped Oysters and Grapes.
 Mrs. Geo. W. Walbridge—Cocoanut Cake.
 Mrs. W. Henry Mathews—Plum Pudding.
 Miss Edna Smith—Lobster Salad and mashed Potatoes.
 Mrs. William C. Stone—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. A. Lane—Quince Jelly.
 Mrs. A. H. Mixer—Two Pies, large Pudding, Jelly and Apples.
 Mrs. L. R. Satterlee—Tongue, Pies and Pudding.
 Mrs. Henry S. Dean—Fruit, Flowers, Potatoes and Pickles.
 Mrs. H. Anstice—Two bowls Jelly and Chocolate Blanc Mange.
 Mrs. A. Carter Wilder—Two Washington Pies.
 Miss Fanny Whittlesey—Chocolate Cake and Biscuit.
 Mrs. Curry—Two Pies.
 Miss Eastman—Cake.
 Mrs. A. H. Cole—Two Puddings, 3 Cranberry Pies, pickled Crab Apples and Apples.
 Mrs. Henry L. Smith—Scalloped Oysters, Pickles and Jelly.
 Mrs. A. G. Mudge—Lobster Salad, Chicken Salad and Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. E. S. Gilbert—Jellies.
 Mr. Robert Braithwaite—Candy.
 Mrs. S. Porter, Jr.—Apples and Fruit Pudding.
 Mrs. C. F. Smith—Scalloped Oysters and Pumpkin Pie.
 Mrs. David Clark—Two Mince Pies and Biscuits.
 Mrs. Roswell Hart—Cocoanut & Chocolate Cake.
 Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Sponge Cake and Pickles.
 Mrs. Edwin Pancost—Pudding.
 Mrs. S. Rosenblatt—One Turkey.
 Mrs. E. S. Boughton—Cake.
 Mrs. Killip—Hot Turkey.
 Mrs. Herbert Churchill—150 Biscuits.
 Mrs. Charles E. Upton—Turkey.
 Mrs. John H. Rochester—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Thomas H. Montgomery—Half bushel Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Heath—Crullers and Cake.
 Miss Frances Alling—Potatoe Salad.
 Mrs. W. W. Carr—200 Biscuits.
 Mrs. M. B. Anderson—Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. E. M. Day—Two loaves Cake and 6 glasses Jelly.
 Mrs. Morse—Cream Pies and Cake.
 Mrs. Henry Lampert—One Turkey.
 Miss Hannah Cummings—One gallon Cream.
 Mrs. Hamilton—Three Pies.
 Mrs. O. M. Benedict—Four Huckleberry Pies.
 Mrs. Woodworth—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. Theodore Smith—Lobster Salad.
 Mrs. Nelson, Brighton—Six gallons Cream and 6 gallons Milk.
 Miss Clemons, Conesus—Two gallons Milk.
 Mrs. S. B. Fowler, Livonia—Two quarts of Cream and one roll of Butter.
 Mrs. E. R. Coy, Livonia—Baby Clothes for Hospital.
 Mrs. Wm. Curtis, Chili—Four quarts of Cream.
 Mrs. Wm. A. Hubbard—Two Cream Pies.
 Mrs. John Craig—Chicken Pie and Fruit Cake.
 Miss Sallie Hall—Charlotte Russe and Pickled Oysters.
 Miss Ada Kent—Jar of Plums.

Miss Emilie Hunter—Cake.
 Miss Fannie Snow—Jar of Raspberries.
 Miss Fannie Holmes—Malaga Grapes.
 Mr. W. W. Reed—Turkey and Celery.
 Mrs. James H. Gregory—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. Howard L. Kelly—Oyster Pie, Pickles and Jelly.
 Mrs. Frank Lord—Turkey, Cranberries, Coconut Cake, 1 pot of Olives, and Jelly.
 Mrs. Edward Gould—Six Pies, 2 moulds Russian Cream, 1 basket Doughnuts, 1 bottle Chow Chow, 1 dozen Chicken Croquettes and Jelly.
 Mr. E. F. Hyde—Three lbs. Crackers, 1 bottle of Chow Chow, and 2 lbs. Cheese.
 Mr. H. L. Smith—Grapes and Oranges.
 Miss Carrie Butts—Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. Wm. F. Cogswell—One Turkey.
 Mrs. P. M. Bromley, (Osburn House)—Charlotte Russe, Wine Jelly, and 1 Turkey.
 Mrs. Harvey W. Brown—Raisins and Pickles.
 Mrs. F. A. Macomber—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Johnson Brown—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. M. K. Woodbury—Two loaves Cake and Pickles.
 Mrs. James M. Crowell—Pies, Pickles and Cranberries.

In some instances, donations were taken directly to the Hall, and not reported to the Receiving Committee, and therefore cannot be reported. In others, doubtless, the names of donors were imperfectly given. Much pains has been taken to make faithful and accurate acknowledgments of the very generous supplies contributed by our friends.

Donations to Mrs. Wm. H. Ward's Fancy Table.

Mrs. Eliza Bloomer—One Pin Cushion.
 " Lorenzo D. Ely—Six Pair Mittens.
 Miss Ann Culver—Three Hair-pin Cushions.
 Mrs. Seymour—One Knitted Hood.
 " J. R. Sidey—Two Ties.
 Miss Susan Kempshall—Two Knitted Scarfs.
 Mrs. Charles P. Achillies—One Crocheted Scarf.
 " Ely—Two pair Infant Socks.
 Miss Libbie Michaels—One pair Shoes.
 " E. Kurtz—Two Aprons.
 " Lily B. Nichols—Two painted Paper Cutters.
 " Lillie Williams—Toilet Cushion and Mats.
 " Annie Williams—Paper Cutter, Book-mark and Pin-ball.
 Miss Minnie Sackett—One pair Mats.
 Mr. D. M. Dewey—Two Picture Frames and Pictures, 2 Puzzles, 1 Alphabet and 1 Santa Claus.
 Mrs. Hervey Ely—Two pair Socks.
 Miss Rowley—One Shoe Bag.
 Messrs. Stoddard & Whetmore—Seven Sachets, 3 Fancy Boxes, 11 bottles Perfume, 3 Fancy Baskets, 1 Dressing Case, and 1 Pencil Case.
 Miss Hamilton—One Table Cover.
 " Crowell—One Sacque, 1 Tidy, 2 Shirts, 2 Pin Cushions, and 1 Handkerchief.
 Miss Hunter—One pair Infant's Leggings.
 " Minnie Clarke—Two Handkerchief Cases.
 " Carrie Clarke—Four Handkerchief Cases.
 " Libbie Nessel—One Rustic Basket.
 " Emily Sibley—One Paper Cutter.
 " Laura Mitchell—One Picture on Rustic Easel.
 " Katherine Mitchell—One Slumber Roll.
 Mrs. Levi A. Ward—Two Fancy Jewel Boxes.

Mrs. Gildersleeve—One Brooch and 1 Tidy.
 Miss Louise Alling—Five Flower-pot Covers and 1 Scrap Bag.
 Messrs. Woodward & Rundle—Five Pictures, 2 Chromos and 3 Brackets.
 Mrs. Julia Hatch—One Baby's Sacque.
 Miss Heiser—One Tidy.
 " Belle Heiser—Two Handkerchief Cases.
 Mrs. S. Newell—Four Ties.
 " Skonberger—One Autumn Wreath in Wax.
 " Cooley—One Straw Hair Pin Box.
 Miss Hattie Farrar—One pair Child's Leggings.
 " Fannie Gilman—Ten Rabbits.
 Mrs. Sam'l Wilder—Six Fancy Tea-kettle Holders.
 Messrs. Scramton & Whetmore—Six Fancy Boxes, 1 Watch Case, 2 Pen Wipers, 2 Purses, 1 Memorandum Book, 1 Carved Box, 2 Napkin Rings, 1 Scotch Ring Tray and 1 Cushion.
 Messrs. Charles J. Hayden & Co.—Two Chairs.
 Messrs. Hunn, Smith & Spencer—1 Fancy Table.
 Mrs. Wilber Griffin—Two pair Sleeve Buttons and 1 Coral Necklace.
 Mrs. Vorhies—Three yards Lutestring Ribbon.
 " A. P. Nichols, Buffalo—Two Fancy Pen Wipers.
 The Misses Griffith—Five dressed Dolls.
 Mrs. Battershall—Two Chemisettes.
 " Samuel G. Andrews—Fancy Pen Wipers.
 Messrs. C. B. Woodworth & Son—Perfumery, valued at \$20.00.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—One Knitted Hood.
 " Dr. C. Dewey—Two Knitted Hoods.
 Wm. C. Bush—Two Framed Chromos.
 Miss Mary Lee—One Toilet Cushion.
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—Two Mops and 1 pair Stockings.
 " Gilman H. Perkins—One Apron and 1 pair Stockings.
 Mr. J. A. Ely—Fifty-seven Gift Eggs.
 Messrs. Bangs & Co.—One Shaker Rocker.
 Miss Backus—Five Doll's Hats.
 Mrs. Harper, New York—Two Frames.
 Miss Lois Whitney—Painting of two Frames.
 " G. Butler—One pair Socks.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Two sets of Crocheted Bedna.
 Young Ladies' Society, from Allen Street Church—Two Toilet Cushions, 2 Aprons, 1 Merino Dress, 3 Ties, 4 Dolls, 1 pair Mittens, and \$24.50 in Money.
 Mr. George W. Harrold—One pair Painted Vases, 1 pair Colognes, 1 pair Parian Busts, 1 pair Blue Vases, 1 Match Safe, 1 pair Cut Glass Vases, 2 pair Parian Tripods, 1 pair White and Blue Vases and 1 pair Antique Vases.
 Messrs. Frost & Co.—One box Cut Flowers.
 " G. Schwab & Co.—Two Infant's Worsted Sacques, 2 Merino Hoods, 1 Red Riding Hood, 1 Bracket, 4 Hand-Glasses, 8 Jet Ornaments and Ribbons, 8 Jet Crosses, 6 Cups and Saucers, 4 pair Sleeve Buttons, 1 dozen Linen Collars, 1 Fan and 2 Ribbon Bows.

Donations to Miss Julia Whitney's Flower Table.

Mr. Samuel Wilder—Cut Flowers.
 Messrs. Frost & Co.—Cut Flowers.
 Miss Elwood—Cut Flowers.
 Julia Whitney—Twenty-two Bouquets and 12 Plants.
 Mrs. George E. Mumford—One Baby's Blanket.
 Mrs. Dr. David Little—Two Toppets.

Miss Elwood—One pair Crotcheted Slippers.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—One set Crotcheted Reins.
 Miss Angie Mumford—Table Mats and Tidies.
 Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York—One Baby's Saque and 2 pair Socks.
 Mrs. Sloman—One pair little Shoes.
 " Samuel G. Andrews—Seven PenWipers and 1 Wall Box.
 Miss Smith, Utica—Two pairs Stockings.
 " Lois E. Whitney—One Book Rack.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—30 pairs Mittens and 2 Collars.
 Messrs. Jacobs & Hughes—3 Baskets and 1 Doll.
 " Burke, FitzSimons, Houe & Co.—Four pair Linen Cuffs, 6 Boy's Cravats, 6 Mouth Organs, 4 Jews-harps, 2 Handkerchiefs, and 1 box Fancy Soap.
 Mrs. Fred. Turpin—One Painting, valued at \$30.
 " Geo. D. Williams—Three dressed Dolls and 1 Tidy.

Cash Donations Received at the Festival, November 11th, 1870.

Mrs. E. Loop,	\$ 5 00
A Friend, by Mrs. Dr. M. M. Mathews, ..	3 00
Mrs. James Vick,	10 00
Mrs. William Burke,	5 00
Mrs. Silas O. Smith,	5 00
Mrs. C. T. Angel,	5 00
Mrs. Joseph Medbery,	10 00
Mrs. Hiram Smith,	10 00
Miss Dunlap,	5 00
Mrs. D. K. Robinson,	5 00
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith,	5 00
Mr. Henry S. Potter,	10 00
Mr. Samuel D. Porter,	20 00
Mrs. A. C. Wilder,	100 00
Messrs. Erickson, Jennings & Mumford, ..	100 00
Mr. Lewis Brooks,	100 00
Mr. E. P. Gould,	5 00
Mr. E. F. Smith,	5 00
Mr. S. M. Spencer,	1 00
Mr. Gideon Ramsdell,	1 00
Hamilton R. A. Chapter, No. 62,	50 00
Doric Council Lodge, No. 19, by Wm. F. Holmes,	25 00
Mrs. C. Dewey,	5 00
Dr. M. B. Anderson,	5 00
Mr. Henry Lampert,	10 00
Dr. H. W. Dean,	10 00
Mrs. Ephraim Moore,	2 00
Mr. William N. Sage,	10 00
Judge O. H. Palmer,	2 00
Mr. George H. Mumford,	25 00
Mr. James S. Andrews,	10 00
Mr. Charles H. Morse,	10 00
Mr. George Ellwanger,	20 00
Mrs. Amon Bronson,	10 00
Mr. Joseph Field,	50 00
Mrs. A. T. Banning,	1 00
Mrs. Edwin Pancost,	4 00
Mrs. H. Britenstool,	5 00
Hebrew Benevolent Society, by Mrs. Mock and Mrs. Rosenburg,	10 00
American Philological Association, by Mr. John H. Rochester,	8 00
Mr. R. M. Dalzell,	20 00
Mr. — Johnson,	2 00
Mr. Lewis H. Alling,	10 00

Mrs. L. Cooley,	\$ 5 00
Mrs. E. T. Huntington,	5 00
Mrs. John C. Nash,	10 00
Mr. James Terry,	5 00
Mr. H. Michaels,	10 00
Mr. F. L. Durand,	5 00
Mrs. E. T. Smith,	3 00
Cash,	2 00
Mrs. George G. Clarkson,	5 00
Mr. Edwin O. Sage,	10 00

\$774 00

Donations of Accounts.

The Ladies desire to thank the Gentlemen who so liberally donated, in whole or in part, the following amounts on their accounts:

Mr. H. H. Babcock, on Coal,	\$1 70
Mr. Wm. S. Falls, printing Bills of Fare, ..	3 50
Messrs. G. C. Buell & Co., on bbl. Sugar, ..	10 00
Proprietors Daily Express, on Printing, ..	23 40
" Daily Democrat,	7 40
" Daily Union & Adv. "	7 00
" Daily Chronicle,	5 20
Mr. George W. Harrold's account,	18 00
Messrs. Schwab & Co.,	23 20
" Scrantom & Whetmore,	8 00
" Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co.,	5 00
Mr. M. Wackerman,	2 75
Mr. Thomas Knowles, on Carriage hire ..	2 00
Mr. J. C. Spencer, on bill of Oysters, ..	3 00
Messrs. Stoddard & Whetmore,	8 00
Messrs. C. B. Woodworth & Son,	20 00
Mr. D. M. Dewey,	3 50

Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables.

By Miss F. Whittlesey, Mrs. Sam. Porter, Jr., and Mrs. H. F. Huntington,	\$42 84
By Mrs. L. R. Satterlee, Mrs. H. S. Dean, Mrs. A. G. Mudge, Mrs. A. H. Cole, Mrs. H. L. Smith and Mrs. A. H. Mixer, ...	58 80
By Mrs. Ed. Gould and Mrs. Frank Lord, ..	56 11
By Mrs. George C. Buell, Mrs. E. Holmes, Miss S. Hall, Miss Holmes, Miss Butts, Miss M. Hills, Miss Curtiss, and Miss Terry,	104 96
By Mrs. J. B. Ward, Miss Emma Smith, Miss Mary Ward, Miss Carrie Clarke, and Miss Louise Alling,	112 80
By Mrs. John H. Brewster, Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, Mrs. Henry Smith, Mrs. James C. Hart, and Mrs. Henry Morse,	162 70
By Mrs. C. A. Kellogg and the Misses Spencer of Albion,	27 38
By Mrs. H. D. Wilkin, Mrs. W. Henry Mathews, Mrs. Wm. C. Stone and Miss Edna Smith,	24 33
By Mrs. H. Michaels and Mrs. S. M. Benjamin,	102 50
By Mrs. James M. Whitney, Mrs. H. P. Brewster, Mrs. C. Pond, and Mrs. Axel Bachus,	55 41
By Mrs. A. H. McVean, Mrs. Geo. E. Jennings, Mrs. Chas. E. Upton, and Mrs. S. B. Roby,	111 01
By Miss Bronson, Mrs. Henry W. Mathews, and Mrs. L. T. Chapin, from the sale of Ice Cream,	95 28
By Mr. C. Pond and Mr. E. Williams, from the sale of Sweet Cider and Cigars,	21 37

Cash Receipts for the Fancy Articles.

Mrs. William H. Ward's Table,	\$237 27
Miss Julia Whitney's Flower Table,	95 20
Masters Hugh Montgomery and Georgie Buell's Grab Bag,	5 52

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. Phalon, \$1.62—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, \$	1 62
Maria Converse, Farmington, \$1.00; Mrs. Renouf, 50 cents—By Mrs. Renouf, ...	1 50
Miss Bella Smith, 62 cents; Miss E. A. C. Hayes, 62 cents—By Miss Hayes,	1 24
Mrs. J. S. Orton, 50 cents; Mrs. J. B. Adams, 50 cents; Mrs. M. G. Baker, 50 cents; all of Geneseo—By Mrs. J. B. Adams,	1 50
Ida C. Raplee, 50 cents; M. A. Stone, 50 cents—By Miss Raplee,	1 00
Miss Emily Hanford, 63 cts.—By Mrs. Dr. Arner,	63
Mrs. Sarah Pratt, 50 cents; Mrs. George Hallock, 50 cents; Mrs. E. R. Coy, 50 cents; Mrs. Bradford Bosley, \$1.00; Mrs. Barton Barnard, 50 cents; Mrs. N. H. Fowler, 50 cents; Mrs. S. B. Fowler, 50 cents; Miss Emily Steele, 50 cents; all of Livonia—Mrs. Charles Southwell, 50 cents; Mrs. M. H. Blackmer, 50 cts.; both Hemlock Lake—Mrs. M. O. Wilkins, Livonia Station, 50 cents; Miss Amelia F. Willard, Cayuga, 50 cents—By Mrs. S. B. Fowler, Livonia,	6 50
Miss Mary Finley, 50 cents; Mrs. Jane Roderick, 50 cents; both East Pembroke—Mrs. Harriet E. Roderick, East Rush, \$1.00; Mrs. Loop, 62 cents; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 64 cents; Catharine York, 62 cents—By Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	4 52
Mrs. Wm. H. Gorsline, \$1.88; Mrs. M. P. Parker, Spencerport, \$1.87—By Mrs. Gorsline,	3 75
Edward Tilden, Avilla, Mo., 50 cents—By Miss Tilden,	50
Mrs. Jane E. Edmondson, New Market, Ont., \$1.50—By Mr. Wm. S. Falls, ..	1 50
Mrs. D. H. Dutton, Brookfield, Mo., 62 c.—By Mrs. Peter P. Stoothoff,	62
Mr. H. G. Hudson, 50 cents; Mrs. O. S. Hulburt, 62 cents; Mrs. O. Willet, 50 cents; Mrs. George Ford, Prairieville, Mich., 50 cents—By Mrs. George W. Lord, ..	2 12
Mrs. Dr. Fenn, 62 cents; Mrs. John C. Nash, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Lord, 62c.; Mrs. J. Consler, 50c.—By Mary Waite, ..	2 36
Mr. Isbister, 50 cents—By Mrs. Kellogg, ..	50
Mrs. Daniel Wilder, 50 cents; Miss Dimmis C. McNich, 50 cents; both of Conesus Centre—By Mrs. Diana Clements, ..	1 00
Mrs. Miriam E. Crampton, Pittsford, 50c.; Mrs. Susan B. Prentice, Norwich, N. J.—By Mrs. Crampton,	1 00
Mrs. E. S. Heyward, 63 cents—By Miss Smith,	63
Mrs. D. K. Robinson, \$1.25; Mrs. Henry Walters, 50 cents; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 62 cents; Dr. H. W. Dean, \$1.25;	

Mrs. H. W. Dean, \$3.12; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 70 cents; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, \$1.25; Miss E. P. Hall, 65 cents; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, \$1.25; Mrs. Wm. C. Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Gilbert, \$1.25; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 50 cts.; Mrs. Judge Samuel Gould, Brighton, 50 cts.; Mr. S. B. Roby, \$1.30; Miss Helen Churchill, 63c.; Mrs. Henry Churchill, \$1.00; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 65 cents; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, \$5.00; Mrs. N. Tamblington, \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 63 cents; Mrs. W. W. Carr, 65 cents; Col. Charles R. Babbitt, \$1.25; Dr. M. B. Anderson, \$1.25; Mrs. Sam'l Sloan, \$1.25; Mrs. Tho's Oliver, \$2.00; Mrs. Amou Bronson, \$1.25; Miss Marion Hills, \$1.00; Mrs. C. J. Howland, \$2.00; Mrs. Wm. F. Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Lampert, 62 cents; Mrs. G. B. Redfield, 65 cents; Mrs. W. C. Storrs, 65c.; Miss Mary Nagle, \$1.50; Mrs. E. T. Huntington, 63 cents; Mrs. John H. Brewster, 65 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 65 cents; Mr. M. Van Vorhis, 63 cents; Mrs. H. Michaels, 62 cents; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, 63 cents; Mrs. J. W. Bissell, 63 cts.; Mr. Wm. H. Cummings, \$1.25; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 63 cents; Mrs. N. Heyward, 65 cts.; Mr. L. D. Ely, \$1.25; Mrs. G. H. Mumford, \$2.00; Dr. Foote, \$1.50; Mr. S. D. Porter, \$1.00; Miss Zellweger, 50 cents; Miss H. Oothout, \$1.25; Mrs. P. Nestle, \$1.00; Mrs. W. Kidd, 63 cents; Miss Barhydt, 60 cents; Mrs. Edwin Pancost, \$1.00; Mrs. R. A. Sibley, 50 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 50 cents; Mary McMaster, 63 cents; Miss Amanda McNair, Mount Morris, \$2.50; Kenneth Alling, 62 cents; Mr. W. D. Purdy, \$1.00; Mr. L. F. Hyne, 50 cts; Miss O. Jeffords, Rush, \$2.50; Mrs. G. P. McLean, \$3.00; Mrs. E. Ford, Fishers, \$1.00; Mrs. W. Bond, North Bloomfield, 50 cents; Miss Minnie Hill, Gloversville, 25 cts.; Mrs. N. S. Barnes, 62 cents; Mrs. T. B. Fitch, Syracuse, 50 cents; Mrs. Nutt, \$2.50; Mrs. H. B. Tracy, \$4.00; Mrs. J. S. 63 cents—By Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,	\$ 77 70
John Williams, \$1.00; E. S. Jeffrey, \$1.00; H. R. Smith, \$1.00; M. R. Smith, \$1.00; E. H. Luitwieler, \$1.00; I. I. Spelman, 50 cents; W. G. Smith, 50 cents; E. A. Daly, 50 cents; H. R. Loomis, 50 cents; Wm. Breck, 50 cts.; all of Canton, Miss.—By Gen'l John Williams,	7 50
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Children's Department.

An Autumn Song.

The plums are bitten on the bough!
Who has been in the garden now?
All black the melon vines have turned,
As if a fire their leaves have burned!

The flowers are dead—the poppies red,
And sun-flowers tall and yellow!
There must have been a thief about,
Some mischief-making fellow.

I've taken care that every night
The garden gate was fastened tight,
Too high to climb is built the wall;
Beneath it there's no place to crawl.
How did he manage to get in?
And, pray, who could the rogue have been?

Alas! I know him to my cost;
He is no other than Jack Frost!
A rogue so sly that no one knows
What way he comes, or how he goes.

He's still, but bold, with fingers cold,
The pretty flowers he pinches,
And sends off shivering, to the South,
The blue birds and the finches.

But in one way a friend is he
To all the squirrels and to me;
He opens wide the burs, and down
He drops the chestnuts, ripe and brown.
Come, bring your baskets! come away!
We'll seek the chestnut woods to-day.

[Selected.]

The Naughty Boy.

TRANSLATED FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN BY CHARLES BONER.

A long time ago there lived an old poet, a thoroughly kind old poet. As he was sitting one evening in his room, a dreadful storm arose without, and the rain streamed down from heaven! but the old poet sat warm and comfortable in his chimney-corner, where the fire blazed and the roasting apple hissed.

"Those who have not a roof over their heads will be wetted to the skin," said the good old poet.

"O let me in! let me in! I am cold, and I'm so wet!" exclaimed suddenly a

child that stood crying at the door and knocking for admittance, while rain poured down, and the wind made all the windows rattle.

"Poor thing!" said the old poet, as he went to open the door. There stood a little boy, quite naked, and the water ran down from his long golden hair; he trembled with cold, and had he not come to a warm room he would most certainly have perished in the frightful tempest.

"Poor child!" said the old poet as he took the boy by the hand. "Come in, and I will soon restore thee! Thou shalt have wine and roasted apples, for thou art verily a charming child!" And the boy was so really. His eyes were like two bright stars; and although the water trickled down his hair, it waved in beautiful curls. He looked exactly like a little angel, but he was so pale, and his whole body trembled with cold. He had a nice little bow in his hand, but it was quite spoiled by the rain, and the tints of his many-colored arrows ran one into the other.

The old poet seated himself beside his hearth, and took the little fellow on his lap; he squeezed the water out of his dripping hair, warmed his hands between his own, and boiled for him some sweet wine. Then the boy recovered, his cheeks again grew rosy, he jumped down from the lap where he was sitting, and danced round the kind old poet.

"You are a merry fellow," said the old man; "what's your name?" "My name is Cupid," answered the boy. "Don't you know me? There lies my bow; it shoots well, I can assure you! Look, the weather is now clearing up, and the moon is shining clear again through the window."

"Why, your bow is quite spoiled," said the old poet.

"That were sad indeed," said the boy, and he took the bow in his hand and examined it on every side. "O, it is dry again, and is not hurt at all; the string is quite tight. I will try it directly." And he bent his bow, took aim, and shot an arrow at the old poet, right into his heart. "You see now that my bow was not spoiled, said he, laughing; and away he ran."

The naughty boy! to shoot the old poet in that way; he who had taken him into his warm room, who had treated him so kindly, and who had given him warm wine and the very best of apples.

The poor poet lay on the earth and wept,

for the arrow had really flown into his heart.

"Fie!" said he, "how naughty a boy Cupid is! I will tell all children about him, that they may take care and not play with him, for he will only cause them sorrow and many a heartache."

And all good children to whom he related his story, took great heed of this naughty Cupid; but he made fools of them still, for he is astonishingly cunning. When the university students come from the lectures, he runs beside them in a black coat, and with a book under his arm. It is quite impossible for them to know him, and they walk along with him, arm in arm, as if he, too, were a student like themselves; and then unperceived, he thrusts an arrow to their bosom. When the young maidens come from being examined by the clergyman, or go to church to be confirmed, there he is again close behind them. Yes, he is for ever following people. At the play he sits in the great chandelier and burns in bright flames, so that people think it is really a flame, but they soon discover it is something else. He roves about in the garden of the palace and upon the ramparts; yes, once he even shot your father and mother right in the heart. Ask them only, and you will hear what they'll tell you. O, he is a naughty boy, that Cupid; you must never have anything to do with him. He is for ever running after everybody. Only think, he shot an arrow once at your old grandmother! But that is a long time ago, and it is all past now; however, a thing of that sort she never forgets. Fie, naughty Cupid! But now you know him, and you know, too, how ill-behaved he is.

[Little Corporal.

THE INFIDEL AGREEING WITH PAUL—

An admirable reply was once made by a careful reader of the Bible to an infidel who attacked him with such expressions as these: "That the blood of Christ can wash away our sin, is foolishness: I don't understand or believe it." The Bible student remarked, "You and Paul agree exactly." The infidel replied with much surprise. "How is this, that Paul and I agree?" Said the student, "Turn to the first chapter of 1st Corinthians, and read at the 18th verse." The infidel read, "For the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness, but unto us which are saved,

it is the power of God." The infidel hung his head, and ever after studied the Bible, and soon believed it to be God's power unto salvation.

Hospital Notices.

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

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

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VII

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1870.

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.

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Christmas at St. Luke's Hospital.

Mrs. H. D. Field, gives the following sweet picture of Christmas, as she saw it a year or two since at St. Luke's Hospital, in New York city:

"At 'St. Luke's Hospital,' Christmas Eve was celebrated by a Christmas Tree, prepared for the little patients. Passing through the chapel, the sound of voices singing a Christmas Hymn guided us to the Children's Ward, an upper room, from which an arch opens into the gallery of the chapel, so that lying in bed they can hear the service below. In this archway stood the Christmas Tree. As the hymn ceased there was an ominous stillness—no pattering of little feet, no merry shout such as in happy homes is wont to greet that glittering spectacle. We stole softly round to the rear, and there took in the whole scene—a long corridor, on each side of which was a row of cots, forty-two in all, in each of which sat, propped up on a

snowy pillow and wrapped in red flannel, a little invalid. The room was darkened so that the only light came from the hundred tapers in the wonderful tree, whose boughs hung with sparkling treasures. All faces were turned with eager delight to the brilliant apparition, which shone in their childish eyes like a very tree of Paradise. Nothing could be at once more picturesque and more touching—the soft light reflected from the walls, which were hung with evergreens, the group of visitors standing in the rear of the room, half hidden in the shadow, while in the foreground—for the cots had been moved to that end of the room—were these little faces—so young and yet so pale. Every child there was an invalid. Most of them had been born to suffering, and most of them had in prospect only a life of pain. This thought—of the deep, sad reality of their existence lightened but for a moment by the enjoyment of this scene—made many hearts full. Even the joy of the children, though real, was not the usual childish merriment and glee, but a subdued kind of joy, in which was an undertone of pain. To me the feeling of pity was almost hushed in awe, and when these little suffering ones burst forth again in a song to the "Babe of Bethlehem," I rejoiced that He who was once a child, could cheer the sad lot of those to whom existence brings so much to suffer and so little to enjoy.

So deep was the feeling, that it was a relief when the song ceased, and the distribution of presents brought out something of the joyishness of children—not in loud laughter, but in smiles doubly sweet as they came over pale faces. Every thing had been done to make them forget their pain. Kind friends had supplied a Christ-

mas gift for every child—not one was forgotten. The Sisters, (for there are Protestant Sisters here,) seemed quite as excited and happy as the children themselves, as they distributed the gifts. Each one had just what was wanted, from the girl of twelve to "Little Willie," the baby and pet of the house, two years old! Going from bed to bed, we shared the surprise and delight afforded by the opening of each precious bundle. In one cot, a morsel of a boy, no bigger than Tiny Tim, exhausted by the excitement, had fallen fast asleep on his pillow, his little hand still clasping the unopened parcel, and his rosy lips parted in a smile, seeming to finish in his dream the Christmas carol which had lulled him to rest. The patriarch of the institution was in his element, moving about among the little cots, smiling at all, as pleased and happy as if they were his own children. As I looked at that benevolent countenance, I did not wonder at the question of a dear little girl, the child of a friend of mine, who came here with her mother. As she passed through the wards and saw what was done for the relief of the sufferers, and how the good man's face made sunshine everywhere, she pulled her mother's dress and whispered, "*Is that St. Luke?*" If not the original, he is at least a true successor of the beloved physician. May that Apostolic succession never cease!

H. D. F.

The Children.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of heart and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from Heaven
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

Pat Doolan, at the battle of Chancellorsville, bowed low at a cannon ball which whizzed just six inches above his head. "Faith," said Pat, "one never loses anything by being polite."

Pictures in a Christmas-Fire.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

It might have been some inner chamber of a stately palace, so luxurious were all its appointments. A haughty room, you would have said—since rooms, like faces, have always some distinctive character of their own—with its high ceilings arching in proud curves above the heavy, gilded moldings of the pictures framed upon the wall; its antique carved furniture backed by motionless duplicates in shadow; its tapestried recesses, where white marble figures stood half-defined in ghostly pallor. A single gas-jet was lighted and turned low in the great chandelier; the small flame scarcely trembled in the still air of the place. A fire was smoldering on the hearth with a smothered glow, like the veiled glance of a disdainful eye.

A lady had drawn aside the heavy window-curtains, and stood looking out upon the street. A strange contrast, indeed, from the quiet shadow of the room to the full blaze of frosty radiance outside! The street-lamps flared their ruddy gleam upon the faces of the throng that surged along the thoroughfare. Each footfall had a ring of happy haste and expectation. On this night, of all the year, want and sorrow seemed to have hidden from the sight of the stars. Gay carriages flashed by, with prancing steeds and fur-wrapped occupants. Even the monotonous tinkle of the car-bells had caught a festal sound. The stately mansion opposite was illuminated from basement to attic, pouring a warm glow from its windows far up and down the street. The shutters had been generously thrown wide open, and the brilliant parlors were revealed, all astir with life and merriment, revolving in charmed circles around that magic growth of fairy land—the Christmas tree, lit up by countless tapers, bright with tinsel, fragrant with flowers.

For this was Christmas Eve.

The lady turned away at last with a weary gesture pitiful to see. In a great easy-chair before the fire she sat down, and leaned her head back upon the cushions, with her eyes half closed. In her face traces of beauty contended with premature old age, heavy bands of dark hair were threaded with silver, and the thin hands clasped; aimlessly in her lap were

almost startling in their vivid whiteness against the black dress she wore.

Looking at this woman—Mrs. Leigh—you would have felt instinctively that, in some fierce struggle with sorrow, she had been overcome, and the once active, loving spirit left slain upon the field.

The door softly opened, and a servant entered. She scarcely looked up, while he raked together the embers in the grate, and put on a fresh supply of coal; but as he turned to leave the room, she said:

"I am not to be disturbed to-night, James. Let no one in. Will you remember?"

"Yes, madam," and with a low bow the man was gone.

The lady closed her eyes once more, and the old stillness settled on the room. Yet not for long, since on the hearth the tricky spirits of the fire were busy. The kindling fuel cracked like Lilliputian musketry, and spears of red light pierced through and through the gloom. The staid shadow flickered and trembled on the wall, and as the warm glow mounted higher a portrait hidden until now, was revealed in clear and vivid outline.

A wonderful face it was so full of the power and beauty of young manhood—the firm, true line of the lips breaking in the tremulous firelight into curves of womanly tenderness, the eyes shining as with radiance unquenchable. Even the thick folds of crape which shrouded its frame and fell in somber drapery above the idle sword and carbine crossed below it had no power to sadden the picture, where the artist's pencil had caught, as if by inspiration, and perpetuated on the canvas something of the freshness of immortality.

Some subtle magnetism drew the lady's eyes upward to the picture. So perfect was the illusion of life that she started forward with a cry, her face transfigured with ineffable love and longing. Then a spasm of pain racked her frame, and she clasped her hands over her forehead moaning, "O my boy! my boy!"

Perhaps the tears trembling on her lashes made her vision indistinct; but slowly, slowly room and portrait faded out, till nothing seemed remaining but the fire.

And now it was a fire no more; but a long vista, flooded with an atmosphere of indescribable clearness, as if fitted only to transmit the undulations of celestial light and harmony. In the far distance scat-

tered outlines grouped themselves into a slowly-moving panorama.

The still Judean plain, with the shepherds watching their flocks by night; the lowly manger where lay the glorious Child, and at his feet the science and philosophy of the Orient bending in adoring homage; the "man of sorrows," wandering on the sea-shore, houseless in the wilderness, with eyes which, having fathomed a world's sorrow, might never more be lit by smiles, and ears which, deaf alike to flattery or menace, bent always to the cry of the erring and the poor; the cross and hanging there between the shuddering earth and darkened sky his form who bore the weight of the world's guilt, and summed the mighty loneliness of sin in the one cry, "My God, my God, why hast *thou* forsaken me?" and its foot, strong in the death-conquering love which nerved her heart to see the agony she had no power to soothe, *his mother*.

Slowly the picture vanished, and words long ago familiar struck upon the watcher's inner ear, like a voice out of past eternity.

"Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children, . . . And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She saith unto him, Grant that my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left, in thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able."

The scene was changed. A battle-field unrolled its dreadful page. On one side boundery-hills bright with dawn, on the other a vast plain stretching away into impenetrable gloom; here the beauty and light of truth, there the lurid splendor of the fallen; here the heroic inspiration of a righteous cause, there the fierce, vindictive might that sought to trample right. Dimly shadowed in the dusky distance were forms that cowered in chains, and lifted up their fettered hands to Heaven.

The lady trembled, but she could not turn away.

And now the wave of conflict surged along the plain; and in the foremost rank, pressing the dark host hand to hand, where the hottest blows were falling and the tide of blood ran deepest, she saw a form she knew. The face that had smiled on her

from her cradling arms, in the happy days long past, turned toward her with one all-compelling glance, and then went out in swift eclipse of death.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow," said the voice. Then, more sweetly solemn, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. . . . The servant is not greater than his Lord."

The smoke of warfare cleared away and the vision broadened to a vast and smiling land, sentinelled by a peace-bringing mountains, watered by great rivers bearing the wealth of countless harvests, washed by either side by sounding seas. Great ships passed, and repassed freighted with the treasures of her commerce; in her ports the flags of all nations were furled, peacefully side by side. Church and school-house dotted her hillsides and her fertile valleys. The slave who touched her soil felt the chains break from his cramped limbs, and knew himself a man.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee!" said the voice once more. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. We, then as workers together with him. if we suffer, we shall also reign with him."

The fitful fire flashed upward and declined. Once more the shattered outlines took new form.

A wretched room; a woman, pale and hollow-eyed, wearily drawing her needle in and out; two puny children sleeping on a pallet of straw. And there—O wonderful faith of childhood, which no want or disappointment can ever quite destroy!—two little ragged stockings hanging in pitiful emptiness upon a broken chair. No wonder that, as the gray dawn crept up the sky, the mother pressed her thin hands to her breast to keep the heart-break under, and raised to Heaven eyes that could no longer weep at such sad mockery of Christmas Day!

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, ye did it not to me," said the thrilling, reproachful voice.

A long, black bridge appeared above a dark and sluggish stream. A woman, still young, once beautiful, leaned motionless against the parapet, looking with stony gaze into the depths below. Rude passers jostled her; delicate ladies drew their rich robes close about them, lest haply they should touch her poor garment's hem. Poor head bowed down with sin and shame,

eyes quenched in hopeless despair, weary heart soon to be stilled forever in the yawning flood!

"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death. The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost."

A sharp, importunate ring at the street-door dissolved the spell. Mrs. Leigh heard the servant's answering footsteps in the hall below, the sound of the opening door, and a sudden exclamation of surprise, followed by loud and threatening tones, driven by irresistible impulse, she rose and hastened breathlessly down the stairs. Something lay stretched in limp shapelessness across the threshold.

"What is it, James?" she demanded in sharp, eager tones.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," was the answer. "It's a woman that fell in here the minute I opened the door; but it's only shamming that she is. Get up, you jade!" with a rough shake of the prostrate figure.

"Stop! stop!" the lady almost shrieked. "Bring her in—up stairs!"

The man stood dumb with astonishment.

"Quick, quick, I say! She is ill,—dying may be!"

The man sprang to obey; and, following the flying footsteps of his mistress up the stair, he laid his drooping burden on a low couch which she had drawn before the fire. The light shone full upon a pinched face of deathly whiteness; and, as Mrs. Leigh bent above it, she started at the sound of a child's stifled cry. With hasty fingers she loosened the tattered shawl that bound the woman's breast, and disclosed a babe, rosy and warm from sleep, which stretched its tiny fingers toward the light, as she lifted it tenderly from the poor mother's unconscious clasp.

The woman's eyelids trembled and unclosed. She looked around with groping uncertain gaze.

"Where am I?" she said, faintly at last.

"With your sister," was the answer, the calmly tender voice attesting the solemnity of the adoption. All the warm currents of human love, whose channels had been choked by grief and turned self-wad so long, were flowing strong and free.

"My baby!"

"Here in my arms! See, he is not afraid!"

A wonderful mother-love and gratitude beyond all words shone in the worn face.

"I thought God had forgotten," she said; "but it was not true." A change passed over her, and she closed her eyes wearily. "It is like heaven here," she murmured; but I have come too late."

These were her last coherent words. No loving watchfulness or skill could detain the spirit fluttering like a bird long caged before its unclosed prison-bars. All night, as if a child once more, she "babbled of green fields" and home. At length the dawning light of the new Christmas morning stole between the parted curtains, illuminating her pallid face. Her eyes opened with sudden gladness, and her lips moved. Mrs. Leigh held her ear close.

"God so loved——" she whispered, and was gone.

Thus to Mrs. Leigh's very door was brought the work she had not gone abroad to seek.

In many a dwelling of want and woe, since then, she has learned the blessedness of humble, trustful service.

And sometimes, when the evening falls about her, in her room, no longer lonely, the orphan child upon her knee and the hero-son she gave to liberty seem blended in mysterious oneness, and all her life rounds toward the fullness of unbroken peace.

"To him that overcometh I will give the morning star."

Home.

Home is not merely four square walls,

Though hung with pictures nicely gilded;

Home is where affection calls,

Filled with shrines the heart hath builded;

Home! go watch the faithful dove

Sailing neath the heaven above us;

Home is where there's one to love,

Home is where there's one to love us.

Home, not merely roof and room;

Home, needs something to endure it,

Home is where the heart can bloom,

Where there's some kind lip to cheer it;

What is home with none to meet?

None to welcome, none to greet us?

Home is sweet and only sweet,

Where there's one we love to meet us.

"I see the villain in your face," said a western judge to an Irish prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1870.

Our Christmas Greeting.

Christmas wreaths are twining—Christmas tapers will soon be gleaming in myriads of happy homes—in thousands of slippers the last dainty stitch is being taken—and soon the charming secret, folded in many a scarf, and cushion, and tidy, and picture, and book, and toy, will all be told. O what a beautiful mystery enshrouds us, and in that blessed day, whose dawn even now is glimmering, lies hidden—oh what a world of dear dreams—sweet hopes and glad surprises. For us all, some joy will bloom, or at least may bloom, in Christmas. Santa Claus, it is true, may forget us. He is, it must be confessed, a little snobbish, a little inclined to fawn upon the rich and pass by the poor—but the Gift of gifts, of which all others are but types and reminders, is for all alike.—Whatever may shadow, whatever may threaten, whatever may fail us—nothing can dim, nothing can shadow the real joy of Christmas. Over all the gloom and darkness of this sad world, its light shines on, clear and silvery as at first—the light, the joy of all the ages. Open your hearts—open your doors, dear readers, and let in all the glad light.—Keep Christmas in all your dwellings, forevermore, not simply as a Holiday, but for the precious and holy memories and hopes it brings. Rehearse the old, old story of the Babe that was born in Bethlehem, of “the tidings of great joy—peace on earth and good will to men.” Let the little children lispen it, and let the old repeat it with faltering lips. Let wreaths be twined, let tapers gleam, let gifts be exchanged, let the bells be rung, let anthems be sung—and let the poor and sorrowful be specially remembered, for He whose Birth-Day we commemorate, was

“a Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief.”

We wish our readers not only a “Merry Christmas!” but all the deeper, fuller joy of Christmas. We would love, for a little while, to be everywhere that morning—to take a glimpse into your sunny homes, and see the earnest, rosy faces and all the glad looks, and hear the bursts of surprise and the ringing laughter. We shall not see nor hear—and yet we shall be there, in our thoughts and kindest wishes.

Our readers and friends have done so nobly, so generously for us—for our Hospital—that it is with a real fervor, a special warmth, we send forth to you our Christmas greeting. We feel that for each of you it cannot fail to be a happy Christmas—and that God will bless those whose hearts He has so generously opened to bless others.

Relation of the Rochester Charitable Society to the Hospital.

DEAR MRS. ARNER:

As you are to publish the annual reports of the “Charitable Society” this month, and there seems some confusion in the minds of many in relation to its connection with the City Hospital, I thought it would be well to make an explanation, of that connection. There is no connection either in the *funds* or *management* of the two associations.

The City Hospital grew out of the necessities of the “Charitable Society,” the managers not being able to provide a place for the sick who could not be made comfortable in their homes.

After years of effort, a site was provided by the city, also some money was *designated*, but never received (being lost), hence the name “City;” but it is *not*, nor *has it ever been*, aided by the city funds.

These same managers assisted in raising the money for the building, and the Society contributed two legacies, \$1200, which entitles them to a permanent bed in that institution.

Circumstances prevented the occupation of the Hospital for some time; and then the Trustees invited the Charitable Society to appoint a committee to examine the building and occupy a part of it; but the interior was so incomplete that the Ladies immediately called upon the citizens for assistance, and invited the churches also, to assist in furnishing. This call was generously responded to, and the Hospital was soon open for the reception of patients.

Out of respect to this Society, which originated the Hospital, the Managers of the Hospital make a yearly report to it, and place their names on its circular for reference.

Thus, in a few words, I have given a slight sketch which, if fully written, would form an interesting chapter in the history of our city. E. B. S.

What our Patients Say of our Hospital.

DEAR MRS. ARNER:

I think I shall be pardoned if I make an extract from a letter received sometime since, from a friend who sojourned some time in the Hospital:

"But I must thank you for your kindness to her in her time of trial, and tell how thankful she is, and her friends too, that she was 'guided' to the Hospital, where every comfort surrounded her, and where every thing was done for the sufferer that skill could supply or warmest kindness suggest. I shall always feel great interest in the Hospital, and hope to hear of its continued prosperity. I heard with interest the story of its origin, and asked many questions about its management. I had grown to feel interest in such institutions through seeking a suitable one for an invalid. No place just like the City Hospital offered as a retreat for my friend, and I cannot be too grateful that her last days were passed where they were."

The following is also a short extract of a letter from another person:

"I shall ever remember the 'City Hospital,' and all who contributed to our pleasure and comfort there, with feelings

of the deepest gratitude for the wonderful Providence which guided us there, and devoutly pray that its means of relieving suffering, may be greatly increased, and that all those through whose agency it is sustained, may be rewarded for their benevolence and kindness, even in this world, an hundred fold."

I have made these extracts from the letters of two ladies who have been inmates of the Hospital, thinking perhaps it would be well for our patrons to see that the labors of our Superintendent, Matron and others, were well appreciated sometimes.

Yours truly, E. B. S.

City Hospital.

The following notice of our Hospital and New Wing, we cut from "The Democrat & Chronicle":

"A wing has been built on this Institution after plans made by A. J. Warner & Co., architects, which is 112 feet long by 30 feet wide, and three stories high, with French roof and a basement. The new addition is now nearly completed externally, and it will be fit for occupation in May next. The structure is of brick, and the same in style as the portion which was first constructed. The basement will be used for storage rooms and for the furnaces, from which the entire building will be heated. The first floor will be divided into two large wards and one small ward, and will contain dining and nursery rooms. On the second floor will be located three large wards, bathrooms and closets. The third floor, or that part enclosed by the Mansard roof, will be partitioned off into ten private rooms, for parties who may desire select apartments. On the east wing of the building will be erected a Mansard roof, which will correspond with that on the west wing, and it is proposed to remove the dome from the center section of the building, and make that portion of the roof also in the Mansard style. The effect of this improvement on the exterior of the Hospital will be very fine, while the large addition, which has been an increase of at least one third in room, will give ample accommodations, and place it among the foremost of our public institutions."

Omissions.

As we said last month, great pains were taken to give proper credit to all those who so generously contributed towards our Festival; yet some were omitted. We regret that among this number, was Mr. James Field, who decorated Corinthian Hall with flags, and rendered other services, the whole valued at \$15.00. And also Mr. Frank Van Doorn, who painted signs, &c., valued at \$2.00. These amounts were contributed by those gentlemen.

Forty-Eighth Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor.

LADIES:—The swiftly gliding weeks and months of another busy year have passed, bringing us again to our anniversary, with hearts filled with gratitude that a kind Providence has preserved our large circle of active, earnest laborers unbroken.

Seldom do we review the past twelve months without having to record the removal by death of some of our number, and although none of those who began the year with us are missing to-day, yet we are galled to mourn the loss of two of our former efficient visitors.

Miss Mary Bellows, who, until laid aside by sickness, was ever ready with sympathizing heart and willing hands to minister to the sick under her care, passed away in the opening spring, admonishing us by her early death to "work while it is yet day."

Within a few days Mrs. Edwin Serantom, who, for many years has been identified with the interests of the Society as directress and visitor, has been suddenly called to her rest.

May we, through these sad memories, be incited to greater faithfulness in our Master's service.

Our Board of Managers consists of twenty-five members, most of whom have met every month to hear and decide upon applications for assistance brought before them. Aid has been impartially given to the sick and suffering of every sect represented in our numerous population.

The ninety visitors in the seventy-two districts, in which our city is divided, have assisted more than two hundred persons.

Many of these, through years of suffering, have been recipients of the Society's bounty, and, without it would have been entirely destitute.

Others have been in need of aid only for a little time, when unable to labor by reason of illness.

Several of our beneficiaries have died during the year, expressing their gratitude to faithful visitors for relief rendered them by the Society, and in some cases leaving their helpless families to its future care.

By the generous donation of two hundred barrels of flour, made by Aaron Erickson, Esq., the want and destitution of the past winter were greatly alleviated, and from many humble homes blessings were invoked for him whose liberality had been so abundantly bestowed.

In May last a "Memorial Fund" was established for the benefit of the Society, to which we desire contributions, either by legacies or gifts, the interest of which shall be used for the Society.

Owing to an almost empty treasury, it became necessary during the winter to make a special appeal to the public, which was met by a liberal response.

We enter upon a new year with hearts full of hope and confidence, that as in the past we have received, so in the future we may rely upon the ready and cheerful support of those who would help to lighten the burden and sufferings which sickness brings to the poor.

We would remind our friends that our needs are constantly increasing with our growing city, calling for more extended efforts and larger expenditures.

We desire to return thanks to individuals who during the year have aided us; also to churches for collections in our behalf, to the daily press of the city, and to Benton & Andrews for printing at reduced rates. Respectfully submitted,

HELEN M. CRAIG, Sec'y.

Nov. 15, 1870.

Annual Report of Treasurer.

MRS. A. McVEAN, IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ROCHESTER FEMALE CHARITABLE SOCIETY:

Nov. 1, 1870.

DR.

To Cash on hand, Nov. 1, 1869,	\$651 26
Membership Fees,	\$ 14 44
Individual Donations,	1,079 25
St. Luke's Church Collection, (of which Mr. M. F. Reynolds gave \$50,)	149 73

To St. Peter's Church Collection,	\$60 00
Plymouth " "	65 50
Grace " "	55 78
Central " "	51 20
First Presbyterian, " "	27 23
Christ Church " "	16 25
Trinity " "	13 30
N. St. Methodist Ch. " "	10 00
Taxes, First Ward,	24 25
" Second "	66 00
" Third "	65 00
" Fourth "	37 75
" Fifth "	22 05
" Sixth "	12 65
" Seventh Ward,	10 50
" Eighth "	9 25
" Ninth "	26 32
" Tenth "	35 00
" Twelfth "	24 16
" Fourteenth "	5 25
Am't returned by Visitors..	50
Interest received,	72 11
" on Bequest of E. Pancost,	104 33
Bequest of Mrs. Mariette Shearman,	100 00
Permanent Fund—(in memory of Miss Elizabeth J. Clarke),	100 00
	\$2,247.80
	\$2,899.06

Permanent Investments by
Mr. L. A. Ward, July
1st, 1870\$2,700 00

Nov. 1, 1870. Cr.	
By 75 Orders of Mrs. D. M. Dewey,	\$372 00
55 do. of Mrs. S. G. Andrews	275 00
43 " Mrs. Whittlesey, ..	215 00
40 " Mrs. Satterlee,	200 00
27 " Mrs. Whitney,	135 00
25 " Mrs. Field,	125 00
21 " Mrs. Starr,	105 00
21 " Mrs. Terry,	105 00
19 " Mrs. E. G. Smith, ..	95 00
10 " Mrs. E. M. Smith, ..	50 00
9 " Mrs. D. A. Watson, ..	45 00
8 " Mrs. Cogswell,	40 00
7 " Miss Hunter,	35 00
4 " Mrs. Fish,	20 00
3 " Mrs. Strong,	30 00
2 " Mrs. Williams,	10 00
1 " Mrs. Jennings,	5 00
1 " Hamilton,	5 00
Paid for Printing,	172 65
" acc't Burke, FitzSimons	
Hone & Co.	35 90
" Postage,	15 50
Invested by L. A. Ward,—	
Bequests,	150 00
Invested by L. A. Ward,—	
Permanent Fund,	100 00
Cash on hand,	558 01
	\$2,899.06

Mrs. A. MOVEAN,

Treasurer.

Died.

In the City Hospital, Nov. 21st, 1870, John Devlin, aged 27 years.

In the City Hospital, Dec. 5th, 1870, A. W. Sharp, aged 59 years.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. Hiram Sibley,	\$10 00
Henry Coit,	1 00
Mrs. J. C. Coonley, by Mrs. Dean,	5 00
Union & Advertiser, on old account,	19 10
Mrs. Gildersleeve,	5 00

Donations for December.

Mrs. Kelly—Delicacies and Clothing.	
Mrs. Warren—Two Squash.	
Mrs. Wm. Curtis—Four bushels Apples.	
Mr. Stanton—Two Turkeys.	
Mrs. G. M. Smith, New York—Dominoes.	
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Delicacies.	
Mr. Adams—Three Squash.	
Mr. L. D. Ely—Three barrels Apples.	

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Col. W. H. Benjamin, 50 cents; Little Madge Rochester, Buffalo, \$2.00; Mrs. J. T. Shuler, Lockport, 50 cents; Miss Nancy Welch, \$1.75; Mr. E. B. Booth, \$2.62—By Mrs. Perkins,	\$ 9 37
Willie C. Parker, San Francisco, Cal., 50 cents; Mary Teasdale, Oconomowoc, 50 cents; Lizzie B. Hall, Blue Rapids, Kansas, 50 cents—By Mrs. Arner,	1 50
Mrs. Sarah T. Hewes, Watertown, Mass., 50 cents; Willard Asylum, Ovid, \$1.00; —By Miss Hibbard,	1 50
Mrs. Frank Coit, 50 cents; Mrs. C. W. Gray, 50 cents—By Henry Coit,	1 00

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Nov. 15. No. Patients in Hospital	102
Received during month,	28 130
Discharged,	27
Died,	2 29
Remaining Dec. 15, 1870,	101

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.	
Miss Mrs. L. A. BULLER, 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.	

Children's Department.

Mary Bell.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

A little maid was Mary Bell,
Of scarce nine summers yet;
A pretty child, whose winsome face
One could not soon forget.

Her eyes were blue, and clear and bright;
Her smile was gentle, too;
And all sweet duties she could find
She ever tried to do.

Her home, until her mother died,
Was always nice and clean—
A neater girl than Mary Bell
I'm sure was never seen.

Her hands were white, her hair was smooth
Her cheeks like roses fair,
And frank and joyous all the day
Was Mary, everywhere.

Until her mother died, I said;
O sad that parting hour!
'Twas tearing from the tiny stem
The full and blooming flower.

The child stood sadly by, to see
Her mother, cold and white,
And never to her dying-day
Forgot that woeful night.

Her father, sad and lonesome now,
Went often to the "Crow,"
A large and brilliant "corner-shop,
Of which you may not know.

'Twas all alight with jets of gas
And pictures hung within,
And many a tankard, foaming, stood
And tempted men to sin.

The owner of this horrid "Crow"
In handsome broadcloth went,
While the poor drunkards reeling round
Their every penny spent.

In wretched beer, and hung in rags;
Their children went the same,
Until they dared not lift their eyes,
Or speak, for very shame.

But the fair children of the "Crow"
In silks and laces dressed;

They lived upon the drunkard's woe,
And ate and drank the best.

And so poor little Mary Bell
Sat often sad and lone,
And crept in silence to her bed
When the bright sun was gone.

No loving hands to tuck her in,
No listener to her prayer,
No kiss upon her little lips
Or light touch on her hair.

No voice to say, with smile of love,
"Good-night, my little one.
Sleep sweetly; mother watches near,
And God the Holy One."

But yet the gentle mother watched—
How, mortals cannot tell;
But angels hovered round the bed
Of little Mary Bell.

A change began; her food grew less,
The little frocks were torn,
Her fair white feet came peeping through
From shoes too hardly worn.

Her father left her all the day,
With neither coal nor wood;
And then the neighbors pitied her,
And gave her all they could.

But she was forced at last to beg,
She nothing had to sell.
And cold eyes looked with careless scorn
On little Mary Bell.

"O, mother, mother!" Mary cried,
One bitter, bitter day,
"I am so cold, and hungry too!
Why did you go away?"

To-morrow is sweet Christmas time;
But no one comes to see
Your little girl, and no one speaks
Of Mary's Christmas tree.

Does the dear Christ forget because
Poor papa goes away,
And leaves me all the winter night
And all the winter day?

Papa neglects his little girl;
Or, if he does come near,
He frightens me with angry words;
Why did you leave me here?"

So, weeping in her little bed,
She sudden fell asleep,
And thought an angel carried her
Where mortals never weep.

O! beautiful the walls she saw,
All blazing red with gold,
And streets so bright, she quite forgot
The city streets so cold.

And flashing gates, and rivers white,
And gardens rich with flowers,
And palaces of purest pearl,
And crystal-covered bowers.

And there, in robes so new and fair,
Her own dear mother came,
And held her close unto her heart,
And called her by her name.

Mamma, I have been longing so
To see your darling face;
I used to cry the whole day long
Down in that dreary place.

Papa has quite forgotten me,
He does not love me now;
He's always at the public-house—
The 'Black Crow' or the 'Plow.'

You'll keep me with you, dear mamma,
In this bright, happy place;
You will not send me back again
To darkness and disgrace?"

"My darling," said the angel, soft
"You must not stay to-night.
Go bring papa"—and then, alas!
Quick faded all the light.

The golden gates grew dim and far,
And swift the darkness came;
One sob she gave, then woke to hear
Some voice pronounce her name.

"My Mary! Wake, my little one!"
Her father by the bed
Stood with a candle. "Oh!" he cried,
"I thought my child was dead.

"She was so still, and wore the look
One wore who went above;
If she had lived, I should not now
Be lost to hope and love.

"Papa, I've seen her!" Mary cried.
"Seen who, my child?" "Mamma.
She would not let me come, she said,
Till I brought you, papa.

And will you go, dear, dear papa!
O, such a glorious place!
And brighter than the brightest star
Shone mamma's darling face.

And will you go? She said you would,
And I should take you, too;
I am so tired of cold and wet
And such hard work to do.

For, oh! 'twas hard to beg, papa,
And have them pass me by,
Without one look, or, if there was,
So cross it made me cry.

Say, will you go with me to heaven?"
Her father could not speak;
He trembled like the aspen frail,
And tears ran down his cheek.

Hot, bitter tears; his breath came quick;
His anguish none could tell;
His heart was touch'd by those sweet words
Of little Mary-Bell.

"I will go, darling—here's my hand;
You shall not blush for me.
I've been a cruel father, dear,
But will no longer be.

And God forgive me; help me now
To break the drunkard's chain;
Help me to live that I may meet
My angel-wife again.

Now, little Mary, go to sleep;
You've made a man of me;
You shall not beg again, my child,
Or dirt or misery see."

He left the "Crow," he left the drink,
He left his wicked mates;
And often little Mary told
About the pearly gates.

And comforts came, and coal and wood,
And dresses clean and neat;
And little Mary kept at home,
Nor sought the wicked street.

And year by year she taller grew;
And he found work enough,
And came home money in his hands,
And never drunk and rough.

He bought a pretty house for her,
And loved to see her there,
At work for him, and not in rags,
But smiling, neat, and fair.

And Christmas came, with frost and rime,
And sunshine fair to see;
And beautiful the gifts that hung
On Mary's Christmas tree.

From the Young Christian Soldier.

A Hero.

Such a bitter cold twilight, and such a raw, piercing wind! How it goes creaking, and whistling, and groaning in and out among the great forest trees, making the oaks toss their long, gnarled branches back and forth, and the pines shiver and moan at the very thought of its icy touch!

It is snowing, too—great white flakes of snow, that the wind blows hither and thither, piling it over the dried leaves, and promising the bare, rough ground such a beautiful, white coverlet before morning comes again.

There is no man or woman in sight. If you should even walk through Guilford Center I do not believe you would see a human being either in the main street, where the post-office and the two stores are, or in the lanes that lead to the dozen houses that form the little town.

It is only five in the afternoon; but the cattle are fed, the wood is brought in, the doors are barred, great logs are piled upon the fires, the lamps are lighted; for the storm is coming on fearfully, and the farmers have made all their preparations for it while daylight lasted.

Surely if the village streets are so deserted, no one will be wandering in the great forest so late and in such a storm.

That cannot be a little child! Yes, it is a boy; little Johnny Smith, running, running, and with such a long way to go before he can reach the village.

Is he going home? No, indeed! His home is a poor little cottage, back on the very borders of the wood. He can see it now, as he turns back and waves his cap to the woman who stands in the doorway, with her apron over her head. That is Johnny's mother. She wrings her hands, as she goes in at the door, and cries.

He is her only child, and she fears she may never see him alive again.

How the wind pierces through Johnny's thin jacket and ragged pants! There are holes in his shoes and his bare toes peep out, looking so blue and frozen as the white snow falls upon them and the sharp ice cuts them.

Johnny runs faster, faster, but he cannot run away from the cold.

Johnny is only a little boy, not more than eight years old, I should think, and he was never in this great wood alone at

night, and on *such* a night. He thinks of his mother, and the warm fire at home, and then the tears run down his cheeks. I wonder they do not freeze there; the poor cheeks look like such little lumps of ice.

Ah! you little boys and girls in New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston, with your thick overcoats, and fur caps, and warm hoods and mittens, do not know how winter feels away up in the pine woods of Maine!

Now the wind comes in sharper, wilder gusts, the snow falls thicker and faster, and it is growing late. Soon it will be quite dark, and there will be no moon or stars to light little Johnny on his way. He can hardly see the path now, and there is a great stone directly before him, with the snow drifted over it in a smooth white mound.

He is running so fast that he does not notice it; and down he goes right into the drifted snow, and onto the hard, hard rock.

He lies there very still; cold and tired, and bruised and frightened. His hand is cut, and there is a large, dark place on his forehead, where a few drops of blood come oozing out. His cap is gone, too, and he cannot find it, it is so dark. Such a little boy! Too little for a hero; don't you think so?

Ah! he is up again, and running on as before; this time more slowly, for his feet are weary and sore, and the road is hard, and the storm almost blinds him. It is wonderful that he keeps the path; good angels must surely guide him.

And now he is almost at his journey's end. There is a light, a beautiful light that shines out of Dr. Tower's window, and sends its rays right into poor little Johnny's cold, trembling heart.

He is out of the wood—in the village street—on Dr. Tower's doorstep. There is a great, heavy, brass knocker on Dr. Tower's front door, so high up that it is over Johnny's head; but he has hold of it with both hands, he gives it one good, hard pound, and his little strength is all gone, and down he tumbles in a little heap, right at Dr. Tower's feet.

Johnny does not hear the good Doctor's exclamations of wondering surprise, as he picks him up in his kind, strong arms, and carries him into his office, and puts him into his own big, easy chair in the corner by the fire!

The old housekeeper comes in from the

kitchen, and they have taken off Johnny's wet clothes, rubbed his poor little frozen hands and feet, wrapped him in a hot blanket, and poured warm tea down his throat.

At last the color comes back into his cheeks and he stretches out his hands to the fire, and laughs aloud. He has almost forgotten what he came for he is so pleased to be safe and warm again.

Only for a minute, though. Now he has forgotten all about himself, and is telling his story with eager lips and sparkling eyes, making earnest endeavors to get out from his blanket and down from the big, easy chair.

"Oh, Doctor Tower! won't you please get your horse and come quick? There's a poor man at our house dreadful sick! He's *my* man. I found him out by the door, he couldn't walk hardly, and mother and me helped him in and put him in our bed. He's out of his head and his cheeks are so red and hot. Mother says he's got a fever and she can't make him well, and I said I'd come for you. Oh, do come quick! I don't want him to die!"

So out bustles the good doctor to the barn, and soon the old grey horse stands before the door. Miss Hannah vainly tries to persuade Johnny to spend the night with her; but his mother wants him, he knows she does, and he cannot stay; so Miss Hannah puts on his own clothes, nicely dry now—what could possibly be wet for two minutes before that blazing fire—and wraps him up in her thickest, warmest shawl.

Now the doctor has mounted, and taken Johnny before him, like a great, big bundle. He has his arms around him, so that Johnny could not fall off, even if he tried.

Now they are in the wood once more, but the wind is behind them, and the old horse does not mind the storm any more than his master. Good Dr. Tower would go out in the blackest night and the deepest snow that ever were, if he thought he could do good to a single fellow-creature, no matter how poor or how far away.

Now they have reached the little cottage. Johnny's mother has been to the door twenty times to see if her boy is coming, and she hears the horse's step, and comes out once more to welcome him back and to let the doctor in.

It is nine o'clock, and little Johnny is too tired and sleepy to know that he is at

home. The good doctor carries him in and lays him on the old wooden settle by the fire; then he ties his horse in the shed, spreads a blanket over him, and comes in to look after his patient.

He shakes his head, and his face looks very grave as he stands by the sick man's bedside, and takes the hot, fevered hand in his.

All night long the wind shrieks and groans around the little cottage, the blinding snow drifts thickly against door and windows, and finding its way through cracks and crevices, forms lines of white on floor and window sill.

All night long Johnny sleeps on the wooden settle by the fire. All night long the sick man moans and tosses on his bed.

All night long Johnny's mother and the good doctor watch by his side, and tend him with anxious care.

But when the first red streak of morning lights up the eastern sky, the wind is dying away in soft, low murmurs among the pines, the lights are burning low in the little cottage, and the sick man is sleeping peacefully in Johnny's bed.

Johnny stirs restlessly, and at last gets up from off the settle and climbs upon the doctor's knee. Dr. Tower's eyes are very bright indeed, and his voice trembles a little, as he strokes the child's head, and says, softly:

"Johnny, you will have something to be glad and thankful for all your days. You have saved a life to-night. Why, Johnny Smith you are a little hero!"

But it is a very tired little boy, still, that is sitting on the doctor's knee. He looks at his mother and at the sleeping stranger, with a happy smile of great content upon his face, and then his head sinks down softly upon the doctor's shoulder, and he is fast asleep again.

He does not even know what a *hero* means!

M. A. E.

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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. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY, 1871.

No. 6.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, | Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
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A Message.

"After the battle of Fohrbach, a French officer of cuirassiers was found dead, with a letter, which we copy, crumpled in his hand."—*John Bull*, Sept. 3.

It was only a crumpled letter,
In a careless, girlish hand;
It was only a childish message
From the sun-kissed, southern land,
It was only a brief memorial
Of the tears the absent shed;
It was a trifle from the living,
But a message to the dead.

"Father, dear, you are gone to battle,
But—I think incessantly,
As I miss your morning blessing,
What your sufferings must be!"
So she wrote, and so he held it,
With a blessing on her head,—
When the token of the living
Was a message to the dead!

"I'm so good, dear, oh, so steady—
You would wish me to be so;
If I'm quiet, half your dangers
Dear mamma need never know.
So, good-by, papa! God bless you!
Guard and keep you evermore;
See! I send you fifty kisses
From our ever-ready store!"

It was only a crumpled letter
In a dead man's hand that day,
Just to show how hearts were aching
In his own land far away.
It was only a loving message
From a loving child that sped,
But the words the living pencilled
Were a message to the dead!

Take it not from out his fingers;
Lay it with him in the grave;
If it be a consolation,
'Tis the latest he will have.
For, I think the bullet reached him
As the tender words were read;
So that when the angels told it,
'Twas no message to the dead.

A Sombre Side of Parisian Life.

But there is another and more affecting side to the life of this sorrow-stricken city. The mothers, the sisters, the wives, the affianced, of the gallant young spirits who have donned their uniforms and marched so blithely to the battle, how do these bear up in their day of heavy trial? Come with me to the Church of our Lady of Victory, and you shall see them humble, devout, patient, praying for their dear ones, and registering their vows before heaven. The whole church is full of memorials from those who have suffered and have prayed

whose heart's hunger has been more fully satisfied, and who have inscribed their gratitude, on the sacred walls. I was at this church on the Napoleon fete-day, and again this morning. It had many worshipers on both occasions, tearful women wrapt in prayer for the most part, with here and there a priest and an aged man. "In gratitude to Our Lady for preserving a darling child when in great peril;" and then come initials and the date. "In humble thankfulness for the return of my beloved husband from the war;" "Honor to Our Lady for her merciful intervention" on a day named. "In acknowledgment of the prayer Our Lady answered," etc., cover a great part of the interior of the church. Each sentiment is graven on a small marble tablet some eight inches by four and affixed to the walls or pillars overhead, so that the place is lined with the records of gratitude. Several of these are too minutely personal for quotation, but all breathe the same spirit, and all helped to give a tender meaning to the bowed figures absorbed in prayer. There were lighted candles and pictures, an officiating priest in vestments, and glittering altar ornaments, and votive offerings. But you hardly see these. The poor women and their sorrows shut them out. These are the passionate cravings for more than human help, the pitiful longing for other and more personal solace than the most brilliant national victory could give: the humble shrinking domestic hopes and fears which center upon Jules or Antoine, his safety and his life. He is perhaps lying stiff and stark with a Prussian bullet through his head even as they pray, but they are upheld, poor souls, by love and faith; they deposit their little gifts in one of the bags held by ladies at the church doors, and go their way serene and comforted. The tumbrils yesterday, for the men about to be wounded, and the church in which prayers for soldiers' safety are being offered up to-day—it is hard to say which was sadder. There were no heroines present, and I did not see a single worshiper who seemed capable of playing the Roman. It was all humility and timid hope; and when one looked around next at the vacant places for the tablets of gratitude it was with strengthened convictions concerning the horrible barbarism—the relentless wickedness of war.

[Correspondent of the London Daily.

Worthy of Sir Philip Sidney.

Heroism still exists in the world, and in the humblest ranks of life. During the first week in October, chloroform had begun to give out in Metz. The wounded were pouring in, but so little was in the medical stores that the surgeons were obliged to economise it for serious cases. A foot chasseur of the guard was brought into the operating room. His hand was crushed, and it became necessary to remove the fifth metacarpal bone, the support of the little finger. He came on foot. He would not leave his musket, which he had slung by the bandoleer. "Well, my friend," said the surgeon, "we must perform a little operation here." I knew it, monsieur; that's why I came here." Do you want to be put to sleep?" "Of course; I suffered so much last night that I shall not resist it—you wish it very much?" "Well, yes!" "O, but it is very scarce, isn't it, that stuff, you know, that puts a fellow to sleep?" "We are almost out." "Well, well, just you keep it for the boy that loses a leg or an arm—only look alive!" He stuck his poor blue cravat, all bloody as it was, between his teeth, lay down and stretched out his hand. The operation was performed. "Did you suffer much?" "You bet I did; but what's that? Poor fellows must help each other."

The Cripple's Story.

Do I not wish I was like other folk?

Well, if a wish would do me any good

I think—I almost think, sir—that I should;

But, if a lame limb's my appointed yoke,

It's not as bad as many a one might be,

It's easier p'raps to carry than to seel

I was not born here,—No, it must be hard

To be a poor, lame child in such a place.

Why wonder at his pinched and wearied face,

When he's from God's own grass and trees debarred?

But just because I pity him, I guess

The God who made him does not pity less!

Lincoln's my place,—I hear they call it flat

The country thereabouts; but to my mind

It's just the sweetest spot you'll ever find.

But then the place one's born in's always that;

I know you'll smile, sir, but I often sit,

Hear parson talk of Heaven, and think of it!

They were as kind at home, as kind can be;
If father carried Kate or little Joe,
The rest would fret and want a turn, you know
But never minded how he carried me!
I've traveled over many a mile like that,
(God help the folks who call you country flat!)

If you've a trouble any one can see,
I think you'll always find them very kind;
It's when you go a-limping in your mind,
You get pushed over, or let coldly be.
Do I know aught of that? Well, sir, I do,
We cripples have our hearts, sir, just like you.

I could not play among the boys so strong,
But played among the girls! And there was
one
Would leave her comrades to their dance or fun
Beside my halting crutch to move along.
Lent me her books, and gave herself no rest
To find the flowers she knew I liked the best.

And at the old church steps she'd always wait,
To give a friendly hand to help me down,
Till prouder of my crutch than of a crown
It grew! Out of such threads God weaves our
fate.

And it went on—and I grew up with her,
And was bewitched to ask—you guess it sir?

We two were walking in a long, green lane;
"Why, Jem," she said, "I never thought you'd
care,

You seemed so different to the rest, but there—
Forget it! Let us be ourselves again."
She pitied me, and yet with half a smile;—
I should have understood it all the while.

I was so foolish that I couldn't bear
The fields with all their dear old pollard trees;
There always seemed a voice upon the breeze
Saying, "Why, Jem, I never thought you'd care."
So now, the old folks dead, I came away,
And found this court—a change of scene, you'll
say!

When I went back again, she was not there,—
I'd thought to find her wed, and wish her joy—
But she was gone, sir, with a baby-boy!
And where she'd gone the people did not care;
They gave her bitter names and foul disgrace;
O sir, I only saw the sweet, good childish face!

I've never found her, sir; I've gone about
Over this city, when my work was done,
But, sir, they're many, and she's only one!—
And now, I think, that I must die without.
She's dead, I fear, in some black city sod;
I loved her, sir, and so, I hope, did God!

I've had a hard life!—Did you say so, sir?
No, no! You see I often ponder thus;
The very Bible seems express for us;
Christ healed the lame, and spoke to girls like her
No, sir, I think my sort of life's the best,—
Just makes one tired enough to like one's rest.

I've helped a few poor girls for her dear sake;
I do not fear their paint and evil tongue;
Somebody knew them, sir, when they were
young;
They've told me stories fit your heart to break,
And if I'm kind to them, it helps my faith
God sent her comfort in a peaceful death.

It's sixty years I've hobbled on my way,
She must be dead, and I—I can't last long,
I'll know her voice in all the glorious burst of
song

When Heaven's gate opens. If she's there, d'y'e
say?

We mustn't judge our foes, says God above,—
Surely some ground of hope for those we love.

[Sunday Magazine.

Women and Wine.

Woman has never been associated with wine without disgrace and disaster. The toast and the bacchanal that, with musical alliteration couple these two words, spring from the hot lips of sensuality, and are burdened with shame. A man who can sing of wine and women in the same breath is one whose presence is a disgrace and whose touch is pollution. A man who can forget mother and sister, or wife and daughter, and wantonly engage in a revel in which the name of woman is invoked to heighten the pleasures of the intoxicating cup, is, beyond controversy and without mitigation, a beast. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Aye, cakes and ale, if you will, but let it be cakes and ale. Let not the name by which we call the pure and precious ones at home be brought in to illuminate a degrading feast.

Of the worst foes that woman has ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more shame, sorrow and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day,

and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered all over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty—and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

And now what shall we see on the New Year's Day, 1871? Women all over the city of New York—women here and there, all over the country, where like social customs prevail—setting out upon their tables the well-filled decanters which, before night shall close down, will be emptied into the brains of young men and old men, who will go reeling to darker orgies, or to homes that will feel ashamed of them. Woman's lips will give the invitation, women's hands will fill and present the glass, woman's careless voice will laugh at the effects of the mischievous draught upon their friends, and, having done all this, woman will retire to balmy rest, previously having reckoned the number of those to whom she has, during the day, presented a dangerous temptation, and rejoiced over it in the degree of its magnitude.

O woman! woman! Is it not about time that this thing were stopped? Have you a husband, a brother, a son? Are

they stronger than their neighbors who have, one after another, dropped into the graves of drunkards? Look around you and see the desolations that drink has wrought among your acquaintances, and then decide whether you have a right to place temptation in any man's way, or do ought to make a social custom respectable which leads hundreds of thousands of men into bondage and death. Why can there not be a festal occasion without this vulgar guzzling of strong drink?

Woman, there are some things that you can do, and this is one: you can make drinking unpopular and disgraceful among the young. You can utterly discountenance all drinking in your own house, and you can hold in suspicion every young man who touches the cup. You know that no young man who drinks can safely be trusted with the happiness of any woman, and that he is as unfit as a man can be for woman's society. Have this understood; that every young man who drinks is socially proscribed. Bring up your children to regard drinking as not only dangerous but disgraceful. Place temptation in no man's way. If men will make beasts of themselves, let them do it in other society than yours. If your mercenary husbands treat their customers from private stores kept in their counting-rooms, shame them into decency by your regard for the honor of your home. Recognize the living, terrible fact that wine has always been, and is to-day, the curse of your sex; that it steals the hearts of men away from you, that it dries up your prosperity, that it endangers your safety, that it can only bring you evil. If social custom compels you to present wine at your feasts, rebel against it, and make a social custom in the interests of virtue and purity. The matter is very much in your own hands. The women of the country, in what is called polite society, can do more to make the nation temperate than all the legislators and tumultuous reformers that are struggling and blundering in their efforts to this end.

(Dr. Holland in Scribner's Magazine for January.)

For my own part, if I had an insupportable burden,—if, for any cause, I were bent upon sacrificing every earthly hope as a peace offering towards heaven,—I would make the wide world my cell, and good deeds to mankind my prayer. Many penitent men have done this, and found peace in it.—*Hawthorne.*

Hope's Song.

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on."

Night and day it sings the song,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings so that the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on."

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on."

Farther on? How much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one.
No! no counting—only trusting
"It is better farther on."

The Ideal and the Real Lovers.

Miss Kate Field, in some hearty praise of Fechter, the actor, says: "Hungry for sympathy, women recognize their ideal in Fechter's Ruy Blas and Claude Melnotte, and are grateful to the man. That is the lover for which they are willing to die, for which they would gladly perform menial offices through all time. When men in real life are such lovers as Fechter is on the stage, no woman will sigh for heaven; she will have found it on earth." Which shows, we fear, either a limited experience or very immature notions as to genuine love and its exhibitions, on the part of our ardent and exacting Kate critic. The sober *Christian Register* talks sense back to her as follows: "We do not suppose that the young men of America often kneel gracefully to maidens, or declaim their desires in blank verse; but we do believe they are often terribly in earnest, and that they have their own hearty way of revealing the purity and strength of their affections. There are thousands of men in Boston, who love their families as ardently, and will toil as faithfully, and practice as much self-denial in their behalf, as any Spaniards and Frenchmen on or off the stage. A manly contempt for melodramatic performance is perfectly compatible with as warm, tender and lofty expressions of absorbing devotion as American women need ask or crave. If they demand anything more dramatic than the natural and spontaneous utterances of real feelings, we

hope they will not get it, even if there should never be another wedding on the continent. And let no young man be bribed into paying theatrical attentions to young women by any proffered future consideration in the form of lighting his pipe, blacking his boots, mending his clothes, or scrubbing floors generally, on the part of æsthetic maidens who ask to be artistically wooed and eloquently won.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY, 1871.

Visit to the Hospital.

It had been a long time since we had been privileged to make our accustomed visit to the Hospital. We had heard meantime of the progress of the New Wing, and yet we were hardly prepared for so stately, so imposing an appearance as it makes. It gives to the whole building such magnitude. And then how rapidly it has gone up, as if by magic. Already the roofing is done, and the floors are being laid. Soon it will all be completed, and then our hitherto maimed Hospital will stretch forth both Wings, for the shelter of the sick and suffering.

But this large New Wing, where the workmen are now busy, suggests many things. There will be a great many rooms and wards and beds to be fitted up. We have no doubt but this great work will be done in good time, but it is not too soon for the friends of the Hospital to be thinking of what they each will do, and of the best plan for accomplishing what must be done. When the Hospital was first opened, the different churches of the city, it will be remembered, and in some cases individuals, furnished the rooms and wards. We presume that something of the kind will be done now. The Hebrew ladies have already expressed a desire to furnish one room. They have now a ward called the "Hebrew Ward," furnished by

them at the opening of the Hospital. The Hebrews have always been among our most generous supporters. All the Protestant churches of our city will, we are sure, feel interested in doing something for the New Wing, and now is an opportunity for individuals of wealth to do a good deed, and one which shall keep them in lasting remembrance. But this is digressing.

It was pleasant to find ourselves once more in the clean, well-kept halls and wards, and welcomed by so many of our old friends. We found more familiar faces than we feared, after so long an absence. Mr. W. Eben, the blind man, and S. W., were the first persons we saw, as we entered the Male Ward. S. W., is very much improved, and yet we were a little disappointed, strong, stalwart man that he was, to find him still doomed to linger here.— We met a good many strange faces—and some which interested us, and made us wish that we could know more of them and do more for them. Farther along, in the Cross Ward, were some very sick patients. Up stairs, we found our old acquaintances, Mr. Lowe and Mr. McC.— How strange to find Mr. L. still here, when even a year ago, almost every day was felt to be his last. We could not see as he was much thinner than on our last visit, but that would be difficult, as he was a mere shadow then. The gleam in his keen black eyes is not yet quenched, but they shine with a softer lustre than when first we knew him. He has found Jesus—found peace since then. Mr. McC., not feeling so well for a few months. He too has lingered long. Evening was gathering around us, as we stood in that Ward, where we have so often found weariness and suffering, and where Death has so often entered. We thought how one and another, we knew, had passed, leaving their places vacant for others. And suffering and weariness were here still, to-night, and Death very near.— In the sombre hush of this hour, in that

large, now empty echoing room, it seemed almost as if we could hear the rustling of dark wings. Suffering and Death! How near they bring us together. They come—they draw near and nearer to us all.— O, shall we not feel for one another! As we took leave of Mr. Lowe, we said, "It would not be kind to wish that we might find you here when we come again—when every moment you stay must be one of pain." "I have no wishes," he replied, "only that God's will be done." O, how much to really feel this!

The Female Ward never looked so pleasant. We had heard of the pretty Christmas bouquets, alluded to elsewhere, but we had not seen how charming the effect. So many of the inmates spoke gratefully of them to us. We were sorry to find poor Mary back, sick and laid up again. Most of the faces here were new to us, but now and then we came to an old acquaintance, and among these, we were glad to take by the hand once more, good Mrs. M. and C. E., although sorry that their recovery is so long delayed.

Our Christmas Remembrances,

Were many and very gratifying. A friend in New York sent us five dollars, "to help make Christmas merry at the Hospital"—and it was merry, spite of all the weariness and suffering and disease gathered there. As the Christmas dinner had been provided for, and as other kind friends had supplied candies, toys, &c., for the children, our Matron suggested that the five dollars be invested in those bouquets of immortelles, we all so much admired at Vick's, and that one be placed at the head of every bed in the Female Ward. It was a pretty idea, and we believe that the money could not have been spent in any way to give so much pleasure. The love of beauty is instinctive with a woman, and at this dreary winter-time, the presence of these bright flowers is very cheering, and there is a special charm in the thought that they

will not fade, that for months to come all can enjoy them just as much as ever. The effect of so many of these bouquets, as we enter the ward, is very pleasing. We wish our friend in New York could see how much brightness and pleasure his gift has brought.

Another friend sends four dollars to the New Wing, and says, "Please accept \$4, as my Christmas offering for the Wing. I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that it was more, but if my love for the Hospital can help any, you will be helped abundantly."

The Christmas dinner, to which many contributed, was worthy of the day, and generally enjoyed. Even the sickest looked bright, as the slices of turkey and other good things, were brought to them, and aroused themselves to try to taste them, because it was Christmas. Many little things contributed to make the day a happy one. Mrs. R. sent dolls for the little girls and toys for all the children. Mrs. G., who visits the Hospital every week, distributing delicacies and little comforts, came specially loaded that day—and in the evening Mrs. K. came, bringing Santa Claus with her in full costume, who went to every bed and laid some little gift, a stocking of candy, a toy, or some needed comfort. It was a kind, a beautiful thought of Mrs. K's, and she and her little boy—the Santa Claus of the evening—left smiles and glad looks wherever they went. It may seem a little thing to bring smiles to pale sad faces, it may seem a little thing to make a happy Christmas for the sick and suffering, far from their own homes—but in God's Book of Remembrance, such deeds are written in gold.

Little Montie Heard From.

We see from a note from our Treasurer, that little Montie has been heard from again. He sends some pictorial books to the children of the Hospital.

Rags, Still the Cry!

We did not say one word about rags, last month, although even then we were needing them so much. But we cannot hold our peace any longer. We do not want to tire our readers upon this subject, but *rags* we must have. Our friends would not wonder at our continual cry for rags, if they could once understand the infinite, numberless and variety of uses to which rags are put in a Hospital, and how they are needed every hour and every minute of the day. Do save us, do put away for us, dear reader, every scrap of old cotton or linen, be it large or little, which comes in your way. If you were even to steal some for us, we don't know as it would be very wicked. But, bring us or send us the rags, *anyway*!

What is the Matter?

The Treasurer is discouraged, that so little comes in for the *Review*. What can be the matter? Can it be that our readers have really paid in all their subscriptions and arrearages, that nothing more is received? Is there no one left in the world to subscribe, that we get no new subscribers? Or, are our friends and agents all asleep or dead?

Our Little Friends at Work Again.

The following reminds us of old times, when our Hospital was first opened, and of war times, when every little girl was eager to do something for our Soldiers. We shall need a great many new quilts, now that our New Wing is so nearly completed. Our little readers, everywhere, are, we know, interested in the New Wing—and we shall expect to hear of new quilts beginning, of little Bazaars held, and of all sorts of doings, to help us in fitting it up:

This quilt is made and presented to the City Hospital, by the following little girls and boys of the 12th Ward:

MARY WATSON,	MARY BABCOCK,
ELLA WATSON,	AGGIE PECK,
JENNIE JONES,	MATTIE PECK,
ANNA STONE,	
JOHNNIE BABCOCK,	FREDDIE PECK.

We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Cash Donations.

Mr. Odell, for Christmas,.....	\$5 00
Mrs. M. Rochester, Cincinnati, Christmas of- fering to the New Wing,.....	4 00

Donations for January.

Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Papers and Magazines.	
Mr. Palmer, Potsdam—Two pair Pillow Slips, and old Cotton.	
Chas. Schroth—One Turkey, one Ham.	
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Two Baked Chickens, seven cups Custard, and other delicacies for the sick.	
Mrs. Baker, Potsdam—One Quilt, old Cotton.	
Mrs. Wood—Old Cotton,	
Mrs. Sommers, Livonia—Four lbs. Cherries, one quart Jelly.	
Mrs. J. Button—Five cans Fruit, one bu. Apples.	
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Delicacies for the sick.	
Mrs. John Lovcraft—One Quilt, old Cotton, one can Fruit.	
Mrs. Sidney Lovcraft—One Quilt and old Cotton.	
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Delicacies for the sick.	

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. Seth M. Gates, Warsaw, 50 cents— By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	\$ 50
Mrs. Capt. Stone—By Miss Taylor,	50
H. F. Stowell, 50 cents—By Dr. Baker, ..	50
Mrs. B. Pratt, 62 cents—By Nellie Pixley, ..	62
H. E. Southworth, \$1.62; Mrs. L. H. South- worth, 50 cents; Delia A. Chapin, West Bloomfield, \$2.50; Alex. Thompson, \$1.25; Mrs. Jacob Howe, \$1.25; Mr. O. A. Chillson, \$1.25; Miss Kate Chillson, 63 cents; Mrs. F. E. Hewer, 50 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, \$2.00; Mrs. Alfred Hoyt, \$2.00; Mrs. M. Rochester, Cin- cinnati, 50 cents; Miss Alice Bell, 50 cents; Mrs. Storer Howe, Cincinnati, 50 cents; E. A. Taylor, 50 cts.; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Geneva, \$2.00; Mrs. A. Waite, North Chili, \$2.00—By Mrs. Perkins, ..	19 50

Superintendent's Report.

1870. Dec. 15. No. Patients in Hospital 101	
Received during month, ...	29 130
Discharged,	30
Died,	1 31
Remaining Jan. 15, 1871..	99

Died.

In the City Hospital, Dec. 29, 1870, Mary Wil-
liams, aged 27 years.

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 for-
warding, and Post Office address, is requested
to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs.
M. M. Mathews.

Children's Department.

Jack and Me.

Here y'are—! Black your boots, boss;
Do it for jest five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,
That is 'f nothing prevents.
Set your foot right on thers, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a fellow
When his coat's a gettin' old.
Well, yes—call it a coat, sir,
Though 'tain't much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—
Ain't got the stamps to spare.
Make as much as most on 'em—
That's so; but then, yer see,
They've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me.
Him? Why—that little feller,
With a doubled-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin',
Sunnin' hisself—that's Jack
Used to be round sellin' papers,
The cars there was his lay.
But he got shoved off the platform
Under the wheels one day;
Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg'lar throw—
He didn't care if he killed him,
Some on 'em is just so.
He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier—
High old style for a boot-black—
Made all the fellers laugh—
Jack and me had to take it,
But we didn't mind no chaff.
Trouble—I guess not much, sir:
Sometimes when biz get's slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.
Why, boss, you ought to hear him,
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we get up there!
All done now—how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'—give it to Jack, sir;
He looks after the stamps.
[G. A. Baker, Jr. in New York Evening Mail.

The Little Snow-Boy.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Many who read this will remember the heavy snow that gave the New Year of 1867 so cold a reception on the day "after" its birth, when all the people woke up to see the whole of their world, were it town or country, shrouded in spotless white. Farmer Boyd's sheep seemed to know what was on the wing, for they crowded together under the trees on the close of that New Year's day, as a sort of preparation for the night. The next morning, long before day, the farmer and his sons were in the meadow, heedless of the thick blinding snow, resolved to preserve the flock; and if they had not been up and active, the greater number of the Farmer Boyd's valuable South Downs would have been buried in the snow-drift, so sudden and violent was the fall, so deep and dangerous were the drifts. The farmer said he should not have saved half but for the perseverance of his little dog,—not a sheep-dog, but a small pet of his daughter's, a little sagacious creature that was often snubbed because it was not "thorough-bred," and so they forgot that it was *thorough-hearted*; a queer thing, who, with a species of animal economy, always ran on three legs, giving one of the four a rest, and another a rest in its turn. Very early on that particular morning, between scratching and barking and whining, she had managed to waken her master before daybreak on the 2d of January. But that did not content her; when the door was opened, she ran to the window, and the farmer, seeing it was nearly blocked up with snow, roused his sons, and set off to see after his sheep. The dog at first wished to accompany the party, but immediately on leaving the porch she became buried in the snow, and quickly floundered back again, and, after being called "good dog" and "wise Peg" by her young mistress, she sat quietly down on the warm kitchen-hearth, not sleeping however, but cocking first one ear, and then the other, and quietly moving her stumpy tail when the master's voice was heard in the distance. The farmer knew there would be a still heavier fall, for the clouds were weighted with snow. "Mary," he said to his daughter, when he returned, "see that there is a good lot of pea-sonp made; the cottagers beyond the croft will

be glad of it, for their masters are frozen out of work already."

Mary, like a good girl, said, "Yes, father;" but while she shook the snow-flakes off his coat she added, "Father, what can poor Aunt Liddy and her one-armed boy do this weather?"

"What is that to thee?" he answered sharply. Mary said no more; but she raised her large eyes to her father's and he saw they were full of tears.

The trees all round the farm looked lovely, coated with glittering snow, and one of the farmer's sons cleared a place for the wild birds to feed on; they cleared it again and again, for the snow continued to fall.

"O dear!" said Mary to her brother Tom, "I wish father would forgive his sister, and let her and little Joe come here to us; he is so kind in his rough way, to every one else. If she did marry badly, she only did her duty as a wife by refusing to leave her husband: and now that he is dead—" Mary paused.

Tom rubbed his curly red head with his very red hand. Tom was called "practical."

"I don't see what little Joe could do here, with only one arm. Which of them is gone?" he said at last.

"The left."

"Oh! well he could 'tend day school and Sunday school; they might make a scholar of him more than ever they could make of me."

"Dear Tom," said Mary, "we must get at father's heart somehow, and all will be well. I cannot bear to think of their starving, perhaps, in that horrid London."

"Horrid London!" repeated Tom. "I like that. Oranges down here are a penny apiece, and there Frank Fowler got three for a penny,—such beauties!"

On New Year's day the "Aunt Liddy" who had such a strong hold on Mary Boyd's sympathy, was literally without fire, and almost without food; the miserable attic where she starved and shivered let in the bitter wind, and that day little Joe had done everything but steal or beg to procure his mother food. One gentleman who had tossed him three pence for holding his horse said he was a fine little fellow, and if he had two arms instead of one he would get him into the shoeblack brigade. Joe colored, but quickly recovering himself, answered, "Please, sir, a willing mind is equal to another arm." The gentleman

smiled, shook his head, and trotted off. Poor Joe put up his hand to the remains of his arm; it had been amputated just above the elbow in consequence of an accident; "I only wish I had to do all I could do with one arm," he murmured. He wandered up and down the streets; the air was growing colder and colder; he was very hungry, but he passed the temptations of bakers' and cooks' shops, tightening his fingers more closely on the little silver coin.

"I may get something for mother; I have another penny," murmured the boy. He entered a baker's shop, and asked for a loaf, laying down his threepence. Such a fat, jolly baker, who was rolling and laughing behind a counter piled with cakes and dainties, looked in his pale, pinched face, bluish from cold.

"Only a penny loaf New Year's night, my little man! Well, there it is."

Joe took it up; as the baker took up the coin he fixed his eyes on the boy, and said, sternly, "You are young to follow so bad a trade: this is bad money."

"Bad money!" repeated Joe. "O sir, I had it from a kind gentleman for holding his horse."

"Have you no other money?"

"Another penny."

"And why did you not pay for the loaf with that?"

"Please, sir, I wanted change; I wanted to buy something more for my mother," and his large blue eyes filled with tears.

"I must keep that threepence. What a shame for a gentleman to do such a thing as give bad money to a child like that!"

"Please, sir, I know he didn't intend it; he spoke kind to me; he didn't know it was bad."

The jolly baker looked attentively at the little boy.

"See here, my lad; if you knew the coin was bad, the sin will be heavy on you; but I believe you did not; you wanted food for your mother, and you would not let blame fall on the absent,—two right things. God help you, child!" he added, pityingly; "you look half starved! Give me back that loaf, and here is a bigger one; and, Missis! hand over one of those ounces of tea and half-pounds of sugar we made up for our poor customers; and there's three sound penny-pieces for you, little one; only always look to your silver before you pass it in future!"

Joe could not speak for quite a minute;

he walked to the shop-door, and then turned back.

"If you please, you do not think I knew that money was bad?"

"No."

"Thank you, sir. I'll—never forget it—never, sir!" and giving vent to one large sob, he left the shop.

There was feasting in the widow's attic that night; to be sure, Joe was obliged to make a candle-screen with his hat, or the poor thin little candle would have been blown out by the wind that whistled through the clattering window; but there was a bluish cup of hot water with an infusion of tea and milk, and a tiny little fire; and there was much thankfulness for what would have seemed to many a very small mercy; and there was earnest prayer; and, huddled under their scanty clothing, the mother and child slept soundly, and awoke in the morning to the consciousness that as the snow, having found its way through the panes of the attic window, was heaped on the floor, and the neighboring roofs and chimneys were like mountains of "dazzling white," there must have been a "heavy fall" during the night.

"We're snowed up, Joe," said the poor widow; "and the end will soon come; this cold will kill me."

"Not a bit of it, mother," said little Joe, cheerily, while moulding a snow ball out of the snow on the floor.

"I shall go out as a snow-boy, while you remain there, just as I wrap you up, and see what lots of cash I shall earn. God has sent the snow to be our friend; the snow shall make us fire!"

"My poor maimed child!" whispered the widow to herself; "but God has graciously given him a cheerful heart!"

The snow had fallen as heavily and rapidly in London as in the country. When Joe got out at the street door the streets were nearly blocked up, the omnibuses did not run, the few cabs that appeared came out with all the dignity of a pair of horses; but the most remarkable thing of all was the intense silence of the immense city.—Although Kensington is generally considered a quiet, dignified suburb, yet it has, in our opinion, a more than fair share of noise and bustle; but on the 2d of January it was as though we were stricken with a plague. The only sound in our villas was made by the rough voices of speculative navvies, who kept continually suggest-

ing that we must have the snow cleared—"clear your snow! clear your snow!"—terrifying the servants by information conveyed down the areas that if we did not "clear our snow, we'd be had up and punished,—worse than not sweeping chimneys regular it was."

Boys crept about with shovels and brooms, but were kept in awe by the navvies, who monopolized the trade.

Little Joe was somewhat perplexed, after his determination to go out as a "snow-boy," by the fact that he had neither shovel nor broom.

After a little consideration, heedless of snow-drift or snow-shower, he took his way to the baker's, and entered the shop hopeful.

"Drat those boys," said the baker's wife, "they never give nor take rest! What do you want now?"

"Please ma'am, if I had a broom and a shovel I could earn something for my mother by clearing away snow."

"Well!"

"I thought the good gentleman here, who was so kind to me yesterday, might lend them to me. Mother and I had a beautiful tea last night—thank you, ma'am; but we have very little of anything for to-day."

The baker entered the shop before his wife had time to answer.

"A shovel and a broom, is it?" said the jolly baker. "And because I was kind to you yesterday, you expect me to be kind to you to-day?"

"Hope, sir, not quite expect."

"Oh! oh!" said the baker, "chops words does it? And if I lend them, how do I know you would return them?"

"I would promise you, sir; mother knows I never told a lie in my life; you might go to mother and ask her."

The baker lent the child what he requested; at five o'clock he had not returned.

"I told you so," said the baker's wife.

"Yes, my dear; but as you did not believe what you said yourself, how could you expect me to believe you? The child has an honest face; has, I am sure, been well brought up; and, moreover, is very like poor Liddy Boyd."

"She was a fool," said the baker's wife.

"Because she married the man she loved? Did not you do the same?"

"I did not marry a scamp," answered the baker's wife; and though she was dust-

ing the counter with her apron, she looked proudly at her husband at the same time.

"Here comes our little snow-boy," said the baker, as Joe, weary and foot-sore, but smiling went past the window.

"Here's your shovel and broom," said the little fellow, "and many thanks, sir; and, please, I want a two-penny loaf, and here are the coppers,—I made tenpence halfpenny: and at one house the lady, besides the money, gave me this tract, and a great bun."

"Which you ate?" said the baker's wife.

"O no!" he exclaimed; "I kept it for mother."

"What is your mother's name?" inquired the baker.

"Mrs. Lloyd, sir."

"Mrs. Lloyd?" he repeated. "Liddy Lloyd?"

"I don't know, sir, as to the Liddy, I never heard her called anything but Mrs. Lloyd. I call her mother."

"Was her name Boyd before she married?"

"It might be, sir; she has a brother, I know,—Uncle Boyd."

"Does he not take care of her?"

No, sir; he's very hard, sir, I know, to mother; and she prays so much for him, double to what she does for me. Good night, sir, and mistress!" He paused, and then asked, "If it was to snow again to-night, sir, would you please lend me them things again?"

"I'll tell you as we go along," answered the baker. "I shall go with you to see your mother."

Joe was very glad when the baker enclosed his solitary cold hand in his large warm one; and when the child said he must stop and inquire at the coal-shed about coal, his friend only laughed and astonished him, by the rapidity and the magnitude of his purchases,—hot soup and meat from a cookshop, tea, sugar, three large candles, and a hundred of coal, and all for Joe's mother! At last the child burst into tears.

"What is the matter now, little snow-boy?" inquired the baker.

"Nothing, sir; only mother will have all she wants without my help!"

"No, my child; it is all through you that she will receive this little help from an old friend. If you had not practised self-help, and loved your mother, you

would not have enlisted my sympathy and had my help."

"Mother was afraid of the snow," said little Joe, "but I told her it came for good."

"Did you ever hear this, little snow-boy," inquired the baker—"That all things work together for good to those who love the Lord?"

"Yes, sir; mother has said it, though she's so dull at times. This is the house, but I think you are too broad across the shoulders to get up the top stairs."

For an instant the baker doubted, and looked inquiringly at the child; could it be that he had made up a story about his mother? But Joe added, "You can get up sideways, sir, as the landlady does when she comes for rent."

I think we all know by this time what a kind heart the baker had, and can believe that he felt very sad when he saw the once pretty and bright village girl a faded, worn-out woman!

"Joe should not have brought you here, Mr. Glascote," she said, drawing a threadbare blanket around her. "I do not want to intrude my poverty on any one!"

"Mother!" interrupted Joe, the gentleman's very kind, but we have money of our own, mother. I earned twopence half-penny as a snow-boy; did I not tell you the snow came for good?"

"God sends poverty as well as riches," observed her visitor, "and if we knew all, one is often as great a blessing as the other; your life fell among hard lines, but that will make you the happier, perhaps, by and by. At all events, among all your trials" (the baker laid his hand on Joe's head as he spoke,) "he gave an angel to your bosom."

"That's true," said the widow; "but see how greatly even my poor child has been maimed and afflicted!"

"Losing my arm!" exclaimed little Joe. "Why, mother, that's a blessing! I'll have the one-armed boy for my door," said one lady, and she gave me twopence; and when the other lads said they'd do it quicker, she repeated, 'Slow and sure.' A great big navy, who at first pushed me off the pavement, when he saw I had but one arm, patted me on the back till I shook again, and said I was a brave little man, and he would let me sweep where I liked; he spoke as if the street belonged to him. Mother, my half arm gets me smiles and

kind words and friends; I was right about the snow, mother, I was right about the snow!"

It is wonderful what great good may be done by a little thought, and a little time well laid out.

The kind baker found his way to Mr. Boyd's farm, and in a very few days afterwards the farmer's widowed sister and her little Joe were beneath the shelter of his roof. Mary's mother had been dead two years, and Mr. Boyd's sister is considered even by Tom to be a comfort in the house; and Joe,—even now Joe can do with his one arm what Tom, with his two, I am sorry to say, is never likely to accomplish; he can write his uncle's letters, and cast up his uncle's bills; and what is better, he is bright and cheerful and grateful. His uncle says the little "snow-boy" could find strawberries in a bed of nettles!

[N. E. Farmer

Christ's Children.

Shades of night are creeping, creeping,

Dark and darker grows the day,

Little forms are robed for sleeping,

Little hands are raised to pray—

Jesus, Thou who watch art keeping,

Listen what the children say:

"We are little children, Jesus,

By Thy footstool bending low.

And we know Thy goodness sees us

While we think, and speak, and go—

In the schoolroom, in the wildwood,

In our troubles, in our glee,

Thou who knew'st an earthly childhood,

Let the children follow Thee!

We are little travelers, Saviour,

And the world is wide and long,

Very weak is our behavior,

But Thine arm is kind and strong.

Hold our tender feet from falling.

Keep our spirits free from sin,

From Thy fold in heaven calling,

Take Thy little travelers in!

We are little Christians, Father,

Little soldiers of the Lamb,

And around Thy cross we gather,

Battling for Thy precious name!

Help us, Father, Saviour, Jesus,

Fight our sins and weakness down,

Till the love of Christ release us

From Earth's cross to Heaven's crown."

So, as shades of night come creeping,
And as darker grows the day,
While they kneel before their sleeping,
Feeble words in faith to say;
All Thy little children keeping,
Jesus, hear them when they pray!

Make the Best of It.

"Oh, George, just look here! The old gray cat has jumped through the window, and broken cousin Alice's beautiful rose geranium. Oh, isn't it too bad! How angry Alice will be!"

"It is really too bad; but you see if Alice does not try to make the best of it."

Pretty soon Alice entered the room.

"Ah! who has done this?" she exclaimed.

"That ugly old cat broke it, cousin Alice; I saw her myself."

"Poor puss, she did not know what mischief she was doing. We must try and make the best of it."

"I don't think there is much *best* to this, Alice."

"Oh, yes; it is not nearly as bad as it might have been. The fine stalk is not injured, and it will soon send forth shoots. This large broken branch will be lovely in bouquets. Let us arrange a little one for mother's room. Mother will admire it; she loves flowers so much."

"I think you have found the bright side, Alice, though I am sure I never should. I almost wanted the old cat killed."

"Never be angry at a poor unreasoning animal. Cultivate a more noble, elevated disposition, and learn to control yourself even in the smallest matters that might disturb the quiet of your mind. It is only by such self-control that you can ever arrive at true womanhood. Look for the bright side of your disappointments and troubles. By such a course you will make for yourself a welcome everywhere, and your own happiness will be increased a thousandfold."

To-Day.

Lo, here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of eternity this new day is born:
Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforesime no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1871.

No. 7.

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For the Hospital Review.

IN MEMORIAM.

Alice Cary.

I.

When the sweetest singer is silent,
The sweetest singer of all,
Ah! who shall take up the broken strain,
The lyre her hand let fall?
When the bravest lips and the truest,
Give over their melody,
Whose hand will finish the song for us,
And who the minstrel be?

II.

The lilies they brought her, do offer
Their worship of rare, white bloom,
And the flowers she loved, forever yield
Their tenderest perfume.
But there's something dearer than lilies,
The holy incense of love!
For hearts, like flowers, when deepest crushed,
Their sweetest fragrance prove!

III.

Lo, the fires of life burn the brightest,
In the frailest lamps of all!
Life listened long at its prison bars,
To hear the Master call.
But the hearts that her song has brightened,
Are shadowed with mute, still pain;
They may listen and wait forever—
It will not come again!

[BERTHA SIBLEY SCRANTON.

A Lively Letter.

MENDELSSOHN'S ACCOUNT OF A VISIT
TO VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

The following interesting letter by Mendelssohn has just been published by his son in a German periodical, and an English paper "wonders how many more of these charming effusions are lying concealed:"

Frankfort, July 19, 1842.—*My Dearest Little Mother.*—I must tell you a little more about London and of the days after our trip to Manchester. I could not make up my mind to go to Dublin because of the twelve hours' sea journey, the thought of which crushed all my ideas. We spent two peaceful days in Manchester with the uncles and aunts, but as soon as we got back to London the whirl began again. I shall tell you all about it verbally—how disgracefully Cecile carried on with Sir Edward Bulwer, and how old Rogers (Sam Rogers, you know,) squeezed her hand and begged her to bring up her children to be as charming as herself, and to speak English as well (this made a sensation,) and how Mr. Roebuck came in (ask Dirichlet who he is,) and how we played charades at the Beneckes', and Klingemann acted a West Indian planter and Sir Wal-

ter Scott, and how the Directors of the Philharmonic gave me a fish dinner at Greenwich with whitebait and speeches, and how they sang my Antigone music, at the Moscheles' (I must imitate that on the piano for your benefit—I see Rebecca laughing already; but why does she never write?)—and how I waited for Herr von Massow at the Brunswick Hotel, and spoke to Herr Abeken at the Bunsens', and how we had a great dinner at the Bunsens'—all this I shall describe minutely when I see you; but I must at once tell you all the details of my last visit at Buckingham Palace. I know how it will amuse you, dear mother, and me too.

* * * Joking apart, Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday at two o'clock, so that I might try his organ before I left England; I found him alone, and as we were talking away, the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, and then suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "But goodness, what a confusion!" for the wind had littered the whole room and even the pedals of the organ (which, by the way made a very pretty feature in the room,) with leaves of music from a large portfolio that lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up the music; Prince Albert helped, and I too was not idle. Then Prince Albert proceeded to explain the stops to me, and she said that she would meanwhile put things straight. I begged that the Prince would first play me something, so that, as I said, I might boast about it in Germany; and he played a Chorale, by heart, with the pedals, so charmingly and clearly and correctly that it would have done credit to any professional, and the Queen, having finished her work, came and sat by him and listened and looked pleased.

Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from "St. Paul"—"How lovely are the messengers." Before I got to the end of the first verse they both joined in the chorus, and all the time Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute, at the forte the great organ, at the D major part the whole, then he made a lovely diminuendo with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart—that I was really quite enchanted. Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting; and the

Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. "You should sing one to him," said Prince Albert; and after a little begging, she said she would try the "Frühlingslied" in B flat—"If it is still there," she added, "for all my music is packed up for Claremont."

Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed. "But one might perhaps unpack it," said I. "We must send for Lady —," she said. (I did not catch the name.) So the bell was rung, and the servants were sent after it, but without success; and at last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone Prince Albert said to me, "She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance," and gave me a little case with a beautiful ring, on which is engraved "V. R., 1842." Then the Queen came back and said, "Lady — is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It is really most annoying. (You can't think how that amused me.) I then begged that I might not be made to suffer for the accident, and hoped she would sing another song. After some consultation with her husband, he said, "She will sing you something of Gluck's."

Meantime the Princess of Gotha had come in, and we five proceeded through the various corridors and rooms to the Queen's sitting room, where there was a gigantic rocking-horse standing near the sofa, and two big bird cages, and pictures on the walls, and splendidly bound books on the table, and music on the piano. The Duchess of Kent came in too, and while they were all talking, I rumaged about among the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her to sing one of those rather than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose?—"Schoner und schoener schmückt sich!" sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Only in the line "*Der Prosa Lasten und Muh,*" where it goes down to D, and then comes up again chromatically, she sang D sharp each time, and as I gave her the note both times, the last time she sang D, and there it ought to have been D sharp. But with the exception of this little mistake it was really charming, and the last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural from any amateur. Then I was obliged to

confess that Fanny had written the song (which I found very hard, but pride must have a fall) and beg her to sing one of my own also.

After this, Prince Albert sang the Aerdte-lied, "*Es ist ein Schitter*," and then said I must play him something before I went, and gave me as themes the chorale which he had played on the organ and the song he had just sung. If everything had gone as usual, I ought to have improvised most dreadfully badly, for it is almost always like that with me when I want it to go well, and then I should have gone away vexed with the whole morning. But, just as if I was to keep nothing but the pleasantest, most charming recollection of it, I never improvised better; I was in the best mood for it, and played a long time, and enjoyed it myself so that besides the two themes I brought in the two songs that the Queen had sung, naturally enough; and it all went off so easily that I would gladly not have stopped; and they followed me with so much intelligence and attention that I felt more at my ease than I ever did in improvising to an audience.—She said several times she hoped I would soon come to England again and pay them a visit, and then I took leave, and down below I saw the beautiful carriages waiting, with their scarlet outriders, and in a quarter of an hour the flag was lowered.

* * * I must add that I begged the Queen to allow me to dedicate my A minor symphony to her, as that had really been the inducement to my journey, and because the English name on the Scotch piece would look doubly well. Also, I forgot to tell you how just as she was going to begin to sing she said, "But the parrot must go first, or he will screech louder than I shall sing." Upon which Prince Albert rang the bell, and the Prince of Gotha said he would carry it out, and I said, "Allow me," and carried the great cage out, to the astonishment of the servants. There is plenty more to say when we meet; but if Dirichlet goes and thinks me a little aristocrat because of these long details, I swear I am more radical than ever, and call to witness Grote, Roebuck, and you, my dear little mother, who will be as much amused by all these details as I am myself.

Artemas Ward said that he thought it rather improved uoomic paper to print a joke now and then.

The Doorstep.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

The Conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm,
Along a kind of Lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming
By hood and tippet sheltered, sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O, sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me all alone,—
'Twas love, and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the door-step still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly over head,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O, listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

John Cutts' Secret.

"Is Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman, who having knocked at a door, was saluted by a woman from an upper window with, "Well, what's wantin' now?"

"Yes, he's in or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; "but I'm Mr. Cutts when any business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts eatin' and drinkin'; sleepin' sometimes."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still farther out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see himself," was the reply.

"Is it raal business, for pay, or only a favor you want; I can let your hoss have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why I can do anything for you that he could; and a good deal more! I take the money and write the receipts, and pay the men, and I take off the produce! I am as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horse flesh."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face, solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for meat once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look-a-here, mister, maybe you do not know the circumstances of the case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts, he hain't no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more! What's your business on my place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and to talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chair and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? 'Cause there ain't a living thing the matter with Cutts. He's the wellest man in the town, and so be I," said this "woman for the times."

"No, my good woman, I'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be

in soon? Send that boy to find him!" said the stranger.

The boy looked up in the mother's face—but he knew his own interest too well to well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister, I suppose, by your black clothes. I may as well tell you and save you time, that we don't go to meeting, and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave no tracts for nothing—for I've got a big dairy and hain't no time to idle away readin', and I keep him about so early and late, that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest!"

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish I was though, for your sake," said the gentleman. "Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye, but it gave no marching orders.

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him; you're a schoolmaster, huntin' up a district school, and you think he's a committeeman; but he ain't, this year."

"Ma'am Cutts," as the neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, now, mister," she said, "I can read a body right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell you by your everlastin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We hadn't got no quarrels; don't want no deeds drawn or wills made; so if you're huntin' a job of my husband, you may as well onhitch your horse and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself, what it is, and must tell him in confidence alone. If he chooses he may break it to you the best way he can."

"O, my goodness sake alive! Brother Lif's blowed up in the Mississippi boat, I bet! O, la me, the poor fellow! He left a little something, didn't he?"

"I never heard of him, and nobody's 'blowed up,' that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"I—now I know! You're the man what wants to go to Congress, ha, and have come here huntin' after votes. He

shall not vote for you! I hate politicians, especially them that go agin women, and thinks they were made to drudge, and nothin' else! I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scripture says, 'there isn't neither man or woman, but all's one in politics.' I believe the day is comin' when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to women, afore you can get the big places and high pay that's eatin' us up with taxes! You can't see my husband! We are goin' to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I don't know what you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went toward Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potatoe patch into the land.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sun-bonnet, to follow them; but, by the time she got to the bars, her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong-minded woman shouted after her husband, "You'd better come back, I tell you!" But the wind was the wrong way, and carried her words into the potatoe patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and hain't an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you needn't reply to my question, unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I'm laying fence on the Brisley place, that I have just bought, and I was directed to inquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said, 'Cutts can tell you, if his wife will let him; but she won't. She'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive you wherever you go to order them.'"

"I told them I would see you and ask you only; and the fellows bet on it. They

are to give you ten dollars, and two or three widows in town a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's "standing" too well to feel very sensitive, and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts, and keep dark, for the jokes sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to night; I don't own it," replied the good-natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to the place and see to settling the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and that easy good nature of yours will ruin your family. Baffle that spirit to day, and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your house and family."

"It's rather late to begin," said Cutts, shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast.

"You see the purse is hers," he added, "and that has been a crueller fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good will and the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy wasn't sharp enough. Madam Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up and went after him.

All the way home, and far into the night, she used her eloquence, both in pleadings and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of that hateful town nabob that had come into the country to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a "dumb spirit" for the night, and no measure could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out and went to sleep; but at break of day she began. He then ventured to say, "As soon

as breakfast is over, I'll break the news to you."

You'll never eat a morsel in my house, I can tell you," cried Xantippe, "till you have told me what the man wanted of you!

"Then you'll wait a long time to hear it," said Cutts, "for I have vowed I'd never tell, till I had first eaten my breakfast, and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door, to no one in particular, "Come."

But Cutts didn't come. After a while, she went out to the barn and found him seated on an up turned half-bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you! Your breakfast is poolin'; do come in."

It was a point gained.

Cutts went in, as requested, and ate his breakfast. When that was over, ma'am settled herself back in her chair, with her face full of eager expectation, and said:

"Now begin. What did that are man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up; "and that was all."

If an arrow had struck Madame Cutts, she could not have manifested more surprise and shame.

"I am the laughing stock of this town," added Cutts, "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I'm henceforth head of my family, and unless this house is made mine I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I will live there with the boys, and you will find a civil neighbor."

Madam Cutts' power was broken. Since then the farm has been called "John Cutts' place," and he's the head of the house.

On Lough Neagh's Bank.

FROM IRISH MELODIES OF THOMAS MOORE.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,

When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days

In the waves beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime,

Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;

Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing

Ever made by the Hand above?

A woman's heart and a woman's life—

And a woman's wonderful love?

[thing,

Do you know you have asked for this priceless

As a child might ask for a toy?

Demanding what others have died to win,

With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out—

Man-like have you questioned me,

Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,

Until I shall question thee.

You may require your mutton shall always be hot

Your socks and your shirt be whole;

I require your heart to be true as God's stars,

And pure as his heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,

I require a far greater thing; [shirts,

A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for

I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,

And a man that the maker, God,

Shall look upon as he did on the first,

And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade

From my soft young cheek one day—

Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,

As you did 'mong the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep

I may launch my all on its tide?

A loving woman finds heaven or hell,

On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,

All things that a man should be;

If you give this all, I would stake my life

To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook

You can hire, and a little to pay;

But a woman's heart and a woman's life,

Are not to be won that way.

PERHAPS SO.—"The fact is," said an elderly wife, "a man does not know how to straighten up things. I don't wonder" she remarked in conclusion, "that when God made Adam he went right to work and made a woman to tell him what to do."

The Traveler in the Snow.

A traveler was crossing a mountain height alone, over almost untrodden snows. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But with the deepening shade and freezing blast of night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself, in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that, although no stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body, half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveler had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his hands, and chest, and brow, breathing upon the stiff, cold lips, the warm breath of a living soul; pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom.

The effort to save another had brought back to himself life, and warmth, and energy. He was a *man* again; instead of a weak creature succumbing to a despairing helplessness, dropping down in dreamless sleep to die. "He saved a brother, and was saved himself."—*English Hearts and English Hands*.

Book Lending.

Sir Walter Scott once lent a book to a friend, and as he gave it to him, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding good-humoredly, "Although most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-keepers." This jest of Sir Walter's reminds us of some witty verses, entitled "The Art of Book-keeping," from which we give a few stanzas:

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last Winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They pick'd my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;

For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1871.

Visit to the Hospital.

A peculiar feature impressing us on our visits is the number of old men who now find a home at our Hospital. Fine, venerable looking men some of them are—men of respectability, but who, through the changes and vicissitudes of this sad world, find themselves in the feebleness and helplessness of old age, alone and without a home. Our city, it is gratifying to know, has now two Homes, where aged women are tenderly cared for—but, aside from our Hospital, there is, we believe, no comfortable provision for aged men. It is pleasant, then, to look at this one feature alone of our Hospital. This alone would make its mission blessed. There is no sight on earth more pitiful than a feeble, homeless, desolate old man. So dependent upon a woman's hand, to smooth the way of life for him—and upon her little services, for comfort—his condition, deprived of domestic ties and a home, is more abject, more utterly forlorn, than a woman's could be. It is with a feeling of gratitude that we look around in our wards upon their white hairs—their bowed forms, and see how comfortable, how nicely cared for they are here. We do not know as they have a legitimate place here. We believe there is something in our rules against receiving incurables—and we have no authority in what we say, yet, nevertheless, we feel to say—let these old men come and stay, and bid them welcome.

But this is only a small part of our Hos-

pital work. O the sick, the wounded, the suffering, of every name—what numbers have found relief here! What numbers have gone from us to testify of the blessing our Institution has been to them and to others! And now, with our New Wing nearing its completion, we look forward with eagerness to the larger opportunities—the wider fields it will open to us of benefiting those who suffer. It is authentically recorded, that the first Hospital that ever existed, was founded by a Christian woman. It was an outgrowth of Christian love and Christian teaching. Heathen nations and heathen religions have created the beautiful—they developed art and the sciences, to unrivaled perfection—but it is a fact, of which the Christian world may glory, that christianity alone has built Hospitals, Homes for the Friendless, and all our benevolent Institutions. Wherever they lift their fair proportions over our land, they are a monument to Him who died for the world—a silent psalm to His praise. These thoughts impressed themselves upon our hearts as once more we found our way through the familiar wards, finding weariness and suffering everywhere, but soothed and softened by gentle care. There were few changes since our last visit. Our good nurse, Mrs. W., is now confined to her bed with lameness—but it is hoped she will soon be better.

Rags!

Our appeals have been heard. We are, for once, comforted and encouraged, and feel that all our labor is not in vain. Our cry for rags, which we sent forth, did not fall in stony places. Rags have poured in upon us from every side, until we have been almost ready, for once in our lives, to cry enough. O, such rejoicing at the Hospital—so many rags. But, dear reader, do not diminish your zeal in this good cause. We have an abundance just now, it is true, and yet we hardly dare say it. We shall so soon be out again, unless you

keep saving, keep bringing, keep begging them for us. Don't stop yet!

To Our Little Friends.

Little boys, little girls, have you seen our New Wing? How large it looks, does it not—and have you thought of how much it will take to fit up these large empty wards and rooms, and make them comfortable for the sick? O, so many beds—so many quilts—so many pillows—so many things, we cannot begin even to name them. Now, what are the little boys going to contrive, and what are the little girls going to do, to help us? The fathers and mothers too, one word to them. What are they going to do?

A GREAT WANT.—There is a great want in the Hospital just now for second hand clothing, for both men and women.

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.

Correspondence.

A Word from a Patient.

I have been blind in both eyes for more than two years, and had to be led by some one. I heard of Dr. Rider, and went to his office, No. 82 State street, Rochester, and he told me to go to the City Hospital, and he would operate on my eyes. He operated on my right eye first, in August, 1869, and it got well; and in November, 1870, my left eye was cured by remaining only two weeks in the Hospital under his care. I would like to let the public know the benefit and kindness I received in the City Hospital.

MARY PRINGLE.

Penfield.

Died.

In the City Hospital, Jan. 15, 1871, Carrie E. Sutton, aged 27 years.

In the City Hospital, February 3d, 1871, Francis Brown, aged 52 years.

In the City Hospital, February 6th, 1871, John Curran, aged 50 years.

Donations for February.

Mrs. Dr. Little—Children's Clothing.

Mrs. Gildersleeve—Delicacies for the sick.

Mrs. Charles Weaver—Old Cotton, Children's Clothing, and Dried Apples.

The German Ladies—A quantity of old Cotton.

Mr. Ashley—Twelve cans Oysters.

Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Second hand Clothing.

Mrs. C. Dewey—Three Shirts.

Mrs. Ives, Batavia—One barrel Vegetables and old Cotton.

Mrs. Gildersleeve—Eight cups Custard, Oranges and Flowers.

Mrs. Jas. Sargent—Old Cotton and second hand Clothing.

Mrs. Jordan—Old Cotton.

Mrs. Arthur, Churchville—Old Cotton and Lint.

Mrs. Hiram Smith—One barrel Apples.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Miss Jennie Shaw, 62 cents; Miss Mattie Peck, 62 cents; Miss Mary J. Watson, 62 cents—By Miss Mary J. Watson, . . . \$1 86

Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 50 cents; Mrs. O. E. Sibley, Buffalo, 25 cents—By Mrs. M. M. Mathews, . . . 75

Reuben S. Wright, Canoga—By Mrs. Field, 2 75

Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva—By Miss Montgomery, . . . 50

Mrs. John Fry, Charlotte, \$2.50; Mrs. J. Bevins, Mount Read, 50 cents—By Mrs. John Fry, . . . 3 00

Mrs. Vostburgh, Lima—By Mrs. S. Sloan, 1 00

Mrs. H. T. Chittenden, \$1.50; Mrs. Thos. Hawks, \$1.00; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Mogridge, \$1.00; Mrs. Erastus Cash, \$1.00; Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, 50 cents; Mrs. Robert Johnson, \$1.00; Mrs. Paul Goddard, Lima, 50 cts. —By Mrs. Perkins, . . . \$7 62

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. Leary, by Mrs. Mathews, . . . 10 00

John Schlier, . . . 5 00

M. V. Beemer, . . . 5 00

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Superintendent's Report.

1871. Jan. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 99	
Received during month, . . . 31	130
Discharged, . . . 15	
Died, . . . 3	18
Remaining Feb. 15, 1871..	112

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.

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" PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.

" LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

Children's Department.

Truth and Love.

'Tis a little thing to do
To speak the word that's true—
Yet truth is always best,
And he who speaks it, blest.

A smile's a little thing,
Yet never birds that sing
So sweetly grief beguile
As one who gives a smile.

To bear another's load
A moment on the road
Or ease another's need,
Is but a little deed.

To soothe another's pain,
Hoping for naught again,
Is what a child can do,
And find it easy, too.

Yet never once was lost
A word or smile that cost
But just a kindly thought
That gave and counted not.

And fairer than a star,
Such deeds of kindness are—
Brighter than the stars above,
The words of Truth and Love.

From the Advocate and Guardian.

The Last Time.

BY CAROLL.

An old brown house standing on the edge of the prairie. It looked cool and bright enough in summer, with vines clambering all over it, starred with white flowers and gay scarlet bells, or in October when the vines were like flames, and it seemed as if little bits of sunlight had found the old house so lonely, that they took the form of golden leaves and shone on for long days in the misty air.

In winter, however, it looked desolate enough, except in the evening, when the lamp was set in the window, and the shutters fastened back, so that "father" might have a welcome long before he reached the door.

This was the home of John Eliot and his three children, Lucy and Jamie the twins, and Jennie, who was sister and mother and housekeeper all in one. Two years had passed since their mother died, and Jennie though only twelve then, had bravely put away her own grief to comfort and cheer the little ones, and make home as pleasant as she could for them all.

You must not think that she could do this all at once or without help. No! her little Bible was well worn, and opened at some places of itself, and I know that God heard and answered many a prayer for strength and patience and knowledge.

In the summer the children could play out on the prairie all day, and Jennie, when her work was done, would sit in the door with sewing or book watching them, and looking dreamily out across the vast plain, and the place where the sky came down and touched the earth. Behind the house, about two miles distant, lay a western city, that is, a few straggling houses and a vast expanse of ground staked out for future inhabitants, but it was too far for the children to walk, and so the three were not troubled by society. Sometimes Jennie would leave her sewing and play ball or tag with the little ones, for she was not much more than a child herself, and in winter, they would sit by her side in the long evenings, listening to her stories of the time when father first moved there, and how the wolves used to howl under the windows, and painted Indians walk in at the door without knocking, and ask for food and drink.

"Once," said Jennie, "mother was kneading bread with her back to the door, when she heard a queer noise and looked around, and there was a big grey wolf stealing in, and I was sitting up in the cradle talking to him. Mother snatched up the rolling-pin and threw it at his head, and he scampered away as fast as he could. He thought he could poke his nose into the cradle and get me out before mother knew it, but she was too quick for him."

This was their favorite story, and Lucy would creep close to Jennie and hold her hand hard, while Jamie put on a very bold face and said, "I'd like to see a grey wolf come in here now; I'd fix him."

John Eliot was a sober man. He never drank too much, though he was apt when he was hot, or cold, or wet, to take a little. He never does it now. He would swallow poison before he would touch liquor, but he had to be taught a terrible lesson first.

It was the bitter winter of 18—. He had let himself for the winter months as fireman on one of the trains running between the large cities of C. and B., and could only be at home from Saturday until Monday. Jennie was not afraid, her wood and water were handy and all ready to use, the pork barrel was full, and every Saturday her father brought home flour and sugar and other necessities bought with his week's wages.

"It's a terrible night, John," said one of his companions as they reached the way station where they were relieved from duty.

"What a stinger this'll be, an' you've got to walk home! By George! I wouldn't do it."

"I must," said John, shivering, as the blast whirled the snow into his face, "Jennie'd think I was killed if I didn't get home."

"Well, come in and take a hot drink before you go."

"Guess I will," and they went in to the station. The room was warm and a glass of hot rum and water was soon swallowed. Four men were there, unthinking, careless fellows, full of fun and stories.

"Take another glass, John," said one; "don't go just yet," as the wind howled around the little house, and shrieked down the chimney, sending the smoke out into the room in puffs, while snow rattled against the window pane.

"George is going to tell a story, I know by the look of his eye; come, old fellow,

don't be so fidgetty, your little girl won't come to no harm, and it's just throwin' your life away to go now." So John sat down and took another glass while the stories commenced, and jokes and laughter made the time pass rapidly.

"O! what a night," said Jennie, in the old house. "How cold father'll be when he comes."

"I've got a lot of wood in, sister, see how the box is piled," replied Jamie in his clear little voice.

"An' I've put father's coat to the fire, an' his slippers," said Lucy.

"That's nice," returned Jennie, putting a light in each window. "Supper's ready now, I do wish he'd come!" But it grew late and he did not appear.

"You had better eat, children, and go to bed, the train's late, likely," said she, after they had waited until the little eyes were growing sleepy, and the curly heads nodded in spite of themselves.

After they were in bed Jennie took her work, but she was too anxious to sew. She tried to read but could not fix her mind on her book, and when the clock struck eleven, she started up and put on her shawl and hood to go after him.

"Jamie," said she, going to the bedroom and waking him up, "I'm going after father, I'm afraid the cars have run off the track or something; you mustn't be frightened if I don't come back right off. It'll soon be morning, but if Lucy should wake up and have the toothache again put some of these drops on a piece of cotton and give it to her, will you?"

"Yes," said he, sleepily, "I'll 'member it."

Jennie opened the outside door. The wind had gone down, but it was snowing and very cold. "Father is killed," she murmured, "I know he is. O Lord help us, help us," and she walked on as fast as the deep snow would permit, turning round often to look at the lights in the windows. But in one of her turnings she lost them. "Why they are gone out, I must go back," she cried. But how to get back! She was lost! Lost on the prairie in a snow-storm!

The hours rolled on. It ceased to snow. One by one the stars came out and gazed with their bright eyes down at the solemn earth. Silence and sleep brooded over all things until gradually the east grew rosy and dawn followed the darkness.

John Eliot awoke with a start from his heavy sleep at the station-house. He sat up gazing stupidly at his half drunk companions, and tried to remember where he was, and what had happened to him, but memory seemed to fail him, and he staggered to a pail of water and dipped his head several times. Then, without stopping to wake the others, he opened the door and waded out. It was Sunday morning, quiet, Sunday! As he walked along with difficulty, for the snow was deep, he heard the sound of bells, far off, floating softly on the clear air. A sense of shame came over him, and tears stood in his eyes. "I am a brute," he muttered, "but it's the last time."

As he neared the house he saw the lights burning dimly in the windows.

"Poor little Jennie!" said he with a half smile, and a quivering lip, "I'll make the fire before I call her."

This done he went in to the bedroom, but she was not there.

"Jennie!" he called; but no one answered.

"Jennie, I say!" louder.

Jamie slipped out of bed and ran towards him, with his little feet bare.

"Where's Jennie?" asked the father.

"Why," said the little boy, "she, she went after you, she said 'twould soon be morning an' you was killed, an' I must put drops on cotton for Lucy if she had the toothache, an' I don't know where she is," he sobbed, frightened at his father's still, white face. For he knew it all.

They found her in the snow, her hands clasped in prayer, a look of peace on the grave, patient face.

"O my Jennie, my little daughter," sobbed the strong man, "I've killed you, my little, faithful girl."

Do you wonder that he, gray now, and bent with trouble, turns from the intoxicating cup, or that his voice is often raised in warning and entreaty to others.

A native Boston youth accosted a boy of African descent, a few days since, and inquired of the sable lad why he had such a short nose. He replied, "I 'spects so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

Pussy's Lesson.

"Here is the milk, in my own pretty cup,
Pussy cat, pussy cat, drink it all up!
Why do you put up your head like that?
Don't be so eager, you greedy old cat!

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what are you about?
I couldn't drink with my tongue hanging out!
Listen—I speak in mamma's grave tone—
Drink like a lady, or leave it alone.

"I knew, little, Puss, if I put down the cup,
Like a vulgar old cat, you would lap it all up;
Come, be a sweet pussy, and do as I say,
And drink up the milk in a lady-like way."

Miscellaneous.

The Professor in Shafts.

In the fifth chapter of the Rev. Elijah Kellogg's college story, now in course of publication as a serial in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, appears the following amusing narrative:

"A singular illustration of the extent to which theory often fails in practice was furnished by a venerated professor—a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text books in many of our institutions—and occurred within the compass of our own experience.

"He went to Bethel; on his return he spent the Sabbath at Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke both thills. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home. When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together and started. All went well till they came to the first long steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick; on its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said, 'Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent; take the horse out; I will get into the shafts.'

"Professor," replied Chandler, 'the breeching is strong, and so is the arm-girth.'

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler—it is too

much for the horse. Besides, being stronger, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and manage it much better than the horse.'

"If the horse can't hold it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a life-time.

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business—which is handling a load on a hill—better than all the professors in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer, who confides in me, to take care of his property; if you will take the business out of my hands, and be horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences.'

"The Professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the lappel of his coat with his right hand.

"I," he replied, with a most emphatic twitch, 'assume all responsibility.'

"The driver, in reality nothing loth to witness the operation, took out the horse and held him by the bridle; and the Professor getting into the shafts took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill and the hinder one a little over the summit when the Professor trod upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward and increased the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk faster than he desired and exchange the slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back and feet well braced, which he had at first adopted—for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a run; the carriages going at a fearful rate. At the bottom of the hill was a brook; on either side precipitous banks. The Professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both of them short off; the lashings of the hinder one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender, and both vehicles turned over down hill with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola—one of his favorite figures—and landing some rods away. He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man; knees skinned, pantaloons torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake under-

neath the hind carriage; and looking round, he exclaimed, 'Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum? It was prodigious!'

"I don't know anything about momentum," replied Chandler, 'but I know something about horses. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill, whether a horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds.'

"It cost the Professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horse-power he represented."

TRANSLATING.—It is not surprising that foreigners occasionally fail to catch all the delicate shades of meaning belonging to our words, and some of their mistakes are laughable. Of such a character was the remark of a Frenchman who, finding that "foment" meant to work, said "he loved to foment in the garden;" and of another who asked at a lawyer's office for a "shall," meaning a will. Still another said, "I love de horse, de sheep, de dog, de cat, in short, everything that is beastly." Shakespeare's line "Out, out, brief candle," was translated literally by a Parisian author, "Get out, you short candle." And the expression, "With my sword, I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword, I will make my fortune cutting meat," one of the meanings of carve being "to cut meat."

A Wise Answer.

"An Eastern Prince demanded to know, from two of his wisest counselors, how he might make his people most happy; and allowed them two months to prepare their reply. At the required time, the two wise men stood before their master,—the one bending beneath a great roll of papyrus-leaves containing two hundred written rules, the other walking empty handed.

"The reading of the two hundred rules sadly wearied the prince; who then called upon the other counselor to produce his reply, which was given in two words,—'Love God!'

"How!" said the prince. 'Did I not require to know how I might render my people most happy? and thou only directest me to love God.'

"True," r

man; 'but

thou canst not love God without loving thy people also.' "

Says the renowned Josh Billings: "Pity is about the meanest wash that one man can offer another. I had rather have a ten-dollar greenback that had been torn in two twice and pasted together than tew hav all the pity there iz on the upper side of the earth. Pity is nothing more than a quiet satisfacsun that I am a great deal better off than you am, and that I intend to keep so."

Hood describes the meeting of a man and a lion, "when the man ran off with all his might, and the lion with all his mane."

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Fanny and Ella Colburn, Rochester,
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Mary Lane, "
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INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1871.

No. 8.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Lorraine—1871.

I.

Sweetly the June-time twilights wane
Over the hills of fair Lorraine;

Sweetly the mellow moonbeams fall
O'er rose-wreathed cottage and ivied wall.

But never dawned a brighter eve
Than the holy night of St. Genevieve,

And never moonlight fairer fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle.

Richly the silver splendor shines,
Spangles with shapens the clustered vines,

And rests, in benediction fair,
On midnight tresses and golden hair.

Golden hair and midnight tress
Mingle in tender lovingness,

While the evening breezes breathe upon
Marie and Jean—and their hearts are one!

The spell of silence lifts at last—
"Marie, the saint's sweet day is past!

"Her vesper-chimes have died away,
Where shall we be on New Year's day?"

With answering throb, heart thrilled to heart,
Hand met hand with sudden start.

For in each soul shone the blessed thought,
The vision fair of a little cot

Nestled beneath the lilac spray,
Waiting the blissful bridal-day.

Low bowed in tearful silence there,
Their hearts rose up in solemn prayer;

And still the mellow lustre fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle,

And still the moonlight shone upon
Marie and Jean—and their hearts were one!

II.

Six red moons have rolled away,
And the sun is shining on New Year's day.

Over the hills of fair Lorraine,
Heaps of ashes and rows of slain!

Where merrily rang the light guitar,
The angry trump of the red hussar

Flings on the midnight's shrinking breath
The direful notes of the dance of Death!

Underneath the clustered vines
The sentry's glittering sabre shines;

Over the banks of the blue Moselle,
Rain of rocket and storm of shell!

Where to-day is the forehead fair,
Crowned with masses of midnight hair?

A summer's twilight saw him fall
Dead on Verdun's leaguered wall.

Where, alas! is the little cot?
Ask the blackened walls of Gravelotte.

Under the lilac broods alone,
A maid whose heart is turned to stone;

Who sits, with folded fingers, dumb,
And meekly prays that her time may come:

Yet see! the Death-god's baleful stare,
And War's black eagle screams afar;

And lo! the New Year's shadows wane
Over the hills of sad Lorraine.

From the New York Observer.

Flower and Fruit of Love.

I am to tell you to-day, one of the most beautiful stories you ever read. Had you met with it in a work of fiction, you would have said, "How absurd! Such things never happen in this matter-of-fact world, where every one lives for himself, and it is foolish to put them into novels!"

It has long been with me a matter of faith that whatsoever we ask for in the New York *Observer*, comes. If a poor missionary in the Northwest, walking many weary miles every week, from one settlement to another, needs a horse, and we ask for one in his behalf, he is sure to get it, and much more besides. If a Southern minister's widow needs aid to meet the pressing calls of rent and food; as soon as her case is made known in these pages, the money comes. So it has been these many years, and will be, because we never mention a case that is of doubtful duty, and our friends know that the help sent here will go, not diminished, but increased, to the very lap and bosom of the needy and deserving. We have proved them a hundred times, and never found them wanting.

But our faith was put to a severe test a few months ago. A friend well known to one of my associates, brought to his notice an interesting case, but the request was so great, so far beyond the ordinary appeals for charity, that we were staggered, and at first were quite unwilling to put it before our readers. If it had been a petition for money to build a Church, or to found a Hospital, we could have asked, believing. But it was something more than this; it was a request that some one would, for

Christ's sake, convert his own home into a hospital, and receive into his family a helpless invalid stranger as a permanent inmate! Was anything ever asked for so unlikely to be obtained? But after much thoughtful consideration and inquiry, to be certain of the facts and the real merit of the case, we wrote a few lines like these, and printed them in the *Observer*:

"A young lady who was tenderly reared, and on the death of all who were able to aid in her support, was sustaining herself by teaching, has been prostrated by failure of health, and is now totally dependent on the kindness of strangers. There is no public institution provided for such invalids, and it may be that some Christian heart may be found willing to furnish the helpless sufferer the comforts of a home."

We offered to take charge of any money contributed for her relief, or to put any one desiring to receive her into communication with the invalid. Several persons sent money, and it was promptly applied for the supply of present wants. At last came one, and a second and third letter, no less than three, proposing, if all things were as they had been represented, to welcome the sick stranger into the bosom of a Christian home.

The blessed Jesus, in His recital of the tokens of love he received from them who were his own, said, "I was sick, and ye visited me." But this was far more than Jesus received. His friends *went to see him* when he was sick; they did not take him home and nurse him with a mother's love and care!

One of these loving friends, who would do unto one of the least of Christ's little ones, as they would do unto Him, was put into correspondence with those who had brought the case to our notice, and after all the necessary arrangements, the invalid was, by easy stages on the railroad, taken to the distant city where her kind benefactors reside. At the depot, she and her friend were met by the gentleman, with his elegant carriage and horses. He received her with great cordiality, tenderly cared for her comfort, and then conveyed her to his house in the immediate vicinity of the city. It was a mansion in the midst of wooded grounds, and having every appearance of wealth and repose. The gentleman and his wife, both beyond middle age, and with no other family, gave her a parental welcome to their house, and the lady con-

ducted the weary sufferer to the chamber designed for her rest and enjoyment. It was comfort itself. Whatever taste, refinement and love could suggest in advance, to make a room inviting, had been provided. A fire glowed on the hearth. Flowers smiled a welcome on the toilet table. Books and pictures and little objects of *vertu*, spoke of exquisite culture. And when the invalid was refreshed with rest, the gentle lady told her that all her fears had vanished, and she was assured that she and her husband would find joy and peace in their guest, who should be to them as a daughter and friend.

She has been there now more than a month, and all parties, the benevolent couple and their invalid guest, are happy in each other's love.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep." It is thus the Lord provides. But it is not so much God's goodness that I wonder at and admire, in this incident, as that in His children there dwells a spirit so much like that of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. It is no great thing for us, if we have the means, to give of our abundance to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; or to build asylums for the sick and poor. We can pay other people to do good for us, and that is charity in us, for the money is greatly needed, and we make the widows and orphans to sing for joy when we give freely. But that is quite another thing from taking into your own peaceful home, where your time and ways are all your own, and peculiar at that—a sick girl to be tended, and nursed and put up with, day after day, and night after night, and month on month; all your habits and plans broken up, and another's home begun in the midst of your own. The most of us would give a great deal of money before we would open our heart and house to a stranger, and a sick stranger, to live and die with us. But it is beautiful. It is very like Him who was rich, and for our sakes became poor; who saw us strangers, exiles, lost, and provided chambers for us in His Father's house, and will take us there that we may be with Him in glory. The kind, loving, Christian friends who have done this for a poor stranger, will never have their names sung in praise; they have not done it to be known of men; they will minister in secret to the wants of their feeble charge, do all cheerfully for Christ's sake, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of

the least of these, ye have done it unto me." The evening of their days will be hallowed and perhaps brightened by the presence of the child Jesus, in the person of the stranger whom they have taken in. She may live and recover health and be the light of their dwelling, and by-and-by minister with grateful tenderness to their wants in age and sickness. She may be an angel of mercy at their side when the night of death closes in upon them. But living or dying, she and they are the Lord's.

And is it not one of the sweetest stories you ever read!

Each and All.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm;
Far-herd, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon,
Stops his horse and lists with delight,
While he flies around yon Alpine height;
Ner knowest thou what argument,
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough
I brought him home, in his nest, at even,
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave,
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the howling of the savage sea,
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fished my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things,
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar,

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she staid;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow white choir.
At last she came to the hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodland to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth,
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and fire;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground,
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Eugenie's Political Opinions—Her Devotion to France.

The *New York World* of February 1st, contains an interesting account of an interview with Rev. Peter T. O'Connell, a Catholic clergyman now on a visit to the United States, who was the parish priest of Chiselmhurst, in Kent, England, where the Empress Eugenie has lived in retirement since her departure from France. Father O'Connell had the opportunity of frequently meeting the Empress in his line of duty, and his opinions, formed from these interviews, are quite interesting. The Empress impressed him as a woman of extraordinary intellectual power, possessing high mental gifts; in addition to which, her tact is very remarkable. She always met with the most profound and deferential sympathy—all classes, Protestant and Catholic alike, uniting in their silent expression of respect. Her Majesty was much touched with the sympathy shown her.

We continue the narrative, as given by the reporter of his conversation with the reverend father touching upon the Empress' views on political affairs. The love for France is the same as that expressed to our London correspondent in the account of his recent interview with this distinguished lady.

THE HOUSE OF NAPOLEON.

"Was the Empress anxious for the restoration of her son?"

"That I cannot say; it would be but natural if she were. But this I know, that uppermost in her thoughts was the welfare of France. 'Poor France,' as she

touchingly spoke of it. She was all for its honor and for its happiness."

THE ENEMIES OF EUGENIE.

"What did she think of the Prussians?"

"Well they were the enemies of France, and, as she said often, 'The friends of France were her friends; they were hostile to her who were hostile to France.'"

"Then she would have made no arrangements with them in the interest of her family?"

"I am certain she would not. She was all for France. The sufferings of the French were her sufferings."

EAGER FOR NEWS.

"I suppose she eagerly watched the ebb and flow of the war-tide."

"Yes, she was eager for news. She read everything that gave news. The *Observer*, I suppose you know, is the chief Sunday paper in London. It was strongly German; and once I made a remark to that effect in giving it to her, but she said it made no matter, she wanted to read both sides."

WAR TO THE BITTER END.

"Did her hopes revive after the minor victories of Faidherbe and De Paladines?"

"That is hard to say, but it was her strong opinion that France should fight to the very last. I once ventured to remark to her that it might be better policy for France not to prolong the war. She answered quite warmly, 'As a French woman I could never think of such a thing as that. I should always counsel them to fight on so long as honor demanded. Even as a matter of policy, the more victorious they are, the better terms they can make.'"

"She was, then, no partisan?"

"That she was not; she was loyally and truly a French woman, loving France with the strongest attachment. She did not care which party was uppermost, so that France was victorious."

"I presume you would not care to say what she thought of Bazaine, Trochu, Gambetta and other individuals in France?"

"Certainly not; whatever I know of her opinion of individuals must not be published."

"NOT ONE INCH OF FRENCH SOIL."

"Would she have consented to the session of Alsace and Lorraine?"

"She would not have relinquished a foot of French' territory while there was a sword in France or an arm to wield it."

A Great Secret.

My friend, here's a secret
By which you may thrive;
I am fifty years old,
And my wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties,
The wedding-guests said,
When we went to the church
With the priest and were wed.

That's thirty long years past;
And I can avow,
She was no more a beauty
To me, then, than now!

For never the scath of a
Petulant frown
Has plowed with its furrows
Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
Her praises I speak,
Her heart fairly blushes
Itself through her cheek.

Her smile is more tender
For being less bright;
And the little bit powder
That makes her hair white.

And all the soft patience
That shows through her face,
In my eyes, are only
Like grace upon grace.

For still we are lovers,
As I am alive,
Though I, sir, am fifty,
And she's forty-five!

And here's half the secret
I meant to unfold,
She don't know, my friend,
Not the least, how to scold!

Nor does she get pettish,
Nor sulk to a pout,
So, since we fell in love,
We never fell out!

And here's the full secret
That saves us from strife;
I kept her a sweetheart,
In making her wife!

And if you but wed on
My pattern, you'll thrive,
For I, sir, am fifty,
My wife, forty-five!
[Alice Cary, in Appleton's Journal.]

Home of Charlotte Bronte.

VISIT TO HAWORTH BY AN AMERICAN.

From advance sheets of Prof. Hopkins' "Old England."

Keighly, which has been chiefly made known to us from its proximity to Haworth, is one of those important, swarming manufacturing places that make the power and wealth of England; and, as I arrived on pay day afternoon the streets were thronged with thousands of factory people, bearing the hard and independent stamp of West Riding weavers, described so vigorously in Shirley. In the dull and up-hill ride of four miles to Haworth, shut in most of the way by high stone walls instead of the usual green hedges, I could but think of those two feeble sisters, struggling along afoot over the dreary road, in the thunder storm, on their way to Keighly to take the London train for the purpose of proving to their publisher their actual and separate identity.

Haworth was pointed out with its tower, near the summit of a high hill, and at its back swept away north the rolling, dismal moorlands, without the sign of a human habitation. A month later, and these moors would be gorgeous with heather blossoms. After passing a few straggling houses we began to ascend that long, steep, paved street of Haworth, now become so well known.

The church is a plain stone building, less interesting, architecturally, than English village churches usually are.

Mr. Nichole is a dark-complexioned man, rather thin, with black hair and beard. The tones of his voice, especially in the service, were grave and pleasant, and, as I conceived, with a touch of sadness.

I saw the pew, and the corner of it, where Charlotte used to sit; and the new white marble tablet on the wall, erected to her memory, and that of her mother, four sisters, and brother. Its scriptural motto was from 1 Cor., 56, 57.

The victory was soon gained after all, for the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" was only thirty-nine when she died. I was

also shown the register of her marriage, and her autograph in the church records. I was invited, as a stranger, to call upon Mr. Bronte for a few moments during the intermission. I went through a high walled yard at the back of the house, around to the front, through a smaller flower garden, and was shown by "Martha" into Mr. Bronte's study.

Mr. Bronte met me with a real kindness of manner, but with something of the stateliness of the old school. His hair, worn short, was white as driven snow; his ample cambric cravat completely covered his chin, and his black dress was of the most scrupulous neatness. He has been called handsome, but that he never could have been.

He has strong, rugged, even harsh features, with a high, wrinkled forehead, and swarthy complexion; and his eyes are partly closed, for he is almost blind.

He struck me as being naturally a very social man, with a mind fond of discussion, and feeding agreeably on new ideas in spite of his reserve. I went into the opposite parlor, where his daughter used to sit and write.

There was Charlotte's portrait, with those large dark eyes, square impending brow, and sad unsmiling mouth.

Branwell Bronte's medallion likewise hung opposite; Thackeray's portrait, "looking past her," as she said, was on the front wall. Her books still lay on the table. There was a Bible of Emily's and a much worn copy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," presented by the authoress to Mrs. Nichols. This room had rather a pleasant look; but its furnishing was simple to severity, its only ornament was a little bunch of broom grass on the table. Martha then showed me into the kitchen. It was a snug, warm, crooning place; and it was not difficult to see the picture, on a dark winter eve, when the storms howled over the moor and rattled against the windows, of those bright fancied children crowding together around the fire, telling their strange stories and living in a world created by themselves. Here Emily Bronte studied German, with her book propped up before her, while she kneaded dough.

In the afternoon I heard Mr. Bronte preach from Job iii., 17: "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest." It was the simple extemporaneous talk of an aged pastor to his

people; spoken without effort, in short, easy sentences—and was drawn, it appeared to me, *right out of that old graveyard* among whose stones his feet had walked, and his imagination had lived so long. In parts it was pathetic, especially when he alluded to the loss of his children. He branched off upon the sorrows, convulsions and troubles in the world, and he seemed to long for wings like a dove, to fly away from this changeable scene and be at rest.

On the whole, my Haworth visit was a serious and sober one. I thought of what Charlotte Bronte said, that it always made her unhappy to go away from Haworth, for it took her so long to become happy after she got home.

Yet that stone house a century old, those bleak moors, that very melancholy crowded graveyard, may have done something to make Charlotte Bronte what she was. They fenced her in and made her inventive. Her fiery Irish imagination was concentrated here into a vital energetic current, that did not waste itself in endless poetic mazy streams, but cut for itself a deep, practical and creative channel. The less she saw, the more accurately she drew, and the more profoundly she analyzed.

Hence a shy, secluded little woman describes nature as if she had always been accustomed to live in the midst of the most lovely and opulent scenery, and moves our mind with something of the mighty power of Shakespeare, when she lays bare the abysses and spiritual forces of moral character.

The best criticism ever made upon her novels, it seems to me, was this—that her characters did not converse like human beings, but that their conversation was, in fact, their *thoughts*; it was thinking aloud.

I afterwards saw Madam Heger's school in Brussels, where Charlotte and her sister resided for a time. Even that seemed to be a dull, shut-in spot, as it were down in a pit. Intellectually speaking, she was a vine always to be kept pruned close by the husbandman, that she might bring forth more fruit.

If an angel were sent from heaven to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poorhouse, whom the parish wish dead, and humble before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.—*Newton*.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1871.

Visit to the Hospital.

Did not find all things in their usual beautiful order at the Hospital, from the fact that the partitions into the New Wing were being torn away—bringing necessary confusion, and in consequence a good many changes had been made in the rooms and wards. That New Wing is gaining upon us. It is a veritable reality now. Rooms, wards, long corridors, will soon be thrown open for our use—but what large, airy, echoing spaces they will be! How much it will take to furnish and fit them for service. It is almost overwhelming to contemplate it, and yet the great work will all be accomplished, and cheerfully and speedily too. How can we doubt it, when we remember how the Hospital was at first filled and fitted up! It can and will be done, but not without effort, not without sacrifice.

On our visit last month, as our readers may remember, we noticed particularly the number of aged men who find a home in our Hospital. To-day, as we passed through the wards, we were impressed with the vacancies everywhere. Death has been very busy at the Hospital during the last few weeks. There have been, we believe, no less than nine deaths, and the greater number of these were from among our aged men. God has taken them, as we trust, to a better home. Many will miss from this number, Mr. Connors, simple, child-like old man, so grateful for every little attention, so interested in the New Wing and all the interests of the Hospital—so full of love for everybody, and especially for his Saviour, in whom was all his trust.

We stood in that vacant corner where Mr. Low has lain and suffered so long, and where the angels came for him. Very de-

solate it looks now. The partitions were being torn away to make an opening into the New Wing, and all the ward was empty. But we shall not soon forget the pale shadow which still seemed lingering here, and those keen black eyes smiling a welcome. He came to our Hospital to die—and yet it was here he first really began to live, and where he found that new life, never to end. He came a sceptic, totally refusing for a long time to allow any one to pray with him or to speak to him of his preparation for the eternal world to which he seemed drawing so near. But the continued kindness, the tender care manifested for him touched him at last. A young clergyman interested in his case, and who was in the habit of visiting him often, but who had carefully avoided intruding any religious conversation upon him, was surprised to find himself one day summoned to his bedside, and to hear his eager request for prayer. This was the beginning of the new life with him, brightening every day through his long, protracted illness, and growing stronger and clearer until the end. How patient he was—how grateful. How he loved the Word of God and communion with Christians, and all those things which before he had hated. The change in him was very great.

Another sufferer in this ward, Francis Brown, has found release since our last visit. He has been with us now for three years. His disease also was consumption. We knew him but little—a mystery seemed to hang around his life. Quiet, reserved, gentlemanly in appearance, we wondered often what his story might be—why he was here—and if he had no home. But it was not until after his death that we heard his story—too cruel, too sad a story to tell. But he, too, rests in Jesus. It matters not now through what storms he reached the haven. He was a member of Trinity Church, from which he was buried. Rev. Mr. Stocking attended him

faithfully during his last illness, and administered the sacrament to him on the day he died. To die—was all that remained for him, and the summons could not come too soon. O, how sweet to know that there is one Friend who never forsakes—one great, tender Heart which can forgive and be touched with a feeling for our infirmities. He, to whom human love was denied even at the last extremity, and “no place offered for repentance,” found yet the Divine love fuller, purer, deeper, open to receive him, and he rests “where the wicked cease from troubling.”

Mr. Atkins, too, is gone—~~at~~ one of our aged men, whose venerable face has been so long familiar to us. Death—Death had been everywhere. In the Female Ward, Margaret Ross' place was vacant—but oh what a release for her. No more the labored breath—no more that look of inexpressible suffering. We call Death sad, and shrink away from even the terror of the name—but it was not dark nor terrible to her. Not such was it to Margaret Ross—to Mr. Connors—Mr. Low—nor Francis Brown. There is hope and trust not only, but a grand note of triumph in these words, coming to us from their burial service—“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors.”

Hospital Angels.

It is no exaggeration to speak of our Hospital angels. We have many such, who come and go on their mission here—real angels, and not the less so, or the less welcome, because they come in earthly guise, wearing a woman's smile and speaking in her tender, gentle tones. Everywhere throughout the Hospital are tokens of their presence—flowers for the sick, and books and pictures, and texts. Over every couch they bend and minister. Namelessly, noiselessly they come and go—~~sitting~~ sitting by the side of the weary, the suffering

and dying—speaking low words of hope and comfort, and reading and singing to them. Mrs. W. is one of these angels. Through the storm and cold, at every call, she comes. How many in their last moments have blessed her name! Mrs. G. is another of these angels. Every week, without fail, she is here, with her basket of delicacies, custards, cake, jellies, fruit, &c., which she distributes herself. Often as we have seen these women, and others like them, here at their work, and as the patients and nurses recorded to us their loving deeds, have we recalled these beautiful lines:

“No! earth has angels, tho' their forms are moulded

But of such clay as fashions all, below
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,

We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,
Their was the soft tone and the soundless tread
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,

They stood 'between the living and the dead.’

And if my sight by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not—for spirits know their kindred—
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.”

The New Wing.

We hope now that it will be completed by the first of June—and therefore the cry for help in furnishing and fitting it up for use, becomes stronger every day and more urgent. What, we ask again, are our friends doing, and what will they do? It is full time for action. We expect something from each one of our city churches—but nothing will be done without effort, and let it be immediate effort. We believe there is not one denomination in this city but would respond generously now to our call. But there must be those to lead in this matter. Who shall they be? Our friends too in the country, will, we are sure, want a name and an interest in the New Wing. What will they do?

The building looks immense to us. A great deal of everything will be needed. Do not let this work be delayed.

Second-Hand Clothing.

We would repeat our call this month for second-hand clothing, not only for men and women, but for children of all ages. The destitution of some of these brought in to us, is very great. On our recent visit to the Hospital, we saw one beautiful little girl of about eleven years, who was actually obliged to keep her bed for want of clothing. Now, at this season of spring moving and cleaning and general upturning and changes, will be just the time to remember the Hospital and its needs.

Correspondence.

LAKEVILLE, March 13, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Perkins :

I have been a subscriber for your valuable little paper the last four years. I think it a very interesting little paper. I shall always feel indebted to the kind friends and Matron and nurses, and more than all, to Dr. Rider, whose patient I was, for the kindness and friendly sympathy for me while I was an inmate of your truly benevolent Institution. My eyes were in a dreadful condition. I had been blind and sick for some three years, and was often obliged to remain in a dark room for weeks at a time. I went and stayed five weeks at the City Hospital, and shall always feel as though God, in His kind Providence, sent me there to be restored.

I often wish that I was blessed with means to assist you kind Ladies in your work of charity for the sick and suffering, which you are daily providing for; but God has not given me much of this world's goods, yet I trust he has given me a thankful heart, for what I am and have all my life time, received from His bountiful hand.

I would like to visit your Hospital, and

meet the kind Matron and the Nurse, Mrs. Woodward. She often consoled me with her kind words; nor have I forgotten Dr. Jones. I suppose he is still there. Of course there have been many changes in the four years gone by, but the kindness to the sick and needy is still the same. I hope God will bless and reward you all in your benevolent work.

Yours, with respect,

L. M. V. K.

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.

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 21, 1871, William Atkins, aged 70 years.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 25, 1871, C. L. Low, aged 37 years.

In the Rochester City Hospital, March 4, 1871, Margaret Ross, aged 64 years.

In the Rochester City Hospital, March 10, 1871, John Brink, aged 58 years.

In the Rochester City Hospital, March 13, 1871, Robert Morrow, aged 36 years.

In the Rochester City Hospital, March 13, 1871, Laban Beach, aged 70 years.

Donations for March.

Mr. Dransfield—Three pairs of Spectacles.

Mrs. Sommers, Livonia—One barrel of Rags.

Mrs. Warren—One gallon of Catsup.

Mrs. Burns—Pickles.

Mrs. Hiram Smith—Two bags of Apples.

Mr. Irving—One-half bushel Beans.

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Mrs. Wm. S. Falls—Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. Chester Dewey—Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. H. L. Fish—Pickles.

Mrs. McFarlin—Two cans Fruit.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. W. F. Evans, Mrs. E. M. Clarke, Mrs. R. H. Jackson, Mrs. Mumford, Mrs. Henry Ware, Mrs. Dr. Ware, Mrs. J. N. Slocum, Mrs. H. N. Griffith, Mrs. A. S. Porter, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. D. C. Canfield, Mrs. J. T. Spencer, Mrs. C. E. Spencer, Mrs. J. S. Minton, Mrs. Jas. Davy, Miss Eliza Athern, Miss Porter, each, 50 cents—By Miss Ella A. Spencer, Niagara Falls,	\$ 9 00
Mrs. W. H. Hanford, 50 cents; Mrs. Phoebe Weeks, \$1.00; Miss Jennie Hows, \$1.00, Scottsville—By Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt,	2 50
Mrs. Juliette Smith, Clarkson, 50 cents; J. Wickham, Somerset, 50 cents—By Mr. Wooster,	1 00
Mrs. A. B. Wilder, Chillicothe, Mo., 50 cts.; Miss M. L. Wilder, Bottsville, Mo., 50 cents—By Dr. Knickerbocker,	1 00
Mrs. Levi Ward—By Mrs. E. M. Smith,	50
Mrs. P. V. Stoothoff—By Mr. Falls,	1 25
Mrs. H. F. Hart—By Mrs. Arner,	50
Mrs. Myron Adams—By Mrs. Strong,	62
A. Gartner, —By Dr. Baker,	50
D. O. Porter, \$1.00; Miss Green, 50 cents; Mrs. Andrew Rowley, Victor, 50 cents; John Gardner, 50 cents; Mrs. Richard Gorsline, 60 cents, Mrs. S. G. Beach, \$1.00; Miss Anna Hart, \$1.00; E. F. Lacy, Scottsville, 50 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, \$1.50; Mrs. R. Kirby, 50 cts.; Catharine Maxfield, Pittsford, \$2.00; Mrs. Ripelje, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Cross, 50 cents; Mrs. Edward Raymond, 75 cents; Miss Nettie Granger, Canandaigua, \$2.50; Mrs. Gifford, Fishers, \$1.00; Mrs. J. S. Parce, Fairport, \$2.75; Miss Kate O'Keilday, Dansville, \$2.50; Mrs. Laura M. Van Kleeck, Lakeville, 50 cents; Mrs. E. N. Buell, \$1.50; Mrs. Wm. Daggs, 50 cents; Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks, \$1.25; Mrs. E. R. Converse, North Bridgewater, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Galusha, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Chamberlain, \$1.00; Mrs. P. W. Jennings \$1.50; Mrs. George C. Buell, \$1.25; Mrs. L. Farrar, \$1.12; Mrs. J. M. Beach, Titusville, 50 cents; Mrs. Joseph Beach, Saginaw City, 50 cents; —By Mrs. Perkins,	\$31 72

ADVERTISEMENTS.

McVean & Hastings,	\$ 5 00
Dr. Wanzer & Son,	2 50
Moore & Cole,	10 00
Election Notice,	50 00
By Mrs. Perkins,	

Superintendent's Report.

1871. Feb. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 112	
Received during month,	27 139
Discharged,	27
Died,	6 83
Remaining Mar. 15, 1871.,	108

Children's Department.

They Didn't Think.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Once a trap was baited
 With a piece of cheese;
 It tickled so a little mouse
 It almost made him sneeze;
 An old rat said, "There's danger,
 Be careful where you go!"
 "Nonsense!" said the other,
 "I don't think you know!"
 So he walked in boldly—
 Nobody in sight;
 First he took a nibble,
 Then he took a bite;
 Close the trap together
 Snapped as quick as wink,
 Catching mousey fast there,
 'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
 Fond of her own way,
 Wouldn't ask the old ones
 Where to go or stay;
 She said, "I'm not a baby,
 Here I am half-grown
 Surely I am big enough
 To run about alone!"
 Off she went, but somebody
 Hiding saw her pass;
 Soon like snow her feathers
 Covered all the grass.
 So she made a supper
 For a sly young mink,
 'Cause she was so headstrong
 That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
 Lived outside the door,
 Who wanted to go inside
 And hop upon the floor.
 "O, no," said the mother,
 "You must stay with me;
 Little birds are safest
 Sitting in a tree."
 "I don't care," said robin,
 And gave his tail a fling,
 "I don't think the old folks
 Know quite every thing,"
 Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
 Before he'd time to blink.
 "O," he cried, "I'm sorry,
 But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
 You who read my song,
 Don't you see what trouble
 Comes of thinking wrong?
 And can't you take a warning
 From their dreadful fate,
 Who began their thinking
 When it was too late?
 Don't think there's always safety
 Where no danger shows,
 Don't suppose you know more
 Than anybody knows;
 But when you're warned of ruin,
 Pause upon the brink,
 And don't go under headlong,
 'Cause you didn't think.

Little Pat.

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

Poor little Pat! There he is, lying on his little bed, with his leg all bandaged up and his pale face wearing such a weary look. I dare say he is very tired suffering. For six long weeks he has lain on that hard bed in the same position, enduring such a great deal of pain; and the Doctor says he must stay there till the bright spring days come round again. Would you like to know, children, how Pat happened to break his leg? Well, I'll tell you.

Pat's father, whose name was Mike, worked in a distillery, and little Pat used to stay about the place a good deal and make himself very useful, just as a little boy of eleven can do when he is strong and willing. One day Pat was standing in the room where the machinery was, and one of the workmen, who ought to have known a great deal better than to have made such a request of a child, said,

"Pat, boy, will you pull that band off the large wheel for me, plaze?"

The wheel was going round and round very fast, and it made a whizzing noise which seemed to Pat to say, "Little boy, if you come near me, I will crush you to death; take care—take care!" and so Pat drew back and said,

"I'm afraid I'll get hurt, Jake; and, besides, daddy's always forbid me going near the machinery."

Jake was angry, and called out,

"Oh, Pat, you coward! Shure a boy of your size oughtn't to be afraid of getting his fingers pinched a little."

At this, Pat was ashamed of what he

thought, perhaps, was cowardly in him, and, forgetting his father's caution, put out his hand towards the machinery. In a moment his poor little fingers were caught in between the wheel and the band, and Pat was whirled up and dashed against the ceiling, and, as the wheel completed its revolution, he was crushed against the floor, where he lay with his head bleeding, his hand bruised, and his leg broken just above the ankle. He didn't utter a groan. He was perfectly sensible; and, though suffering an amount of agony which would, I fancy, have drawn from any of us the most harrowing cries, he lay silent and motionless. Soon the workmen crowded around, and his father was summoned to his side. Children, how do you suppose that father acted when he saw his little son lying there all bruised and bleeding? One of you will say, "Why, I reckon the poor old man burst into tears and knelt down by his boy, and, with words of pity and affection, tried to comfort him." Another will say, "I suppose the father called to some of the men to run for the Doctor, quick, and then sent word to his mother that her little boy was hurt." No! children, and I fancy if you were to guess all day, not one of you could imagine how that father acted. Instead of his heart filling up with pity at the sight, it seemed to swell with rage. He swore such dreadful oaths, that poor little Pat's face grew so white the men thought he was sinking away, and one of them turned to the cruel father, exclaiming,

"Why, Mike, man, have your senses clean forsook you, that you could spake thus to a dying child, and he your own son? Shame, shame on ye!"

But the old man's face evinced neither sorrow nor shame as he replied,

"Mony's the time I've bid the boy no' go near that machinery to meddle wi' it. It's only two year ago come spring since Pat had his foot crushed by the cars, and it took near a month's wages then to pay the Doctor's bill; and what will it tak' now, think ye, from a poor mon's pocket?" Every word that his father uttered had been heard by poor little Pat, who turned his eyes on the old man with a piteous look and wailed out,

"Oh, daddy, daddy, if I'd only died the last time if I'd only died the last time?"

They lifted him very carefully from the hard floor and placed him on a mattress,

and it was Jake who, with great tears of pity rolling over his cheeks, pled hardest to help to carry the little helpless burden home. Any one who looked on that pale suffering face, as they bore him slowly along, over which each moment a spasm of pain would pass, distorting the features and increasing their death-like pallor, could not but wonder at the fortitude of a child so young, who could bear that great agony without so much as giving expression to his suffering in a single groan or tear. Children, I believe if Pat had been suffering only pain in his body, he would have cried out; but, oh! he was suffering a great pain in his heart, and that kept him silent.

"Couldna' you shed a few tears, Pat? Wouldna' you be the better of weeping, boy?" said poor Jake, whose heart, too, felt very heavy.

"No, no," replied Pat, feebly; tears would do me sma' good. The hurt is too deep for tears, Jake. *Oh! if I'd only died last time—if I'd only died last time!*"

They carried him into the little, meanly furnished house which was his home; and there his poor mother, who loved Pat tenderly and who was almost wild with grief, laid him on his little bed, and bathed his blood-stained face, and spoke kind, soothing words, and tried to comfort him.

Soon the Doctor came, and the little broken leg was set, and the crushed hand bound up, and some soothing medicine given, and then the little sufferer slept. But, oh, children, for days and weeks he has lain on that hard bed not able to turn; and endures, at times, pain so terrible, that he wishes God would take him up to heaven, away from all the sad things in this weary world. His cheeks have become so thin, and his eyes look so sunken, and his little hands are so white, that sometimes when he's asleep, you might almost fancy God had taken his tired spirit out of the poor, little, frail, emaciated body lying there. But the Doctor says Pat will be strong and well again, and will probably live to be a grown man. Don't you hope so?

Jake comes to see Pat very often, and sometimes he brings him oranges, and once he brought him a lovely little pot of geranium, which he placed on the window shelf just near the head of Pat's bed. Then, every few days he carries him a pretty book to read, for Pat can read and loves books very dearly.

One evening, about a week after Pat's accident, Jake was sitting by his bedside, watching the poor little pale sufferer, when suddenly covering his face with his hands, he burst into violent weeping, and hiding his head in the bedclothes, sobbed out,—
"Oh! Pat, to think it was me brought all this trouble on ye, lad. May the good Lord forgive me, and help ye to forgive me, but shure I can never forgive myself;" and he wept loud and bitterly, and his large frame shook with emotion.

Pat turned his eyes full of tears on Jake:—"I'm no' inclined to blame you, Jake, for what was all my own fault. Shure, hadn't daddy warned me of that wheel, and did na' I clean disobey him. It has taught me a lesson, Jake, which I'll never forget, if I live till a hundred. As I lie here, Jake, I think much of what my Sunday school teacher said to me yesterday, about God's allowing even the little children that. He loves to suffer a heap in this world. She said it was to fit them for heaven; so perhaps, Jake, God is fitting me now for heaven; and, oh! the thought of that makes me quite content to lie here and suffer."

That night, when little Pat was sleeping, his father stole softly into the room and looked down tenderly upon the little careworn face, and heaving a great sigh stooped and kissed Pat's forehead very gently; and as the big tears rolled over his cheeks sobbed out, "Oh, Pat; shure the devil himself must ha' tempted me to be cruel to such a poor wee suffering thing. If the good Lord spares you, my lad, your daddy will ne'er speak a cross word to you again."

A smile stole over Pat's features, even while he slept. Perhaps he dreamed that his father had lifted a great heavy burden from his poor little weary heart, for he murmured softly, "Daddy, daddy; *I'm glad now I didn't die last time; so glad, so glad!*"

Children, I hope you have been interested in my story about Pat; which, let me tell you, is all true; and I hope, also, that you've found a lesson in it to remember all your lives.

"Always have moral courage enough to refuse to do wrong."

AUNT SUE.

A little three-year old girl on being told that she was too little to have a muff, asked indignantly: "Am I to little to be cold!"

Grandmamma Moon.

Grandmamma Moon sits up in the sky,
You scarce can see her she is so high;
There she sits in her easy chair,
On her white apron folding her hands,
And looking abroad o'er sea and lands,
With her face so round and fair.

When the sun has traveled many a mile,
And wishes to sleep and rest for a while,
She says, "I pray you go to bed,
And sleep quite sound, while watch I keep;
No harm shall happen when you're asleep,
So rest your tired old head."

Then Grandfather Sun goes off to his couch,
While she takes her knitting work out of its pouch,
And works away ever so fast.
She watches the children in their cribs,
The boys in trowsers and babies in bibs,
And then she thinks on the past.

She thinks how different things are now
From the time when first with her tranquil brow,
She had looked from her seat so high;
And she wonders whether the babies then,
Who did not grow to be women and men,
Have turned to stars in the sky.

She peeps into the garrets poor and mean,
Where light and fire are rarely seen,
And pities the babies there.
And then she looks at the little boy,
Who is smiling in his sleep for joy,
In his crib of rosewood rare.

She says, "I am proud of the boys and girls
With rosy cheeks and shining curls,
And hearts all free from guile;
But I tenderly love the little ones
Who know not the light of happy homes,
But bask in my motherly smiles."

So Grandmamma Moon her long watch keeps,
While soundly my little darling sleeps,
Tired out with childish play.
Till the sun awakes from his morning nap,
When she quickly dons her own night-cap,
And we see her no more all day.

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.

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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. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL, 1871.

No. 9.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Letters 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.

The Chess-Board.

BY ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

My little love, do you remember,

Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,

Curtained warm from the snowy weather,

When you and I played chess together,

Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand

Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.

Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;

The Double Castles guard the wings;

The Bishop, bent on distant things,

Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,

And falter; falls your golden hair

Against my cheek; your bosom sweet

Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen

Rides slow, her soldiery all between,

And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle 's done:

Dispersed is all its chivalry.

Full many a move, since then, have we

'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,

And many a game with Fortune played:

What is it we have won?

This, this at least if this alone:

That never, never, never more,

As in those old still nights of yore,

(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)

Can you and I shut out the skies,

Shut out the world and wintry weather,

And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,

Play chess as then we played together.

Miss Malony on the Chinese Question.

"Och! don't be talkin'! Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin that you could clutch me wid yer two hands? To think of me tadin' like a nager for the last six years I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bite by the likes of them!—faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks—an' its mysel, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at out when the missus kim into the kitchen wid her plavlar about the new waitar man which was brought out from Californy.

"He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, its myself that looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a fadder," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' its little I'll hinder nor inter-

fere wid him nor any other, mam," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for any gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' schared:

"Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up, and—How! fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stood a rale haythen Chineser, a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tea box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellow it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved cleaner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stood into the heathenest shoes, you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin' an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me as how it was a Chineser's duty to bear wid haythins and taicht 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid 'that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissid thing cud I do but he'd be a lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard, like two pump handles; an' he widout a speck or smutch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black shtuff, the haythin chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitat' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and fetchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family,—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythin an' he a atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which is the custum of these Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die! An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toesday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', and fill his haythin' mouth wid wather, an' afore

I could hinder, squirmt it through his teeth stret over the best linen table cloth, and fold it up tight, as innercent, now, as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin', till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' that knows the tinder feet that's on me since iver I've been in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praxies or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he could kape the shoes on him when he'd be palin' anything.

Did I lave for that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacintly. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar or flour, or tea, an' wrap it in a paper an' put it in me bit o' a box tucked under the ironin' blanket, the how it couldn't be bodderin' any one. Well, what should it be but this blissed Sathurday morn the missus was spakin' pleasant an' respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in an' stands forninst her boondles, an' side motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but haythin,) she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugars an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' bit o' cheese, right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spachless wid shurprise, an' he next minute up wid the ironin' blanket and pullin' out me box wid a show of bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, an' the missus sayin', "Oh, Kitty!" in a way that 'ud crudle your blood.

"He's a haythin nagur," says I.

"I've found you out," says she.

"I'll arrist him," says I.

"It's you ought to be arristed," says she.

"You won't," says I.

"I will," says she—and so I went, till she gave me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I gave her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a pointin' to the doore.

[Scribner's Monthly.

A French Prayer Book, and What Was In It.

"Is she dead, then?"

"Yes, madame," replied the gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.

"And her will, then?"

"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

"Shall we inherit anything?"

"It must be supposed so; we have a claim."

"Who is this miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"

"Oh, she," said the little man, sneeringly, "she won't have much in the will. She is a sister of deceased."

"What! Anne, who married a man of no consequence—an officer?"

"Precisely so."

"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here before a respectable family."

"The more so, as sister Egerie, of noble birth, has not forgiven her that misalliance."

Anne moved this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale, her fine black eyes were surrounded by precious wrinkles.

"What do you come here for?" said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who had inherited with her.

"Madame," the poor lady replied with humility, "I do not come here to claim part of what does not belong to me, I came solely to see M. Dubois, my sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me in her last hours."

"What! Do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly replied Madame de Villebois, "the disgrace of a great house—you wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte."

"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is more, an honest man," observed Anne.

At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.

"Cease" said he, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has long forgiven her. Anne truly loved a brave, generous and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had

known him as well as I knew him—I, his old friend—Anne would be at this time happy and respected."

"But why is this woman here?"

"Because it is her place to be here," replied the notary, gravely. "I myself requested her to attend."

M. Dubois then proceeded to read the will.

"I, being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damening, retired as a boarder in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire, and the principal clause of my testament.

"After my decease there will be found at my notary's two hundred thousand francs in money, besides jewelry, clothes and furniture, also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.

"In the convent where I have been residing, there will only be found my book, '*Heure de la Vierge*,' a holy volume, which remains as when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these objects be divided in three lots.

"The first lot is the two hundred thousand francs.

"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels."

"The third lot, my book, '*Heure de la Vierge*.'"

"I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief she has caused to us, and would have comforted her in her sorrow had I known of her return to France sooner. I compensate her in my will.

"Madame Villebois, my beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.

"Vatry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.

"Anne will take the remaining lot."

"Ah! ah!" said Vatry, "sister Egerie was a good one; that was rather clever on her part."

"Anne will only have the prayer book!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing.

The notary interrupted her jocularly.

"Madame," said he, "what lot do you choose to take?"

"The two hundred thousand francs in cash, if you please."

"Have you fully made up your mind?"

"Perfectly so."

The man of law, addressing himself to the good feeling of the lady, said: "Madame, you are rich and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave this lot and take the

book of prayers, which the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots!"

"You must be joking, M. Dubois!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must be very dull not to see the intention of sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw, full well, that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who has the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?" said the notary.

"I conclude that she intends to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help she need expect in this world."

As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. M. Vetry, as may be imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.

"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire that you are, to give at least a portion of yours to Anne, who wants it so much."

"Thanks for your advice, dear sir," replied Vetry. "The mansion is situated on the confines of my woods, and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egerie, they are reminiscences which I ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here's the prayer book that remains to you."

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy, with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer book; and, making him kiss it after her, said:

"Hector, kiss this book which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well had she known you. When you have learned to read, you will pray Heaven to make you wise and good, and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve a feeling of indifference.

The child embraced the old prayer book with boyish fervor, and opening it, exclaimed:

"Oh! mama, look what pretty pictures!"

"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

"Yes. The good Virgin in a red dress,

holding the infant in her arms. But why, mama, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"

"So that they may not be injured, my dear."

"But, mama, why are there silk papers to each engraving?"

The mother looked, and, uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:

"Leave her alone. It won't be much. People don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, "give me that prayer book; you'll tear the engravings."

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well but not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a two-horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Anne had recently purchased a mansion for one hundred thousand francs and was giving a first-rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. Vetry hastened to the notary for an explanation. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you?" said the arrogant lady.

"No matter, I was in the act of settling a purchase in the State funds for Madame Anne."

"What! after purchasing a house and equipage, has she still money to invest?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"But where did the money come from?"

"What! did you not see?"

"When?"

"When she shrieked on seeing what the prayer book contained which she inherited."

"We observed nothing."

"Oh! I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "That prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each!"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Vetry thunderstruck.

"If I had only known it!" shouted Madame de Villebois.

"You had your choice," added the notary. "I myself urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL, 1871.

A Word More About the New Wing.

The New Wing still progresses—nearing its completion—but we hear as yet, we are very sorry to say, very little about any plans for furnishing and fitting it up. Perhaps our friends are doing more than we are aware. We will hope so. One thing is very certain, that there is a great deal to be done and what is done cannot be done too quickly.

A Little Grumbling.

We are not cross. We do not like to grumble, and if we do have to say it ourselves, we are models of patience and amiability, but we cannot help a little grumbling this month over our paper. The returns come in so slowly, and so many are in debt, especially city subscribers. The Treasurer tells us that a large number of our city subscribers are owing us for two years. Then of late it is so rarely that our eyes are gladdened with the sight of any new subscribers. If anything would make us good natured, in the very worst of moods, it would be a list of new names. Even one new name would go far to mollify us—but as it is, how can we help a little grumbling?

Entertainment for the Orphan Asylum.

The report, which we publish to-day, from the Ladies of the Orphan Asylum, giving the receipts of their recent Festival, in Corinthian Hall, is a very gratifying one. We congratulate the Ladies of that Board, upon their success. Regarding all the benevolent organizations of the city, as but different branches of our own work, we can but feel the warmest interest in their prosperity, and yet among them all the Orphan Asylum touches perhaps the tenderest place in our hearts. An orphan!

There is something in the very word at which the tear involuntarily starts! We are thankful for all that the Ladies of the Orphan Asylum are doing, and for the aid and sympathy which has recently been extended to them in their blessed work. The Festival was every way a pleasant and a gratifying one. The tables and the Hall, so bright with flowers and gay throngs, reminded us of our own late Festival, of happy memory.

The Evening Entertainment consisted of the singing of the Orphans, under the direction of Mr. French—tableaux—music, from the choir of St. Peter's Church—and last, not least, the auction sale of articles left over from the fancy tables and of provisions. The occasion was one which all present seemed heartily to enjoy.

The following fuller notice of the Entertainment in Corinthian Hall, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, we copy from the *Union*:

The Orphans' Festival.

The entertainments given yesterday for the Orphans of the Protestant Asylum, were liberally patronized and a handsome sum must be realized for the treasury. The contributions were sent in quite freely during the morning. The ladies were early at their posts to receive offerings and to wait upon their guests, and they remained to the last. If the entertainments had not been successful it would have been no fault of theirs.

Dinner began at twelve and the tables were visited by guests all the time till five, when dinner closed. An excellent board was spread. The sale of fancy article added considerable to the receipts. The Art exhibition took very well, and though not costly, was a good investment for all.

The evening entertainment was largely attended. Corinthian Hall was thronged. The little orphans were on the stage at the opening and looked very well. They sang and did their parts of the work in a creditable manner. A girl of only three years and a boy of five each sang alone and elicited hearty applause from the audience. The concert was conducted by J. Milton

French. Miss Hattie Benham, Mrs. J. Milton French, Mr. R. P. Randall and others sang. The several pieces were well executed. Prof. Kalbfleisch played the accompaniments in his usual faultless manner.

At the close of the first part of the programme Wm. N. Sage, Esq., announced that the lady managers of the Asylum resolved to build a wing to the main building to give more room for the orphans. The trustees advised building at once, and this was done at a cost of \$10,000. Subscriptions were then sought to pay the debt. Messrs. Hollister and Roby were the committee to receive donations. \$5,000 had already been collected. None gave less than \$100, and Joseph Medbery, Esq., gave \$300.

The stage was then cleared, and preparations made for the tableaux that followed. They were pretty, and executed with good taste by those who took parts. Music came in again to enliven the audience. Mrs. E. W. Osburn, Mr. Frank Mitchell and Mr. Hopkins, sang, and did themselves credit, as did all who participated in the musical part. Prof. Wilkins accompanied the singers, as he only can. Mrs. L. Harvey Loomer, of Syracuse, was the central figure in the tableaux; and Mrs. J. E. Karr, Miss Kittie Vick, of this city, and Mr. R. P. Randall, of Buffalo, took parts in this excellent performance.

Nearly \$2,000 were realized from this exhibition.

The ladies may be congratulated on the success of this effort for the Asylum, and the gentlemen who assisted are entitled to the thanks of the friends of the orphans.

The splendid piano used on this occasion was furnished by Messrs. Gibbons & Stone the celebrated manufacturers of this city, from their salesroom 86 State street.

Publishing Committee Hospital Review:

LADIES:

The Managers of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, at their regular meeting held on Tuesday, passed a unanimous vote of thanks for the kindness which offered the use of the columns of your paper for the publication of their Card and List of Donations to their Dinner and Concert in Corinthian Hall.

I was directed to express to you their appreciation of the courtesy thus extended. By order.

ELLEN F. LATTIMORE,

Secretary.

Rochester, April 27th, 1871.

ROCHESTER ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Card of Thanks.

The Publishing Committee of the "*Hospital Review*," having kindly placed its columns at their disposal for the purpose, the Managers of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, desire to express the most sincere thanks to all persons who assisted them in any manner, at the Dinner and Concert given in Corinthian Hall on Friday, April 14th, for the benefit of the Institution.

They would extend cordial thanks to those ladies, not members of the Board, who so nobly lent their aid in furnishing and attending tables—to those who contributed articles for the fancy tables—to Messrs. Burns, Phelon, Hatch and Mitchell, for superintending the sale of articles at auction—to the gentleman who so skillfully arranged the "Art Gallery," and others who rendered valuable assistance in various ways.

They would gratefully remember the kindness of Mr. Miller in decorating the Hall with flowers, and presenting a handsome ornament to be sold for the benefit of the Association.

Words can not express the sense of obligation to Mr. J. Milton French, for his arduous labors in preparation for the Concert given by the children. Voluntarily and without compensation, he, with unwearied patience trained the little ones in singing, and bore the burden of arranging for the evening's entertainment. Not alone for ourselves would we thank him, but in the names of the orphan children who participated in the Concert, and those *little ones*—over thirty in number—whose tender years precluded their appearance in public,

yet who share the benefits of the occasion. We would thank all who aided him: Miss Hattie Benham, Mrs. Osburn, Messrs. Randall, Mitchell and Hopkins, for singing; also Messrs. Wilkins and Kalbfleisch, for instrumental accompaniments; Mrs. L. Harvey Loomer of Syracuse, who with artistic taste arranged the beautiful tableaux, and Misses Gracie French and Kittie Vick, for participation in the same.

Thanks are due to the publishers of the daily papers for gratuitous notices.

The following is the list of names of persons to whom especial thanks are returned for contributions to dinner and fancy tables. While every pains has been taken to have the list accurate, there are probably many names omitted, through the modesty of persons making donations, or the failure of bearers to report to the proper persons.

By order,

ELLEN F. LATTIMORE,
Secretary.

Donations to the Lunch Tables.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Lobster Salad, Orange Cake, Jelly and Pickles.
Mrs. Dr. Dean—Hot Turkey, Jellies, baked and mashed Potatoes.
Mrs. George J. Whitney—Veal Fricadeau, Cake and Lettuce.
Mrs. W. C. Rowley—Five dozen Oranges.
Mrs. Wm. Churchill—Loin of Veal, hot.
Mrs. John T. Fox—Two Loaves Orange Cake 2 dishes Lobster Salad.
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Ten lbs. cut Loaf and 10 lbs. Coffee Sugar and Pickles.
Mrs. S. W. Updike—Cocoanut Cake and scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. C. C. Morse—Wine Jelly.
Mrs. Joseph Curtis—Pressed Chicken, fried Potatoes, Radishes, Pickles, Ham and Tongues.
Mrs. Eugene Curtis—Tongues and Pickles.
Mrs. Cummings, Irondequoit—One gall. Cream.
Mrs. Stoddard, Brighton—Three quarts Milk.
Mrs. Babcock, "—Six quarts Milk.
Mrs. Blossom, "—Two quarts Milk.
Mrs. E. A. Nelson, "—Twenty quarts of Milk, baked Beans, 1 Cake and Biscuit.
Mrs. J. A. Eastman—Cake and Brown Bread.
Mrs. Edmund Lyon—Biscuit.
Mrs. A. G. Mudge—Chicken Pie and Lobster Salad.
Mrs. Nelson Sage—Biscuit.
Mrs. Edwin Pancost—Chocolate Cake.
Mrs. Edgar Holmes—Baked Ham 2 Orange Cakes and Pickles.

Mrs. Howard Kelly—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. Wm. Alling—Biscuit.
Mrs. H. Lampert—Roast Chicken, Lemon Pie and Cocoanut Cake.
Mrs. Herbert Churchill—Lobster Salad, Jellies and Canned Fruit.
Mrs. Amon Bronson—Hot Fruit Pudding, with Sauce.
Mrs. J. W. Hatch—Cake and can of Berries.
Mrs. Edwin Wayte—Thirty lbs. Roast Beef.
Mrs. L. Farrar—Four jars canned Fruit, Orange Cake and Lemon Jelly.
Mrs. Edward Gould—Blancmange.
Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin—Turkey and Jelly.
Mrs. Chas. Hart—Chicken Pie, Oysters and Cake.
Mrs. George Lord—Lobster Salad.
Mrs. S. B. Roby—Turkey, Biscuit and Cake.
Mrs. McAlpine—Pickles.
Mrs. H. S. Potter—Pork and Beans
Mrs. Bellows—Cream.
Mrs. Wm. Bush—Pickles and Jelly.
Mrs. G. G. Clarkson—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. J. S. Killip—One gallon Oysters.
Mrs. N. Tamlington—One gallon Oysters.
Mrs. Orrin Sage—Biscuits.
Mrs. J. L. Angle—Pickled Oysters and Jellies.
Mrs. Geo. S. Ripsom—Cocoanut and Orange Cake.
Mrs. W. F. Cogswell—Fricadeau of Veal, Chicken and Custard Pie.
Mrs. H. H. Morse—Cream Pies, Cake, Pickles and Wine Jelly.
Mrs. C. B. Woodworth—Chicken Pie and Champagne Ham.
Mrs. Wm. Burke—Charlotte Russe, Pickled Oysters and Cranberry.
Jacob Howe & Son—A large basket of Crackers.
Mrs. Louis Chapin—Two dishes Charlotte Russe, 2 moulds Jelly and Pickles.
Mrs. Ed. Chapin—Snow Pudding and Cream Candy.
Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Cocoanut Cakes, Chow-Chow, Biscuit, Jellies, Hot Turkey and Pudding.
Mrs. E. N. Buell—Ham and Cake.
Mrs. Bower—One Ham.
Mrs. A. S. Lane—Four Pies and Pickles.
Mrs. Romanta Hart—Two moulds Cranberry, 2 Oyster Pies, hot Fruit Pudding and Sauce, 55 Biscuits and Oranges.
Mrs. James C. Hart—Oranges and 2 Cocoanut Pies.
Mr. Wm. S. Kimball—Box of Cigars.
Mrs. Martin Briggs—One Chicken Pie, 2 Cocoanut Pies, 1 Lemon Pie, 2 roast Chickens, disl. Chicken Salad, 2 loaves of Cake, Butter, Pickles and Radish.
Mrs. Galusha Phillips—Hot Brown Bread.
Mrs. Bromley, Osburn House—Two Lobster Salads, 1 Charlotte Russe and Wine Jelly.
Mrs. Huntington—One Ham, 2 Tongues, and Oranges.
Mrs. Elias Pond—Three Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Three loaves Cake and Pickles.
Mrs. Loup—Butter.
Mrs. S. L. Brewster—Two Turkeys, 2 Lemon Pies, 2 loaves Cake, 50 Biscuit, Oranges, Lemons, Tomatoes and Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Vanburgh—Two frosted Cakes.
Mrs. J. Sloman—Two frosted Cakes.
Mrs. H. Mock—Three Almond Cakes.
Mrs. I. Rice—Three frosted Cakes.

Mrs. Fleming—One large frosted Cake.
 Mrs. Stern—Two frosted Cakes.
 Mrs. Rosenfield—One frosted Cake.
 Mrs. A. Mock—Two frosted Cakes.
 Mrs. Garson—Two large Cakes.
 Mr. I. Wile—Turkey.
 Mrs. H. Michaels—Lobster Salad, Oranges and Cake.
 Mrs. N. Levi—Three dozen Oranges.
 Mrs. Kaufman—Sponge Cake and Oranges.
 Mrs. Rosenblatt—Charlotte Russe and Jellies.
 Mrs. Schatz—Two Lemon and 4 Cocoanut Pies.
 Mrs. Guggenheim—Chicken Salad.
 Mr. E. F. Hyde—Oranges and Pickles.
 Mrs. Sichel—One large Fruit Cake.
 Mr. M. Sloman—Oranges.
 Mr. McMannis—Oranges.
 Mrs. A. Wile—Oranges.
 Mrs. E. S. Ettenheimer—Oranges and Lemons.
 Miss Mary Jones—Lemon Pies, 3 loaves Cake and Ham.
 Mrs. Clarke—Orange Cake.
 Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—Fifty Boston Cream Cakes, hot Turkey, 4 bowls Jelly, and Cranberry.
 Mrs. O. M. Benedict—Pickled Peaches and Pears.
 Mrs. Chas. Bush—Two bowls Currant Jelly, 1 mould Wine Jelly, Snow Pudding and frosted Cake.
 Mrs. E. H. Hollister—Ham, Turkey, Lobster Salad, Orange Cake and Biscuits.
 Mrs. Blanchard—Sliced Oranges, with Cocoanut.
 Miss Butts—Biscuits, Wine Jelly, Oranges and Flowers.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—One dish Chicken Salad, one Charlotte Russe, 2 glasses Jelly, 12 pounds Cut Sugar and basket of Apples.
 Mrs. Ward Clarke—Biscuit.
 Mrs. DeWitt Clarke—Cocoanut Pie.
 Mrs. Albert M. Hastings—Mould of Jelly.
 Mrs. Fred'k Starr—Orange Jelly and Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. George W. Parsons—Hot Turkey, Brown Bread, Biscuits, Pies and Cream.
 Mrs. Tanney—Roast Beef, Biscuit, Cake, Pickles and Catsup.
 Mrs. M. K. Woodbury—Two loaves Cake and Pickles.
 Mrs. Nash—Two Lemon Pies and Cocoanut Cake.
 Mrs. N. B. Northrop—Stuffed Leg of Veal, 2 hot Plum Puddings, Pickles, Marmalade and Nut Cakes.
 Mrs. H. Bradstreet—Baked Beans and Brown Bread.
 Mrs. Vane—Four dozen Biscuits.
 Mrs. Frank Little—Two Almond Cakes.
 Mrs. A. H. Cole—Oranges, Nuts and Raisins.
 Mrs. D. R. Barton—Baked Beans.
 Mrs. Edward Wansley—Lemon Pudding.
 Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball—Lobster Salad.
 Miss Baker—Snow Pudding.
 Mr. O'Brien—Confectionery.
 Mrs. C. Johnston, Brighton—Fifty Biscuits and Chicken.
 Mrs. Witherspoon—One frosted Cake.
 Miss Mary Gaylard—Canned Quinces.
 Mrs. Wm. Richardson—Ham, Biscuit, Cake and Radishes.
 Mrs. Jacob Fonda—Cake, Jelly and Biscuit.
 Mrs. L. Kelly—Snow Pudding.
 Mrs. O. D. Grosvenor—Biscuits.

Miss Breck—Two loaves of Cake.
 Mrs. Sibley—Lemon Pies.
 Mrs. J. B. Stillson—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Miss E. G. Mathews—Cocoanut Pudding.
 Mrs. L. D. Ely—Two Cocoanut Pies.
 Mrs. Joseph Ward—Two dishes, Charlotte Russe,
 Mrs. H. B. Knapp—Biscuits, Butter and Cake.
 Mrs. Arthur Hamilton—Two loaves of Cake.
 Mrs. Arthur Churchill—Scalloped Oysters, Pies and Jellies.
 Mrs. Geo. A. Jennings—A la mode Beef, Orange Pudding and Sponge Cake.
 Mrs. Edward Harris—Lemon Pie and Chocolate Cake.
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Roast Ham, Oranges and Cocoanut Cake.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster—Scalloped Oysters, Jelly, Biscuit and Pickles.
 Miss Helen Churchill—Cake.
 Mr. Harman—Chickens.
 Mrs. J. Ettenheimer—Chickens.
 Mr. A. Aldrich—One box of Figs and 2 bottles of Pickles.
 Mr. Witherspoon—Lemons and Oranges.
 Mrs. French—Ham, baked Beans, Crullers and Cake.
 Mrs. Tubbs—Baked Veal and Crullers.
 Mrs. Stewart—Two dishes Pressed Chicken.
 Mrs. Kellogg—Roast Veal.
 Mrs. Satterlee—Pudding and Biscuit.
 Mrs. Anderson—Pumpkin and Mince Pies.
 Mrs. H. A. Brown, Brighton—Two galls. Cream.
 Mr. McLean—Young Onions.
 Mrs. Craig—Tongue, Biscuit and Cake.
 Mrs. H. F. Smith—Ham, 2 Tongues and 3 Pies.
 Mrs. Hooker—Two jars Brandy Peaches.
 Mrs. Edward Churchill—One dozen Banannas.
 Mrs. Lyon—Large basket Crullers.
 Mrs. Porter—Pickles, Jelly and Ham.
 Mrs. Morse—Worcester Sauce, Cake, Cream Pie and Pickles.

Donations to the Fancy, Flower and Candy Tables.

A Friend,.....	\$25 00
Miss Anna M. Brown, Scotland,.....	22 43
Mrs. Abelard Reynolds,.....	10 00
A Friend,.....	5 00
Mrs. W. W. Carr,.....	2 00
Mrs. Hovey, —Dancing Dolls,	27 00
A Friend, — Art Gallery,.....	29 00
Scanlin & McCarthy, Goods worth.....	5 00
Wisner & Palmer, " ".....	10 00
Erastus Darrow, " ".....	8 00
Schwab & Bro's, —5 lbs. of Worsted.	
Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co.—3 lbs. Worsted.	
Miss McDowell—Two Pen Wipers and 1 lb. of Worsted.	
Jacobs & Hughes—Toys.	
H. Mutchler—Vases.	
S. M. Benjamin—Toys.	
J. Fahy—One dozen hemstitched Handkerchiefs.	
Scrantom & Wetmore—Sundries.	
Mrs. Sherman—Fancy Boxes and Jewel Case.	
Mrs. Robertson—Four pairs of Mats.	
Mrs. Dr. Dewey—Four Hoods.	
Mrs. Oscar Craig—Scrap-bag.	
Mrs. Bartlett—Two Applique Brackets.	
Miss P. Ely—Two doz. Decorated Eggs	

Miss McKay—Two pairs Infant's Socks.
 Miss Alice Brown—Two Scrap-bags.
 Mrs. George McArcher—One Tidy.
 Miss Fanny Bristol—One Embroidered Brush and Comb Case.
 Miss Starr—One Tidy.
 Mrs. Theron Parsons—One Tidy.
 Miss Mary Hoyt—One Tidy.
 Miss Louise Hall—One Tidy.
 Mrs. T. J. Morgan—Pincushion and Mats.
 Miss Hackett—Scrap-bag.
 Mrs. Dr. Dean—Doll's Bedstead, nicely furnished.
 Mrs. Farrar—Children's Aprons.
 Miss Farrar—Three Cornucopias.
 Mrs. Gildersleeve—One Sachet Bag and Crochet Trimming.
 Mrs. Hollister—Two Slipper Bags. [Box.
 Mrs. L. A. Ward—One Work Table and 1 Cigar
 Miss Agnes Elwood—One Scrap-box.
 Miss Edna Smith—One Shawl.
 Mrs. Briggs—Two Cotton Dolls, Soap, Vase, Flower Holder and Box of Perfumery.
 Mr. Fred Turpin—Two Pictures.
 Mrs. C. P. Bush—Toys.
 Central Church Ladies—Toilet Bag, Spool Case, Hair-pin Cushion and Mop.
 Mrs. Jaynes—Two Infant's Shirts, 1 Hood and 2 Hair-pin Cushions.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—One Hood.
 Miss Carrie Clarke—Two Handkerchief Cases and 1 Mat.
 Sherman Clarke—One Picture Frame and 1 Bracket.
 Mrs. S. B. Roby—Two Embroidered Bands, 2 Aprons, 3 Children's Collarettes, 1 Embroidered Towel Rack.
 Mrs. A. McVean—Brush and Comb Case, 2 Straw Boxes and 1 pair Brackets.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—One Collarette.
 Miss J. Hamilton, Miss Bogart, Miss Beaver and Miss Glyzon—A variety of Useful Articles.
 Mrs. Woodworth—One Palmetto Basket and 1 Pin Ball.
 A Friend—Vase of Wax Flowers.
 Mrs. Ward—Two Court Plaster Cases.
 Mrs. C. Morse—Two Mats.
 Mrs. Nelson—Wax Cross.
 Mrs. Rutherford—Infant's Shirt. [Case.
 Mrs. Charles Burrell—Scrap-bag.
 Mrs. S. O. Smith—One pair Reins and 1 Toilet
 Miss Smith—Needle Book.
 Daisy Montgomery—Book-mark.
 Henry Crabbe—Four framed Pictures.
 Mrs. O. M. Benedict—Five Fancy Letter Holders, 1 Cushion and Sundries.
 Mrs. Rowley—One Slipper Bag.
 Mrs. King—Sundries.
 Mrs. Seymour—Knit Shirt.
 Mrs. C. M. Lee—Toilet Set, Reins and Garters.
 Friends—Two Afghans.
 Mr. Miller—A very handsome Aquarium.
 Mrs. Higbie—A large Agapanthus, in full flower.
 Frost & Co., Ellwanger & Barry, King & Son, Mr. Hooker, Mr. Vick, Mrs. G. W. Whitney, Mrs. Samuel Wilder, Mr. John Carleton, and Mrs. Isaac Butte—Flowers.
 J. H. McGuire, 5 lbs.; Mr. O'Brien, 4 lbs.; Mr. Culhane, 3 lbs. Candy.
 Shedd & Dean—Four dozen Oranges.
 Miss Shaw—Kisses.

CASH DONATIONS.

Hamilton Chapter, No. 62 (R. A.) by S.	
M. Benjamin,	\$ 25 00
R. M. Daizell,	20 00
Aristarchus Champion,	20 00
Martin Briggs,	20 00
Mrs. A. G. Bristol,	15 00
William Loop,	15 00
Mrs. Dr. Dewey,	10 00
Samuel D. Porter,	10 00
Mrs. O. M. Benedict,	10 00
William N. Sage,	10 00
Mrs. George E. Mumford,	10 00
Mrs. Hunter,	10 00
A. C. Wilder,	10 00
A Friend,	6 00
Misses H. & K. Churchill,	5 00
Mrs. William Richardson,	5 00
"Spring Alley Mission Fund," by Jennie Chappell and Carrie Rogers,	5 00
Avails of "Grab-bag," by Henry Gordon and George Buell,	5 45
Mrs. Samuel Rosenblatt,	5 00
Mrs. Loop,	5 00
Dr. M. B. Anderson,	5 00
Mrs. William Burke,	5 00
Mrs. Hiram Sibley,	5 00
Stephen Y. Alling,	5 00
David McKay,	5 00
James Vick,	5 00
William C. F. Burrell,	5 00
Mrs. Maltby Strong,	2 00
Mrs. Richard Bishop,	1 00
L. Patten,	50
Belden Day,	25
	\$ 260 20
Received at Dinner Tables,	778 90
Fancy, Flower and Candy	
Tables,	390 91
Received from Concert and Tableaux, ..	535 50
	\$1965 51
Expenses, so far as known,	177 69
Net proceeds,	\$1787 82

Bills Received by Donation and not included in the above.

Tracy and Rew, Daily Express,	\$ 45 00
The Rochester Printing Company, Daily Democrat & Chronicle,	36 80
Curtis, Morey & Co., Daily Union & Adv. ..	19 00
Beach & Son, printing 2000 Tickets,	4 00
H. S. Brewer & Co., Cards for same,	3 00
Stump & Frost, printing Programmes, ..	4 00
Allings & Corey, Paper for same,	3 80
William S. Falls, printing Bills of Fare, ..	2 75
J. Milton French, Sundries for Concert and Tableaux,	3 00
Gibbons & Stone, use of Piano,	6 00
	\$127 35

The Committee on Subscriptions for the Wing, will report soon.

LYDIA G. SAGE,
 Treasurer.

Correspondence.

We have received the following from one of the old men of the Hospital, and who has been for a long time an inmate. The friend to whom he alludes, is Mr. Connors, who died last month :

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,
April 25th, 1871.

It is now nearly three years since I have written anything for the "Review." I intended to write on the progress of the New Wing, but taking a survey of the building, I find it difficult to give a satisfactory description. The external appearance of the New Wing attracts the attention of all passing on West Avenue and Troup Street.

The whole length of the building is 266 feet, and when the East Wing is made equal in appearance to the West Wing, the Hospital will be one of the most beautiful edifices in the city.

We had many deaths last month of old people to whom we were much attached. There was one of these with whom I spent many happy hours, and I conclude with an acrostic on his name :

ACROSTIC.

The pointed dart of Death's keen shaft,
Has left us to bemoan
One whom we loved—almost adored—
May Heaven be his home.
And angels bright, on golden wings,
Soar up with him on high,
Compeer, of the Heavenly host,
Of those of blissful joy,
No end of pleasure there to see,
Nor deeds his life to stain,
Or foe when there, much less than here,
Reproach untarnished fame. W. S.

LOCKPORT, April 17, 1871.

Mrs. P.

Dear Madam :—Enclosed, please find \$4.00, which I believe slightly overpays my indebtedness for your little paper. I had intended to have sent it before, but "procrastination, the thief of time," alone has prevented me. Hoping yet to be able to do something for you in your work, I remain,
Truly yours, P. A. D.

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Mar. 15, 1871,
Thomas Connors, aged 82 years.

March 20, Henry Williams, aged 39 years.

Donations to the Hospital.

Millie Glover—Old Linen.
Mrs. Geo. W. Whitney—Nine doz. Eggs.
Mrs. Benedict—Sweet Pickles.
Mrs. Parsons—Raspberry Vinegar.
Mrs. E. D. Smith—Second hand Clothing.
Mrs. George Lord—Oranges.
Mrs. Curtis—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Pickles and second hand Clothing.
Mrs. Thomas Button—Four cans Fruit and Apples,
Mrs. Andrew Rowley, Victor—One Quilt and old Cotton.
Mrs. Ives, Batavia—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Geo. H. Mumford—Second hand Clothing.
Mrs. Henry Smith—Wine Jellies, Lemon Jellies, Charlottes, Lobster Salad, Roast Beef, &c. from Donation.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. Robert Carter, New York—By Mrs. E. T. Smith, \$2 00
Mrs. E. C. Russell—By Miss Minnie Cornell, 62
Mrs. R. H. Manning, Brooklyn, \$2.00;
Mrs. Phebe A. Davenport, Lockport, \$4.00; Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, \$2.25;
Miss Susan Wingate, Geneseo, \$1.00
M. Manwaring, Lafayette, Ind., 50 cts.
—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 9 75
Wm. Hubbell, Ogden, 50 cents; Mrs. M. Brown, 50 cents—By Miss Hibbard, ... 1 00
Mrs. M. L. Reid, \$1.00; Mrs. A. G. Murray, Canandaigua, \$2.00; Mrs. Allen Rice, Boston, Mass., \$1.00; Mrs. M. M. S. Leeds, Boston, \$2.00; Mrs. Hopkins, 50 cents; Miss Giles, 50 cents—By Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 7 00
Mrs. D. Dana, San Francisco, Cal., \$1.00;
Mrs. T. P. Cummings, New York, 50 cents—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 1 50
Miss Anna Barton, 50 cents; Mrs. Frick, 50 cents; Mrs. Sweeting, 50 cents; Mrs. Button, 63 cents, Postage 13 cts.; Mrs. Barton, donation, 50 cents—By Mrs. J. S. Hall, 2 75

Superintendent's Report.

1871. Mar. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 106
Received during month, ...26--192
Discharged,14
Died, 2 —16
Remaining Apr. 15, 1871, .. 116

Children's Department.

If.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

If I were a school teacher like Miss Snapp,
And she were a scholar like me,
O gracious, what lessons I'd give her to learn,
What sums in the Rule of Three!
And how, if she didn't forever behave
In just the most saintly of ways,
Her ears should be slapped and her buns locked
up,

Her recess withheld for days!

If I were as clever as Laura Sharp,
And she were as stupid as I,
What thorough delight it would give me to act
As monitor, meddler and spy!
And how I should tattle of all that she did,
In Laura's contemptible style,
And smile, when she blundered in spelling or
French,

That horrid, unmerciful smile!

If I were a beauty like Rosa Bell,
And she were a fright like myself,
What saucy remarks I should constantly make
To vex her—the proud little elf!
What fun I should poke at her freckles, her nose
Her elbows, her knuckles, her hair,
And all with that delicate titter of hers,
That stingingly lady-like air!

But then I am merely supposing, of course,
Impossible things. Who can tell
What truly would happen if truly I were
Miss Snapp, Laura Sharp, Rosa Bell?
Perhaps I should pity (revenge is so mean)!
And help them and love them, all three,
And do unto others as I myself would
That others should do unto me!

[*"Our Young Folks" for March.*]

The Bottle of Oil.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper he went to a neighbor with the story of his distresses. "It seems to me," said the neighbor, "it would be well to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself!"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody therefore liked to go out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly word was found in his house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

The Boy who Lived in a Glass House.

There was once a boy who went and lived in glass house. He did this because he considered himself so beautiful and so good that people would always like to look at him.

But when, after he had resided in the glass house for a long while, he found people did not come to look at him as much as he had expected, he spent some time in thinking what was the reason and what he should do; and at last resolved to go and throw stones at other folks, in order to make them admire him in his glass house.

One day, for instance, he sallied forth, and looked over a garden-wall, and saw in the garden some little girls and boys playing at battledore and shuttlecock.

"How very untidy your black hair is," he said to one of the young ladies; "I should be ashamed of it, if I was you." And with that he walked away, after having thrown a stone over into the garden, repeating, "I should be ashamed of it, if I was you."

"Should you, though?" said the young lady's brother, springing up, jumping over the wall, and following him to the glass house that he lived in.

When the little boy—who was, we may

as well mention at once, known as Censorious Simon—had got to the glass house, he sat down, looking very contented with himself, for the people to look at. But he had not observed that the young lady's brother had followed close behind him, and, in fact, that he was now looking in upon him.

"There you are, with your boot-lace all down!" says the brother. "I should be ashamed of it, if I was you.

And so saying, he threw a stone at the glass house. Of course one of the panes was cracked, and Censorious Simon, who had not noticed his boot-lace was down, had to mend the pane with putty, or something, as well as he could. This vexed him very much, because the part where the mend was made interrupted people's views of his perfections.

The very next day, as he was going along, he overheard a little boy, who was on his way to school, repeating his lesson to himself, and saying, *man-man, ers-ers, manners; mat-mat, er-er, matter*. So he took a pencil and a piece of paper out of his pocket, and wrote, "What makes you spell so bad?" and he signed this, "Censorious Simon, Glass House," for he was very proud, and, wrapping the paper round a stone, flung it at the little boy. The following day, whack came a stone, wrapped up in a piece of paper, clean through a pane of glass, and inside was written, "What makes you write *bad* for *badly*!" Censorious Simon was vexed with the world, and said to himself, "*My* mistake was only an accident, of course." But there was now another flaw in his glass house, and if people came to admire him; there would now be *two* spots to hinder their view of his beauty. This he did not at all like, but he mended the place as well as he was able, and sat down as before to be looked at.

Another time Censorious Simon came across some boys "hissing" two dogs at each other, and said, "I should be ashamed of myself, if I was you, to be so cruel."

"Oh!" said the boys, "we know *you*, and where you live; so you'd better be off."

So Censorious Simon thought to himself, "They are rude to me; but that is because I am a great moralist, and they hate me. At all events, it is plain that I am now a public character, and that my talents and my residence are beginning to attract at-

tention." So he threw a stone at the cruel boys, and went his way.

"I like to throw a stone," said he to himself; "it brings things home to people's minds. Besides, the Jews used to throw stones at people till they died, when people did wrong; so it is scriptural."

If there was one thing upon which, next to his morality, Simon prided himself, it was his skill in science, and he was just now paying considerable attention to entomology. The very next day after he had rebuked the boys for setting the dogs on to fight each other, he was closely absorbed in doing some specimens; but just as he was driving in a pin through the head of a live butterfly, he happened to glance up, and saw that the two boys who had made the dogs fight were looking at him. "They will think a great deal of my scientific attainments," thought he; but just at that very moment the boys withdrew to a safe distance, and sent each a big stone whizzing through his glass house, shouting—

"Who tortured the butterfly? I should be ashamed of myself, if I was you, to be so cruel." Here were two more holes at once in the glass house, so that just that part of it began to look quite ugly, and the view was seriously obstructed.

One day Censorious Simon was invited out to a party, and soon discovered that people were afraid of him, he was such a great moralist. So he went up to a young lady who seemed rather dull, and said in a loud voice—

"Well, what makes you look so melancholy?"

And the young lady made answer—

"Oh, sir!"—she called him "sir" because she had heard he was a moralist—"oh, sir, I am going back to boarding school next Monday, and it makes me dull to think of parting with papa and mamma so soon."

"Oh, pooh!" says Simon, "you shouldn't feel dull; I never do." Now there were no stones about just there, of course, but still he did not like to break his rule. So, at supper-time, when they had damson tart, he took up one of the kernels (in the shell, you know,) and watching his opportunity, called out across the table to the young lady—

"Don't fret, I never do;" at the same time flinging the damson-stone at her shoulder, and laughing. Nobody interfered because he was such a severe moralist, but

he young lady had a cousin at the party who ~~was~~ ^{was} very fond of her, and rather shy. This cousin walked up to Censorious Simon's glass house the very next day, and looked softly in; and what should he see there but Simon blubbering away like anything, because so many holes had been made in his glass house already. Feeling very vindictive because the damson-stone had made a little red mark on his cousin's shoulder, this cousin took up a whole handful of stones, and flung them at Simon's house, crying out—

"Don't feel dull, I never do."

This was a pretty piece of business, and Censorious Simon now had to put in bits of brown paper and all that, to keep the wind out.

It often happens in life that things come to a pitch, as people say, quite suddenly. A storm gathers quietly, and, when nobody is expecting such a thing, you find a burst up and an overthrow. All but very conceited persons bear this in mind; and, as sailors say, look out for squalls. But Censorious Simon, as we have heard, was *very* conceited indeed. One day he found that a board, like a cobbler's board, had been put up on his house in the night, and the inscription upon the board ran thus:—**CENSORIOUS SIMON: Other People's Business Minded for them: Fault Found on the Shortest Notice.**"

When he found out this board, and saw some folks in the distance laughing at him as he read the words, it happened to him, as it sometimes happens to you and me—he had a sudden thought, coming up from he knew not where, that he was not quite as wise and quite as good as he had hitherto supposed himself to be. In fact, a very ugly word got into his head, and he heard a Mysterious Voice in ~~his~~ inside, which kept on saying to him, "You are a humbug;" and when he was on the point of saying to the Voice, "No, I am a great moralist," the Voice put him down like winking, by saying, "You dare not deny it." In spite of that, this misguided person must needs sally out that very day and lecture several boys and girls whom he met upon the duty of always telling the truth. And at every one of them he threw the usual stone, because he liked it, and because he thought it made him a more public character, and because he considered it scriptural.

Now the boys and girls who knew Cen-

sorious Simon had long had a suspicion in their minds that he was *that ugly word*,—what the Voice in his inside said, you know,—and they had, of course, sense enough to see that a person who was *that ugly word* had no right to lecture other people about telling the truth, seeing that he was himself only a fib in breeches. In some way or other, the storm which had been threatening came suddenly to a height. Nobody can tell how these things happen; nobody can say how a great revolution breaks out all in an hour, with hundreds and thousands of people all maddened together, and all driving at one end. But such things *do* happen; and thus, by some means or other, all the boys and girls of the nation, as you may say, suddenly gathered in a body, and, surrounding Censorious Simon's glass house, pelted it with stones till there was not a sound pane of glass left in it! And this was the origin of the saying which we have all heard, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

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.

J. B. SWEETING,

84 State Street,

having made arrangements with different houses in Europe and America, will be constantly supplied with First-Class Goods in

Ribbons, Flowers,

Laces, Straws,

and general Millinery and Fancy Goods, which will be sold at Importer's prices, at his Store, which has been extended for above purpose.

Special care shall be taken to fill Orders with good taste and dispatch. [mar. '71.

Geo. H. Phillips & Co.

Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in

Stoves & Hollow Ware

249 RIVER ST.

Geo. W. Phillips,
J. M. Howk,
W. A. Clark.

} May, '70. TROY, N.Y

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 Alpacos, 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.

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 Vindicator Cook Stove, the latest and best.

15 BUFFALO ST. [June, '70] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Moore & Cole,

Are fully established in their

NEW STORE,

IN POWERS' FIRE-PROOF COMMERCIAL BLOCK,

No. 72 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

We have the most central location and the finest Grocery Store in Rochester; plenty of room, plenty of goods, and invite every body to come and see us. Since January 1st, there has been a reduction in the prices of

TEAS AND COFFEES,

on account of a lower tariff on these articles; and we are now prepared to give our customers better bargains than ever. We have everything that belongs to a first-class Grocery trade—goods all new and fresh, and prices invariably as low as any House in the city. REMEMBER THE NUMBER,

72 BUFFALO STREET,

POWERS' BLOCK,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

April, '70.

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 Alpacos gives universal satisfaction

A. S. MANN & CO.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,
(SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAUW.)
CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
Who deal & 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. V. BEEMER,
Men's Furnishing Goods,
35 Buffalo & 3 Exchange Streets,
Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Nov. 1867. SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. 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.

ELWELL & MOSELY,
DEALER IN
MOURNING GOODS,
CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS,
Special Bargains in Black Silks and Alpaca
No. 9 Main Street Bridge,
Jan. '96, 1yr ROCHESTER.

A. S. HAMILTON & CO.
Wholesale Dealers in
HARDWARE,
MECHANICS' TOOLS,
Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Clothes Wringers
Sole Agents for Cumings' Improved Feed Cutters,
21 & 23 BUFFALO ST.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
A. S. HAMILTON, (Nov. '70.) ROBERT MATHEWS.

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

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.

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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. VII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1871.

No. 10.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Wounded!

Steady, boys, steady!

Keep your arms ready!

God only knows who we may meet here.

Don't let me be taken;

I'd rather awaken

To-morrow in——no matter where,

Than lie in that foul prison hole—over there.

Step slowly!

Speak lowly!

These rocks may have life,

Let me lay down in this hollow;

We are out of the strife.

By heavens! the foeman may track me in blood;
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.

No! no surgeon for me, he can give me no aid,
The surgeon I want is the pickaxe and spade.

What, Morris, a tear?—why, shame on ye, man!

I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! well! I am rough, 'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!

I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe.

And, boys, that you love me I certainly know,

But wasn't it grand!

When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?

But we stood—did we not—like immovable rock,
Upheeding their balls and repelling their shock!

Did you mind the loud cry,

When, as turning to fly,

Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?

Oh! wasn't it grand?

God help the poor wretches who fell in that fight.

No time was there given for prayer or for flight;

They fell by the score in the crash, hand to hand,

And they mixed their blood with the sloughing and sand!

Huzza!

Great heavens! this bullet hole gapes like a grave!

A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!

Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,

Or speak to a man as his life flows away?

Pray!

Pray!

"Our Father! Our Father!"—why don't you proceed?

Can't you see I am dying? Great God! how I bleed!

Ebbing away!

Ebbing away!

The light of the day

Is turning to gray!

Pray!

Pray!

"Our Father in Heaven"—boys, tell me the rest,
While I staunch the hot blood from the hole in my breast.

There's something about the forgiveness of sin;
Put that in!—put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words, and say an Amen!

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my head,
And Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill like a thunder-
charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by our brave little
crowd!

Where is Wilson, my comrade, here, stoop down
your head,
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and
dead?

“Christ God, who died for sinners all,
Hear Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall!
Unheeded by Thy gracious eye.
Throw wide Thy gates to let him in,
And take him pleading to Thine arms.
Forgive him, O Lord, this life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms.”

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,
It is light to my path when my sight has grown dim.
I am dying; bend down, till I touch you once
more;

Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war!
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

The House of Orleans.

BY MRS. HENRY M. FIELD.

After twenty-three years of exile, the wave of revolution again brings upon the stage the House of Orleans. France, which has once more to choose a government and a head, may find a King in the Count de Paris, or a President in the Duke d'Aumale. The generation which has grown up under the Empire, asks who are these new candidates for its suffrage. The past has grown dim in the distance of receding years, but in thousands of hearts the return of the young princes will recall touching memories of that beautiful family, that a quarter of a century ago were the hope of France.

Whatever the faults that led to the overthrow of Louis Philippe, the royal family during his reign presented an assemblage of talent and of manly and womanly virtues, such as France had never seen before, and the memory of which, more than the right of birth and of inheritance, will bring back the exiles.

The King, in spite of his narrow political views and his selfish ambition for the advancement of his family, which led to the Spanish marriages, and thereby precipitated his fall, had at heart the happiness of his people. Trained in the school of adversity, he had profited by the lessons of exile. He was strongly imbued with the ideas of liberty and equality, that he had learned when a witness of the revolution of 1793. He never tried to return to the old stiff etiquette and rigid formality of the Bourbons. The Tuilleries then had none of the tawdry splendors which have since dazzled the world. The court was of an extreme simplicity. The citizen king, as he liked to be called, preferred, both from taste and policy, the absence of ceremony and of luxury. The Queen, the pious Amelia, lent herself the more readily to this laying aside of royal state, that her timorous conscience was secretly troubled with the possession of a power which the priests who surrounded her called usurpation. Around this royal pair, who were as simple as any bourgeois couple of France, were grouped a large and happy family of five sons and three daughters.

In recalling this family as they appeared in Paris twenty-five years ago, the first figure which arises out of the grave is that of the eldest daughter, Louise, who was married at the commencement of her father's reign to Leopold, King of Belgium. It was said at the time that her heart was not in this union; that it was a political alliance; but this fact only made more tender the sympathy of the French for the royal daughter, who had been brought up in such an atmosphere of love, that a throne was but a poor substitute for family affection. She never lost this peculiar interest with which she was invested in the popular imagination. Whenever, on her frequent visits to Paris, she showed herself in public, she was received with enthusiasm. I remember her, then accompanied by a child, a sweet little girl with golden ringlets, a vision of happiness and hope. Yet this was the infant Carlotta, afterwards the wife of the ill-fated Maximilian, whose life was to form one of the saddest tragedies of modern times. But the mother did not live to witness this sorrow. She died while still a young woman, and one of the touching pictures of the day was the description of the scene, when her brothers

stood around her grave, and said "Adieu, Louise?"

Beside this figure, is that of a second daughter, the Princess Marie, a very gifted woman, whose genius for art alone would have made her distinguished. A pupil of Ary Scheffer, she has left behind her several exquisitely modeled statues—among others the finest personification of Joan of Arc. Very few women are gifted with such a poetic and artistic nature. She spoke English and German as perfectly as French, and was equally versed in these three richest literatures of the world. She was fond of illustrating with her pencil those works which charmed her imagination. She was the idol of her family, but her career, like that of the Queen of the Belgians, was short. Married to a German prince, she had a few years of happiness, and then was taken in the midst of her dreams of fresh artistic labor, leaving to her family as a last gift that beautiful statue of an angel, which was placed on the tomb of her brother, the Duke of Orleans, in the chapel erected to his memory, where it serves also as her own pure, white monument.

Among the sons of the King, of course the first in public regard was the eldest, the Duke of Orleans, the heir to the throne. He was then at the height of his popularity. Upon him rested naturally the hopes of the nation, which even grew impatient at the slow and narrow policy of the King. Everything in the character of the prince justified these hopes. Of a fine intellectual and moral nature, his character was admirably balanced. Brave, without being fond of military glory, wise in counsel, without the prejudice of party, he seemed formed by Providence to ensure the happy destiny of France.

To share his lofty position, he chose a wife without any regard to political considerations. She was a German princess of no very high rank, but of a singular purity and elevation of character. Endowed like him with aspirations for whatever is beautiful and good, she strengthened in him every generous impulse. With what enthusiasm she was welcomed when she came to France. To receive her the King opened the Palace of Versailles—the ancient dwelling of the royal line. As she made her entry into Paris, along the way that she passed an immense crowd pressed upon her course, wild with joy. Little did she dream in that hour of happiness that

she should end her days far from Paris—a widow and an exile!

But at the moment all was bright. The young couple were the objects of great popular interest. They both were so pure and good that their union was the ideal of domestic happiness; and the people were interested in all the details of their interior life. Established in a pavilion of the Palace of the Tuilleries, they attracted to them men of science and letters, artists, poets, and philosophers, who formed their most intimate circle.

The old King, fond father as he was, had yet a good deal of royal jealousy, and would never permit the popularity of the Prince to come into competition with his own. He did not like the Duke to take a prominent part in public affairs, lest he should become the nucleus of a party.

.. In spite of the numerous residences open to the royal family, he kept all his sons under his own roof. There was the Palais Royal, but just across an open square, and the Elysée Bourbon, not far away, but both remained empty. Not even the heir to the Crown was permitted a separate residence. Even though married and the father of two sons, so that their quarters began to be rather straightened, yet the old King would have them all remain in the Tuilleries, and the Duke, such was his filial respect, never revolted at this arbitrary authority. It is related that, wishing to gather around him a society of the distinguished men of the capital, he organized little receptions on Thursday evenings, to which he gave the modest name of the chimney-corner. For one Winter all went well. But the following year the King called his son to him and said, "If you wish to receive your friends, receive them in my drawing-room—*there is but one chimney in the Tuilleries!*" The Duke submitted with perfect grace. But it was not so easy to make his guests feel the same freedom in the grand salon and in the presence of Majesty.

But all these hopes of the nation, which were centered on one man, were destroyed in an hour by the fatal accident which caused his death. He had served in the campaigns in Africa, but had passed unharmed through the dangers of battle, only to perish in the very streets of Paris by the running away of his horses. Leaping from the carriage to save himself, his

head struck the pavement, and he was taken up lifeless. No one who was in Paris can ever forget that day—the anguish and the consternation which filled every heart, from the King to the lowest subject. The royal family were at Neuilly, a little out of Paris, their favorite retreat, in the full flow of domestic enjoyment, when a terrible rumor, as if flying in the air, spoke of some injury to the Duke of Orleans. Instantly the King and Queen started on foot, not waiting for the carriages, running down the avenue to learn the fatal truth. When they reached the place of disaster, the Duke still breathed—one word, “Helen,” the name of his wife, escaped his lips, and all was over.

This death probably changed the whole future of France. Had the Duke of Orleans lived, his popularity would doubtless have averted the Revolution of 1848. But it was not so to be. The Great Ruler of nations had ordered it otherwise, and he was taken away. On such slight causes the destiny of nations may depend.

Two weeks before, the Duchess had left Paris for Vichy, the happiest of women. She returned a widow—utterly desolate—to devote herself to the education of her two sons, which was to be thereafter the sole occupation and interest of her life. Too strong in character, and too much of a Christian, to give way to morbid grief, she bowed in submission to the Divine will, and though she carried always a sadness of countenance that told of her irreparable loss, there was if possible more than ever of sweetness and gentleness, which showed how even the finest natures may be elevated and spiritualized by such trials. She never appeared in public but in deep mourning, and all heads were silently uncovered as she passed, with that profound respect which a sensitive people pay to great virtue and great sorrow.

The memory of her husband was for her a sort of worship. All in his apartments remained as he left it—his books, the pen with which he had signed some order, just as he was stepping into his carriage, and on which the ink was hardly dry when he expired—even the cup of chocolate half emptied—and the glove fallen on the floor, that had still the impress of his hand. Nothing was ever touched but by her. A cabinet of ebony, always covered with fresh flowers, and jealously closed, contained the last impression taken in plaster of

his countenance, which death, coming so suddenly, had hardly changed. Into this private apartment she often retired to meditate and pray. Every year on the anniversary of his death she repaired to the Chateau of Dreux, to spend some days near his tomb; and in her exile regretted nothing so much as the privilege of this mournful pilgrimage. By this pious remembrance of the dead, she strengthened herself for her duties to the living—the sacred charge of the education of her two sons—a task not without its difficulties, for while they were all that she could desire, the Queen, governed by her religious prejudices, was disturbed to see them so much under the influence of a Protestant mother, although the Duchess conducted their education with infinite tact, and with scrupulous care to avoid all possible conflict. The King, whose policy became more and more opposed to the will of the nation, was not always at his ease in presence of the simple good sense and liberal views of his daughter-in-law, who, although she did not appear at court, kept herself informed of public affairs, with the authority which fitly belonged to her as the mother of the future sovereign. Had the King listened to her womanly counsel, and adopted a little of her spirit of conciliation, he might have saved his throne. But she was kept in the background until the revolution was beyond control. When, on that fatal 24th of February, she appeared in the Chamber of Deputies, leading by her hand the Count de Paris, and presenting him as the heir to the throne, she was repelled by the stern voice of the people: *It is too late!*

From that tumultuous scene she was hurried away, and when the doors of the Chamber of Deputies closed upon her, the House of Orleans had ceased to reign in France. Thenceforth the annals of the royal family are lost in the silence of exile. Retiring to England, they lived at Claremont, a seat of Leopold, the King of Belgium. There Louis Philippe soon ended his days. The Queen survived him a few years, surrounded by her children, who regarded her with the utmost tenderness. In adversity as in prosperity they presented the same spectacle of an united and happy family. The young princes, waiting no strength in vain regrets or in political intrigues, passed their time in study or in the best society of London. Of the four sons of Louis Philippe, not

one ever brought reproach on their illustrious name. Their father, by keeping them all under his roof and under his eye, had kept them away from bad associates, from those flatterers and profligates who are the destroyers of Kings. They grew a pure, manly race. The Duke de Nemours, the eldest after the death of the Duke of Orleans, sustained the dignity of the royal family by the purity of his private life. The Prince de Joinville belonged to the navy, and ranked well in his profession. Though since disabled from taking a very active part in public affairs by his deafness, he is respected as a man of honor and of intelligence. He brought his son to this country, and had him educated for his own profession in the Naval Academy at Newport. But the flower of the family is the Duke d'Aumale. He is a literary man of decided ability, who has written much, though under another name, for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He is the author of a pamphlet entitled, "What have you done with France?" in which he arraigned the policy of the Empire. Should France remain a Republic, it is not impossible that he may be called to the highest office of the State. The youngest son is the Duke de Montpensier who is married to a sister of the late Queen of Spain, but who, though living in the atmosphere of such a court, has never had a breath against his pure name.

But the chief interest attached to the House of Orleans, centres in that branch of the family in which, if a monarchy is re-established, is likely to be the heir to the throne. When the Duke of Orleans died, his widow had but one thing to live for, to train up her sons to be worthy of their father, and to fit them for the high destinies which might be imposed upon them. When she went into exile, this was still the burden of her heart. She survived the Revolution ten years, dying in 1858. But she did not breathe her last till she saw this sacred duty fulfilled. She saw her sons grow up well educated, pure, modest, and virtuous. After the death of their mother, in 1861, they came to this country, and served for a year on the staff of General McClellan, and thus took their first lessons in arms under the standard of liberty. Since their return to England, they have lived a retired and studious life, preparing themselves for that revolution which they confidently anticipated, and which has now

come. Should they now return to France, we may see upon the throne a family identified in its past history with constitutional government, and which has had opportunities of learning political wisdom by every variety of fortune; by the former possession of power, and by the experience of adversity and exile.

A Lily's Word.

My delicate lily—

Blossom of fragrant snow,

Breathing on me from the garden—

How does your beauty grow?

Tell me what blessings the kind heavens give!

How do you find it so sweet to live?

"One loving smile of the sun!"

Charms me out of the mould;

One tender tear of the rain

Makes my full heart unfold.

Welcome whatever the kind heavens give,

And you shall find it as sweet to live."

Love.

Irving gives us two very different ideas of the sentiment, or passion rather, called *Love*. For example: "Love is the cause of half the misery of wretched mortality. It is that which produces bitterness and strife between brethren and friends; which causes treacherous murder and desolating war. Care and sorrow and sleepless nights are its attendants."

And again: "Love is the torment of one, the felicity of two, and the strife and turmoil of three. It is a charm which draws two beings together, and unites them in delicious sympathies, making it happiness to be with each other, but misery to be apart."

Some one else says of the same tender passion: "What has ever been the power, the delusion of that passion which can cast a spell over the greatest hero, throw a blot on the brightest glory, blast in a moment a life of fame! What must be the power of that passion which can inspire genius in the dullest and the coldest, waken heroism in the most timid of creatures, exalt to the highest, or to the lowest degrade our nature—the bitterest or the sweetest blessing Heaven bestows upon us in this life! O, is *Love* to be trifled with?"

Excess in all fashions, instantly implies vulgarity.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1871.

"Not Lost, but Gone Before."

To-day, among the flowers at Mt. Hope—at this season of fairest bloom and beauty—Elisabeth Bronson has been laid to rest. At that name, around that early grave, what tender, what sacred memories will forever cling! With her life has gone out not only a dearest light in her own home, but so much that was a joy to others—to the world around her. She was young, but the position she had taken in the church—in our benevolent organizations, as well as in her own private sphere, had made her name already a blessing, and gave fullest, fairest promise. An earnest worker in every good work—living daily for all that was highest and best—marking out her course with singular independence, and holding to her convictions with steadfastness, yet mingled with gentleness, she commanded the homage of all who knew her. Such an earnest christian life cannot be otherwise than a light in this dark world, and how many in this sudden extinguishment will miss its steady, kindly glow. Many are the mourners. Our Hospital, as well as all our benevolent Institutions, loses a warm, generous friend in her. Of all the large circle of young workers who, to their honor be it said, have identified themselves with our charities, is there one face, one name which comes before our readers more vividly, more prominently, at this time, than Miss Bronson's? At our Annual Festivals—at all our gatherings of this kind, we expected to meet her, and we knew what a reliance, what a good helper, we had in her.

In her church, we find her position equally marked, equally efficient. And here, in her religious life, as we have before intimated, we come to the spring—the secret which made her what she was,

and what she was growing more and more to be. Three years ago, she was baptized and confirmed in St. Luke's Church, and from that time those most intimately acquainted with her, have noticed a deeper earnestness, a new and steady development of her religious character. It shone, as in the life of her Master, in loving deeds to all in sorrow and in need. It shone a beautiful gleam in her own home. We saw its lustre in the loving, the devoted, the unselfish daughter—the support, the comfort of an invalid father—and gave her, as the elder sister, those qualities which commanded for her so much influence, so much affection. To the honor of Christianity—to the honor of her womanhood—it is said of her that her many noble qualities of heart and mind shone yet brightest at her own fireside. And yet the love which so gladdened and blessed her home, was by no means limited to it. Generous in her nature, she was naturally a favorite, and as a friend, the world gives but few such. Said one to us, whose life from childhood had been woven with hers, "I have lost in her, outside my own family, my best friend. There is no one of all those I call friends who I feel and know would stand by me, and sacrifice for me, if need be, all that she would." It is hard to lose such a friend. Truth, firmness, unyielding constancy through every shade of trial and temptation, are rare indeed. We do not sympathize with that general distrust of woman's friendships, so dishonorable to her sex, but at the same time there are, we believe, few women who combine so many of those qualities which make a lifetime and tried friend as she, so missed, so mourned to-day.

Very much about her death seems peculiarly sad—its suddenness, and away from her own beautiful home. Few, outside of her intimate circle of friends, knew even of her failing health—and the news fell with a terrible shock upon many. Only yesterday, it seemed to many of us, we had seen

her—only so short a time ago, when she was with us at our Festival, heart and soul in the work. Surrounded with so much that was pleasant—filling so large, and as it would seem, so necessary a place in the family and in society—so tenderly beloved—her life, fuller than ever of promise—of dearest, sweetest dreams, drawing nigh to their fulfilment—this untimely ending seems sad indeed. And yet shall we question God's doings! On the other hand, oh how much there is that is beautiful and joyous in this death! Who would not, after all, choose to die when most beloved and when most missed? Who would choose to linger, to see these sweet dreams fade and to taste, as all must, of the bitter sorrows and disappointments of life? And then, oh how beautiful the hope, brightening all the gloom of this death! Sad as was the scene around her open grave, it was not all sadness. Long as may seem this parting, it is not forever. Little birds, through all the new green leaves of the Spring, seemed singing, as we stood there, a song of the resurrection—and the world of flowers, fresh from the grave of Winter, seemed to breathe and echo it. We call this the end—and lo! it is but the beginning. Let those who weep for her to-day, take home to themselves the sweet comfort in these lines, sung as a part of the burial service:

“ Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to Heaven.

Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled,
That He, whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O, Father! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our stricken hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

Visit to the Hospital.

The New Wing has grown astonishingly since our last visit. We had neither eyes nor ears for anything else. In fact “we did” the New Wing effectually from roof to basement. But when we think of those two immense wards, besides the four wards and all the long halls, together with the ten private rooms, in the Mansard roof, our hearts almost fail us. How are all these empty, echoing spaces to be fitted up and furnished! But the extent of the New Wing after all does not impress us so much as its beauty. Its arrangements are so complete, the ceilings so high, the rooms so airy and spacious, and on that beautiful May morning the views from the windows most superb. Among the many conveniences is an elevator. Several of the churches, we understand, are interested in contributing something towards the furnishing of the wards, and two or three of the rooms in the roof are to be furnished by individuals. The cost of furnishing these rooms is estimated at \$250. Smaller contributions towards the furnishing of the Wing, with the exception of bedding, are requested to be made in money to be invested by the furnishing committee, as it is desirable to have a uniformity, and such articles as would harmonize with each other and with the building, which could not be the case with miscellaneous donations. Bedding and towels, however, cannot come amiss. For the convenience of those who would like to furnish beds or donate articles for them, we will give the sizes of the sheets and pillow-cases: Sheets for the wards, should be made two yards and one-half long, and one yard and one-half wide. Pillow-cases for the same, we make one yard and one-quarter long, and one yard wide. In a Hospital, it would be difficult indeed to get too large a supply of articles of this kind. We have a “blue room,” which the Union Blues are fitting up for private patients. The painting is lovely, and the furniture, we are told, is to be every way

in harmony. This room is in the old building. There are others besides this one, undergoing repairs, and are to be fitted up handsomely for private patients. There is ample opportunity for all of our friends to do something, be it little or more, towards furnishing this vast empty New Wing. Very few individuals can, we know, afford to furnish a room or even an entire bed, but all, we believe, can do something, and every mite, we can assure our readers, will be acceptable.

"A Duty and a Privilege."

We have repeatedly urged upon our readers the "duty and the privilege," so eloquently expressed in the following note, and not in vain. We have two faithful visitors, to whom we recently alluded, who come regularly every week; and if others could know how welcome these visitors are, and how their ministrations are blessed, they would, we are sure, be glad to enter into this work:

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER:

Can you not urge upon your readers, the privilege as well as duty of visiting in our Hospital? How few realize that an hour spent occasionally in this way, brings sunshine to sufferers from sickness or casualties! In past years, when our brave soldiers filled the beds, many were moved to go among them. Do those suffering from other causes, stand less in need of the word of encouragement, sympathy, or counsel? I have been lead into this train of thought in consequence of a letter received from one who, severely injured by an explosion on the Mississippi, was taken to a Hospital in a Southern city. He says, "I have not seen a female all the weeks I have been here. The nurse is an Irishman, who brings our meals three times a day. The Doctor comes once each day, and dresses our wounds, and that is the end of it. There is a gentleman in the room now, who has called to see a friend, who says he was in the Rochester City Hospital, and it

is no more like this than day is like night. He says he remembers you, and that the boys all looked forward to the visits of the ladies, with much pleasure." If any thing is needed to induce our ladies to visit more faithfully and frequently, will not this voice from a distance be sufficient? P.

Seventh Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital.

In presenting to-day our seventh annual report, we can only expect a reiteration of our former reports, with a renewed thanksgiving for the success which has crowned every effort made in behalf of our Hospital. Seven years since was but "the day of small things;" now we rejoice in the erection of a second Wing, giving promise of extended usefulness and greater facilities for the care of the sick.

With this new wing, comes new wants. Each ward must be furnished, each bed dressed for its occupant. Open hearts and busy fingers must supply the needs—and we shall turn as ever to our citizens and friends, to whom we never yet have looked in vain.

In reviewing the year, we find the medical faculty remains the same, devoting valuable time to this portion of their work, and manifesting great interest in it. The superintendent, matron and nurses, still retain their several offices, and no words can express the value of their conscientious, unceasing care.

The following is a detailed report for the year ending February 1st, 1871:

No. Patients in the Hospital, Feb. 1, 1870,	103
" " received during the year,.....	330
" Births,.....	14
Total under treatment,	447
Discharged, during the year ending Feb. 1, 1871:	
Recovered,.....	242
Improved,.....	60
Unimproved,.....	8
Died,.....	32
Total discharged,.....	342

Number remaining, Feb. 1, 1871:

Males,	42
Females,	63
Total remaining,	105

Nativity:

United States,	240
Ireland	112
England	38
Germany,	30
Scotland,	11
France,	8
Italy,	3
Unknown,	5
	447

Whole No. births, since opening of Hospital	104
" " Deaths, " "	162
" " Patients treated, " "	2,326

The religious services, which should fill, as they do, an important place in every Hospital, have been held regularly, with the exception of two or three Sundays, through the efforts of the city clergy and the students of the Seminary. Our thanks are due for these services, but the true reward must come from the inward consciousness of love for Christ and for the souls of dying men. We would commend the example of a few faithful women who devote many hours to visiting the inmates—encouraging them by words of kindness—and reading to and instructing them, as their needs may demand.

Our annual donation festival met the most sanguine expectations—and should our necessities demand a similar effort in the Spring or early Summer, we feel confident we shall not appeal in vain to those who labored and gave so freely.

The "Hospital Review," serving as a reminder, comes to us monthly, freighted with much of interest that occurs in our Hospital—but one needs to be a frequent visitor to the bedside of the sick, to learn the lessons of patience, of fortitude, and of Christian resignation, which are daily taught by the stricken inmates.

To all who have ever borne our Hospital in mind, we would express our grateful thanks, and trust they will ever remember

"That the sorrow and the suffering
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee."

C. E. MATHEWS,

Feb. 1, 1871.

Cor. Secretary.

Our friend, Mr. Smith of Razor Strop renown, and many pleasant grateful Hospital memories—has had a dream about us, which we hope may prove not all a dream:

A Dream.

WAS IT ALL A DREAM?

NEW YORK, May 12, 1871.

MY GOOD FRIEND, DR. RIDER:

I take the liberty of writing to you to tell you of a dream I had. It was about furnishing the New Wing. I am always thinking about the Hospital. I cannot account for it, unless spirits come back and impress me to try and do some good for your noble Institution. It seems to me if I had plenty of money I would see that the Wing had plenty of furniture. This is what I think *now*—if I *had* plenty of money, I might be stingy, &c. I dreamed that there was a box in each Ward, so that people could drop in their small change without any one knowing how much they gave. It seemed to me, that the little children went with their pennies, and felt proud to do so. I dreamed that the Committee of the Hospital offered a fine Town Clock to the Ward that sent in the largest sum. In my dream I saw the Eighth Ward take the Clock. Now, I don't know which is the Eighth Ward, but they know; and then they gave the Clock to the City Hospital; and I saw it outside, and well it did look. I saw the people from the country go up to the box, and drop in their mites, each having their favorite ward. I dreamed that my wife and myself and our eight children, all sent a small sum to be put in the box. [How about the children, Doctor! I will go it blind on the

children. At any rate, it *might* come true!] I heard the ministers of all the churches telling their members to go to the boxes and cast in their mites. This, I thought, would prepare the women to go to the ballot box. And at this point I awoke.

Now, Doctor, if you think this dream worthy of their notice, please show it to some of the lady Managers. Excuse all mistakes. A man cannot be great at all things. You are good on the Eye—but how you would be on peddling Razor Strops, I cannot tell. Feeling strongly impelled to write and send this to you, I arose at an early hour this morning for that purpose. The boxes of which I dreamed, should be placed in stores or private houses, with a lock on them; and the amount reported every third day—and the boxes be kept open for eleven days. Give my best respects to all my friends.

Hoping that you are well and doing well, I am, Yours truly,

HENRY SMITH,
RAZOR STROP MAN,
99 E. Broadway, N.Y.

Donations for May.

Mrs. Edward Raymond—4 Cans of Fruit.
Mrs. Parsons—Quantity of Pieplant.
Mrs. Buell—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Craig—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. John F. Lovcraft—Second-hand Clothing and Old Cotton.
Mrs. Sidney Lovcraft—Second-hand Clothing.
Misses Green—A Mahogany Table.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, \$1.25; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, \$1.25; Mrs. Geo. W. Fisher, \$2.50—By Miss Florence Montgomery, \$ 5 00
Mrs. C. C. Barton—By Miss Terry 50
Mrs. Sackett, Johnstown—By Miss Hibbard, 1 00
Mrs. M. Johnson, East Groveland, \$1.00;
Dr. E. C. Baker, 50 cents; Mrs. Oscar Craig, 62 cents; Miss C. M. Chriswell, \$1.50; Mrs. N. Snell, \$1.50; Miss Fanny Hooker, 75 cents; Miss Julia A. Williams, Cooperstown, 50 cents.—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 6 37
Curran & Goler, advt.—By Mrs. Mathews. 5 00

Superintendent's Report.

1871: Apr. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 116
Received during month, ...25—141
Discharged,22
Died, 0 —22
Remaining May 15, 1871, 119

Children's Department.

The Bird's-Rights Meeting.

What birds pecked the cherries on Barnaby's tree?
"I pecked them for one," said a bold Chickadee.
"And so did I peck them," said a Robin Redbreast.
"And, what's more, the cherries I pecked were his best.

Didn't he have some red flannel one day,
Put up in a tree just to scare me away?
But I'm not afraid of red flannel-one bit."
"And I'm not afraid!" said a little Tomtit.

"Didn't he aim with an old rusty gun
At me?" said a Sparrow. "Oh wasn't it fun!
He meant to affright me; but I didn't care;
I just chirruped out to him, 'Shoot if you dare!'"

"Here me, my brave birds," said a solemn old
Crow;

"This Barnaby I have good reason to know;
His insults for many a year have I borne,
When peacefully trying to harvest my corn.

My treatment of him has been civil and fair;
I've always been willing to give him a share;
I never have grudged him my corn or my beans,
But nothing can teach him what gratitude means.

My friends, I shall soon lay before you a plan,
To put down this insolent creature called 'man,'
A creature that has neither feathers nor wings,
Yet sets himself up to be very great things.

I hereby proclaim, in the plainest of words,
That henceforth mankind must succumb to the
birds.

I'm glad that this Barnaby's cherries you pecked;
The man has no rights that a bird should respect."

This speech was received with a round of applause,
"Your cheers, said the Crow, "argue well for the
cause;

When next we assemble, my plan you shall learn;
There's Barnaby coming—'tis time to adjourn."

[Aunt Clara, in the Nursery.

To accomplish anything valuable, it is necessary to divide time wisely and systematically.

[Mary Lyon.

From the New York Observer.

Robbie O'Link and the Giants.

BY MARY GILBERT.

"We must beware of the giants," said Robbie O'Link to his fair young bride, as they entered a Northern forest one sunshiny morning in May. Their own country, the land they loved best, was far southward; but they were exiles now, for a cruel king, one Scorching, had driven them away from the sunny South.

"Let us take up our abode here," said Robbie; "here, beside these laughing waters that tell us of other days; here, in the shadow of these great poplar trees ever pointing heavenward."

Many days they lived in this quiet spot, nobody intruding on them; and Robbie, who was no mean singer, warbled sweet airs to cheer their hearts when the time seemed long. Often his sweet companion sang a duet with him; but she would say, "Don't ask me to sing alone, Robbie, for I cannot sing so well as you, and I am scarcely equal to solos." But Robbie thought she was equal to anything, and always shook his head at that. Ah! she was a nice housekeeper, and nothing that Robbie brought in ever went to waste.

By and by, there were three little O'Links, and then Robbie was busy enough. He scarcely had time for singing any more; to find food for so many mouths was no easy matter. He worked from morning to night, bringing home the choicest fruits he could find, yet sometimes the little O'Links begged for more. "So much fruit is not good for little folks," the mother would say; but, after all, she would whisper to the father, "Don't you think you could get them a little more?" Then Robbie would nod gaily and start out again. Thus neither sunrise nor sunset saw him idle.

But Mrs. Robbie was, in truth, ill at ease when he was out of sight. Oh, if anything should happen to him! When she thought of the giants, she was afraid. Every morning she said, "Don't stay too long, for I feel that something is going to happen." But many mornings passed and nothing did happen, so at last Robbie said, "Never fear! the giants cannot find us. Indeed, I think they never pass this way;" and he set out with a light heart.

But, alas, for his hopes! Scarcely was

he out of sight, when two great giants came stalking into the forest, and they began at once to search for something on which to lay violent hands. They were not long in finding out the little house amid the poplars.

"Oh, ho!" cried they, "you'll come with us."

Mrs. O'Link might, perhaps, have escaped by hiding herself in the brush, but she thought only of her darling little ones.

"Spare them!" she pleaded in piteous tones, "oh, spare them!" but little did the giants care for her moans. Then when she saw they had no mercy in their hearts, she stood up bravely and tried to fight. Poor little thing! one of the cruel giants seized her and thrust her, with rough hands, in a pocket of the outlandish garment he wore. There she lay helpless, panting for breath. As for the little ones, they were put into the second giant's hat for safe keeping. It was so big, it was like a castle, and vainly did they try to scale the sides.

"Now we'll wait for the other," said the giants; he'll be along soon; let us set a trap for him, and watch."

It was not very long before Robbie came, for he had made haste to get home. Oh, he had found some of the sweetest berries that were ever tasted, and he longed to tell the good news. "All right!" said he, while he was yet some distance off; but there was no answer. Then Robbie hurried on, in sore distress. "Alas!" cried he, "where are my loved ones?" Click! he was fast! How the giants laughed to see him, but their laughter was horrible. It was the tyrant laugh. It is only the innocent laugh that has a sweet ring.

"Don't hurt yourself," said they, "we'll set you loose in a minute." Small comfort it was to Robbie to be released, since he must needs go along with them. But they were in high glee, and talked in loud tones of the prize they had won.

"I wonder what will come next," thought Robbie, as he was carried along half squeezed to death in the big, brawny hand of the giant. "Will they roast me alive and eat me, or will they keep me to torture me for their sport, and kill me by inches?"

Ah! too soon he knew. When his captors reached the huge, gloomy pile in which they lived, they put Robbie in a dungeon with iron bars in front, through

which they could stare at him right well. In, the little O'Links went, too.

"There!" said the biggest giant, "you're comfortable, now, I hope! Want anything to eat?" but Robbie shook his head.

"He's dumpish," said the other giant, and then he remembered that he had Mrs. O'Link in his pocket; so she was brought out. She was dead—smothered. Robbie saw that, and he shook all over. The giants held her up and tried to make her stand on her pretty little feet, but she toppled right over. Then they listened to see if her heart beat, but it was still.

"She's dead as a stone," said they; "pshaw!"

But Robbie said, "Ah me!" and he drew himself all up in a heap, and sat down in the farthest corner of the prison. Then they put in some food. "Eat," said they; "we want to see how you eat;" and when he would not, they pushed him with clubs closely against the bars, "to stir him up," as they called it. Oh! his tender flesh was sadly bruised; but what cared they! The little ones were crying, they were tired and hungry; but Robbie did not seem to hear their pleading voices. "He's too stupid to take care of them," said the giants, and upon that they dragged out the three little ones and forced great chunks down their throats; but the little O'Links had never been used to such fare, and the great, hard mouthfuls would not go down.

"The silly little things," said the giants; "they don't even know how to swallow." And when all three were dead, the shortest giant patted them and cried, "'Tis a pity we killed them with kindness."

Then the giants would have Robbie sing. "Sing," said they; "we've heard that you come of a singing race. We want a lively tune." But Robbie did not open his mouth, so they took him out and shook him. Robbie gave one shiver, and then closed his tender eyes. He had looked his last, he lay motionless in their rude hands.

"He's dead, too," said the giants; "a bad morning's work; not one for us out of the lot. Well, here goes!" and they gathered the dead bodies together and flung them into a ditch. Yes, that is all; that is the story of poor Robbie O'Link and the giants.

Boys, do you know who the cruel giants were? If you do, I hope you will never act like them.

A Very Nice Pair.

NURSERY NONSENSE.

Two magpies sat on a garden rail,
As it might be Wednesday week;
And one little magpie wagged his tail
In the other little magpie's beak.

And, doubling like a fist his little claw-hand,
Said this other, "Upon my word;
This is more than flesh and blood can stand,
Of magpie, or any other bird."

So they pecked and they scratched each other's little eyes,

'Till all that was left on the rail—
Was the beak of one of the little magpies,
And the other little magpie's tail.

If I could only See my Mother.

"If I could only see my mother!"
Again and again was that yearning cry repeated—

"If I could only see my mother!"
The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye gazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily comfort; his eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry—

If I could only see my mother!"
An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had wilfully left.

"O! that's the reason he cried, in anguish, I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—O! so good a mother; she bore every thing from her wild boy, and once she said—'My son, when you come to die you will remember all this.' O! if I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning cry upon his lips, as many a one has died who sleighted the mother who loved him. The waves roll over him, and his bones whiten at the bottom of the sea; and that dread cry has gone before God, there to be registered for ever.

[Sailors' Magazine.

Kind Hearted George.

A poor old man sat down to eat
A little bit of bread and meat
As Georgy Wright came up the street.

His clothes were torn, his head was bare,
The wind blew his long white hair,
As cold and friendless he sat there.

"Poor man," said Georgy with a sigh,
"I feel that I could almost cry,
You look so thin; I fear you'll die."

The old man raised his head to hear
Kind words that thrilled his heart and ear,
But down his cheeks there rolled a tear.

"Alas!" he said, "if I could see
The gentle boy that speaks to me,
How very happy I should be.

"For dark to me the world has been,
And I have never, never seen
A tree, or flower, or meadow green.

"How often have I wished to view
My mother's face; the skies of blue;
And now I long to look on you."

"Poor man," said Georgy Wright, "dost cry,
But pray to God that when you die,
Your soul may go to Him on high.

There you will see without a tear,
Far better things than we do here,
And, oh! perhaps, your mother dear."

The winning words of the dear child
Such comfort gave, the old man smiled
And felt his heavy grief beguiled.

[Josephine's Jottings.

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. BUIER, 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.

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Mary Perkins, Rochester,
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Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
Mary Lane,
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Minnie Montgomery, Rochester,
Mary Watson,

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.

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Jan. 1866.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE AND JULY, 1871. Nos. 11 & 12.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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For the Hospital Review.

Hospital Stories.—No. 1.

WHAT I SAW IN WARD NO. 3.

November is *not* cheerful, usually, and the day of which I write, was by no means an exception to the dull dreariness for which the month is proverbial. I was tired, and thought I ought to sit by my open fire-place—poke the snapping wood—meditate, grow morbid, and coax myself generally. So I threw some sticks of old hickory on the live coals, and soon they began to spit out, and the sparks flew every way, until suddenly, like the clouds outside, they ceased to threaten, and burst into a clear flame, roaring way up the wide old chimney, to defy the rain, which just then began to pour from the clouds outside.

It was right comfortable there, and I be-

gan to feel good myself, as I perched my feet on the fender, and folding my hands in idleness, began to dream. Suddenly I started, for in the fantastic flame I saw, with half-shut eyes, a rebuking vision. I *think* the warmth, and glow and comfort pricked my conscience a little, and started the reverie, which sent me straight out into the rain, to the Hospital across the town.

In the fire, I saw a rude cot, and stretched thereon a pale, old man, with upraised eyes, gazing a prayer which his agony would not let him speak. Ah, the dreadful contortion of that face, every muscle of which *writhe*d in pain.

In an instant, I had started. The basket of wine and fruit had been *wait*ing for me since morning, and it was now five, P. M. Out into the rain and across the muddy streets I walked rapidly, until the high, white walls before me showed the end of my little journey. This Hospital was in the heart of the town, but standing far back from the street, surrounded by pleasant walks and grateful shades, afforded all the quiet which even those days of trial needed.

It was just at the close of the war. The wards were all crowded, but in No. 3, the saddest of all the sufferers were placed. *They* were the hopelessly maimed and wounded; those who had given their lives, not, as they had hoped, "on the battle field to die," but, having fallen before the

foe, received their death wound. But the relief and the *glory* came, only by the slow seal of that martyrdom which drags along its weary months of utter discouragement and despair.

The blue eyes of the pale drummer boy were looking into mine as I opened the door, and I saw at once that I had come none too soon. I sat down beside him and took his hand in mine, and giving him a glass of wine, saw that he swallowed only a drop.

I placed a bunch of fresh flowers on his pillow. He burst into tears, and turning gently to the blossoms, kissed them tenderly, and said to me, "Lay them on my breast, when I am gone! Cut this lock of hair for mother, and tell her I am glad to die, even thus, for my country, and that I am not afraid. I have never forgotten her, and my last word, after my Saviour, shall be her name."

Then he folded his hands and wanted me to pray. I, who so unworthy, yet could pray for him. Oh! may it be, in the white book of Eternity, for the sake of Christ's love and pity, that my prayer is recorded. With my arms around him, and his head on my shoulder, I said slowly with him the blessed Lord's Prayer. We were still for a moment, and from many a cot came a sob of sympathy. Ah! how many longed to be like him, near their rest. Quickly the dear boy grasped my hand. Looking down into the sweet face on which the damp of death was starting, I saw that he was almost in glory. Without moving, and with a great awe in my soul, I had strength given me to commend him to God's mercy!

How I wish you could have heard the united "Amen," which sounded from every cot!

The dear boy smiled, tried to raise himself a little, and looking all down the long ward, said, softly, "Good-bye!" The stillness was so still, that even the old man at the farthest end, heard, and answered.

This done, the dying boy turned to me, kissed my lips, and said—but I must keep that. It is sacred to my own life, and has always seemed a blessing straight from an angel!"

Once again his lips moved. I bent down and meeting them, caught the last words—

"Through Christ's mercy. Take this for Mother," and the blue eyes closed.

The brow was hardly more waxen than in life; and yet this beautiful boy of sixteen summers had been in many battles, and was fearfully wounded. In one of those Southern prisons he lay for eighteen months. Finally, after weary and almost hopeless waiting, he was exchanged and brought near home to die. His mother was written to, and after months of waiting, the letter came back from the dead-letter office, saying she had removed, and no one knew where.

You will not envy me, when I had to tell him that. But he bore it sweetly. Something within told him that it mattered not to him. I promised to try and find her, and I did. Thank God for that. She had his lock of hair and his last words, ere the snows of that winter had whitened his grave. And for me, after dressing him carefully, and placing the flowers on his bosom, saying good-bye to the poor fellows sobbing around, and promising to go again on the morrow, I went forth into the rain once more.

Two hours from the time I started, I was back again, with my feet as before perched on the fender, while my eyes gazed into the glowing coals. Then closing them, I thanked God earnestly for the mercy which had sent me to that death-bed, and saved me also from the remorse of having left undone a duty, which had brought such sweet reward.

L. R. B.

Sir Walter Scott says, "The certainty that in another and succeeding state, the apparent difficulties of this will be balanced and explained, is the best, if not the only cure for unavailing sorrow."

Not Lost.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes:
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds, who scarcely pause to hear:
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole:
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth,
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at her Master's feet:
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin:
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in the city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

[Argosy.]

Appointed to Me.

A voice from the sick room says:—It helped me immediately, last night, in my pain, to remember that text, "Wearisome-nights are appointed unto me." The idea that they were no accident, no blunder of my physician, but appointed by my best Friend, this was strength to me. When all were sleeping, and his eye saw my weariness, then I was sure that, for infinitely wise and kind reasons, all were prepared for me. This stilled my soul. This is our life lesson. Property takes wings—friends fail us—good schemes miscarry—plans of usefulness are thwarted by most unlooked for interventions—health gives out—action gives place to suffering. Where we were cheerfully doing, we can only wait God's will. Darkness and doubt shut us in. For many days neither sun or

stars appear. But all is well; these things are appointed unto us. Only let us believe this—let a calm faith recognize the gracious Providence which shapes all our ways, and we can then endure until the dawn shall bring light and joy. [N.Y. Observer.]

Experience.

Burke, the English statesman once remarked, and truly, "To us poor, weak, incapable mortals, there is no safe rule of conduct but experience. Of experience, Charlotte Bronte speaks in one of her inimitable novels; "Experience! alas, no other mentor has so wasted and frozen a face as yours, none wears a robe so black, none bears a rod so heavy, none, with hand so inexorable draws the novice so sternly to his task, and forces him with authority so resistless to its acquirement. It is by your instructions alone, that man or woman can ever find a safe track through life's wilds; without it, how they stumble, how they stray! on what forbidden grounds do they intrude, down what dread declivities are they hurled." Some one else says somewhere,

"Experience, joined to common sense,
To mortals is a providence!"

Beautiful is that benevolence which works silently and in the shade. One of our citizens, who will not allow his name to be mentioned, has, at the cost of \$150,000, fitted up a hospital for all "strangers," at the corner of Avenue D and 10th street. The patients of all countries and creeds are welcomed, entertained without charge, at the expense of the founder. Our best physicians and surgeons have promised their attendance also. It is a noble charity. May God bless the giver and all who aid in carrying out his happy designs.

[N. Y. Observer.]

Nothing strikes all value out of the ordinary affairs of life so soon as sorrow. It works alike in all, but the deepest natures are the most affected by it. A single blow descends, and the world is changed, and rises before the eyes as another creation. Yesterday, the soul surveyed its garden—to-morrow, it will see only a wilderness.

[H. W. Beecher.]

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constable, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

It is Not the Tear at this Moment Shed.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved is the friend that's fled,
Nor how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'er-shaded,
'Tis the one remembrance fondly kept
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory like some holy light
Kept alive in our hearts will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright
When we think how he lived but to love them.

And as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE & JULY, 1871.

Visit to the Hospital.

The New Wing is now we believe completed and like the fulfilling of a grand and beautiful dream it stood before our eyes on our last visit. Rochester may well be proud of its City Hospital—its beautiful commanding location—its high, airy rooms—commodious wards—its every arrangement for comfort and convenience not only, but the taste displayed everywhere—and its spaciousness and elegance. The old fashioned dread of a Hospital must gradually disappear, when one comes to see the apartments here fitted up for private use, and the superior advantages of medical attention and nursing, to what would be possible in most private houses. The ten beautiful new rooms for private patients, in the Mansard roof, have all been furnished, or rather are being furnished, with the exception of three. Two of these are furnished by St. Paul's Church—one, by transferring the furniture from the room in the old building—the other, which

is very handsome, is all new. One room has been beautifully fitted up by Plymouth Church—St. Luke's is, we believe, to furnish one—the First Presbyterian Church, one—and two have been furnished by individuals. The Ladies of the First Presbyterian Church were putting the finishing touches to their room, on the day of this visit. One was nailing down the oil-cloth, another was marking the bedding &c. &c. It is gratifying to see the enthusiasm and personal attention, and labor which many of our friends give to this work. These rooms being at the top of the house command a most extensive and charming view—the air from the elevation seems peculiarly pure and fresh—and these, combined with the excellent taste manifested in fitting them up, makes them especially desirable. They have each a closet or wardrobe, and other large closets for their accommodation are in the Hall. An elevator connects with each story of the building, thus rendering them easy of access. There is a pleasant dining-room upon each floor, with a dumb waiter, so that meals can be served hot and for lightening labor. A bath-room, with every convenience, is upon each floor—nurses' rooms, and large ample closets. In addition to these commodious closets, there is upon the second floor a regular house-keeper's room, with accommodations upon a large scale and which is an indescribable comfort.

The wards are immense, two upon each floor, connected with folding doors, which can be shut as occasion may require. Across the hall upon each floor is a small ward for very sick patients, and opening from it, a room for those very ill, or for such cases as would be desirable to keep separate from others. The Chapel, so long needed, is, we are especially gratified to state, ready to be put in order. The room furnished by the Union Blues, is now completed, and is the handsomest in the Hospital—everything harmonizes in tint

and style. The Hebrews are re-furnishing their ward, which is a private one, very handsomely. One or two other private wards have also been beautifully re-furnished. These are all in the old building.

And now we have an important statement to make. This New Wing, so beautiful, so complete in all its arrangements, is furnished, ready for use, but, with the exception of the seven private rooms in the Mansard roof, nothing has been done towards the furnishing of the wards, the chapel, the dining-rooms, or halls. It is estimated that to furnish and fit them up, suitably and comfortably, would require a sum not less than five thousand dollars. The building is paid for, or at least we are authorized to say that provision for the building has been made; but for the furnishing, we have no sum—no resources whatever. It must be done by our citizens—our friends everywhere—by individual and combined efforts. Money is the chief article desired, as placed in the hands of our very efficient Furnishing Committee, it will go farther and can be invested to better advantage than would be possible in any other way. Our friends, after our statement, will see for themselves the necessity of very great effort for the furnishing our New Wing. Let aid be solicited from all our churches, in city and country and let us each as individuals, contribute our mites, if no more.

As upon our last visit, the New Wing—its beauty—its immensity—its immense requirements too—engrossed our thoughts. But we were not forgetful of the sufferers here, who are, however few of them, so ill but they watch with eagerness all the improvements of the Hospital, and it is their most delightful theme. We found many familiar faces—some new ones, and were gratified to notice in so many cases a decided improvement since our last visit.

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber, who grumbles that his paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there is so much *due* on it."

Our Missing June Number.

We take it for granted that it *was* missed. We flatter ourselves that the failure of our little monthly visitor would create at least a passing surprise. We hope that no one was made really wretched by its non-appearance, but at the same time, we should be sorry to believe that it was not missed—not regretted. Presuming therefore that it was both, we think an explanation is due to our readers. The editor of this paper, not having been for some time in usual health, change and rest became a necessity. The Publishing Committee were expected to take charge of the "Review" during her prolonged absence, but circumstances rendered it impossible for them to attend to it. Our only alternative now seems to be to condense the June and July papers in one. We give therefore double reports this month. We shall *try* and make the loss up to our readers by the increased brilliancy and attractiveness of our future numbers, and if we fail to do this, we will satisfy them in any way they may name.

Our Closing Year.

With this month closes another year in the history of our "Review." Our agents and our readers know what this announcement means. It means *work*. The heated term, as this is called, is not supposed to be the most favorable to hard work. In the city so many too are away, and in the country it is the summer-harvest time. But we are having just now delightfully cool weather. The summer thus far has been a very beautiful one, with only a few very oppressive days. We may continue to have this lovely weather. Who can tell? If so, then there will be no excuse for not improving it, and even if it should be hot, melting, as it may be—"ninety-nine in the shade"—really we have found that the best way to keep cool is to keep busy. Not overtaxed we do not mean; but with the mind interested and with something of im-

portance to occupy us, we forget how uncomfortable we are. This is particularly the case when occupied in doing good—such as working for the “Review,” for instance. But whatever the weather, we entreat that the effort for our “Review” may not be delayed. Subscribers are requested *now* to renew their subscriptions for the coming year, and pay arrearages, if there be any. Agents are reminded that *now* is the time to collect and complete their lists—and all our friends are requested to solicit new names and to make special effort to increase the circulation of our sheet. Let us begin our August number strong and with good courage.

Little Agents.

Little agents—little friends, who have always been among our best helpers—what will they do this month towards collecting subscriptions and getting new subscribers for us?

Donations for June.

Mrs. Parsons—Pieplant.
Mrs. Dr. Strong—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Carlton Wilder—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Geo. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Pine-Apples, Oranges, Flowers.
Mrs. Hayes—Pickles.
Mrs. Aaron Erickson—Pieplant, Pickles, Books.
Mrs. Elwanger—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. E. Smith—Pieplant.
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Strawberries, Biscuit, Flowers.
Mrs. John Brewster—Raspberry Vinegar.
Mrs. Gilman Perkins—Pickled Cherries and Plums.
Mrs. Adams—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Col. Marshall—15 quarts Strawberries.

Donations for July.

Mrs. Gildersleeve—Flowers and Lemons.
Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Pickled Pears.
Mrs. Ely Parsons—Strawberries.
Mrs. Loop—Cherries.
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Flowers and Cherries.

Superintendent's Report.

1871. June 15, No. Patients in Hospital, 113
Received during month, . . . 19—132
Discharged, 20
Died, 1—21
Remaining July 15, 1871, . . . 111

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, June 20, 1871,
James McGuire, aged 33 years.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 63 cents—By Mrs. Angel. . . . \$ 1 25
Mrs. C. D. Miller—By Miss Montgomery, 70
Mrs. E. T. Smith, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, \$1.25—By Mrs. E. T. Smith. . . . 1 75
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Reynolds Bros., (adv.)—By Dr. Jones. . . 5 00
Mr. O. L. Sheldon, \$1.00; Mrs. Mary Oriol, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Whittlesey, 50 cents; Mrs. Edward Ray, 63 cents; Mrs. D. Clarke, 50 cents; Miss Wealthy Hill, \$3.00; Mrs. A. Crippen, Syracuse, \$1.50; Bell H. Maguire, Avon, \$2.00; Mrs. C. Dewey, 65 cents; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, \$1.50; Mrs. M. F. Reynolds, \$2.50; Mrs. J. H. Clement, Barnet, Vt., 50 cts. 20 52

Agents.

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

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
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“ Mrs. L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
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Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
Mary Lane, “
Ella Van Zandt, Albany,
Minnie Montgomery, Rochester,
Mary Watson,

Children's Department.

What the Children Would Be.

AN OLD POEM.

HARRY.

I mean to be a Soldier,
With uniform quite new,
I wish they'd let me have a drum
And be a Captain too.
I'd go amid the battle,
With my broad-sword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son, what if that sword
Should strike some noble heart,
And bid some loving father,
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving plume,
Your brilliant dress bestow,
When you tho't upon his widow's groans,
And his orphan's cry of woe?

EDWARD.

I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising State,
And hold my soirees once a week
For all the gay and great.
I'd be a King, except a crown,
For that they won't allow,
I'd find out what the tariff is,
That troubles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son, my son, the cares of state,
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest.
The great, the gay, to Him appear
As trifling as the dust,
He knows how little they are worth,
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISE.

I mean to be a Cottage Girl,
And sit beside a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill,
I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wanderer and the poor.

MOTHER.

My daughter dear, an humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word
To check, that mind, from me.
But ah, remember pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine shade
And discontent, that sullen guest,
The cottage hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be Gay and Courtly,
'And dance away the hours,
Music, and merriment and joy,
Shall dwell beneath my fairy bowers.
No heart shall ache with sadness,
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

Oh, children! sad it makes my soul,
To hear your playful strain,
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain.
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And like His own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

Before Breakfast.

BY N. S. DODGE.

There is one indisputable advantage o
early morning walks in a large city. They
bring one into acquaintance with classes in
society that are to be seen during no other
part of the day, and besides offering un-
usual opportunities for doing good, help to
rid the mind of that ignorance which is
expressed by the common saying—"One-
half the world does not know how the
other half lives." Take the sweeps of
London, *e. g.*, as they were twenty years
ago, and as they are, in a less degree to-
day,—their being broken in to their work
at four and five years of age; their single
holiday of the year—May-day—when they
perade the streets at early dawn, in guise
of morris dancers; their diseases of op-
thalmia and cancer; their soot-chamber
dormitories and soot-bag clothing; and
their utter ignorance. A twelve-months'
walk through the same section at any other
hour of the day would never bring one
into talking contact with any of them.
I recollect one little fellow, who swept the

chimneys of Portchester Square, whose appearance, as he stood shaking his cold-toes or rattling the area railings with his broom to rouse the maid, became as familiar as that of my own children. One morning when the Thames was covered with masses of ice, and the snow, for days, had been caked upon the ground, I encountered him as usual, barefooted and standing upon his bag, which he had doubled up on the doorstep; he was biting away, with unmistakable relish, at a cold potato.

"Why, Billy," I said, "you are breakfasting early this morning!"

"This isn't breakfast," he replied; "it's a cold potato,—and a rare one, too. Mistress gave it me last night to keep the cold out of my stomach."

"And what do you get for breakfast, then?"

"I get bread and cheese when I have done the flue; and I have hot tea when I get home with my bag."

"Do you get plenty to eat?"

"Pretty well; if they wont give us food, we wont go up. They know that. Bob got no supper the other night because he let the soot leak out of the bag, but master was obliged to give him a feed before he'd go to work next morning. We don't mind a thrashing, but we must have victuals."

"How is it that you are alone to-day? Where is your master?"

"He's along with Bob, over the way. They'll be done before I get in here. They always keeps you waiting an hour at this house. They sleep so hard."

This little fellow could hardly have passed his seventh year, but he knew the ways of his narrow world and had learned already, from necessity, to antagonize with his employers for the maintenance of his rights.

Good Mr. Vanderkiste, one of the city missionaries in London, used to tell of the sick sweeps who came under his care. They are subject to the chimney-sweep's cancer, of all tubercular diseases the most distressing and loathsome. The following narrative, true to the letter, is a sample of the spiritual privation and ignorance in which the objects of his labors lived:

"Visiting a sick sweep, with a young missionary new to the work, I requested him to read to and instruct the poor fellow which he did, detailing to him our fallen

condition, our need of a Saviour, the redemption purchased for us, and then reading a portion of a chapter in the Gospels in proof of what he had said. The sick man listened with every appearance of attention, and, whenever my young friend said, 'You know that you are a sinner?'

Jesus Christ, you know died for sinners?' and the like interrogatories, replied, 'Certainly, sir,' or, 'In course, sir,' much to the questioner's encouragement. I saw, however, that it was all superficial and thought it time to give the first lesson to our new brother laborer. 'John,' I said, 'my friend has taken much pains to instruct you, and now I will ask you a few questions. Do you know who Jesus Christ was?' 'Well, no,' he said, after a pause; 'I should say that's werry hard to tell.' 'Do you know why he came into the world?' 'No, that I don't.' 'Can you tell me who the Trinity are?' 'No sir!' 'Are you a sinner?' 'O, certainly, sir; we are all sinners.' 'Have you ever done wrong?' 'Why, no; I don't consider as I ever have.' 'Did you never commit sin?' 'Why, no; I don't know as ever I did.' 'But do you think you are a sinner?' 'O certainly sir; we are all sinners.' 'What is a sinner?' 'Well, I'm blest if I know rightly; I never had no head-piece.'"

Mr. Vanderkiste adds, that bound out to their masters, as sweeps are, from the poorhouses, at early years, he rarely found one able to read or who understood the truths of the Gospel. They are, in fact, of the lowest origin, constantly struggling for existence, and at war with necessity for the means of living.

Quaint Rowland Hill said, "that whether there was something in soot, so fertilizing to the soil, which was depressing to fancy," he could not say; but that, while all other classes in society had furnished their authors, he never heard of but one man of genius among the chimney sweeps, and he was the writer of the verse still visible on a sign-board in Bath:

"If John Francis *had* his whack
With his wife and children five,
With his brush, and cloth, and sack,—
Still he keeps them all alive."

"This specimen of sooty authology," he continues, "does not say much for the religion of John, but it breathes a good, honest, English spirit of self-reliance which every religious man would do well to emulate."

I was witness once to a rare event, which a man must go abroad very early in the morning to see. Passing through one of the long thoroughfares that lead from the north into Holborn, I happened to fix my eyes upon the tall chimney of an old house which stood at the corner of a street. Suddenly, as if magic were at work, the bricks of one side of the chimney began to move, halting involuntarily, I gazed at the phenomenon, incredulous of my senses, when they again moved visibly and the chimney became bulbously swollen in the middle. The attention of a passer-by being drawn to the circumstance, he, in no very ceremonious manner, was expressing his unbelief, when down came bushels of bricks and mortar, crushing through the tiles, and, following them, an infant sweep, flying heels over head. The hole made by the mass in the roof alone saved the poor child from being hurled to the ground. As it was, he was stunned and wounded, but, the chimney remaining erect, he was soon rescued from further danger, and I learned, from subsequent inquiries, that he suffered no serious injury.

Acts of Parliament have interfered, of late years, with the employment of small boys in this cruel business. The law, however, is only partially obeyed. Into the crooked flues of old London, machines cannot be introduced. They are too narrow to be reached by any hands but those of children. The smaller the boy, the greater his value.

Ragged schools are also doing a good work among these juvenile outcasts. A band of Christian young men, mostly city clerks, taking advantage of the fact that the sweep sleeps from noon till his supper at six o'clock, and then takes his nap—"t'other night cap string," the little roughs call it—from ten till three A. M., have organized evening schools, where these children, in sooty blankets, with all their grime, may assemble for an hour to be taught. There is no other such sight in all that great Babylon. In the fourteen schools nearly three hundred are regular attendants. As a rule, the sweep "redds up" only on Sundays. But, among the mirky faces that pore over terribly soiled pages of testaments and primers in those remote and filthy slums, may now and then be seen a scholar whose streaked countenance gives evidence of an attempt at cleanliness. The laugh, however is always against him.

The unwashed carry the day. Begrimed from head to foot, unkempted, hatless, tattered in clothing, barefooted, shirtless, with the inevitable blanket that, like a martial cloak, the sweep has ever about him, and bringing nothing untarnished that nature gave him but his eyes, the young sweep learns to read, hears of God, and feels the missing link restored that draws the lowest of our race towards the Master and Lord.

The Sparrow's Song.

BY LOUISA DUPEE.

O Bonnie bee, in your yellow vest,
Wandering east and wandering west!
My little ones are gone from their nest,
Where I left them safe, the other day,
Under the buttercups tucked away,
Near by the brook where the blue-bells play.

O bonnie bee, come whisper to me!
Have you seen, beneath the maple-tree,
Any strange thing that could could evil be?
Have you seen the leaves stir at my door?
Have you seen shy feet across the field's floor?
Alas, my nestlings will peep no more!

O silvery brook, that rang so light
A slumber song for my birds at night,
When the stars dipped the buttercups bright!
Did you hear strange sounds when noon was
high,

Or were you dreaming under the sky,
Watching the silver clouds go by?

O little maiden, with kindest eyes,
Like bits of blue from the summer skies,
And a voice that makes me sweet replies!
Come here and whisper, if you can tell
Who stole the nestlings I loved so well
From the soft nest in the daisy dell?

O cruel pussy-cat, grave and sleek,
Prowling about with an air so meek!
I know full well, though you will not speak,
Who stole my birdies so dainty sweet!
And who with her soundless, velvet feet,
Came down from the farm-house through the
wheat.—

And, while my mate and I were away,
Pushed back the buds of our low doorway—
And there the pretty ones sleeping lay!
How can I think of the rest? Ah, me!
How can I sing again, though the lea
Blush red with roses as red can be?

[From *Oliver Optic's Magazine*

A Chapter of Puzzles.

"Two brothers," began the Professor, impressively addressing the hostess, "were walking together down the street, and one of them, stopping at a certain house knocked at the door, observing, 'I have a niece here who is ill.' 'Thank heaven,' observed the other; 'I have got no niece,' and he walked away. Now, how could that be?"

"Why, its a riddle!" exclaimed Mr. Funnidog, delightedly.

"And one that you will not guess in a hurry, simple as it is," observed the Professor, confidently. "Come, ladies and gentlemen, solve the problem."

"I see—," ejaculated Mrs. Housewife.

"Hush! whisper in my ear," cried Puzzleton, with all the excitement of a child with a new top. "Don't let 'em hear it. Niece by marriage. Stuff and nonsense! The thing is not any foolish kind of catch at all" and once more he glanced with hostility at Funnidog, as much 'as to say, "Such as he would ask you."

"Nothing can be simpler than my question," said the Professor. "'I've got a niece that's ill,' says one brother. 'Thank heaven, I have not got a niece,' says the other. How can that be? You all give it up? Well, the invalid was his daughter."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Housewife, despondingly. "How very stupid in us not to find it out."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," answered the remorseless savant. "That failure only shows how difficult it is for ordinary minds to grasp more than one idea at the same time. The attention is solely fixed on the different varieties of nieces."

"And also," observed Mr. Aloes, (who was much displeased at being classed among "ordinary minds,") and also, the attention is naturally distracted from the point at issue by the brutality of the father's remark. Now, that is in itself 'a catch,' in my opinion."

"Well, sir, I will give you another simple exercise for the understanding, that has no such distracting element," observed the Professor, coolly. "A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. What relation were they to one another? Come, tell me that."

"Why, they were brothers," exclaimed the Colonel, with the rapidity of a small

boy, at the bottom of his class, who hopes to gain promotion.

"No, sir," answered the Professor, regarding Thunderbolt with interest, as a significant type of some low order of intelligence; "they were not brothers, or I should scarcely have asked the question."

"They might be brothers-in-law," suggested Funnidog.

"Undoubtedly they might," replied Puzzleton, with a pitying smile; "but they were not."

"Stop a bit," said McPherson, hurriedly like one who has not got his answer quite ready, but yet doesn't wish to be anticipated. "The blind beggar, you say, had a brother, and the brother died. Well, of course, if one was dead, you know, they could not be brothers any longer."

"The idea is novel," observed the Professor, gravely, "but you have not hit on the exact solution. The fact is, gentlemen and ladies, a blind beggar may be either male or female. They were brother and sister."

"I call that a catch," said Aloes, gloomily. "Well, at all events, it was an easy one, and you all missed it," returned the Professor, with quiet triumph. "Now, I will give you one more example of social arithmetic, which will be in all respects *bona fide*. It is a simple question in subtraction, and all I shall ask of you is—since two or three guesses would arrive at the truth by mere elimination—to write down the reply on a paper. A man went into a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign, (twenty shillings,) and the cobbler having no change went to a neighboring public house for it, and gave it to him. Later in the day the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the sovereign was a bad one, and insisted upon the cobbler making it right, which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler lose by the whole transaction? There is no play upon words, or anything but a common sum in arithmetic."

"Why, it is the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course the cobbler lost just—"

"Be quite sure!" cried Puzzleton, very angrily. "Write it down, will you—if you can write."

"Scratch a Professor, and you will find a tartar," whispered Aloes. "You had better do as he wishes."

So we all wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler had sustained, and it's wonderful how opinions differed, within such narrow limits.

The Colonel made his loss two pounds.

Mr. Aloes made his loss just two pounds and the boots.

Mr. Funnidog made him lose six and thirty shillings.

Mr. McPherson made him lose sixteen shillings and the boots, minus the profit he made upon the boots, (which, said the Professor, it is not necessary to take into consideration.)

Mr. Scale Hill, who used to investigate the bills of extortionate Swiss landlords, set down the loss with confidence at twelve shillings and the boots.

Housewife wrote:—"Why, of course, he lost the boots and twenty four shillings."

Mrs. Housewife and the ladies bit their pens, but declined to commit themselves. "They had never been taught," they said, "the rule of three."

"You are all wrong," said the Professor, quietly, "as I expected you would be. The way to get at the matter is to consider what is gained. The landlord and the whole story of his changing the sovereign may be taken out of the question, since he is neither better nor worse for the transaction. The buyer of the boots gets in exchange for his bad sovereign four shillings and a pair of boots, and that is just what the cobbler loses."

"If one had a room to one's self, and the whole day before one to do it in," sighed Mrs. Housewife, "I think I could answer any of these questions."

Love God Now.

"The sweetest word in our language is Love. The greatest word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make the greatest and sweetest duty man can perform." This weighty thought is versified in the lines below, to aid its lodgment in the memory:

Love is the sweetest word of all
On human ear can ever fall;
God is the greatest word to all
Who on His holy name would call;

Now is the shortest word of all,
Expressing time—for great and small:
Take these three words, combine them all,
The greatest, sweetest duty they recall.

7099 H

Forgiveness.

"I will never speak to Clara Martin again."

"Oh! Nellie, that is a very hard thing for you to say."

"You could not be surprised though, Kate, if you knew every thing."

"I should be grieved, if not surprised, Nellie; and though I do not so much as wish to know everything, I am quite sure that you had better think over your words again, and resolve to forgive Clara, whatever she may have done!"

"No, Kate, it is quite impossible, and all the girls say the same. They know what she has done, and they all declare that they will never speak to her again."

"But that is very unkind of them, and quite too hard for Clara to bear. What has she done?"

"Oh! several things. She has been so rude, Kate, that you never could guess the things she has said."

"Whatever they are, she will soon be sorry for them, and perhaps she will apologize, and then, of course, all the girls whom she has offended will forgive her at once."

"I don't think they would even then; but Clara Martin will never apologise, I know; she is too ill-tempered and proud for that. Don't you take her part, will you, Kate?"

"I don't know, Nellie dear; if you all turn against her, poor child, she will need some one to take her part, and I do not yet know whether you or she was the more wrong."

"Then I will tell you all about it, Kate, for I think you ought to know. She has been in a dreadful temper all day, but this is what begun our quarrel. I could not find my grammar anywhere, and I could not remember where I had put it."

"Ah, little Nellie, you were the first to be wrong, after all, you see! If you remembered the motto on the school room wall, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' you would not have lost your grammar."

"Well, but don't begin to scold me, Kate, for I did not begin the quarrel. I asked Clara to lend me hers, for she was not using it, and what do you think she said?"

"I cannot tell."

"She said, 'No, I will not, for you might be dishonest enough to keep it!'

There! As if any body in our school ever did such things!"

"That was certainly very unkind of Clara, but she must have been very angry at the time, or she would not have said it."

"Well, all the girls said what a shame it was, and that only made Clara worse. She told me I was a stupid little thing, and that she would not like to learn her lessons no better than I did mine. And she said something quite as bad to each of the others; but the worst things of all, and those which made us all the crossiest, were said about you."

"About me!" said Kate, in surprise.

"Yes, dear Kate. I don't know how she found it all out, but she says she knows everything about you. She says your father is poor enough to be her father's servant; that you never had so much as even a shilling a week for pocket money; that all your dresses are quite poor and common, and that you will soon have to leave school because your friends cannot afford to keep you here."

"Well, supposing it is all true, Nellie, should I be any the worse for being poor?"

"No, Kate, you would still be the dearest girl in the world. But she said something else about you: she said we should not make so much fuss with you, if we knew that before you came to this school you were turned away, expelled, from the last school."

"That is not true," said Kate, looking very white.

"True! We know that not a word of it is true. And must not that Clara be a mean and a wicked girl? You will not speak to her again now, will you Kate?"

"I think I shall, Nellie dear, but I will think about it first."

And Kate walked away for a little quiet thought.

If you had known Kate Davies, you would not have been surprised that she was the greatest favorite in all the school. She was quite a year older than the other girls, and she was taller to. She had soft brown eyes, and a face that was rather pale. She was a serious girl, and her smiles were so sweet and kind that they were valued by all about her. She was a real friend, always ready to help others, and she never got angry, even in play, or said unkind things to the rest. They all loved her, and were glad to be with her; and it seemed as if they could not say enough things in

her praise. So you may be sure they were both surprised and indignant at Clara Martin's speech. They each said something to her about it, and one girl even said, "You ought to be dismissed from the school for saying such wicked things."

Kate walked to the bottom of the garden where the girls could not see her, and she could not keep the tears from coming into her eyes. It is always hard to have unkind things said about one, and Kate felt it. She wondered too, where Clara had gained so much information about her. She remembered that her last letter from home had said something about her being obliged to leave school, if her father lost some money which was put in a bank which was said to have failed. She thought Clara must have seen this letter. She felt in her pocket, and found it was not there.

"I must have drawn it out with my pocket-handkerchief," she said to herself, "but it was dishonorable of Clara to read it, even if she found it."

And so of course it was, for no girl of honor would read a letter addressed to another, without special permission.

Kate hurried into the house to search for the letter. She could not find it, but the postman had just brought another for her, full of good news. The money in the bank was safe, and her father was not, after all, a poor man, and as for Kate, she might stay at school as long as she liked.

Gladdened with this good news, Kate made up her mind that she would forgive Clara. She went back again into the garden to finish her quiet walk. There, behind one of the trees, she saw Clara Martin crying bitterly. Kate went up to her and called her softly. She started up with flashed eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Go away," she said. "Why do you disturb me? I am not going to apologize for I am not sorry; go away."

But Kate was not to be repulsed like that.

"Clara," she said gently, "let me stay. I am not angry with you, but I want to talk to you, for I know you are not happy."

Clara tried to push her away, but Kate was taller, and she took the trembling girl in her arms, and kissed her, and laid her cold hands on Clara's hot forehead.

Poor Clara could only cry the more, for she had not expected that; and Kate soothed her, and talked to her kindly.

"I do not so much mind the things you said about me, but I should like to have my letter back."

"O Kate! I am so ashamed," said Clara; "I found the letter and read it, and I knew it would tease the girls to talk about it. You will never forgive me."

Kate kissed her once more.

"I have quite forgiven you," she said "because I am sure you will not do so dishonorable a thing again. And you have misunderstood the letter, Clara; the only reason why I left the other school was because I was ill, and they thought I had better not remain."

"I did understand it, Kate; but my wickedness made me say the other. I will tell the girls all about it. Come with me Kate."

So they walked up the garden together, to the great amazement of all the girls, and Clara confessed her wrong, and begged their pardon, and told them that as Kate had forgiven her, she hoped they would not be angry long.

"Dear Kate! that is the way she is revenged," said one of the girls. "I wish we were all more like her!"

"Ah!" said another, "we shall never be that, without God's help. Kate Davies is a Christian!" [*Christian World.*]

A Little Boy's Opinion of Tobacco.

This is what a small boy says of the weed:

"Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage with vinegar on it, and I have heard men say that cigars that was given to them on election day for nothing, was cabbage leaves. Tobacco-stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the Injun's hands, and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and it made me feel like op-som salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking, they thought he was a steamboat! As they never had seen a steamboat, they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who visits her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was

standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he did not know as she would like it. And she said: "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning, when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said: 'Get right out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick.' Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once and then I sneezed."

"Chatterton, that wondrous boy—of a genius beyond comparison, the greatest that ever yet was developed and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated—nothing in literature like that life and death."

[*Bulwer.*]

Sir Walter Scott once said to his daughter, "Nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt. When you have lived to my years, you will agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about, is *uncommon*."

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

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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, 19 MILL STREET,

Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER.

