

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VIII

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A friend, who read "A Brag on Jackson," which we published a year ago, sends the following in reply:

For the Hospital Review.

The Profile House.

In a last year's paper are verses, very good in praise of "Jackson," and a little detracting from the "Profile House." On reading them over, the following were written:

Yes, Jackson is a pleasant place,
If neither fine nor large;
And thence, if I remember right,
You look upon Keapsarge.

Above the thick, encircling woods,
Ascends the summit fair,
A mighty pyramid of rocks,
High in the thin, grey air.

The stream that comes careering down
The rocks, is clear and bright,
And lovely hills, and rocks, and trees
Are everywhere in sight.

The fish are plentiful and fine,
The houses, clean; and then
It is a pleasant place to dine
Twixt Crawford and the Glen.

But, not like "Profile," built upon
Some roods of level ground,
The summit of a mountain pass,
With mountains girt around.

Before it rises La Fayette,
In placid majesty,
While just behind lifts Cannon Mount
His threatening head on high.

There, on the end of Cannon Mount,
Fit pedestal and frame,
Appears that grand and awful face,
Which gives the place its name.

Great love and sorrow mark the traits
Of that strange, noble head,
An image of Prometheus, bound,
Suffering, but undismayed.

Suffering, but with a steadfast soul,
An uncomplaining grief,
Waiting for the appointed time
To bring assured relief.

On the tall cliff, right opposite,
The eagles build their nest,
Screaming, as when they tore, of old,
The tortured hero's breast.

The rock beneath descends sheer down
Into the clear, still lake,
So sheltered that the mountain wind
Can scarce its surface break.

Deep nestled in a neighboring wood,
A sister lake is found,
Where many-voiced Echo moulds
To music every sound.

I may not speak about the Flume—
 I have no words to tell
 Of all the glories that I saw
 In that deep, woodland dell.

No, not like "Profile," large and lone,
 Remote, but passing fair;
 A palace home, where all may come
 For purest, mountain air.

So spacious, lofty, pure and fair,
 So elegant and bright,
 You'd think the genii had been there
 And built it in a night.

But, looking through the pleasant rooms,
 You see what human care—
 What human hands and taste have done
 For human comfort there.

After a long and weary ride,
 It was a joyous sight,
 To see the lights of "Profile House"
 Flash out upon the night.

To find a pleasant room and bed,
 Inviting one to rest;
 To find a supper promptly spread,
 And every thing the best.

I had just staid at Congress Hall;
 Just rested at Lake George,
 And found no better rooms or fare,
 Than in this mountain gorge.

Not even in Springfield, shall you see
 A better table set;
 Nor need one, at the "Profile House,"
 The Massasoit regret.

Franconia's mountains, woods and lakes,
 I love them to recall,
 But deeds of kindness met me there—
 I love them most of all.

Then go to Jackson, if you wish—
 I give it honor due
 A place to study, lounge and fish—
 But, go to "Profile," too!

E. G.

WHEN a man dies, the people ask,
 "What property has he left behind him?"
 But the angels, as they bend over his
 grave, inquire, "What good deeds hast thou
 sent before thee?" [Mahomet.

"Equality," says a French writer,
 "means a desire to be equal to your super-
 iors, and superior to your equals."

For the Hospital Review.

Hospital Sketches.

No. 2.

The day closed hot and sultry. The murky clouds obscured the Sun going to his rest—staunch old warrior, who had looked on many a fight, but never on one whose bitterness exceeded this. Brother against brother. Alas! alas! It was nearly ended. Hand to hand now, and desperate. Rolling over and over—fighting to the last for life, were two forms, light and agile. The dust enveloped them, and for minutes the contest waxed in fury. Suddenly the uplifted arm was stayed. It dropped nerveless, and a horror-stricken voice exclaimed, "Oh God! Eugene!" Here, before him, with his life in his hand, forcing with his knee on his breast the very life from his heart, was his brother—his only brother! A second only, and he had sprung back, while from his lips came the answering cry, "Oh Edward, my brother!"

Gently he laid him back on the grass; green in the morning light, but red now, and wet, and gory.

In an agony of such remorse as only those who take a brother's life, can ever know, he knelt above him, moistening his lips—staunching his wounds and trying to check the flow of that dear life, which ebbed with every heart-throb; that heart, whose slow and sluggish throes were a funeral march sure and solemn as any dirge.

Tears gushed from eyes unused to grief. Friend and foe stood silent before this pitiless woe. For a moment only, the tide was stayed.

Then, on it surged, and they were left alone. It was merciful so. In despair worse than death, Eugene lifted his brother's head on his arm, and resting it there, looked in mute agony on the face which, through all the sunny years of childhood, had mirrored all his thoughts; caressed the locks whose golden rings were the pride of their mother, in years long gone; pressed

the lips upon which nightly, in early boyhood, had been sealed the loving "Good night!" as in innocence and peace, they lay down to their sleep, together.

It is night now—the last night, and they are together again. The first in years. The last, until the eternal years roll round.

The eyes began to dim; the grey—the unmistakable grey, settled down on the features, quieting fast in the loved rest. Death's rest! Ah! it comes at last, to all. After the toil and trial and travail of life, it comes!

Eugene's voice pierced the stillness around them now. "Edward, my darling, forgive me before you die. Curse not my life, which must live on, forever doomed, that it has dealt the death wound to yours." And then for a moment, death waited.

A smile like an angel's stole over the face of the dying, and love gave back the strength which death had well nigh taken. The closed lips parted. "God bless you, Eugene. You dealt no blow. I parried all. I know why now, God helped me. My death wound came before you. Meet me yonder." And, with superhuman strength, he lifted up his arms, and threw them around his brother's neck, and, with lip pressed to lip—the lips which in childhood had never failed to kiss "Good night"—the life went out; and both fell back together: One, to unbroken joy; the other, to a moment's bliss—to a dream from which he would too soon

"—wake, to weep."

And the fight went on.

For an hour they lay untouched. Then the guard came to take away the wounded. The dead were left. All but this dead, fast bound in the living but unconscious embrace of his brother. The stern men quailed before such a bier. A brother's arms! And under a tree, whose branches swung low, they dug a hasty grave and gave him burial. They marked the spot, and left him there, in the soft summer light of dying day, while birds sang above him,

and the branches swayed and sighed perpetual requiem.

All this I learned long after, while watching the crisis of brain fever, which came to one as life eternal broke upon the other. It is a sad story, but one by no means without a parallel in our recent war.

The two of whom I write, were the only children in a New England home; one of those fair homes, handed down from father to son, and dear as the memories of the lives they had sheltered.

The father inherited all the strength of that primitive virtue which ladened the *Mayflower*, from whose storm-beaten deck the feet of his ancestors were first to take their stand on Plymouth Rock. Through that line of royalty, more regal than that of kings, had come unspoken the heritage of "Liberty."

It was that quality of nobility which can never die. It is the same principle now, in civil strife, that it was long ago, when, dwelling in the hearts of "fair women and brave men," it caused them to leave home and the dear land of birth, to come into the untried and unbroken wilderness, for the sake of "freedom to worship God." Freedom of honor—of conscience—of life,

It is easily imagined how, down through the line of such an ancestry, descended the love stronger than life—the love of Liberty.

In early life the father of these two boys married a fair young Southern girl. Far back as runneth the memory of man, her ancestors had upheld and adorned the generous chivalry for which the South was famed.

Her own nature was just what such a birth and training would perfect. High spirited and generous; proud and true. She brought her graces to her husband's home and adorned it. Years of happiness and peace had blessed them. Two sons were their crowning joy. Under a mother's love they grew in all the graces. A father's stronger hand bound together with firmness of teaching, the underlying prin-

ciples of truth and justice. From such a moulding their characters shaped into a nearness of perfection. The years were full of peace.

But a little cloud now specked the sky. A distant thunder rumbled. A little lull, and the storm broke in pitiless fury. Pitiless to the last!

These boys inherited the love of country; but, as it proved, one, alas! from the quiet of the balmy South, where he had been sent to be screened from the rigor of our New England winters, rushed into the rebel army. He was fired with zeal. He inherited his mother's sectional love, and, with great sorrow, we say it—her sectional hate,—for early in the strife she fled to her childhood's home. To her the ties of devoted fealty, were as nothing to the ties of kindred. She left the husband who had loved and sheltered her, loving him still, and urging him to rebel and go with her; but when he proudly refused, she left him. Sorrowful and full of tears, but over and above all, burned the fury and fire of that Southern hate which has immolated so many lives.

She went to her kindred, and, nearer than she thought, to her son; for even she had never dreamed that he could go into the fight.

Not one of all who loved him so, dreamed that their fragile boy would "shoulder arms," in either cause. They dreamed on securely, because he was safe. Had they known, I doubt if the other had ever gone, for the terrible fear of that meeting which came at last, all unexpected, would have held him back. But they did not know, and he went.

I need not trace his journeyings. I have told you how they met, and how they parted.

From that bed of sickness, which came so near being a bed of death, and from which Eugene finally rallied, he went forth, stricken and sorrowing. After many months, he was taken North, and finally

reached his home and rested in his father's arms. Day by day, his strength lessened. Swift messengers were sent, and despite the perils which beset their way, the mother was reached and the sad story told. Then her pride forsook her, for her heart was broken. She came at once. Courtesy of every kind was extended to her, through all the rebel lines, for brothers and cousins were numerous, and high in all their service. Meeting our own, her sad errand gave her unmolested way.

So she reached her child. For many days she nursed him and listened to this sad story from his own quivering lips. All, and more than I have dared to tell, and then he died. *Than I have dared*, because my story is a true one. Because, I followed the father, broken-hearted, to his grave. Because, the mother, broken-hearted, still lives on.

L. R. B.

For the Hospital Review

Robins.

I.

I sit by the window and watch them
The livelong day through, in the tree,
But whether they love make or gossip,
Who knows what a bird's meaning be?
And are they but staid, married people,
Who live for their every-day bread,
With the love making twilights forgotten,
And the commonplace days come instead.

II.

Or, are they but foolish, fond lovers,
That think never dream was so true,
And plan an impossible future
Of smoothness, as human folk do?
Who knows, then? I listen to learn it,
But never a thing I can tell,
'Tis a song, with a story within it,
A story I'd like to know, well.

III.

O, robins! O, foolish, sweet robins!
What marvelous teachers are ye!
What wonderful lessons of wisdom,
A bird's throat can pour unto me.
You live for the day as God gives it,
Content with your sunshine or rain,
And why should I wrest from the future,
Its burdens, and crosses of pain.

IV.

You herald the dawn when it reddens,
 With welcome as thrillingly sweet,
 Tho' it drench you with raindrops, and scatter
 The nest you had builded complete.
 You hymn day to rest, though it gave you
 A storm or a smile; thus for me
 The lesson you sing is made perfect,
 And plain as a lesson can be.

BERTHA S. SCRANTOM POOL.

Story of the Late Phœbe Cary.

In an obituary notice of the late Phœbe Cary in a recent Tribune, the following hymn—a favorite in many Christian families and congregations—is appropriately quoted:

One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 I'm nearer my home to-day
 Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be;
 Nearer the great, white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down;
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
 Roll dark before my sight,
 That brightly the other side
 Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink,
 If it be I am nearer home
 Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust,
 Let my spirit feel in death
 That her feet are firmly set
 On the Rock of a living faith.

It was written by Phœbe Cary, and in connection with it the Tribune tells this touching story:

A gentleman in China, intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, sat down and waited in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry

over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair, while the oldest shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the hymn of Phœbe Cary above quoted. The words, says the writer of the story, repeated in such a vile place, at first made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed! "Harry where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why that one you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday school in America. "Come," said the elder, getting up; "come, Harry, here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if none other, you will quit this infernal business." The gentleman who tells the story (originally published in the Boston Daily News) saw those two men leave the gambling-house together, and walk away arm in arm; and he remarks:

"It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breast of two tempted and erring men on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life." It was the source of great joy to Miss Cary, as we happen to know. Before us lies a private letter from her to an aged friend in this city, with the printed story inclosed, and containing this comment: "I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you knew

the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1842) in your house. I composed it in the little back third story bed-room, one Sunday morning, after coming from church, and it makes me very happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

Ninety-nine in the Shade.

Oh! for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers ;
 Oh! for an iceberg or two at control ;
 Oh! for a vale which at mid-day the dew cum-
 bers.
 Oh! for a pleasure trip to the Pole.
 Oh! for a little one-story thermometer,
 With nothing but zeroes all ranged in a row ;
 Oh! for a big double-barreled hydrometer,
 To measure this moisture that rolls from my
 brow.
 Oh! that this cold world were twenty times
 colder,
 (That's irony red-hot it seemeth to me ;)
 Oh! for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder ;
 Oh! what a comfort an ague would be.
 Oh! for a grotto to typify Heaven,
 Scooped in the rock under cataract vast ;
 Oh! for a Winter of discontent even ;
 Oh! for wet blankets judiciously cast.
 Oh! for a chill that would be perpetual,
 (Or at least last till the Summer is o'er ;)
 Then the fever may come as effectual,
 And last until Winter is with us no more.

The Law of Kindness.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The most effective working force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness. For it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, beastkind and birdkind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well; kindness is the spontaneous music of good will to men and beasts. And both listen to it with their hearts instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written filled with beautiful illustrations of its

effects upon both. The music of kindness has not only the power to charm, but to transform both the savage heart of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident that will serve as an illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect. A poor, coarse featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passes through a wild unpeopled district of Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter, living with her in a log hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge, crossed by the railway bridge. Here they contrived to support themselves by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her cabin to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profits of her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor came finally to notice her walking by the side of the line or between the rails; and being a good natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engineman and brakemen were also good to the old woman, and felt they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides. And soon an accident occurred that proved that they were quite right in this view of the matter.

In the wild month of March, the rain descended and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge near the old woman's hut. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its buttments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm. In another half hour the express train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a whole tallow candle in her house; and any light she could make of tallow, or oil if she had it, would not live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be

lost; and her thought was equal to that moment. She cut the cord of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, side pieces and head piece. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line a few rods before the black, awful chasm, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swelling, booming light a long way up the track. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revive it with green wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder; it was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a blazing chair post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great, red eye of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve. Like as a huge sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the decaying fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine driver and brakemen came and knelt down by him: and there, in the expiring light of the burning pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good will to

men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1871.

Our Paper.

We come before our readers to-day, in a new character. Heretofore we have given items of interest of "all whom it may concern." We have told the needs of our Hospital, and asked for relief. Anon, the relief came, and we have told our grateful thanks. Again, we desired to add to our accommodations; and, month by month, we said a word of this. "In due season," to our astonished eyes, the "New Wing" rose, fair and graceful. Then, we spoke of furniture for the rooms; and almost while we spoke, the liberal hearts who loved us, dispensed the liberal things, which helped us. So, all along, we have never asked for anything good, which has been withheld. Do you wonder that our faith has grown in proportion to your benefactions?

Well, to-day we have something to say, and something to *ask*, for the "Review." And first, we want to say, that with this number, we begin a new year. It is unusual, we think, to begin a year in August, the hot and sultry month, when lagging energies of every kind, are off at the sea side, or among the mountains, resting and recuperating. Yet so it is, and just because we are *not* off, resting and recuperating, do we come to you with our "statement of facts," and our appeal for aid, knowing that your ears will listen to the one, and your willing hands help to the other.

To our readers who are away for recreation, and to whom our little messenger may find its way, we desire to express our wish for their enjoyment and the attainment of their desires, whatever they may

be. Meanwhile, our paper, staying at home, must be housed and clothed and fed. This is fact; pure fact. We wish it were fiction, for then another, and more than another, would be off, wandering at will. However, the "Review," as well as the Hospital, is thankful for such a home as Rochester, in which to stay. Sea side and mountain, have been "since the world began." They will "keep," and we have faith to "behold them afar off," and are content to wait for a nearer view, if only what we stay at home *for*, is accomplished thereby.

Now, about our paper. We know that to many it is a welcome messenger—slow and tardy, sometimes, but welcome. And we are glad of that. An unwelcome guest is a forlornity. In every household, where generous hospitality prevails, there are certain accounts which have to be squared off occasionally, or the whole machinery stops. And why? Just because affairs get tangled. And then, oftentimes, the money gives out, and how are the gentle graces of hospitality to be tendered without the means? It is *this* which just now embarrasses us. We know full well that any of our readers would give us ten times the sum the paper costs, if we asked them. But that is just the point. We cannot ask them in person! Neither can the Treasurer, or the Secretary, or any of the Ladies, who do so much.

There was a meeting of the Trustees and Managers, held at the Hospital shortly since, and the gentlemen suggested that a regular collector be appointed, to go about and collect the dues of the city subscribers, thereby saving the trouble of sending so small a sum to the Treasurer. In this way, prompt payment will be insured, and all trouble avoided. A suitable man has been found, who will undertake this work, and early next week, he will start, with the Treasurer's endorsement, and call upon all. We speak for him a cordial welcome. He will also present our claims and solicit new

subscribers. On this point we have an urgent word to speak. We are certain that a little effort would double, yea, increase tenfold the circulation of our paper. We do not believe there is one family in every ten, throughout this large city, who would refuse to take it, if asked. Even the poor, except the dependent poor, would be proud to take it—as in doing so they would give their mites to help the Hospital. And then, with that point gained, we could afford to send it free to every one who could *not* afford to take it. We beg you to think of this—each one of you—just as you would think how you could manage to add a little to your own store, be it great or small. Let every subscriber try to get another. That will be double! But it don't stop there. Let each *new one* try for another, and so on, until, by and by, the receipts of the "Hospital Review" will pour in, "hand over hand," until even the "liberal heart" shall cry to the liberal hand, Hold, enough! We are laughing all over to ourselves at the jubilant vision. When it appears, "may we be there to see."

For ourselves, we have but a word. We have been sick. You will all appreciate this. But we are better, and hope to keep on improving, so we feel safe to promise better things in future; better fruits of our labors—the natural and prompt ripening of the grape, when the vine is strong and well nourished.

A Happy Announcement!

The following item, filling a quiet little nook in the *Union*, contains to us, and to all interested in the Hospital, a most charming announcement. If we did not wave our handkerchiefs and give three cheers when we read it, it was not because we did not feel like it:

At a meeting of the Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, held this forenoon, (July 31st,) it was resolved to put a Mansard roof on the east or old wing at once. The work of placing one on the main part will be deferred until next year.

The Hospital Reception.

On the 28th of July, the New Wing and other improvements in the Hospital being completed, the friends of our Institution and the public generally were cordially invited to visit the building and see for themselves the great good work which has been accomplished. The Ladies in attendance were gratified to see so many of their friends on that day, and would have been glad to have welcomed a larger number. They feel proud of all that has been done and anxious that all interested in the Hospital should come now and see it. Those not present at the general reception, are as cordially invited to come now. A good deal of enthusiasm was expressed by visitors, as they went from room to room and ward to ward, and saw how complete and beautiful were all the arrangements for the care of the sick. The private rooms in the Mansard roof, were perhaps especially admired, and a few of the visitors were so moved as to ask permission to furnish some of these rooms; but as they are all taken they will be obliged to wait until November for the completion of the new roof upon the old wing, when there will be ten more just such rooms to be furnished. Enough work, however, remains for our friends just now to do. The wards are none of them furnished. There are the two large wards, connected with folding doors, which will each require a thousand dollars to be fitted up. There are the two dining-rooms belonging to these wards, which we would be very glad to have some church or society, or individuals, furnish. There is the Lying-in Department, entirely empty and unprovided for, besides two smaller wards up stairs, for sicker patients. The Lying-in Department consists of three rooms—a long ward, which will accommodate ten beds—a nurse's room, and the patient's room. The cost of a bed in any of these wards, is estimated at forty-five dollars each. This includes all that is necessary for the bed—a bureau, which is shar-

ed by two beds—strips of carpet and a large easy chair for each. Our friends, who want to help us, or who regret that there is not a room left for them to furnish, will see, therefore, that there is enough to do. This part of the work may not have the same attractiveness as the fitting up daintily and tastefully the pretty rooms in the French roof, but no one can doubt that it is not just as necessary—just as blessed. It is certainly more directly for the poor, and if given, as all such service should be, unto the Lord, it will surely find as sweet a reward.

A Word to the Children.

We long for a sight of your fresh young faces, for we know just how they would ripple all over with smiles, as the rosy lips open to promise *work* for us. Dear little children. In all the world there are few who can ever refuse a request preferred by them! We *know* you will work for us, and we can hardly wait to see the list of new subscribers which your little hands shall bring. We are not going to forget you. In the Autumn stores, we have many a crisp nut to crack for you; and further on, a large space in our columns shall grow bright with vivid scarlet as we twine many a wreath of holly and green, for your Christmas mirth. Go tell all your playfellows of the good things in store for Thanksgiving and Holiday time, and see how many will be glad to subscribe for the little paper which will have so much for them.

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 "Rochester Union" gives the following kind and pleasant notice of our Reception at the Hospital:

City Hospital.

The new wing of the City Hospital having been completed, it, with the old portion, was thrown open to the public yesterday. Hundreds of citizens took occasion to call, and all were much pleased with what they saw. The arrangement of the general and private wards in the new wing gave great satisfaction. The lying-in ward has been enlarged and made most convenient. The private rooms on the third floor, which are lighted by large double windows, have been fitted up in splendid style by different societies. Grace, Plymouth, Central, First Presbyterian, St. Luke's and First Baptist Church societies have rooms, and there seems to have been a spirit of rivalry among the ladies of these congregations to see which would have the handsomest and tastiest furnished room. They all succeeded so nicely that it would be unfair and unjust to make comparisons. Grace Church has two rooms and adjoining them is a room furnished in fine style by Mrs. George J. Whitney and Mrs. Geo. W. Smith. In the main part, the Union Blues and Hebrew Benevolent Societies have rooms, and no pains or expense has been spared in furnishing them. They each have patients at present.

In the main part a new elevator has been put in and patients are now elevated or lowered from one floor to another by it. The morgue has been transferred to the basement and fitted up in a desirable manner. The dispensary has been removed to a larger room than it formerly occupied and is fitted with handsome and handy cases. The rooms for the physicians and nurses have been refitted and furnished; also the operating rooms of the surgeons and physicians who treat special diseases. The ventilation of the whole hospital is most perfect, and if there is any comfort in being sick, it can be had at the City Hospital. The heating arrangements are on a new plan. The registers are placed in the walls half-way between the floor and ceiling. It would, however, take more time than we have to spare just now to describe and note all the changes and improvements

made in the building. Any citizen who desires to see for himself or herself will be cordially welcomed at all proper hours by Dr. Jones, the Superintendent, and his assistants.

It is the intention of the Trustees of the Hospital to at once commence the work of placing Mansard roofs on the main building and east wing. When this work is completed, Rochester can boast of two of the most commodious and perfect hospitals in the country. Every citizen should lend them a helping hand.

Correspondence.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Apr. 13, 1871.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS:

Madam—For several years I have received the "Rochester Hospital Review," devoted to the interests of the sick and suffering. I know not from whom it comes, and have never sent a subscription or donation to aid it.

I rejoice that the inmates of your Hospital have such faithful, tender care. I am a manager of the "Patriot Orphan Home," for the children of our dead soldiers; also, a manager of the "Ladies' Union Relief Association," for New York and Brooklyn. In addition to the other large demands upon one's time and money, so much more than I can meet, I am delegated to visit all needy families of soldiers (and they are many,) and give such help as I consider they need. So you will see that my time and money is appropriated. I have often thought that I would give you a few of my Hospital experiences in Annapolis with our prisoners; and that I would send you the subscription, at least for your paper, but every month brought its great demands for time and money more than I could meet.

Please accept the enclosed \$2, with my kindest wishes for your continued success.

Yours, in sympathy,

MRS. R. H. MANNING.

305 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn.

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, July 24th,
Margaret Kingsley, aged 49 years.

Donations for August.

Mrs. Gildersleeve—One gallon Ice Cream, Cake and Flowers.
A Friend—Quantity of Lettuce.
A Friend—Potatoes.
Mr. Ives, Batavia—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Gildersleeve—Custard, Cake, Lemons and Flowers.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Joseph W. Sprague, \$2.00; Miss Sargent—
By Mrs. Dr. Strong..... \$ 2 00
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, 63 cts.—By Miss Roch-
ester 63
Mrs. M. M. Matthews, 50 cts.; Mrs. Kip,
Buffalo, 50 cts.; Miss Yorke, 60 cents;
Mrs. Boardman, 50 cts.—By Mrs. M. M.
Matthews..... 2 78
Mrs. Dawes, \$2.00; Peter McEwen, \$3.00;
Mrs. G. J. Whitney, 63 cts.; Mrs. Gild-
ersleeve, 64 cts.; Mrs. W. W. Carr, 75
cts.; Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 62 c.; Mrs.
Samuel Hamilton, \$1.50; Mrs. G. E.
Mumford, \$1.00; Miss A. S. Mumford,
\$1.50; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, \$1.50—
By Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins..... 13 14

Superintendent's Report.

1871. July 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 86
Received during month, .. 21—107
Discharged,..... 20
Died, 1— 21
Remaining Aug. 1st, 1871, 86

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 MILER, “
- “ JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- “ LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- “ PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- “ LOTTIE J. WEIGHT, Lewiston.

Children's Department.

Dame Dimple.

Little Dame Dimple, so merry and wise,
Shaking your tangled locks over your eyes;
What are you plotting this sunshiny day,
Under the apple trees, over the way?

All the birds know you, you queer little elf;
Sometimes I think you're a birdie yourself;
Chasing the honey bees home as they pass,
Watching the crickets that chirp in the grass.

Where is your sun-bonnet, dainty and neat?
Where are the shoes for your bare little feet?
Little brown fingers that hide them so well,
What will you do if your secret I tell?

One chubby hand holds the frock at your knee,
Filled full of treasures most wondrous too see;
Beetles that crawled in the dust at our feet;
Grasshoppers, pebbles, and clover-heads sweet.

See! there's a butterfly, gleaming like gold—
Down goes the frock with its riches untold.
Dear little Dimple, we older folks, too,
Drop our old treasures to reach for the new.

[Old School Presbyterianian.]

Three Kinds of Giving.

I.

GIVING TO THE PLATE.

“And let me have a shilling, mamma,” said Arthur Lawrence, as, before getting ready for church, his mother had remarked to Mr. Lawrence that there would be a collection for the Church Missionary Society after the sermon, and that they must remember their purse.

“A shilling's more than you need give, Arthur,” was the reply: “sixpence would be quite enough for a little boy like you.”

“But, mamma, I had only sixpence last year,” was Arthur's reply; “and now I'm a whole year older; and you know when papa measured me, last week, he said I was ever so much—nearly two inches—taller; and, besides, the Grants, who sit before us, always have a shilling each to put in, and I'm older than Harry Grant, several months older.”

So Arthur received a shilling from his parents; and it was put into the plate which Mr. Grant held at the door of St. Michael's Church. Do you think that was

real giving? I should be inclined to call it *giving to the Plate*.

II.

GIVING TO THE COLLECTOR.

Just opposite St. Michael's was the handsome shop of Mr. Figgis, grocer. And through the shop, and into the parlor at the back, ran little Fanny, the eldest girl of the family, with eager face and eager words.

"Now, father, I'm coming to coax you for something. Do put down that newspaper and listen to me." Upon which Mr. Figgis, like all good-natured fathers, found himself obliged to do as he was told, and to give his full attention to his little daughter.

"Do you know, father, Miss Everley, our own Sunday teacher, was in the school this morning, and told us stories about the heathen,—lovely ones about crocodiles eating up little babies, and people putting out their old parents to die by the River Ganges."

"But I don't call that lovely," put in Mr. Figgis, as Fanny poured out her history. "I hope that heads of families in England won't be coming to that sort of treatment from their children."

"Oh, no, it wasn't that that was lovely, and you know I shouldn't ever want to do so to you—quite the other way"—and Fanny took her father's great big hand and patted it with her two small ones, as if to prevent his having any anxiety about her intentions toward himself. "It wasn't that or the crocodiles I liked best, but about Missionaries preaching to them, and having schools and all, and their learning to read, and sing hymns, and—"

"Crocodiles being put to school, and learning to sing!" exclaimed Mr. Figgis. "Well, if those are the stories you're so full of from Miss Everley, I don't wonder at you making me put my sober newspaper away."

"Now, father, you know it wasn't that I meant," said Fanny decidedly; "and I won't have you laughing at me, or at my own Miss Everley either. She told us of the heathen children learning about good things, and she asked which of us would become subscribers to her collection for the Church Missionary Society, which sends out Missionaries and teachers to them."

"And so I'm to help you for Miss Ev-

erley's collection?" said Mr. Figgis. "But I hope she won't want much," he continued; times are so hard that I can't afford to be sending my money over the seas to no one knows where."

"Oh, but, father, we would do anything for Miss Everley; so would you, you know. Don't you remember when Johnny was ill how she used to come and sit with mother and nurse him? And she's the nicest of all our teachers. I hope I shan't go up into the first class and leave hers."

"Well, she's a nice young lady as ever stood on the other side of a counter," said Mr. Figgis, half to himself. "I suppose now she wouldn't take anything in my line—a box of French plums; or a—no—a Dutch cheese wouldn't do?" he concluded, feeling that something more ornamental would be better.

"Oh, father, fancy my going in on a Sunday with a Dutch cheese, and saying, 'That's for the Missionary collection, please ma'am.' How the others would laugh! No, you must just look through all the till for the brightest, newest, prettiest, shiniest silver sixpence that's there; and you must let me have it on Sunday, and one every quarter besides, for Miss Everley's card."

And when Sunday came, Fanny's face was as bright as the new, pretty, shining sixpence which was laid by her on Miss Everley's table when her name was entered as one of the School Missionary contributors; and the touch of her teacher's kind hand on her shoulder as she gave it was very pleasant, indeed. But the sixpence was given to the *Collector*, not unto "the Lord."

III.

GIVING UNTO THE LORD.

Mary Hughes had a busy life of it as a servant-maid in St. Michael's Road, not very far from Mr. Figgis' shop. But she did not call it hard when she thought of Him who had once taken upon Himself the form of a servant for her sake, and who had loved her and given Himself for her. Mary was all the better servant for knowing that she was a King's daughter; and that she could do all her common work—sweeping and dusting and cleaning—unto the Lord.

Out of her small wages she managed to do a good deal for the support of her widowed mother, who lived not very far off,

in an alley near the Church. And when the Missionary meeting had been given out in Church, and she had heard in the sermon of the need of more money to send the good news of Jesus Christ's love to far countries, her eyes filled with tears as she remembered that since the purchase of her winter dress her purse had remained quite empty.

But that evening, when she went home, a sudden thought struck the young housemaid. She opened a little drawer and from a small box took out a bright half-crown. That half-crown had a story for Mary. When she had nursed her mistress' little girl day and night for weeks through her long illness, and when little Alice had been laid to rest in St. Michael's churchyard, her mother had given the young servant half-a-crown which was found in her child's purse, and had told her to spend it on something for a remembrance of the bright haired little one whom she had loved so dearly.

"It's what Miss Alice would like best now that I should do with it," said Mary to herself. "She knows now how happy it is to be with Jesus, whom she learnt to love down here. She'd like to go to bring some poor heathen children to the knowledge of the Good Shepherd she used to speak about. And as for me, I'd rather give it to the Lord who has done so much for me, than get anything for myself."

So when the collection was made after the Missionary meeting in the school-room, the half-crown was slipped into the plate by Mary, whose heart was full of desire that all whom she could reach might know the preciousness of the Saviour who had redeemed her unto everlasting life.

Which of the three ways of giving is yours? Are you giving to the Plate? giving to the Collector? or giving unto the Lord?—*Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.*

Advertisements.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, }
COUNTY OF MONROE. }

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the general election in this State 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.
Dated Rochester, Aug. 2, 1871.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, }
Albany, Aug. 1st, 1871. }

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 Secretary of State, in the place of Homer A. Nelson.
 - A Comptroller, in the place of Asher P. Nichols.
 - A Treasurer, in the place of Wheeler H. Bristol.
 - An Attorney General, in the place of Marshal B. Chapman.
 - A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van Rensselaer Richmond.
 - A Canal Commissioner, in the place of George W. Chapman.
 - An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of David B. McNeil.
- All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- Also a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of E. Darwin Smith, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- Also a Senator for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the county of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

- Also to be elected for said County:
 - Three Members of Assembly.
 - A County Judge, in the place of Jerome Fuller.
 - A Surrogate, in the place of W. Jean Shuart.
 - A District Attorney, in the place of John M. Davy.
 - Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry Kimball and James Shert.
 - Two Coroners, in the place of Thomas W. Morrisson and Thomas V. B. Durand.
- All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- The Intentions of Town and City Election Boards, Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chap. 712, or the Laws of 1871, herewith printed, as to the supply of ballot boxes, form of ballots and manner of canvassing votes, to wit:

"CHAPTER 712.

AN ACT in relation to the election of Representatives in Congress, Senators and members of the Assembly.

Passed April 25, 1871; three-fifths being present.
The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. At each annual or special election at which a Representative in Congress, Senator or Member of Assembly is hereafter to be elected, the inspectors in the several election districts in the State shall provide and keep a separate box in which all ballots for Representatives in Congress, to be indorsed "Congress," shall be deposited; also a separate box in which all ballots for Senator, to be indorsed "Senate," shall be deposited; and also a separate box in which all ballots for Member or Assembly, to be indorsed "Assembly," shall be deposited; and the ballots deposited in said several boxes shall be estimated and canvassed in the order named above, respectively, and immediately following to estimate and canvass of the ballots indorsed "State."

§ 2. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

§ 3. This act shall take effect immediately."

Respectfully yours,

HOMER A. NELSON, Secretary of State

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution relative to Slavery:

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That section two of article two of the Constitution be amended so that it shall read as follows: "Laws may be passed excluding from the right of suffrage all persons who have been or may be convicted of bribery, or larceny, or of any infamous crime, and for depriving every person who shall make or become directly or indirectly interested in any bet or wager depending upon the result of any election, or who shall pay, give or receive, or promise to pay or give money or other property or valuable consideration, with intent to induce any elector in giving his vote, or to deter any elector from voting, from the right to vote at such election, or from holding any office voted for at such election."

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That said amendments to said section two be referred to the Legislature, to be chosen at the next general election of senators, and that, pursuant to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Senate, April 4, 1871.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order, HIRAM CALKINS, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Assembly, April 19, 1871.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order, C. W. ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Relative to the Court of Appeals, and for the extension of the term of service of the Commissioners of Appeals:

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur), That the sixth article of the Constitution of this State be amended by adding thereto the following section:

§ 28. The Court of Appeals may order any of the causes, not exceeding five hundred in number, pending in that court at the time of the adoption of this provision, to be heard and determined by the Commissioners of Appeals, and the Legislature may extend the term of service of the Commissioners of Appeals for a period not exceeding two years.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur), That the foregoing amendment be referred to the Legislature, to be chosen at the next general election of Senators; and that, in conformity to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
 Senate, April 4, 1871. }
 The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
 By order. **HIRAM CALKINS**, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
 In Assembly, April 19, 1871. }
 The foregoing resolutions were duly concurred in.
 By order. **C. W. ARMSTRONG**, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.
 Office of the Secretary of State. }
 I have compared the preceding with the original concurrent resolutions on file in this office, and do hereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of said original concurrent resolutions.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the city of Albany, this second day of August, 1871.
 [L. S.] **HOMER A. NELSON**,
 Secretary of State.

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

A. S. MANN & CO.
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AND

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS Generally.

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15 BUFFLOA ST. [June, '70] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Are fully established in their

NEW STORE,

In **POWERS' FIRE-PROOF COMMERCIAL BLOCK,**

No. 72 Buffalo Street,

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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.

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Nos. 325, 327 & 329 Alice Anna St.

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Office, 116 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

December, 1869.

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61 BUFFALO STREET,

Smith's Arcade, **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Dealers in Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
 December, 1869.

OUR present make of Black Alpacas gives universal satisfaction

A. S. MANN & CO.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,
 (SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAUW.)
CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
 Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
 Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
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PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
51 State Street, (West side,)
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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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JOHN SCHLEIER,
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FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
 LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
 No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
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J. B. SWEETING,
 84 State Street,

having made arrangements with different houses
 in Europe and America, will be constantly sup-
 plied 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**

M. F. REYNOLDS & Co.
 (Established in 1842.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

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Artists' and Painters' Materials,

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WINDOW & PLATE GLASS,

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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.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

I have **NO AGENTS** in the country. You can do your
 business directly with me, at the same expense as through
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Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid **SHAWLS**, and all
 bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleansed without in-
 jury to the colors. Also,

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

Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed
 all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch, on
 very reasonable terms. Goods dyed Black every Tuesday,
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Opposite the Court House.

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April, '66-pd-to '68. e. w. GOLER.

SMITH, PERKINS & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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CHAS. F. SMITH. G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.

[Established in 1820.]

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. VIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1871. 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.

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.

A Lesson.

We cannot always be giving ;

The woman has come again ;

She has such a whining story

Of hunger, or cold, or pain ;

She wearies with repetitions—

Her Johnny is out of place,

Her children are sick with hunger

I tire of her listless face.

Grand Philip sat lazily reading

The crimson gas-light shook,

From a shade that was ruby-tinted,

Its red flakes over his book.

I thought that he did not notice ;

But suddenly, sweet and low,

He said with the voice of a dreamer,

"Don't let the woman go."

And then with his smile so royal,

So sweet with pity and pain,

He called her into the study,

Out of the merciless rain.

"Sit down, my friend;" and he gave her
The best chair in the place;
And I saw a quick flush brighten
Her haggard and listless face.

And then, with his tones like music,
He sounded her frozen heart,
Till the thrill of a tender question
Sundered its ice apart ;
And tears and sobs and passion
Came thick as the midnight rain ;
And she told such a pitiful story
My own heart throbbred with pain.

"You see," said my Philip softly,
"She is greater than you or I ;
She has struggled and conquered where we, love,
Should maybe sink down and die ;
She has fought in the dark with demons,
With evil on every side ;
And Satan hath tried to strip her
Even of her woman's pride.

"Love, let us be very tender :
The lowliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasures,
That only a God can see."
So the woman left our study
With the face of an angel of light ;
And she is my noblest pattern
Who came as a beggar that night.

WHITTIER'S INSCRIPTION FOR A SUN-DIAL.

With waning hand I mark time's rapid flight,
From life's glad morning to its solemn night.
But through the dear God's love I also show
There's light above me by the shade below.

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag, on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

Palaces of France—Ilium Fuit.

A very pretty book has just been brought out in England, the name of which almost recalls Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." It is entitled "Memoirs of of French Palaces," and with much better reason than the author dreamt of, since of several of these palaces only the "memories" now remain. In a shorter time than was required for the printers to set up the author's manuscript, the more imposing and magnificent of the structures of which he writes passed from the hands of the constituted authorities of France into the possession of the Communists, who left them a heap of smouldering ruins.

St. Cloud, one of the oldest of the royal residences of France, was the first to fall, before the Commune had appeared, though the recollection of its burning in the earlier stage of the siege of Paris has almost been effaced in the excesses of the month of May. No spot of all the lovely environs of Paris was more beautiful than St. Cloud, with its terraced walks and embowering foliage and sparkling fountains; charming in the near approach and exquisite in the distant landscape, as the chateau stood out against the dark back-ground of the glimmering woods. But the "memories" of St. Cloud were not gay, since for years it had borne "the rust of murder on its walls," and it had been the momentary resting place of the members of more than one dynasty flying for their lives. Here Henry III. fell beneath the dagger of the monk Clement, himself slain on the spot by the royal guards; here died the fair Henrietta, that unhappy Stuart, daughter of Charles I. of England, who had espoused the Dauphin, she whom Bossuet so eloquently lamented; here was born the infamous Egalite, father of Louis Philippe; here occurred the memorable interview between Mirabeau and the ill-starred Marie Antoinette; here Josephine, scarcely less unfortunate, held for a time her brilliant receptions; and here the Duchess de Berri and afterwards the Orleans family stopped *in transitu*, when they had abandoned Paris and were looking anywhere for a place of asylum. The latest "memory" of St. Cloud is the youthful court held there by the Prince Imperial during the Exposition of 1867, the only court that is likely to be associated with his life. How

near and yet how far seems that fine pageant of the Exposition!

Of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal the "memories" are scarcely more joyous, although in their *beaux jours*, few walls have looked down on a greater number of showy spectacles than the Tuileries. Again and again plundered by the mob, again and again riddled by bullets and reddened with slaughter, the residence and headquarters by turns of Kings, Emperors, Presidents and Revolutionary Committees, in sight on the one side of the St. Bartholomew massacre, and on the other of the work of the guillotine, the Tuileries stood from century to century, as it were the official repository of the glory and the shame of France. *Il n'y a plus.*

Hawthorne has somewhere said, with that wonderful suggestiveness that imputes to inanimate objects something of human sympathy, that there are limitations to the idea of venerableness from association, and that ancient buildings, which have become encrusted with the crime and saddened by the anguish of centuries may well be removed for moral as well as sanitary reasons. This consideration, while it does not mitigate the vandalism of the Commune in setting fire to the Tuileries, may reconcile Frenchmen to its loss, though none can fail to experience a sentimental regret at the destruction of so much that was beautiful in architecture and scenery.

One Year Ago.

What stars have faded from our sky!
 What hopes unfolded but to die!
 What dreams so fondly pondered o'er
 Forever lost the hues they wore;
 How like a death-knell, sad and slow,
 Tolls through the soul, "One year ago."

Where is the face we looked to greet,
 The form that graced the fireside seat,
 The gentle smile, the winning way
 That blessed our life-path day by day,
 Where fled those accents soft and low,
 That thrilled our hearts, "One year ago."

Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
 The smile that won no longer there;
 From door and hall, from porch and lawn,
 She echo of the voice is gone;
 And we who linger only know,
 How much was lost, "One year ago."

Beside her grave the marble white,
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps nor heeds the tread,
Of footsteps o'er her lowly bed;
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life, "One year ago."

But why repine? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led:
To that far world rejoicing go,
To which she passed, "One year ago."

The Power of the Word of God.

Among the many interesting cases which Mrs. Vicars, of Brighton, has met in her devoted labors of love among the lost, one is especially worthy of being recorded, as illustrating the power of the of God and as eaching us to despair of none.

One morning Mrs. Vicars received an anonymous letter from a district visitor, giving her the address of a woman whom the letter, stated to be one of the worst characters in Brighton, and a great corrupter of others; so bad, indeed, that no respectable person had thought of entering her house for many a long year. But as the writer had been told that Mrs. Vicars did not shrink from visitiug the vilest, would she go and see her? adding, that could any impression be made on her, it might be the means of saving scores. That same day saw Mrs. Vicars on her way to the house named in the letter. The door was opened by the very woman, and Mrs. Vicars at once boldly stated the errand on which she had come. "I have no time to hear about such things," the woman answered roughly. "Religion is all very well for you gentlefolk, but poor folk can't afford it; one must live."

"And we must die," Mrs. Vicars said solemnly.

"Well, that's true, and I know all about that," said the woman, with an odd boastfulness. "I am not so ignorant as some; I waru't always like what you see me now; why, up there," she added, pointing to a top shelf, "I have got a beautiful large Bible I bought with my own money—years ago it is now."

"A beautiful large Bible!" exclaimed Mrs. Vicars; how I should like to see it! Do you think you could get it down for me?"

"Well, ma'am, I'll try; but I'm afraid it will nigh smother you with dust; for it is right on the top shelf, where I can't get at it with the duster."

So, with the combined help of a table and a chair, she managed to get the Bible down. Alas! the dust stood so thick on it, that, in Whitfield's strong words, she would have no difficulty in writing damnation with her own finger on the whitened cover. But, wiping it carefully with the corner of her apron, she laid it triumphantly down on the table before Mrs. Vicars.

"Well, that is a beauty!" exclaimed Mrs. Vicars, "and what a beautiful print too! Can you read it?"

"Read it! I should think I can, indeed; at least I can when I have got my glasses; but unluckily I happened of an accident with one of them."

"Can you find them? for if you will give them to me, I will get them mended for you."

"Well I can't say as how I know exactly where they are; but I think I can lay my hand on them somewhere," she said, proceeding to rummage in several drawers. Mrs. Vicars joined in the hunt; and during the search for the glasses the ice seemed to melt, and they got quiet friendly.

"Here they are!" exclaimed Mrs. A., producing them at last from among a heap of odds and ends.

"And a capital pair of glasses too, rejoined Mrs. Vicars: "this one is cracked; we must have a new glass for that eye; but the other is all right; just try it," she added, opening the Bible.

So, putting the odd glass to her right eye, the woman read a few words.

"You do read well! why, you are quite a scholar," and so Mrs. Vicars kept on turning the pages, and getting her to read one verse after another, till she found the passage she wanted.

"There is nothing amiss with that glass, is there? Read this."

And the woman read, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Slowly she read the solemn words, through the one old spectacle-glass; but, as she read, Mrs. Vicars felt one great warm drop after another falling upon her hand, which rested on the open Bible.

“ ‘Come, let us reason together.’ your Father loves you ; He is knocking at the door of your heart now ; ‘Come,’ He says, “let us reason together.’ Oh ! why will you perish when He says through me ‘Come,’ to me, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow !”

She did not say much more, but left, taking the glasses with her. As soon as they were mended, she returned to the house with them. The moment the woman saw her, she exclaimed, holding up both her hands, “I’ve done with it ! I’ve done with it ! Night nor day I have never been able to get that verse out of my head. Not another day of this dreadful life will I lead, if I can help it.”

With tears of joy streaming down her face at this wonderful change, Mrs. Vicars ascertained that Mrs. A. had a brother, a respectable man, living at W——. She at once wrote to him, and received in answer that he was willing to do anything he could for his sister ; but that knowing what she was, he could not at once take her into his house, till the reality of so wonderful a conversion had been tested. Should she conduct herself well, he would gladly, after a time, share his home with her. It was agreed, therefore, to place her in lodgings at W——, for a time ; and at Mrs. Vicars’ persuasion, her brother himself came to fetch her, and Mrs. Vicars had the double joy of placing her in safe hands and seeing one of the worst houses in Brighton shut up, and some of its inmates received into the Home.

Mrs. A. is now living with her brother, conducting a small business, having been known for many years as a respectable woman and a most earnest Christian.

O wonderful quickening power of God’s Word ! from the day when Augustine, fast bound with the chain of his sins, heard the child’s voice singing in the garden, “Take and read, take and read,” and one verse made him Christ’s free man for ever—to the day when in a low Brighton street, to one whose vileness cannot so much as be named, the words came, “Though your sins be as scarlet,” and ended “as snow.

And may not instances like this of the power of the Gospel over the vilest, induce some workers for God to make a rule of never passing over any one because they have made up their minds that so-and-so is too bad to be saved, and will only laugh

and make a mock at the whole thing ?
— *Work Among the Lost.*

By-and-By.

By-and-by, we say it softly,
Thinking of a tender hope
Stirring always in our bosoms,
Where so many longings grope.

By-and-by, Oh ! love shall greet us
In a time that is to come,
And the fears that now defeat us,
Then shall all be stricken dumb.

By-and-by, the mournful sorrows
Clouded o’er our sky to-day,
Shall be gone in glad to-morrows ;
Shall be vanished quite away.

By-and-by, we say it gently,
Looking on our silent dead ;
And we do not think of earth-life,
But of Heaven’s sweet life instead.

By-and-by, Oh ! say it softly,
Think not of earth and care,
But the by-and-by of heaven,
Waiting for us over there.

Extract from one of Newman’s Sermons.

“ Year passes after year silently. Christ’s coming is ever nearer than it was. O that as He comes nearer Earth, we may approach nearer Heaven. Pray Him to give you the heart to seek Him in sincerity. Pray Him to make you in earnest. You have one work only—to bear your cross after Him. Resolve in His strength to do so. Resolve to be beguiled no longer by shadows of religion—by words, or by disputings, or by notions, or by high professions or by excuses, or by the world’s promises or threats. Pray Him to give you what Scripture calls “an honest and good heart,” or a perfect heart, and without waiting, begin at once to obey Him with the best heart you have. Any obedience is better than none—any profession, which is disjointed from obedience, is a mere pretence and deceit. Any religion that does not bring you nearer to God, is of this world. You have to seek His face ; obedience is the only way of seeking Him. All your duties are obediences. He is behind this material frame work. Earth and they are but a veil going between Him and us ; the day will come when He will rend that veil

and show Himself to us. And then, according as we have waited for Him will He recompence us. Life is short—death is certain—and the world to come is everlasting.”

A bereaved friend asks us to give the following a place in our columns :

Ministering Spirits.

Longfellow has finely said :

‘All places where our friends have lived and died
Are haunted places, thro’ the open doors
The gentle spirits on their errand glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors,
We meet them at the doorway, on the stairs,
Along the passages they come and go.

* * * * *

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear,
He but perceives what is, while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear,
The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafted thro’ these earthly mists and vapors dense,
The vital breath of spirits minist’ring there.”

On these accounts it is that it even becomes a blessing to have been bereaved. We are richer for it. If we but yield ourselves to the ministries of our ascended ones, we are the stronger for it. New attractions draw us. Our faults are assailed with new rebukes; our virtues are supplied with new encouragements. The shell of sense is broken. Earth and time have become less: God and immortality more and nearer. Able to say to each departing one:

“Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel

Hath evil wrought.

Thy funeral is a glad evangel—

The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly

What He hath given.

They live on earth, in thought and deed as truly

As in His Heaven.”

We are able, also, as each loved one goes if we rightly think and feel at all, to feel that

“Another hand is beckoning us—

Another call is given,

And glows once more, with angel steps,

The path which leads to Heaven.”

And thus not only because of the enlarging and ripening power of love, but because of what our departed become to us, we are able to say with Tennyson:

“Tis better to have loved and lost,

Than never to have loved at all.”

“Ye minist’ring ones, still gently walk beside us;
From sin and world stain keep our spirits free;
Teach us the lofty aim, the pure endeavor,
Which links us, while on earth to Heaven and thee

How ALL MAY PREACH.—All cannot preach from the pulpit, or deliver long and eloquent orations; but there is a kind of preaching that is permitted to all men and oftentimes this kind is most effectual. Offices of kindness to the bodies and souls of those around us; words of encouragement to the weak, of instruction to the ignorant, of consolation to the troubled, of brotherly kindness to all, spoken by the fireside, the wayside, or bedside; hearty devotion to the services of religion in our families and our closets, as well as in the sanctuary; in a word, all tokens of earnest, active, self-denying love to our fellow-beings, springing from our love to God, will form a most impressive sermon, a most convincing proof to the world around us, that we have been with Jesus. All Christians are called on in this way to preach the Gospel. Woe to them if they neglect the call, and blessed are they who fulfill this ministry, and in their humble sphere prove themselves to be workers together with God.—*The Christian*.

THE WAY A BOY WAKES UP.—It is morning. Daylight streams into the windows; the sun shines on the hilltops. The sounds of stirring life are beginning to be heard about the house. Watch the boy. Still and motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake, all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips part with a shout—his legs fly out in different directions—his arms are in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring—in ten seconds he has turned a couple of somersaults, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is one deliberate yawning, no slow stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes, no gradually becoming awake about it. With a snap like a pistol shot, he is thoroughly awake and kicking—wide awake to the top end of each particular hair. The wonderful thing about it is its suddenness and completeness.—*Christian Union*.

DOING GOOD, A REMEDY.—Dr. Blair was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had many imaginary ills. He wrote out and left a plain prescription, which ran thus: "*Do something for somebody.*" The Doctor heard nothing from his patient till Christmas morning, when he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washerwoman. "Its not meself ser, its me wrist, that's ailen. Ye see I was after goin' out into the black darkness for a few bits o' wood when me foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was full of soft flannels from Mrs. Walker. She towld me that your medicine cured her, Doctor, so if you'll plaze to put a little of that same on my wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present." "It's a powerful remedy," said the Doctor gravely; and more than once in after years, he wrote the prescription, "*Do something for somebody.*"

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1871.

Returns from our Collector.

We announced last month that a regular collector for the *Review* had been appointed, and that he was about to start on his travels. We are now happy to state that his labors are nearly ended, and that the result has been beyond our highest expectations. A bill, in whatever shape it comes, is, from some principle in human nature which we will not stop to analyze, not very warmly welcomed, and however just the claim, or insignificant the amount, it and its presenter must expect to meet a cold shoulder. A billet-deux and a bill that is due, are not at all the same thing. Our collector knew what, in all probability, was before him. He did not go forth, buoyed up with any Arcadian dreams, and therefore his reception and his success, are a surprise to him and to us all. We think better of human nature than we did, and we have a firmer, stronger hope in the work and mission of our

Review. To say that he met with no rebuffs, no savage glances, no disputing of the claims he presented, would be an exaggeration. The world and human nature, as we find it even in Rochester, would warrant no such statement. But we will say, that the reception which, in almost every instance, he met with—the kindness, the generosity, the interest manifested in our Hospital work, seemed marvellous to him and is a source of great gratitude and cheer to us all. Payments were made so promptly, so cheerfully, even of old dues of several years' standing. "O, this is the ladies' affair, is it?" some would remark, as the account was presented. "Well we must keep all right with the ladies, of course." This deference to ladies we do not object to—it lies a substratum in every noble manly character. But the real interest in our Hospital and the success of our paper was the most gratifying and prominent feature manifested. It was this which secured the payment of our little bills so cheerfully. Several individuals paid not only past and present dues but for two and sometimes three years in advance. Others, voluntarily added a little to the requisite amount or refused to take the change due them, since it was "all in the cause of the Hospital." Our long list this month shows the success of our collector, and yet the returns are not all in. The Ladies desire to express their most sincere and hearty thanks to all who have responded so cheerfully to his call. His work is not yet completed. Those who have not yet received a visit from him, may expect to do so, unless their accounts are speedily settled with Mrs. Perkins. We hope to have our affairs entirely straightened by our next issue, when the balance of his collections will be given. Unpleasant, in some respects, as this task has been, we are convinced that the decision of our Board in this matter was a wise one, and indeed that this is the only effectual way of gathering in our funds. Where the

work is left as it has been, to voluntary payments, delays, delinquencies from year to year, will occur, until the debt accumulates to an amount which seems almost incredible. It is astonishing to find how swift the years go by! If paid promptly and regularly every year the sum is a trifle. Few indeed who cannot afford to give it for so worthy an object, and who will not give it gladly. Then, even with all our careful statements and directions, so many do not seem to understand where and to whom payments should be made.

It is certainly a great satisfaction to begin the new year with all our city accounts for the paper settled up. No delinquencies, no outstanding debts glaring at us from our books; and if it is a satisfaction to us, we believe it cannot be less so to our subscribers. Their hearts, their consciences must be a good deal lighter. Is not this so? Once more we thank you!

Furnishing the New Wing.

The furnishing of the New Wing does not progress so rapidly as we could wish. Little, as we can learn, has been done since our last number. But we hear of pleasant rumors and plans afloat. By next month we shall hope to have a great deal to tell, worth telling. *Nous verrons.*

To Our Agents in the Country.

The work of collecting for the paper in the country, must be done by our agents. We cannot very well send a collector into each town where the *Review* is taken. We can send little bills, it is true, and the Treasurer may decide to do this—but to make them effectual—to bring in the full returns, so much needed at this time, our agents must do their part, promptly, faithfully. Our city accounts, as we have elsewhere stated, we expect by another month, to see all beautifully squared up. Our friends in the country have never been behind the city in their subscriptions. Will they be satisfied

to be so now? Will they be satisfied with a less fair—less perfect record upon our books? We think not. Let then each agent see what can be done this month.—Visit every individual whose name is upon your list—collect all standing dues—solicit a renewal of subscriptions for the year to come—and then visit faithfully every family in your town or district, and see how many new names you can yet for us. This is asking a great deal, we know—but is it too much? If our agents could realize the full and lasting benefits to our Hospital, and not less such to themselves of such efforts, they would not shrink from making them.

Generous Donation to the New Wing.

Our old friend, Mr. Smith, of Razor Strop renown, has proved himself not only by his faithful services while with us in the Hospital, but by many generous remembrances since leaving us, that he is a friend indeed—a man of deeds, and not lacking in words. The following letter brings another substantial evidence of his unabated interest in us. The Ladies desire us to express to him their many and warmest thanks:

NEW YORK, Aug. 18, 1871.

MRS. PERKINS:—Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon. I suppose some one went to him and asked him to make it as short as he could as the house would be very full. Here is the sermon entire: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord. If you believe in the investment, down with your 'dust.' Amen."

I see by your paper that you want \$5,000, to furnish your Hospital. You *must have it!* I send you a check for twenty-five dollars.

HENRY SMITH,

Late of Co. D. 140th Regt. N.Y. S. Vols.

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, August 17th, 1871, Ferdinand Kohler, aged 53 years.
 In the Rochester City Hospital, August 21st, 1871, Jacob Kunz, aged 46 years.
 In the Rochester City Hospital, August 23d, 1871, Mary Atwell, aged 52 years.
 In the Rochester City Hospital, September 16, 1871, Maggie Brotsch, aged 14 years.

Donations for September.

A Friend—Twenty-five quarts of Blackberries.
 Mr. Elwood—Quantity of Corn.
 Mrs. Curtis—Iron Bedstead, Mattress, Bedding and Second hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Dewey—Clothing.
 Mrs. Ives—Old Cotton.
 A Friend—Old Cotton.
 A Friend—Jar of Pickles.
 Jacob Howe—Barrel of Crackers.
 A Friend—One and a half bushels of Tomatoes.
 Henry Smith, New York—Cash, Twenty-five dollars.
 Mr. J. Lawrence—Cash, Five Dollars.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Miss P. H. Andrews	\$ 1 88
Mrs. W. G. Andrews	1 25
Mrs. James L. Angle	63
Mrs. George Arnold	2 00
Mrs. John Biden	1 25
Mrs. R. A. Bunnell	2 50
Miss Buchan	1 83
Mrs. S. G. Beach	1 25
Mrs. E. G. Billings	1 25
Mrs. John Craig	1 83
Mrs. E. Collinson	1 25
Mrs. R. J. Lester	62
J. W. Caulfield	1 25
Arthur Churchill	1 25
Mrs. B. H. Clarke	1 88
Mrs. L. H. Alling	1 25
Mrs. S. G. Corning	1 88
Mrs. Geo. G. Clarkson	1 88
Mrs. Campbell	1 88
B. Frank Enos	1 88
E. T. Curtis	1 88
O. M. Benedict	3 00
H. F. Atkinson	1 88
Mrs. George Darling	1 88
Miss Alheral	62
Mrs. John Gormly	1 88
Miss C. Howard	1 83
O. D. Grosvenor	1 88
Dr. French	2 50
Miss Dunlap	1 25
Mrs S. W. Miller	1 25
Mrs. Hurd	1 88
Mrs. Nelson Sage	3 00
Mrs. E. F. Hyde	1 25
Mrs. T. A. Newton	1 88
John Campbell	3 00
Mrs. Hurlburt	1 25
Wm. P. Latz	2 50

Mrs. James Sargent	\$ 1 25
Mrs. Alba Smith	63
Mrs. F. N. Lord	1 88
Mrs. Epstein	2 00
Mrs. Binnard	2 50
Mrs. John W. Stebbins	1 25
Mrs. A. Judson	3 00
Miss M. A. Moses	1 25
Mrs. James J. Marsh	2 00
Mrs. L. F. Hyne	1 25
Mrs. H. McQuarters	2 00
Mrs. F. DeLano	1 88
Mrs. N. P. Osborne	1 25
Mrs. Rufus Keeler	1 25
Mrs. William S. Kimball	1 25
Mrs. L. O'Neill	1 88
W. D. Oviatt	2 50
Mrs. Wm. Richardson	1 00
Mrs. J. Marburgher	1 88
Mrs. Robert Syme	1 88
Mrs. Israel Smith	1 25
Mrs. E. Hodges	2 00
Mrs. Geo. W. Parsons	2 50
Mrs. Frank Tully	1 25
Mrs. E. Bottom	2 88
Mrs. W. R. Lansing	1 88
Mrs. E. P. Willis	2 50
Mrs. F. W. Dewey	1 25
Miss Carrie Rogers	1 25
Mrs. Henry S. Potter	1 88
Mrs. R. Hopwood	3 00
Mrs. E. S. Gilbert	1 25
Mrs. Guggenheimer	63
Mrs. L. R. Satterlee	1 88
Mrs. Fred Rithner	1 00
Mrs. A. Moseley	63
Mrs. W. Zeeveld	1 25
Mrs. J. H. Jeffers	3 00
Mrs. James S. Garlock	1 00
Mr. J. R. Thomas	1 88
Mrs. William J. McPherson	1 25
Mrs. William C. Rowley	1 88
Mrs. Fred Boor	3 13
B. W. Tone	1 25
Mrs. Mylrea	1 25
Mrs. J. A. Lull	50
Mrs. William B. Morse	3 00
Mrs. S. D. Walbridge	1 25
A. Joslin	1 88
D. Leary	1 88
Mrs. VerValin	1 88
R. Woodruff	1 25
Mrs. H. G. Weldon	1 88
Mrs. Gardner	2 50
Mrs. A. Savage	1 88
Mrs. John L. Sage	1 88
Mrs. E. Harris	1 25
Mrs. H. Reed	62
Mrs. Otis Robinson	1 25
M. Filon	2 50
Mrs. R. DeForest	1 88
Mrs. H. L. Smith	1 90
Mrs. Alexander Trzciack	1 25
Mrs. H. Phelps	1 00
Mrs. Sproull	1 88
Mr. Q. Van Voorhis	1 00
Mrs. Alvah Strong	1 88
Mrs. M. N. Van Zandt	3 00
Mrs. D. McPherson	1 25
Mrs. E. Lüne	1 25

The Hospital Review.

Capt. H. D. Mann.....	\$ 1 88
Mrs. Jacob D. Bell.....	1 88
Mrs. E. T. Huntington.....	1 25
M. Weigel.....	62
Mrs. Jane McDonald.....	1 25
Mrs. Rebasz.....	1 25
Mrs. A. M. Badger.....	3 50
Miss Bella Smith.....	1 25
Alvah Rice.....	2 00
P. T. Turner.....	1 25
Mrs. H. H. Morse.....	1 88
Mrs. George E. Ripsom.....	4 00
Mrs. M. Garson.....	1 25
Mrs. J. Diamond.....	2 00
Mrs. Robert Boyd.....	1 88
By Mr. Cook.....	\$210 98
Mrs. C. M. Curtis.....	1 25
Miss A. S. Mumford.....	50
Mrs. C. Waite.....	60
Mrs. M. Strong.....	1 50
Mrs. Charles Chapin.....	1 25
Mrs. J. Medbery.....	2 00
Mrs. Ludlow Frey, Palatine Brge	2 00
Mrs. Charles Smith.....	2 50
Mrs. E. E. Sill.....	1 88
Mrs. Gen'l Gould.....	2 00
S. Avery.....	1 88
John Gardner.....	50
Henry Amsden.....	1 89
Mrs. J. M. Whitney.....	2 00
Miss Barhydt.....	63
Mrs. J. A. Eastman.....	1 88
Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin.....	2 00
Mrs. George Boust.....	1 50
Mrs. C. B. Woodworth.....	2 50
Mrs. D. M. Dewey.....	1 88
Mrs. J. O. Hall.....	3 12
Mrs. N. S. Bowers.....	65
Mrs. J. W. Archer.....	4 00
Miss Clara Wagner, Palatine Br.	1 50
Mrs. S. E. Smith, Geneva.....	50
Michael Sanford.....	1 25
J. E. Fitch, Washington.....	1 50
By Mrs. Perkins.....	43 63
Miss Sargent—by Mrs. Strong.....	65
Mrs. W. E. Doubleday, Brooklyn—By	
J. Ely.....	50
Mrs. P. Barry.....	63
Mrs. George Ellwanger.....	63
Mrs. Dagge.....	62
Mrs. J. Sproat.....	62
James McGraw.....	62
By Mary Watson.....	3 12
Mrs. Butler, Peterborough.....	50
Miss Bosworth.....	50
By Miss Minnie Montgomery.....	1 00
Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Peterborough.....	1 00
Mrs. H. J. Brent.....	50
By Miss Florie Montgomery.....	1 50
M. D. Rowley.....	62
F. R. Plummer.....	63
J. D. Tomlin.....	62
Jesse Shepherd.....	63
George Rains.....	62
John Williams.....	63
R. D. Van Delaw.....	62
A. Bogardus.....	63
By Mr. G. Boardman.....	5 00
Mrs. E. M. Price.....	1 00
Mrs. T. E. Winans.....	50

Mrs. P. K. Bronson.....	1 00
Mrs. Stephen Hosmer.....	1 50
Mrs. George Swan.....	\$ 1 50
Mrs. Comstock (donation).....	1 00
Anna L. Beecher.....	1 00
Mrs. J. I. Pattee.....	1 50
Mrs. A. Dunnakin.....	1 50
All of Aron, by Mrs. Gen'l Gould.....	\$10 50
Miss F. H. Bryan, Philadelphia.....	50
Miss McFarlan, Framingham, Mass.....	50
By Mrs. N. T. Rochester.....	1 00
Mrs. Winn—By Mrs. Mathews.....	2 00
Miss H. Bachus.....	2 52
Miss Jenson.....	63
Mr. Mackie.....	63
By Mrs. Gildersleeve.....	3 72
Dr. W. H. Briggs—by Mrs. Beach.....	75
Miss Gerrv, Avon.....	1 00
Mrs. M. F. Little.....	50
By Miss Hibbard.....	1 50
Mrs. Ransom Tuttle, Johnsonburg	
—by Dr. Mallory.....	1 00
Mrs. Jabez Goddard, York.....	1 00
Miss Hortence R. Soumade, Brooklyn	50
Mrs. J. S. Orton, Genesee.....	50
Mrs. A. J. Abbott.....	50
Mrs. H. G. Robee.....	50
Mrs. H. McBride.....	50
Mrs. E. N. Shepherd.....	50
Mrs. W. H. Olmsted.....	50
Mrs. J. B. Adams.....	50
Miss Clara Dicker.....	50
Master Geo. B. Adams, (donation)	25
By Mrs. J. B. Adams, Genesee.....	5 25
Miss Delphia Cornes.....	1 00
Mrs. Job Whipple.....	1 00
Freddy S. Benedict.....	1 00
John Owens.....	2 00
Heman Barlow.....	1 50
Mrs. Chas. Wickes.....	1 00
Mrs. S. W. Howard.....	50
Frank P. Latta.....	1 50
Mrs. M. J. Holmes.....	1 50
Geozie Decker.....	1 06
Fred Palmer.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Harrison.....	50
Mrs. G. B. Whiteside.....	50
Mrs. W. H. Sermour.....	50
Mrs. W. B. Mann.....	50
Mrs. S. M. Ashley.....	50
Mrs. J. W. Adams.....	1 00
Mrs. W. L. King.....	1 00
J. R. Randolph.....	50
Mrs. McGee.....	50
Mrs. W. H. Fuller.....	50
All of Brockport,—by Mrs. Osgar Craig, 19 06	

Superintendent's Report.

1871. Aug. 15. No. Patients in Hospital, 120	
Received during month, ..	24—144
Discharged.....	18
Died.....	4— 22
Remaining Aug. 15, 1871,	122

Children's Department.

A Warning.

BY LOUIS DUPEE.

Field poppies, like fairies in scarlet caps,
Wood asters with starry, bright, purple eyes,
And meadow pinks opening your velvet lips
For dew, 'twill not fall from the misty skies.

Shut down your fringed lashes and go to sleep.
For red-cheeked summer is hastening away;
Though she may caress you, and make believe
She's young and gay-hearted, she'll die to-day.

Glad little bees, in your dusty-brown coats,
That hum from the dawn's flush till evening lone
Though the sweet pink thistle flowers, changed
to down,

Are all to Elf-land for fays' pillows blown,—

Take your last sip from the blue gentian's cup,
Then hurry away ere the dark days begin:
Jack Frost is coming as fast as he can,
His white beard a trap to catch lofterers in.

Merry wild birds that still chatter and sing,
Though the child winds ruffle your wings at
night,

Over the sea there are spring bowers for you,
And roses for sweet-hearts bonny and bright.

Jack Frost is coming as fast as he can,
Butterflies, hasten; your gowns are so thin
His cold breath will freeze you. Mind, little moths,
His white beard's a trap to catch wee wings in.

[From *Oliver Optic's Magazine*.

Barney's Prayers.

BY F. MORRIS SMITH.

I feel inclined to tell you a story to-night.
Perhaps it will do you no harm to hear of
the sufferings and pleasures of some of
Christ's little lambs, who walk in by-ways
which, God grant, your tender feet may
never tread.

Often, as I go along the streets, I hear
some childish voice crying out,

"Hullo, Miss McCross, how are ye?"
and looking up, I see a little figure, ragged
and dirty, swill pail on arm, with a grin of
delight overspreading his freckled face as
he recognizes his teacher. Such meetings
are very pleasant for both parties, and one
of the brightest faces I ever meet in this
way is little Barney's.

Barney is ten years old, and he has been
"head of the family" for the last three or
four. I don't mean that he has no parents.
Far from it. His father and mother are
both alive, and the last time I saw them
they enjoyed excellent health. He has the
care of them for all that, and of three lit-
tle children besides, and one of them is an
idiot.

You see his parents get drunk, and they
leave poor Barney to earn the money that
supports the family.

How do you suppose he does it? Why
in the winter time he begs swill for his
pigs. In the spring, when the weather
gets a little warmer, he goes out picking
up the bones, broken glass, and bits of rub-
bish that accumulate in our back yards all
winter long.

These things he sells, and sometimes the
contents of his old bag are worth quite a
little sum to their patient collector.

The man who buys the produce of our
hero's labor grinds up the bones to ferti-
lize our gardens. The rags and bits of pa-
per he sends to the paper mills. The glass
goes to the manufactory, and comes out in
the form of bottles and window panes; so
who knows you may be looking this mi-
nute through some of the glass that Barney
has gathered to keep his family from starv-
ing.

One bitter night, not long ago, the lad
went homeward with a load of coals. He
had been picking them up from various ash
heaps of his acquaintance all the afternoon,
but his little pail was scarcely half filled.
As he walked slowly onward he was con-
sidering how, by carefully got up falsehoods
he could keep from his parents a certain
roll of money that lay snug in his ragged
jacket pocket. "It'll not be healthy slapin
to home," quoth he, "if the ould man gits
his hand on it this evenin'."

To be sure the words of the great yellow
motto that hung on the wall at the mission
school would keep running in his head,
"No lie thrives." He had repeated them
a dozen times to himself only the Sunday
before, so as to have them perfect for the
grand concert; but I cannot say they made
any deep impression. Barney was too cold
and hungry to argue long with himself
on such a slight matter as this, and th:
thought of the little family anxiously await-
ing him, quickened his lagging steps, and

he hastily mounted the stairs that led to his miserable garret.

The mother wasn't there; but the children were, and they all gathered around the handful of fire that yet remained in the rickety stove, and began in an old sort of way to talk over the events of the afternoon. Maggie's fruitless search for cold pieces, Patsy's happy success in securing some old iron, and the fact that the Patience of Hopo sewing school would soon commence, when Maggie declared her intention of "putting in for a dress." Presently the mother stumbled through the doorway, and, going straight to the fire, emptied upon it Barney's whole supply of coals. — Then she produced a loaf of bread which she divided among the children. Mike, the idiot boy, snatched Maggie's, and there speedily ensued a quarrel, during which the bone of contention was dropped into the fire, and slyly fished out and eaten by Patsy, while the children kicked and fought on the floor.

In the midst of the disturbance the father entered, half drunk as usual. He reeled up to Barney and demanded his money. The motto and Miss McCross retired into the dim distance in the boy's mind, as he instantly replied, "Hain't got none."

"You lie! Give it here or I'll kick you well!" answered his father. "You war runnin' errants for them Millville folks all yesterday, and I know they was payin' of ye."

"I hain't," protested Barney, "I had to buy the cold bits for dinner, and they took the hull of it."

It was of no use. A short search terminated in the loss of the cherished bill, and with a blow and a curse the boy was flung into a corner, soon to be called thence to invest the ill gotten gains in a quart of whiskey.

The lad dared not refuse, and wrapping the hated bottle closely in his tattered jacket, he sought the nearest rum shop, and slunk home with his head down and his cheeks white with shame and anger.

His parents having obtained the liquor, began to sip it with the greatest relish, careless of the sullen faces of their little ones.

Getting drunker they came to high words and then to blows. The children hid behind the stove, the only article of furniture in the room that seemed to promise protection, and waited the arrival of the police, sure to be attracted by the noise.

They were not to wait long. Patsy and Mike began a quarrel for the possession of a cigar end, produced by the former for chewing purposes. The drunken pair, disturbed by the squabble, seized the nearest child and began to inflict an unmerciful beating, when the father's arm was caught and Barney exclaimed:

"If ye want to beat any one, fayther, beat me, not little Maggie."

It might have gone hard with the lad, had not the police arrived just then and led the father and mother away to the station house. But the four little children were left alone in the room.

The night grew colder and colder out side. The fire was almost out, and Barney watched the coals one by one blacken and die, knowing to well what would happen next, and dreading the long dreary night before him.

"Let's pour on the whiskey," said Maggie, who had by this time ceased her sobs and crept close to her brother's side. "Oncet, when mother was out I poured on a little teenty drop; but when she came back it was burnin', and she licked me dreadful."

"She'll not hurt you more, Mag," quoth little Pat, the youngest of the group. "Me fingers is froze entirely. So let's pour it on."

"We'll put on a bit at a time," answered Barney, then it'll be lastin' longer." So the shivering children stood round the rusty old stove and held their thin fingers over the flame, while the blue light flickered ghastly on their pinched, sorrowful faces. At length the last drop was poured out of the bottle. The red coals slowly faded into blackness. The fire was out. Surely the kind Jesus who watches over all little ones, looked upon these with pitying eyes; but the wind whistled no less bitterly as it crossed the frozen river in piercing blasts, and turned up the narrow court beside the rickety building whose gaping crevices sucked it in like so many mouths.

Barney was thinking of the broken window where the snow drifted in, and falling never melted off the mud-grimed floor; and every gust of wind as it blew up through the knot holes, and whirled the ashes from the dirty hearth, cut through his ill clad form like a knife.

"Let's go to bed," said he at last; "we'll cuddle close and perhaps we shan't feel the cold so much. Where are the clothes,"

he added as his eyes fell on the old mattress that was all the semblance to a couch the room held.

"Mother sold 'em this mornin'," answered Maggie sorrowfully. "She's been drunk all day. There's an old quilt hid under the straw; she was too drunk to notice it; but that's all there is left."

"The top of the stove is warm yet, let's set on it," cried Pat. So Barney lifted the little fellow and Maggie climbed up to the desired place.

By this time there was quite a heap of snow under the broken window, and foolish Mike crept up to it, attracted by its glitter in the darkness, and began to swallow it, vainly trying therewith to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. His chattering soon recalled his brother from a futile attempt to cover the mattress with the ragged quilt, nor could Barney coax him away until his aching fingers drove him howling to the wretched bed.

Thither the little ones were soon forced to go, the stove having grown colder than the floor. Then there was no room under the tattered quilt for more than were already beneath it, so Barney began to walk up and down the room and wait for the morning.

Perhaps he thought of his parents snug and warm in the station house, while he was freezing at home. Perhaps the lie of the evening rose fresh in his memory, and the utter folly of it became plain. He heard a stifled sob from the bed, and another and another. The little ones were crying with cold. Barney was only a child. What could he do but mingle his tears with theirs?

At length Maggie hushed her cries and began, "I say, Barney, let's ask God to please to make us warm."

"I'm afeared," answered he. "I telled lie this eavnin' and he wouldn't listen I'm a thinkin'."

"I'll ask him meself," said Maggie. "I tell lies; but he knows I have to, and may be he won't think of it this time."

"Well, I don't care," answered Barney. "It won't do no harm to try."

Then the two children knelt down on the bare floor and Maggie waited for her brother to begin. So he said,

"Don't you know how cold we are, O Lord? And can't ye be a fatter warmin' us a wee bit come mornin'. We don't deserve it no how; but Miss McCross says it be

warm in Heaven all the time. So we thought ye might let us have some heat as well as not, and never miss it yoursel at all at all."

After that they both sat down on the edge of the mattress and putting their arms around each other's necks cried and hushed each other by turns, until, still sobbing, they fell asleep.

Next morning they were awakened by a knock at the door and one of the neighbors walked in.

"I heard the fuss last night and I've come to see how ye's be gettin' along," said the woman.

"We've been froze afore, and we're used to it," said Barney sullenly.

"Well, well," answered she, "if ye'll take me advice ye'll start for Mr. Vedder as is a brother of a missioner entirely, and ax a bit of fireing. I'll take in the children till ye come again."

So kind-hearted Mrs. Heffron took these worse than motherless babes into her own warm room, while Barney went to call on Mr. Vedder and secure his aid.

His story was a short one. His blue lips and stiffened limbs confirmed the tale. The gentleman went with the child to his home, and a single glance into the desolate apartment was enough to fill his heart with pity; and pity with Jan Vedder meant help.

Before the morning was over the bare room began to assume an appearance of comfort altogether new. The good friend gave not only food and fireing, but a thick warm blanket; and Soney, his pretty Irish wife added a bright red and yellow comforter from her stores. But when, best of all, she brought out a pillow, Barney hugged it all the way home from Brookedge in his delight.

That night, when the tired heads of Pat and Maggie were laid upon it—they were in bed an hour earlier than usual for the pleasure of resting thereon—little Mag lifted hers for a moment from its soft support and said to Barney, who had tucked the children up in bed previous to creeping in at the foot himself:

"Brother Barney, don't you think the man who gave us this pillow is next to God?"

He answered "yis," right heartily, and then in the fullness of his gratitude, remembering Miss McCross' request about an evening prayer, he knelt and said,

"O! God, Ye heard us last night

when we were cold, and to-night you have made us warm. If You'll help me I won't tell you more lies, for I'm sure we're all very much obliged to Ye."

After which he got into bed with a lighter heart. Soon Christ Jesus, as he watched over all little ones that night, was looking down on four happy sleepers in the old garret in River street.

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. SPEN ER, "
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- " MISS MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. KENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- " PHEBE WHITMAN, Scotsburg.
- " LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewistown.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
 COUNTY OF MONROE. }

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the general election in this State 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.
 Dated Rochester, Aug. 2, 1871.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
 OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, }
 Albany, Aug. 1st, 1871.

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 Secretary of State, in the place of Homer A. Nelson.
 - A Comptroller, in the place of Asher P. Nichols.
 - A Treasurer, in the place of Wheeler H. Bristol.
 - An Attorney General, in the place of Marshal B. Champain.
 - A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van Rensselaer Richmond.
 - A Canal Commissioner, in the place of George W. Chapman.
 - An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of David B. McNEU.
- All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- Also a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of E. Darwin Smith, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
 - Also a Senator for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the county of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

- Also to be elected for said County Three Members of Assembly.
 - A County Judge, in the place of Jerome Fuller.
 - A Surrogate, in the place of W. Dean Shuart.
 - A District Attorney, in the place of John M. Davy.
 - Two Justices of sessions, in the place of Henry Kinnal and James Sherry.
 - Two Coroners, in the place of Thomas W. Morrison and Thomas V. B. Durand.
- 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 directed to Chap. 712, of the Laws of 1871, herewith printed, as to the supply of ballot boxes, form of ballots and manner of canvassing votes, to wit:

"CHAPTER 712

AN ACT in relation to the election of Representatives in Congress, Senators and Members of the Assembly.
 Passed April 25, 1871; three-fifths being present.

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

SECTION 1. At each annual or special election at which a Representative in Congress, Senator or Member of Assembly is hereafter to be elected, the inspectors in the several election districts in the State shall provide and keep a separate box in which all ballots for Representatives in Congress, to be indorsed "Congress," shall be deposited; also a separate box in which all ballots for Senator, to be indorsed "Senate," shall be deposited; and also a separate box in which all ballots for Member or Assembly, to be indorsed "Assembly," shall be deposited; and the ballots deposited in said several boxes shall be estimated and canvassed in the order named above, respectively, and immediately following the estimate and canvass of the ballots indorsed "State."

§ 2. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.
 § 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

Respectfully yours,

HOMER A. NELSON, Secretary of S

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution relative to Bribery:

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That section two of article two of the Constitution be amended so that it shall read as follows: "Laws may be passed excluding from the right of suffrage all persons who have been or may be convicted of bribery or larceny, or of any infamous crime, and for depriving every person who shall make or become directly or indirectly interested in any bet or wager depending upon the result of any election, or who shall pay, give or receive, or promise to pay or give money or other property of valuable consideration, with intent to influence any elector in giving his vote, or to deter any elector from voting, from the right to vote at such election, or from holding any office voted for at such election."

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That said amendments to said section two be referred to the Legislature, to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and that, pursuant to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Senate, April 4, 1871.
 The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
 By order. HIRAM CALKINS, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Assembly, April 19, 1871.
 The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
 By order. W. A. ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Relative to the Court of Appeals, and for the extension of the term of service of the Commissioners of Appeals:

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That the sixth article of the Constitution of this State be amended by adding thereto the following section:

§ 23. The Court of Appeals may order any of the causes, not exceeding five hundred in number, pending in that court at the time of the adoption of this provision, to be heard and determined by the Commissioners of Appeals, and the Legislature may extend the term of service of the Commissioners of Appeals for a period not exceeding two years.
 (Revised and amended.) That the foregoing amendment be referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators; and that, in conformity to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Senate, April 4, 1871.
 The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
 By order. HIRAM CALKINS, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Assembly, April 19, 1871.
 The foregoing resolutions were duly concurred in.
 By order. C. W. ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

Office of the Secretary of State, } 88.
 I have compared the preceding with the original concurrent resolutions on file in this office, and do hereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of said original concurrent resolutions.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the city of Albany, this second day of August, 1871.

[L. S.] HOMER A. NELSON,
 aug/dtracnovt Secretary of State.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

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

TRUSTEES:

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

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

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

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

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nov. 1867. 1y

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SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles.

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ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

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PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

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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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16 BUFFLOA ST. [June, '70] ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Are fully established in their

NEW STORE,

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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,

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December, 1869.

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 Jan. 1866. 1y

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1871.

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.

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Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,

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For the Hospital Review.

Work for All.

The days are gliding on apace,
The world goes round and round;
And even in the darkest place
Some sunshine may be found.
Though clouds should veil the sky to-night,
It may be clear to-morrow;
Then let our hearts be joy and light,
Without a fear of sorrow.

There is some good in every heart,
Though none is free from sin;
And when each bravely does his part,
The "good time" will begin.
There is so much that we can do,
To aid and comfort others;
And if our hearts are kind and true
All men will seem like brothers.

Then let none say, "I am too small,
There is no work for me;"
This earth has surely room for all,

Of high and low degree.
And though but humble be our task,
We'll envy not our neighbors,
For if we strength and wisdom ask
Success will crown our labors!

KATE CAMERON.

Only Three Dollars.

BY MRS. C. E. K. DAVIS.

"O Mary! see that lovely embroidered neck-tie. That is exactly my shade of blue. Just come in a moment while I inquire the price."

"I wouldn't, Angie. You were saying not five minutes ago that you had only enough money in your purse to pay Miss Ventress, and—"

"Poh! I never thought of buying it to-day, but I must see what it costs. Come, Mollie, be good, and follow your leader." As she spoke thus gaily, Angie Gardner tripped up to the counter, and in another moment the pretty ribbon was in her hand, and subjected to the admiring glances of a pair of very bright eyes. "Now, isn't it sweet, Mary? Did ever you see such a lovely thing? What is the price, please?"

"Three dollars," answered the clerk, "and as you must see, it is very cheap at that,—double faced and beautifully embroidered; something quite new, too. Only in this morning,—and—I declare," critically examining the cover of the box, "I have made a blunder. They are four instead of three dollars apiece, but since I told you three, I will let you have one at that price if you wish it."

"Is n't it a rare chance?" said Angie, aside to her cousin. "Three dollars when

the price is four, and just in, too. I should like it so much, for, of course none of the girls have them, and for once, I should be first to wear something new. Dear me! How provoking it is that my allowance is all gone for the month. I wish you ever had money to lend a suffering fellow mortal, Mollie."

"But I never do," rejoined Mary, cheerfully, "so I cannot help you."

"I do n't, believe that Miss Ventress would mind waiting two weeks for her pay," said Angie, with a little flush of shame at her own suggestion. "I think I shall put her off at any rate. You may do it up for me, if you please," she added quickly, turning to the smiling clerk, and drawing out her purse.

"Do n't, Angie," whispered Mary, hesitatingly. "Miss Ventress needs every penny she earns, and as soon as she earns it. It is cruel to make her wait, just for the sake of indulging an idle fancy. I would n't do such a thing if I were you."

"But you're not me, *ma chere*," laughed Angie, as she tucked her new possession into her reticule, "and I am not you. My wings have not sprouted yet, and I can't shut my eyes upon the things that I want to make me look pretty, even if they are vanity and vexation of spirit. Don't look so dreadfully sober though, Mary. You may be sure I shall pay Miss Ventress just the minute papa gives me next month's allowance, which will be exactly two weeks from to-day. You know I did n't dream of buying the neck-tie when I went in, but really I could n't resist such a tempting bargain."

Mary walked along in silence, while Angie thus endeavored to plead her cause. She knew very well that nothing now could be gained by pursuing the subject, but she could scarcely keep back her tears as she thought of poor, hard-working Miss Ventress and her aged parents, who depended for their daily bread upon her busy needle. Angie felt rather uncomfortable than otherwise, for it is an embarrassing matter to sustain a conversation, when no one replies to, or seems interested in it. So she relapsed into silence, which remained unbroken, until they reached the door of Angie's beautiful home.

"Won't you come in, Mary," she asked, not quite as eagerly as usual.

"No, thank you, for mother and Ruth are going out to tea, and I promised' to be

home at five. Papa does n't like to find us all out, when he comes from the store. Good night, Angie."

"Good night. Say, Mary, I know you think I am a heartless creature to buy that neck-tie with the money I ought to have given Miss Ventress, but I'm not. She has work from a great many ladies, and of course is well paid for doing it. If I had thought she would suffer any inconvenience from the want of what I owe her, I would not have taken it for anything, but it was only three dollars, any way."

Only three dollars! A mere trifle in the eyes of a gay young girl who had scarcely ever known an ungratified wish, but a very important sum to the poor little seamstress, who sat with aching side and eyes, patiently stitching from early morning until mid-night, with only Sunday for a rest day, and with none of the pleasures that young girls delight in.

It was not provocative of cheerfulness, either, to sit hour after hour between two discontented, fault-finding, constantly complaining old people. But they were Miss Ventress' own father and mother, tottering on the verge of the grave, and her heart was full of pity for them.

It was indeed hard for them to be left so poor just at the time when their infirmities seemed to require the little comforts and luxuries that only wealth can procure, and like a dutiful daughter, she tried to keep this thought in mind, especially when they were more than ordinarily irritable and impatient.

Miss Ventress had drawn her chair close up to the window, in order to catch the very last ray of light, for she had to economize even in the matter of kerosene oil, and now she was steadily stitching on the last of ten ruffles that were to make hideous the dress of Angie Gardner, while her father and mother, one at each elbow, muttered and complained because there were as yet, no signs of tea. They knew not how near the wolf was to their door, only the little seamstress knew that he was at the very threshold, and more than once that day, she had fancied that she saw his hungry eyes peering over her shoulder, as her slender fingers flew, and her heart kept time to them.

True, the rent was just paid, and it was certainly a blessing to know that for another month her parents were sure of their poor shelter. But the much worn

purse was quite empty in consequence. There was not even a penny in it. The closet shelves were almost as bare. There was only half a loaf of stale bread, and tea for two weak cups. No sugar—no butter—no dainty little relish, such as finds its way to the rich man's table, to tempt the slender appetite.

There were deep shadows in the corners of the room when Miss Ventress folded her work, and put on her bonnet. "Why can't you get supper, Frances!" the old people asked, querulously. "Where are you going?"

"Only to take home Miss Gardner's work, and get the money for it. If you will wait half an hour, you shall have a nicer supper than I can get now. I will be back just as soon as I possibly can." She hurried away down the dark stairway, through the long entry with its crowd of dirty, crying children, up the narrow street into the broad thoroughfares, and thence to the broader avenues, until she reached the door where Angie and Mary had parted only two hours ago.

"Oh Miss Ventress," cried Angie running down stairs, and meeting the little seamstress at the door, "I'm so sorry that I can't pay you for the work to-night, but I have not a cent of money, and shan't have until the week after next, and papa is so strict with me that he will never advance a dollar until it is due, if I really had to suffer for the want of it. But I suppose it won't matter much if I do ask you to wait a couple of weeks, will it?"

Miss Ventress felt utterly unable to speak. She cast one long, sad glance into the bright face before her, and then turned and walked slowly away. "Poor thing! I am afraid she was really disappointed," said Angie, lingering a moment at the door, to look at the retreating figure. "I never saw such sorrowful eyes in my life. I wonder if she is really so very poor? Dear me, how disagreeable it is! I might have sent a message to her by Bridget instead of rushing to the door myself—then I should'n't have seen how thin and white and sorry she looked. I wish I had minded what dear old Mollie said, and kept away from that bewitching neck-tie. But what's done can't be undone, so I'll just run up stairs and try on my dress."

Like a gay little butterfly, Angie flitted about the house that evening, but if fond parents or loving brothers could have look-

ed beneath the surface, they would have seen a very uneasy heart, for whichever way she turned, the sad eyes of Miss Ventress haunted and accused her.

It was almost midnight before Angie fell asleep, and then troublesome visions gathered around her pillow. She dreamed that the poor seamstress stood beside her, and bound her hand and foot with yards and yards of blue neck ties, whispering in her ear as she tied each knot, "*You have killed me—you have killed my poor old father and mother—you are a murderer!*" while she could neither speak nor move.

It was just sunrise next morning—a full hour and a half earlier than her accustomed hour for rising, when Angie stole silently down the back stairway, passed the gaping housemaid who was sweeping the door-steps, into the just awakening street. She hurried along, quite regardless of the attention which she attracted, now and then consulting a card that she carried in her hand, until she reached the poor house in which Miss Ventress had her home. Her thrice repeated knock on the door, was answered presently by the old father, who tottered on his staff and so mumbled in his speech as to be quite unintelligible to a stranger.

Angie pressed gently past him, and looked around the room. The old mother sat crooning over the grate which was filled only with the ashes of yesterday's fire, but Miss Ventress was no where to be seen. "Can I speak with your daughter a moment?" asked Angie, coming up to her chair, and looking down into her wrinkled, grey old face.

"Frances, do you mean? I don't know. She won't get up, nor open her eyes, nor speak to her father or me," replied the old lady, quivering like a child. "I don't know what's come over her; and we haven't had a mouthful of breakfast yet, and I believe we didn't have any supper unless it was a crust of bread. Frances is to blame, but you can go and speak to her; perhaps she'll answer a stranger, if she won't her own father and mother."

Angie opened the door towards which old Mrs. Ventress nodded, with trembling fingers, and a heart oppressed with nameless fear. The rays of light that stole in upon the low bed, revealed a face sharpened with pain and hunger, and white as the face of the dead. For the sake of the old people, Angie choked back the shriek of

terror that rose to her lips, and venturing nearer laid her hand upon the heart of the poor girl. It was not quite pulseless—thank God! but fluttered so faintly—so slowly, that Angie thought it would surely stop before help could be procured.

“Frances is not very well,” she said with a brave effort to speak calmly, as she returned to the old lady’s chair. “I am going to call a physician, and you shall soon have some breakfast.”

“Good girl! good girl!” sounded in her ear all the way down stairs, and up the street, mocking her self-reproach and pain. Oh if they only knew that it was she who had been the cause of all this trouble, would not their blessings speedily be changed to curses?

Miss Ventress did not die, though she lay at death’s door for many a long and weary day. It was a case of utter prostration, caused by over-work and anxiety, and, alas! by hunger too. Angie and Mary watched faithfully by the lowly bedside, and Mr. Gardner’s pulse supplied every want of the family, until Frances was again able to resume her work, and even then, many a little comfort found its way into the house, which but for him, they must have been denied. Angie will not soon forget the lesson that she learned through much anguish of mind. The blue neck-tie will never be worn, but it occupies a conspicuous place in her upper drawer side by side with her port-monnaie, serving as a check to her vanity and extravagance, and constantly reminding her of her duty to those whose hands labor for her, and whose feet hasten to do her bidding.

The noble uprising of the people, of cities, of towns, of individuals, to the relief of Chicago—the beautiful incidents which every telegram and paper brings us of the generous sympathy extended in this time of sore need, recalls these beautiful lines of Whittier. Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, is the hero of this poem, and the incident described occurred in the Greek Rebellion of 1821. We feel to-day that we have a nation of heroes:

The Hero.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

“O! for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear,
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love knot on his spear!

O! for the white plume, floating
Sad Zutphen’s field above;
The Lion’s heart in battle,
The Woman’s heart in love!

O! that man once more were manly,
Woman’s pride and not her scorn;
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast, a man is born.

But now life’s slumberous current
No sun bowed casket wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.

O! for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love knot on his spear!”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
“Life hath its regal natures yet,
True, tender, brave and sweet.

Smile not, fair unbeliever;
One man at least I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
Or Sidney’s plume of snow.

Once when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the fair Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one;

Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder
Clearing all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Sulliot but to die.

Woe for the weak and halting,
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning on his bridle path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

With the rich, Albanian costume,
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky, as one
Who might not gaze again;

He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle
And placed the stranger there.

Allah hu! through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian chargers
Up the slopes of olives sped.

Hot spurred the turbaned riders,
He almost felt their breath;
When a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

One brave and manful struggle,
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band."

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist eyed listener then;
"But one brave deed makes no hero—
Tell me what he since hath been."

Still a brave and generous manhood:
Still an honor, without stain;
In the poison of the Kaiser,
By the Barricades of Seine.

But deem not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

Wouldst know him? Now behold him—
The Cadmus of the Blind;
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind!

Walking his round of duty,
Serenely, day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers;
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

As waves in stillest waters;
As stars in noonday sky;
All that wakes to noble action,
In his noon of calmness lie.

Wherever outraged nature
Asks words or actions brave;
Wherever struggles labor;
Wherever groans a slave;

Wherever rise the people;
Wherever sinks a throne—
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear;
Said I not well, that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?

Mr. Dickens.

Gail Hamilton, in the New York *Independent*, speaks of Charles Dickens' treatment of his wife after this wise:

"I have no tenderness for Mr. Dickens. I do not believe in his deep soul of truth and goodness, or in his noble and pure sympathy with what is highest and best. 'I desire, in the most public and unreserved manner,' to declare that a regiment of little Nells and Tiny Tims cannot redeem the man who publicly dishonors the mother of his many children. Mr. Dickens, holding the pen of a ready writer, told his story glibly to the world. Mrs. Dickens, suffering the deepest wound a woman can know, has remained steadfastly silent. The wife's silence is full of dignity; the husband's speech bristles with disgrace. He feels no shame in saying that he lived with a woman as his wife, exacting from her all the duties and enforcing all the sufferings of a wife, until he had consumed all the vigor of her youth; and that he has then turned her away, and announces to the world that she was unfit for him! He feels no shame in saying, virtually, that while this woman was living in his house as his wife, another woman was also in his house, holding in regard both to himself and his children a position which belonged to the legal wife and mother. England is beating her obstinate head against marriage with a deceased wife's sister; but here it is a living wife's sister superseding the living wife. It was Mr. Dickens who made this public property. By his last will and statement he even stretched his dead hand out of the grave to injure his discarded wife: and neither in this world nor the next, nor the world after the next, shall a man escape the cordial hatred of at least one heart for such coarse and shameless selfishness."

Henry Ward Beecher says: "It will scarcely be denied that men are superior to women, as men: and that women are immeasurably superior to men, as women; while both of them together are more than a match for either of them separately."

The Hindoo Sceptic.

I think till I weary with thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,
And I see but shadows around me—
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of His favor or His wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search,
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throbbing of the brain in its bars.

For aught that my eye can discern,
Your God is what you think good,
Yourself flashed back from the glass,
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is His realm you say,
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that He loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That He hateth the shedder of blood,
And He slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die—
If He were content when I were not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning;
So must dung, and its meaning is flowers,
What if our souls are but nurture
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you.

[London Spectator.]

ROWLAND HILL once exclaimed: There is a perpetual frost in the pockets of some people; as soon as they put their hands into them they are frozen, and unable to draw out their purses. Had I my way I would hang all misers, but the reverse of the common mode; I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of their pockets, and make a famous scramble for you to pick up and put in the plate."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1871.

Our Hospital Entertainment.

We are not prepared to announce the precise day of our Annual Festival, but simply to remind our friends and readers that it is close at hand. The date will be sometime in the latter part of November, we think either the twenty-third or thirtieth, as the appointment for Thanksgiving will determine. The day, when it is fully decided upon, will be fully announced in our next *Review*, and also in all the daily papers. It is sufficient for our friends and for us just now to know that it is coming, and to begin to make ready for it. We want just such a grand success as we had a year ago. We could not ask for more. The programme for the day and evening will be much the same as usual, refreshment tables, fancy tables, and in the evening something in the way of entertainment—just what we cannot say, but something attractive. Now, our friends will agree with us, that it is not too soon to begin to work for the Festival. A great many articles, and a great variety, will be wanted for the Fancy Tables—and for our Refreshment Tables, and for general supplies, much must be done, and the work, to be successful, must be systematized. We must have time to arrange and harmonize our plans. Let each one decide at once in what way they mean to help us; and then use their influence in interesting others. If we had not known, if we had not tested, the generosity and magnanimity of our friends, we should stand aghast over all that must be done, and the supplies of every description which must be sent in. But we do not fear. All will be accomplished. Our tables will be loaded, donations will be bountiful, and our now bare, empty New Wing will be furnished.

But, kind friends, this will not be done by magic, but by *hard work*, and it must be begun now, and by you.

Death of Mr. Geo. H. Mumford.

The press and the pulpit have already paid their just and beautiful tributes to the memory of this good man, recently called from our midst. We cannot by our feeble efforts add to the lustre of those shining virtues whose praise is now upon so many lips, and filling so many hearts. The city, the church, his own fireside, knew his worth and they each, alas, know their loss. Words of ours offered in tribute to such a man are vain, and yet we cannot be silent when we think of all that he was to our Hospital, and of the great loss we have met in him. He filled not only the highest office in the management of our Institution, but he was one of its earliest and most faithful friends, deeply interested in its growth and prosperity, active and liberal in its support, and one of its safest, wisest counsellors. In every emergency, and in all times of discouragement the Ladies of the Board knew to whom to carry their burdens, and into whose ear to pour their troubles. He was quick to comprehend their perplexities and as quick to devise some way of relief. He was a patient, sympathizing listener, because his great heart, as well as his purse, was ever open to the call of the Hospital. Of the many tried friends of our Institution, not one could be more missed, more mourned, than Mr. Mumford. Here, in this beautiful building, which he has helped so largely to rear, shall his name, and his memory be sacredly embalmed.

What Have the Children Done ?

What have the children done for our paper during the last two months, and what are they going to do before our Annual Festival? Let us see who will bring us the longest list of new subscribers.

Visit to the Hospital.

Yesterday, we paid our monthly visit to the Hospital, but we are sorry to say, that we have not the good report to make which we flattered our readers, and flattered ourselves we would have, a month ago. The work of fitting up the New Wing remains at a stand-still. The private rooms in the Mansard roof, are, it is true, all furnished, and very beautiful, very complete they are. The different churches have vied with each other, it would seem, in seeing which should display the most taste, and the rooms are each so pretty, so dainty, and the views from the windows so charming, that it seems as if it could not be hard even to be sick, in such lovely apartments and surroundings, and as if pain itself could hardly be pain here. They are nearly all occupied already. But the immense wards, the dining-rooms for each, the nurses' rooms, lying-in ward, and the smaller wards, are still all bare and empty—ringing and resounding dolefully to our footsteps as we enter. Winter will bring a great deal of sickness and suffering, as it always does. We shall want these rooms for a great many sick patients, and we shall want beds and comforts for them. Will not these wards and rooms be ready to receive them? We believe so, but if ready in time, the work must be done speedily. The Hospital is not just now very full, but a month will make great changes.

We found several familiar faces still here, and some new ones which interested us. If those like Mrs. G., who visit our Hospital every week and become acquainted with our inmates, were to write the incidents, the histories they find here, it would make a more thrilling romance than all the fiction which has been written. But these real stories are mostly sad stories, with sad endings—not like the unreal ones.

We have often alluded to Mrs. G.'s work

in our Hospital. We wish there were more who could be moved to follow her example.

What our Agents are Doing.

The Treasurer tells us that our agents in the country, a few of them at least, have taken our hint very kindly, and have been doing a good work, collecting subscriptions for our paper. We thank them most heartily for this. A good deal still remains to be done, as our book will show, and we trust that it may be done speedily and cheerfully.

The Book.

The Mailing Book will be open as usual at our coming Hospital Festival, when our subscribers from the country, and city also, can see for themselves just how they stand. Those who do not find it convenient to pay before, will then have an opportunity, and we earnestly hope that great effort will be made also to bring us new subscribers on that day.

Our City Subscriptions

Are not yet all in, as we flattered ourselves they would be by this time, but our collector is still at work, and we feel that we have good reason to be encouraged by the kind reception he continues to meet, and the promptness and cordiality with which payments have been made.

Power of a Good Example.

Our friend Mr. Smith, will be gratified to see, as we have been, the power of his good letter, and good example. His twenty-five dollar gift, as we shall see, has already been doubled, and the end, we believe, is not yet. The following note we received and read, as our readers will easily believe, with full and glowing hearts. Who next month will follow "W's" example?

MRS. W. H. PERKINS:

I notice Mr. Smith's letter and \$25 donation, and believing that the institution you are working for should have

the support of the public, I send a like amount for the same purpose. W.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Our city is so full just now of tempting displays of choice fruit and vegetables, of every description—we wonder if our Hospital and the many invalids there, get their share? Are they remembered as they ought to be? We wonder, too, if our worthy housekeepers, in their canning and pickling and preserving, have borne in mind, as they are wont to do, that "extra can" for the Hospital?

Chicago.

"Alas, alas, that great city—in one hour is she made desolate!" The world stands aghast before the sudden and appalling desolation of this great and beautiful city. The fire, vanquished at last but still smoking and smouldering in the blackened ruins of palatial homes, and costly edifices, in its extent, in its destructiveness, stands, it is said, unparalleled on the records of Time. What a lesson on the immutability of all earthly things it gives! Was there ever an appeal sent out to a people like this, in the telegram of the mayor, from but yesterday a proud and mighty city: "Send us food for the suffering. Our city is in ashes. Our water-works are burned." Again over the wires to New York, thrills the message: "Send us aid for a *hundred and fifty thousand homeless people!* Unless God help us we are utterly destroyed!" And these words, with their terrible significance, did not go ringing through the length and breadth of our land in vain. If the destruction is without a parallel, so is the vastness, the spontaneousness of the relief. Is there anything in the history of any country like this uprising of every city, of every town, and, as we almost might say, of every individual, throughout the whole United States, to the relief of Chicago? Nor have other lands been silent. England and Canada, touched with

the sufferings of this smitten city, respond with a generosity, a promptness, almost equal to our own. Can any one take up our papers and read, without swelling hearts, without moistened eyes, the telegrams from every part of our country, and see how tenderly the great heart of this mighty people can be stirred, and to what noble and generous deeds? With what promptness, with what impatient eagerness, have the cries for aid been met! Among stern business men, in all combinations of trade, and art, and science, and literature; in all organizations of benevolence and religion, it is touching in some instances to witness the warm sympathy and the unanimous outpouring of heart and purse, for this sister city in her distress. That heavy-laden Relief Train from New York to Chicago, going through night and day, pressed with all possible speed, greeted at every station with the cheers of assembled crowds—did the world ever witness anything like that? If over the terrible scenes of the conflagration angels with pitying eyes must have looked down and wept, how must they have rejoiced as the tide of relief came swelling in grand waves from every side. Never have we felt so proud of our country, of our whole nation of heroes! How grandly have they rushed to the defense! How grandly our American people can give! Never have we been permitted to see so much of the angel side in men—never has there been revealed to us in human nature so strongly the Divine image in which it was created. There is that in the scenes—in the emotions stirring the minds of men during the past week, at which we believe not only the angels rejoice, but God Himself, from His serenest heights, looks down with approbation and with blessing.

No physician ever weighed out the medicine to his patient with half so much exactness and care as God weighs out to us every trial: not one grain too much does he ever permit to be put in the scale.—*Cecil*.

The Late George H. Mumford.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital, held at the Mayor's office Tuesday, October 3d, the following were received:

ROCHESTER, Tuesday, Oct. 3d, 1871.

To the Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital:

GENTS—The Board has been convened to-day, in obedience to the spontaneous sentiment of all its members, to give some suitable expression to our feelings and appreciation of the character of our late President, and of his long and faithful services in connection with this institution, extending back to the earliest organization of the Board.

George H. Mumford, President of this Board, died at his residence on Saturday last, the 30th of September, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, aged 66 years. Mr. Mumford, though in feeble health, was able to ride down to his place of business on Saturday, and remained there until near 2 o'clock, when he returned home and was immediately prostrated. Mr. Mumford passed away without disease or suffering. The tissues of his delicate constitution had become too much weakened to sustain even the moderate circulation of advanced age, and he died of apoplexy.

His intelligence, modesty and uniform courtesies are fresh before you, and will, I am sure, find suitable expression. His punctuality and thoughtful attention to all duties of life, and especially in connection with this institution, are examples worthy of being recorded for our own encouragement and those that shall come after us.

The funeral of Mr. Mumford will take place at St. Paul's Church (of which he was senior warden,) on Thursday next, the 4th of October, at 3 o'clock. This board will no doubt make arrangements to attend in a body.

In concluding this communication, the board, I trust, will pardon me for a personal allusion in connection with the memory of our deceased friend. During nearly all the professional life of Mr. Mumford he was my legal adviser, our intimate relations date back more than forty years. In our early manhood we were members and vestrymen of the same church, later we were directors and officers of the same bank, and over much of this period of time we were trustees and officers of this favorite

institution of charity, and for nearly the whole of the last twenty years we have occupied the same business office.

During all this period of time I have never known the temper of Mr. Mumford to be even ruffled by any diversity of opinion or interest, and it is not necessary, gentlemen, that I should tell you that our deceased friend held as firmly as any of us, his well considered opinions.

With me the death of Mr. Mumford has broken the oldest and most uniform friendship of life, and I cannot too strongly testify my respect for his memory.

Respectfully submitted,
AARON ERICKSON,
 Vice President.

The following was submitted by Mr. S. D. Porter:

The directors of the Rochester City Hospital have heard with unfeigned sorrow of the sudden death of their esteemed associate and co-worker, the president of this board, George H. Mumford, Esq., and would make this grateful record to his memory.

Mr. Mumford in all the relations of life, as a member of society, as a counsellor at law, as a friend and familiar, and as the center and head of an endeared family, was a person of rare excellence—with a mind naturally gifted, and highly cultivated under every advantage of early opportunity; with manners urbane and elegant; with sound common sense and judgment matured, skilled in his profession, and with large powers for usefulness in every walk in life; he was disposed to devote these resources of learning, culture and capacity to the public service, and this institution (of which he was the official head, and to which he was one among the few large and liberal donors) is a monument and memorial of his public spirit and benevolence.

We honor his memory, we mourn his loss and profoundly sympathise with his afflicted family. It is a pleasure to contemplate a life well spent; and with the natural regrets over the loss of so valuable a member of society, we are grateful for such an example of civic and social life.

Last and above all, he professed the Christian faith—he illustrated it in his life, and was consoled by its hopes and promises.

We extend to his bereaved family our sincerest sympathies and profound regret,

and direct that this minute be entered upon the record of this institution, and a copy thereof furnished the family of the deceased.

EDWARD M. SMITH,
 Secretary.

The following lines were written by a patient in our Hospital, now slowly wasting with consumption:

For the Hospital Review.

Evening Thoughts.

Beautiful moon, so queenly and bright,
 Shining into my window to-night—
 Filling my soul with silvery gleams,
 From that fair world we see in our dreams.

Tell me, oh tell, in thy beautiful way,
 Shall I reach that fair sweet land some day?
 And there shall I feel my pains no more?
 Is there rest for me, on that shining shore?

O then will I patiently linger and wait,
 Till Jesus shall open the heavenly gate
 And lead me up to my beautiful home,
 Where sickness and sorrow can no more come.

ALBERT H. BUCK.

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, "

Died.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 14, 1871,
 Maggie Brotsch, aged 14 years.

In the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 27, 1871,
 Francis Carson, aged 17 years.

Donations for October.

Mrs. Aaron Erickson—Two barrels of Pears.
 Mrs. Martindale—One barrel of Pears.
 A. Friend—Two bushels of Grapes.
 Mrs. Anson Smith, Mt. Morris—One barrel of Pears.
 Griswold & Donnelly— gallons of Oysters.
 Mrs. Aaron Erickson—Half barrel of Pears.
 Mrs. Rapselje—One barrel of Sweet Potatoes.
 Mrs. Parsons—Vegetables.
 Mrs. Luke.—Grapes.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Half bushel of Grapes.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. D. A. Woodbury.....	\$ 2 00
Mrs. G. Langdale	1 25
Mrs. Isaac Wood	63
Mrs. Leonard Ham.....	63
Mrs. S. H. Pease	62
Frank Van Doorn.....	3 50
E. A. Shepardson.....	1 88
J. O. Pettingill	3 00
Mrs. S. P. Robins.....	2 00
Mrs. Alfred Wright.....	1 25
Mrs. George H. Roberts	1 25
Mrs. H. S. Redfield.....	1 88
Mrs. E. D. Russell	1 88
Mrs. J. H. Kalbfleisch.....	2 50
Mrs. C. H. Pomeroy.....	1 25
Mrs. C. E. Upton	1 88
Mrs. Wm. Eastwood	1 25
Mrs. V. Pryor.....	1 25
Mrs. H. N. Peck.....	1 25
Mrs. E. C. Thompson.....	1 88
Mrs. Dr. Collins	1 25
J. H. Gould.....	1 25
Mrs. A. G. Mudge.....	1 25
Mrs. J. E. Hurlburt.....	3
John Clarke.....	1 25
Mrs. A. S. Janes.....	1 25
Mrs. J. Cooper	2 00
Mrs. John Siddons	1 25
Mrs. D. Watkins.....	1 88
Mrs. Fred Turpin.....	1 88
M. V. Feemer	1 88
<hr/>	
By Mr. Cook	48 80
Mrs. Allison, Manchester—By Mrs. Ma- thews	25
C. L. Gibbs, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. M. Day, 1,00 —By Mary Perkins	1 50
Thomas Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummins, 62 cents; Miss Van Everie \$1,24—By Miss Van Everie....	2 48
Mr. F. Gorton—By Miss Florie Montgom- ery	3 00
Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. I. Shel- don, New York, 50 cents—By Mrs. E. D. Smith	1 12
Mrs. John Ganson, Buffalo, 50 cts.; Mrs. A. P. Nichols, Albany, 50cts—By Mrs. E. M. Smith	1 00
Mrs. Motley Gregory, Millville, 50 cents; Geo. Witherall, 50 cents; Sam Pierce, 50 cents—By Miss Hibbard	1 50
Mrs. B. T. Fields—By Mrs. Craig	62
Mrs. J. Houghtaling, 48 cents; L. Fabrig, \$1,10; Mrs. S. S. Forbes, \$1,25; Dr. J. C. Carson Willard, 50 cents; Mrs. F. S. DeWitt, \$2.00; Libbie Rolston, \$1; Mrs. W. Rhodes, \$1,00; Joseph P. Wheeler, 62 cents—By Mrs. Perkins..	7 95

Superintendent's Report.

1871. Sept. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	91
Received during month, ..	18—109
Discharged,	17
Died,	2— 19
Remaining Oct. 1st, 1871,	90

Children's Department.

Keeping His Word.

I.

"Only a penny a box," he said:
 But the gentleman turned away his head,
 As if he shrank from the squalid sight
 Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

"O! sir," he stammered, "you cannot know—
 (And he brushed from his matches the flakes of
 snow,
 That the sudden tear might have chanced to fall)
 "Or I think—I think you will take them all.

"Hungry and cold at our garret pane,
 Ruby will watch till I come again,
 Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
 And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.

"One penny, and then I can buy the bread."
 The gentleman stopped. "And you?" he said
 "I?—I can put up with them, hungry and cold,
 But Ruby is only five years old.

"I promised our mother before she went—
 She knew I would do it, and died content—
 I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
 I always would think of Ruby first."

The gentleman paused at the open door;
 Such tales he had often heard before;
 But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear—
 "I havenothing less than a shilling here."

"O! sir, if you will only take the pack,
 "I'll bring you the change in a moment back;
 Indeed you may trust me!" "Trust you?—no;
 But there is the shilling; take it and go."

II.

The gentleman lolled on his easy chair,
 And watched his cigar-wreath melt in the air,
 And smiled on his children, and rose to see
 The baby asleep on it's mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
 "Time that my darlings were all abed;
 Kiss me 'good night,' and each be sure,
 When you're saying your prayers, remember the
 poor."
 Just then came a message—"A boy at the door"
 Before it was uttered he stood on the floor,
 Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged and
 strange;
 "I am Ruby—Mike's brother—I have brought you
 the change.

"Mike's hurt, sir. 'Twas dark; the snow made him blind,
And didn't take notice the train was behind,
Till he slipped on the track—and then it whizzed by
And he's home in the garret. I think he will die.

"Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do,
But out through the snow I must hurry to you.
Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have heard,
And so you might think *he had broken his word.*"

When the garret they hastily entered, they saw
Two arms, mangled, shapeless, outstretched from
the straw.

"*You did it—dear Ruby—God bless you!*" he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and
was dead. [Mrs. J. L. Preston.

An Anchor of Safety.

BY MARY E. WILLARD.

"This little sister will be an anchor of safety to her brothers," said a friend on being shown a new-born baby girl.

She did not seem, as her little, round, expressionless face looked out from the blanket in which she was wrapped, as if she could anchor anything but a fond mother whose wondrous love would maintain a sleepless watch over the tiny, helpless form, and whose ear would understand each cry. How could anything so small and feeble, so ignorant, so uninteresting to strangers, be an anchor of safety to a family of bumping, whistling, hittling, uproarious boys?

"A birch rod, a shaking, a dismissal from school, being sent before the mast, is the anchor they need," some would say who know not the soft, sweet kernel in the boy heart.

God who made the dear boys and gave them their vigor and manly energies, so troublesome in childhood, so useful in after life, knew better than any one what kind of an anchor they needed, and so sent a helpless baby, whose tiny touch would disarm Satan's power.

From the day that "the boys" admitted their schoolmates one by one to the privilege of "seeing our baby," and laughed and sported over her staring eyes and tiny fists and squirming ways, to their dying day that sister is a power for evil or good. It is a sweet, honored place in the family! Her winning smiles, her cheerful ways, help make the home an inviting spot to tempted

boys. A boy who loves and is loved by a patient, kind, Christian sister, is far harder to ruin, and if he sins is more apt to repent and reform, than one who is denied that sweet relationship.

Dear reader, are you an anchor of safety to your brothers? Do you keep them at home when bad boys and worse men are tempting them to sin? Are you patient with their rough ways and boisterous games? Or do you scold and frown and fret when your brother steps on your dress and tears it? takes some of your valuable bits of ribbon and materials for doll's dresses to make a kite's tail, or tips over and breaks your cups and saucers? Do you feel relieved when the boys are out? and say "how quiet and pleasant a house without boys"? Do you dread their vacations and holidays? Then you are no anchor of safety. You are not doing the holy sacred work for which God placed sisters in families.

Dear girls, bear with your brothers! Their loud, noisy manners are given them that they may push their way among hard-hearted, rough men. Nothing pays better than loving, and petting, and bearing with a headstrong boy. Satan fears a sister's caresses and smiles and loving confidence, and will do all that he can to make you neglect your work. He is never sure of a youth's destruction while he tells his secrets to a sister.

When you leave your book or sewing to mend a rip in a ball, while a big boisterous brother stands whistling, beating time with his thick boots, and hurrying you, and finally runs off tripping over a chair or two, and leaving all the doors open, without a word of thanks, remember that he is a boy. Forgive his rude ways. Give him a heart full of tender love. He will return it in his own fashion. A brother's love is a priceless possession through life. Don't complain of him or lecture him. By and by when he is a man of influence and worth, he may say as many others have done, 'I tremble to think what I might have been but for my little sister.'

"But my brother is so wild, and rude, and teases me," says one little reader.

"Mine has gone away to sea, or somewhere, and I can't do him any good."

Never mind where brothers go, or what they do, a sister's love can reach them, and will, with God's help, save them.

Remember that your work in the family is to be an "anchor of safety," to hold the heart of the precious, wayward, roving, headstrong boy in the harbor of home. No nobler task can be assigned to a daughter.

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.

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.

ELECTION NOTICE.

**SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
COUNTY OF MONROE.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the general election in this State 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 E. CAMPBELL, Sheriff. Dated Rochester, Aug. 2, 1871.

**STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, Aug. 1st, 1871.**

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 Secretary of State, in the place of Homer A. Nelson.
 - A Comptroller, in the place of Asner P. Nichols.
 - A Treasurer, in the place of Wheeler H. Bristol.
 - An Attorney General, in the place of Marshal B. Champain.
 - A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van Rensselaer Richmond.
 - A Canal Commissioner, in the place of George W. Chapman.
 - An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of David B. McNeil.
- All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- Also a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of E. Darwin Smith, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
- Also a senator for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the county of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

- Also to be elected for said County Three Members of Assembly.
 - A County Judge, in the place of Jerome Fuller.
 - A Surrogate, in the place of W. Dean Stuart.
 - A District Attorney, in the place of John M. Davy.
 - Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry Kingsland and James Sherry.
 - Two Coroners, in the place of Thomas W. Morr and George Thomas Jr. Durand.
- 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 directed to Chap. 712, or the Laws of 1871, herewith printed, as to the supply of ballot boxes, form of ballots and manner of canvassing votes, to wit:

"CHAPTER 712

AN ACT in relation to the election of Representatives in Congress, Senators and Members of the Assembly.

Passed April 25, 1871; three-fifths being present.

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

SECTION 1. At each annual or special election at which a Representative in Congress, Senator or Member of Assembly is hereafter to be elected, the inspectors in the several election districts in the State shall provide and keep a separate box in which all ballots for Representatives in Congress, to be indorsed "Congress," shall be deposited; also a separate box in which all ballots for Senator, to be indorsed "Senate," shall be deposited; and also a separate box in which all ballots for Member of Assembly, to be indorsed "Assembly," shall be deposited; and the ballots deposited in said several boxes shall be estimated and canvassed in the order named above, respectively and immediately following the estimate and canvass of the ballots indorsed "State."

§ 2. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

§ 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

Respectfully yours,

HOMER A. NELSON, Secretary of S

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution relative to Electors:

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur.) That section two of article two of the Constitution be amended so that it shall read as follows: "Laws may be passed excluding from the right of suffrage all persons who have been or may be convicted of bribery, or larceny, or of any infamous crime, and for depriving every person who shall make or become directly or indirectly interested in any bet or wager depending upon the result of any election, or who shall pay, give or receive, or promise to pay or give money or other property of valuable consideration, with intent to influence any elector in giving his vote, or to deter any elector from voting, from the right to vote at such election, or from holding any office voted for at such election"

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur.) That said amendments to said section two be referred to the Legislature, to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and that, pursuant to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

Senate, April 4, 1871.

The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.

By order, HIRAM CALKINS, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Assembly, April 19, 1871.

The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.

By order, C. W. ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Relative to the Court of Appeals, and for the extension of the term of service of the Commissioners of Appeals:

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur.) That the sixth article of the Constitution of this State be amended by adding thereto the following section: "If the Court of Appeals may order any of the causes, not exceeding five hundred in number, pending in that court at the time of the adoption of this provision, to be heard and determined by the Commissioners of Appeals, and the Legislature may extend the term of service of the Commissioners of Appeals for a period not exceeding two years."

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur.) That the foregoing amendment be referred to the Legislature, to be chosen at the next general election of Senators; and that, in conformity to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

Senate, April 4, 1871.

The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.

By order, HIRAM CALKINS, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

In Assembly, April 19, 1871.

The foregoing resolutions were duly concur'd in.

By order, C. W. ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

Office of the Secretary of State, } ss.

I have compared the preceding with the original concurrent resolutions on file in this office, and do hereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of said original concurrent resolutions.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the city of Albany, this second day of August, 1871.

[L. S.]

HOMER A. NELSON,

Secretary of State.

aug7 1871

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.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

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

TRUSTEES:

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

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

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

ESTABLISHED, 1856.

GEO. N. STORMS, Merchant Tailor

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

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

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

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

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

TOILET SOAPS,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.

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

E. F. HYDE,

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

No. 55 State Street,

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

JOHN T. FOX,

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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. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1871.

No. 4.

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IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

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

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For the Hospital Review.

Our Helper.

BY KATE CAMERON.

How we struggle 'neath our burdens!

How we sigh, and weep, and moan!

As if there were none to help us,

And we must bear all alone.

Little heed we how there standeth,

One whose love will never end;

He who is our Elder Brother,

And our strong and faithful Friend!

There are never depths of sorrow,

Which His pity cannot reach;

There is never lack of wisdom,

Which His patience will not teach.

And when we, in bitter anguish,

Mourn the darkness of our lot,

He is waiting still to cheer us,

For His mercy changes not.

Let us never doubt or murmur,

Let us never more complain,

Since there's One our grief to lighten

One to solace every pain.

Now we see the shadows lengthen,

And we know the night draws near,

But with Jesus for our Helper

We have nothing more to fear.

Oh! our ever blessed Saviour!

How our hearts to Thee should cling;

For the beauty of Thy presence

Gives new glory to life's spring.

And Thy smile makes summer brighter,

And the autumn time less drear;

Thou'lt be with us in death's winter,

And with blessings crown our year!

For the Hospital Review.

Hospital Sketches.

PESHIGO, Wis., Oct. 30, 1871.

After the horror and desolation of Chicago, I came upon this scene of massacre and ruin. For days we had traversed the skeleton streets of that great city; for days we had shuddered at the ever-renewed horrors of that awful time of death and fire. But Chicago in ruins was a brave city still; this is a wilderness, barer than the wilderness its busy streets once covered.

In Chicago, one still meets bright, cheerful women, working heartily and hopefully for new homes; here a woe-begone relic of a former people meets one in wan groups. In all the pleasant villages lining the lumber-teeming shores of Green Bay, the whirlwind of fire called into operation a system of hospitals much like the primitive arrangements springing up on every

hand during the war. Depending wholly on their industries, these fire-swept villages are now depopulated as well as destroyed. Looking over the vast ruins of Chicago, one believes that the enginery has accomplished its utmost ruin; but here, material ruin is overshadowed in the awful vision of sudden death. In Chicago, the millionaire of yesterday is the beggar of to-day, but although homeless and houseless, he has material for future work and future hope. There, I saw the mistress of a palace sweetly and cheerfully working out the new salvation, without the poor consolation of even the relics of her luxurious home about her. The daughter of a governor, turning her delicate hands to the rough usages of adversity, making herself dray and porter and put her bewildered family into a new home, a home whose limits could not equal the meanest quarters assigned to their servants. And this is an illustration of the spirit that moves Chicago to its new creation.

But here, in these western wilds, there is no groundwork to begin on anew. In the track of the storm, there are only those sad vestiges of war and desolation, the hospitals reared by the kind hands, and supported by the tender sympathies of distant though kindred people. "Why," I said to a charred and sightless relic of the burning bush, "did you not provide some way out before the fire fell on you?" "Ah," he said, sadly, "we didn't think of no such danger before that night. We fought the fires off week in and week out, through the summer and fall, but we didn't think that at the worst anything would suffer but the cattle and the fences. I was ready for bed that Sunday night and the children were all asleep when all the windows in a moment seemed brightened up with a flaming flash of lightning. My wife called out, 'the house is on fire!' and half dressed as we were, we ran to the door. The sudden rush of hot air, struck us nearly sightless and breathless; we rushed to the children,

three of them—got them up and supplied with a bucket of water, wetted their clothes. With this, we made a break for the heavy timber; the night had been dark, but the lurid flames, playing over the tree tops, filled the air with a light brighter than the sun, darting bolts of flame shot hither and thither through the cleared space. The baby was in my arms; a boy nine years old, and a girl of ten, followed me, and the mother followed in the rear: panting and suffocated, I staggered up toward the creek, falling over in the way, two or three bodies, which lay as though asleep in the blistering and smouldering sands. The creek was from the house three-quarters of a mile. My breath was giving out, my arms flaccid and almost useless in their sockets; my eyes, blinded by months of incessant ravages of fire and smoke, almost refused their offices. I stumbled to the ground, the baby fell from my arms, and I had not strength to pick it up. My boy caught it in his arms and fled onward. My wife helped me to my feet, and we again rushed to our expected safety. A current of hot air struck the boy in front of us, and he fell gasping and livid on the ground. My wife, stifled with smoke and blinded with flame, passed on without seeing them. I had not the power to lift or assist them, but assistance would have been of little use—they were evidently dead.

"The little girl still held out bravely: she took my hand and encouraged me forward a few steps. The mother fell in the same path of her children. I had not even power to close her eyes, in the last awful stare of agony. The girl, scarcely ten years old, heroically pressed forward, fairly dragging me after her. The heat came down in volumes; the air seemed filled with shooting currents of flame; my sight and courage failed me, and I fell on the ground; but the girl, still resolute, clung to me. When I came to, she still urged me onward.

"How I ever got up I do not know, but the next thing I remember we were in the north road to Peshtigo. Then I thought we were safe and I fell on my knees, my daughter in my arms — but the flames still poured over the tree tops, and between their trunks the currents of air swept murderously. The little one kept on; we had passed perhaps half a mile from the bush; the awful crackling and roaring seemed to be subsiding, when the child, who was walking on briskly, calling to me encouragingly, fell backward on the deep sandy road. I could not believe she was dead, and fell on my knees beside her. Her hair was scorched, her shoes roasted from her feet, but I could not believe her dead. I took her in my arms and tottered on, but the lifeless form, with the limp arms hanging down and the head drooping backwards, left no room to doubt that my darling was gone. I could," said the man as he lay in his rough cot and pressed his scarred hands over the white bandages covering his head and eyes, "I could have spared all the rest if she had been left me—but I broke down then and did not care what became of me. When the relief came along at night, I was found lying in the woods, badly burned, but alive."

But there were even worse pictures than the sightless. Farther in, in a narrow little room, three little children, or rather the living remains of three children, occupied one large bed. Their feet were completely roasted, and their limbs to the knee withered with the fire, and they lay breathing calmly in a dreadful lethargy. More than all, no father, mother or kindred came to claim them. Along the corridor and in every vacant place indeed, sat grimy, scarred relics of the terrific scene.

Pages of harrowing sketches could be condensed from the dreadful pictures at Marinette, Oconto and Green Bay. The new generation that follows the present, will in the main be a sightless crippled one. Three weeks after the dreadful whirl-

wind of flame that fell upon this country, the ravages stand out as starkly as the next day. The winding forest roads, lie like vast curling belts of black, encircling frightful acres of desolation.

At the northern wood, as one comes to the clearing where the spreading busy streets of Peshtigo were, a melancholly ghost, with face dreadfully scarred and hands helplessly bandaged, is seen sadly mourning at the ashy shrine of his perished homestead. He tells his part in the tragedy with tearful voice but dry eyes. Unsuspecting of any further depredations from the forest fires, he had returned with his family from church and made ready for bed. A mingled roar and crackling broke upon his ear, and across the river to the Southward, surges of flame were pouring over the tree tops, licking up with devouring tongues, every inflammable thing that stood on the clearing. Although paralyzed with the horror of the sight, there was no dread, for it seemed incredible that the flames could sweep across the intervening space and the broad running river. The little ones, aroused by the strange sounds, came out in the open air. Even as they stood, a hissing bolt of flame shot down upon them, and the horror-stricken father saw his children fall as though pierced by a lance of fire. They were dead! Even while this burden came upon him the wretched father saw his homestead wrapped in wreathing flames. On every hand the fire spread rapidly. The river alone looked cool, though like a molten bed of bronze, in the lurid light of the surging flames. With his wife, he rushed through the flaming street, down across the pebbly bank, to the water's edge. They fell here prone on their faces, in the shallow water and mingled their terror and despair with hundreds lying in the same awful channel. An aged mother, surrounded by her kindred of two generations, came limping slowly toward this frightful salvation. A burning brand circling high above the river,

fell amid the little group, and three fell, not ten yards from the water's edge. Every phase of rage and terror came upon that dreadful scene of death. Men, forgetful of themselves, stood half-dressed in the biting water, faithfully protecting the old and the helpless. Showers of sparks fell, firing the garments and roasting the flesh. Submerging themselves for a moment in the water, they quickly arose again, and continued through the dreadful hours of the night this fearful work.

Everybody knows the fatal results of that direful night. One, who kept his wits about him, watched the little Episcopal church, which was but just completed. The fire seemed to hold off from its sacred walls; when it approached, slight licking flames crept upon the fences, wreathed in golden blossoms over the soft dry grass and creeping reverently to the modest door-step, broke into a little pinnacle of flame. The rector, driven from his home, battling for life on the river bank, could see dimly this sad spectacle. He saw his pretty church wrapped in folds of crushing fire and I, two weeks afterward looking upon the spot, saw only a smooth waste of calcined sand. Of two thousand people in that pretty village, not 600 could be found on the dreadful Monday morning following the destruction. Nearly twelve hundred have been since accounted for, but they might many of them better have been dead.

The whole country is homeless. The untouched hamlets are turned into hospitals, but without aid from the country at large, a thriving section must be turned back again into the ways of the wilderness.

KIND words, looks, and acts are the small currency of social life, each of inconsiderable value, but in the aggregate forming the wealth of society. They are the "excellent oil" which keeps the machinery from rusting, wearing, or creaking. They are the dew that refreshes and nourishes the otherwise arid fields. They are the sunshine of an else murky, dreary world.

Not Knowing.

I know not what will befall me! God hangs a mist
o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes
new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and
glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread the days of
the year.
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future
His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance may bright-
en as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitter
than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop
to drink.
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside
its brink.

It may be He has waiting for the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so
strangely sweet
That my life can only tremble with the thanks I
cannot speak.

[know!
O restful, blissful ignorance! 'tis blessed not to
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not
let me go.
And bushes my soul to rest on the bosom which
loves me so.

So I go on not knowing! I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God than
go alone in the light,
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk
alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the fu-
ture may disclose, [chose;
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord
So I send the coming tears back with the whis-
pered word "He knows."

A HAPPY HOME.—"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

From a Speech of Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, at the Anniversary of the "Home for Incurables," in that city.

Sickness softens the human heart. It does not save men by itself. It is not sanctified to do this. It softens—it breaks down some of the barriers against the truth. It is an instrument to do much good for man. Many and many a time I have spoken words of comfort beside the bed of some poor sufferer, and have known such words to be followed by abundant fruits. I remember particularly one case, in which I spoke to a patient in a cholera hospital, in which instance I hope the words did good to the person addressed—but I know that those words were words freighted with a blessing to another poor man, to whom I did not speak, who overheard me as he was lying in the next bed. I tell you, my friends, God gives us special opportunities when the heart craves for help and sympathy from any quarter, and embraces it with gladness as if it came, as indeed it does, from above. Look at it in this light, in which I should like to put the question before you, if it be not tiresome.

These poor sufferers are found especially in the lowest walks of life. It is curious that we do not find the same diseases anywhere but in these lower classes; and these are especially the classes who are not able to take care of these sufferers. They become tired by the continued and gradual strain upon their purse. Love tires out, and the family manifestly show that they get weary of them, and, by and by, some harshness crosses their path and they are strongly tempted to think that there is little or nothing of real disinterested love or affection. It is a strong temptation to think that no one cares for them. Man does not, God does not. "There is not," they say, "a heart anywhere that has the least sympathy for me." There is nothing that hardens like that. There is nothing that embitters like it—that converts a human spirit into an arid wilderness like that—"No one cares for me." Look what happens in this state of wretchedness and misery. Some human creature comes, speaks kindly words, does kindly actions, and manifests the wonderful power, the blessed power of human affection. First, it is surprise. The poor sufferer hardly thinks that it is real. He wonders what it

means—what these people can have in view in doing these things—but at length the prejudice is put away, and the conviction is established in the human spirit that here is real human pity and human tenderness, and now the sufferer begins to reflect—"Ah! I see I was wrong in thinking no one cared for me. There are some that care and pity. I did think wrong. Who can tell but that I may have done wrong to God in Heaven, too. I cannot tell but that he also may have some love and pity for me. He may have sent them. It may be that even He thinks of me, that even He shows some compassion for me." And so it comes to pass that the exhibition of this human pitifulness becomes the means of bringing him from the coldness of heart to a conception of the great, free, saving love of God our Father in Jesus Christ. And if you think of the value of the soul, and how Christ estimates souls, and what souls will be in the future, how the saving of them constitutes our grandest aims, then you will be able to appreciate in some measure what we may do when we work, directly or indirectly, in a great cause like this.

There is one single remark more that I will venture to lay before you. Let us, as we are gathered together here, learn a lesson for ourselves from these sufferers.

"All flesh is grass," and there are many ways of cutting it down; we see a manifestation of our frailty and of the common corruption to-day. Disease is but a preparation for death. Let us give thanks that there is one who has conquered death and conquered disease. The Bible every where presents these things as the effects of sin. Our blessed Savior, by his miracles, shows his control over sin, and plainly declares that he is willing and able to cure the cause of every physical as of every spiritual disease. He can command away the consequences of sin. He is a Saviour of our souls and of our bodies. This mortality shall be "swallowed up of life," and these poor bodies, tenements of immortal souls, if these souls but believe in Jesus Christ—these poor tenements will be reconstructed with no imperfection, without any blemish.

Who has not been touched by the little child just coming old enough to see her own bodily imperfections, by contrasting herself with others. After viewing her crooked hands and feet she looks up into her mother's face, and with all the simplic-

ity of childhood, says, "Mother do you think I shall be crooked in heaven?" Who is not touched by such a scene as that? Well, we know that that child will not be crooked in heaven. We know also that those poor hands and feet that have been eaten away by that terrible disease, which science can hardly find a name for, will not be absent there; that suffering youth shall have each of these lost members restored to him there, he shall have hands to strike the golden harp, and feet to tread the golden streets. Let us keep these things in mind. Let us remember that these bodies are but *tenements for immortal spirits*. Let us care for the bodies then, and thus save the immortal spirits—for they are immortal. Mortality shall be "swallowed up of life." And when we meet then, if God shall give us grace to bring us to Heaven, in the midst of the shining ranks, we shall recall the blessedness of having ministered to them, and shall experience the joy and triumph of seeing them made glorious, like unto the glorified body of Christ our Lord.

It will be in the one or the other of two kinds of spirit in which we work. There is the spirit of those who say: Let me do so much, manifest so much kindness, and put forth so much of Christian activity. Let me hold on upon this track of well-doing; and it may be that in some point in that career of helping, God will meet with me and be merciful to me, and make me his child—and so let me work. That is one way; that is the *servile* way; that is the *legal* way. That is a way very congenial to the human heart, and a way which I do not recommend to you.

But there is another way—the evangelic way—a way which speaks in this wise: God has loved me, and Jesus has saved me. I am therefore complete in him. His righteousness covers me, and I love him for what he has done for me. And, because he has loved me, I never can do enough to show him that I love him. My conscience troubles me for not having done enough for him. My Saviour has done all for me, and has made me acceptable to him, and now I will seek to walk in the footsteps of my Redeemer. And as he went about doing good, let me try, in some poor measure, to imitate my God in doing good also. And as he showers goodness on me, let me reflect some small portion of that goodness on my fellow-creatures. That is the New Testament spirit; and it is the spirit which

I commend you to imitate. Come in that spirit. Give in that spirit. Give money—but that is the least that you are to give. Give sympathy, give pity, give kindness, give anything in the spirit of Him who says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Give, among other things, **INFORMATION**. This men need as much as anything else. They need information. Therefore, give information, give prayer—all these they want. They need money—but money is the lowest and the least. They need the exercise of the higher virtues. They need the effects of the Christian virtues.

Who Keeps Dead Flowers?

Who keeps dead flowers? Not I.—indeed, not I; The world is wild with blossoms, and the sky Drops roses, and the regal moon-lamped night Brings sculptured lilies, carved of perfect light.

Who keeps dead flowers? Thenceforth away with these.

The ashy ghosts of sad anemones! With dimpled, blushing buds refill the vase, Dipped in the laughing wine of summer days!

Who keeps dead flowers? What if a loving friend Did last spring give thee these and now an end Has come to all his love? Life's full to-day Of friends—fresh friends, fresh flowers—fling these away.

Who keeps dead flowers? Alas! one summer day Teaches how many, many turn away From life's fresh blooming and bewildering bowers To sigh in secret, and to keep dead flowers.

Who keeps dead flowers? An angel came one night And passed by all the happy, left the bright And laughing ones, and took—Oh! was it meet? Only dead flowers—and laid them at Gods' feet.

EFFECT OF IDLENESS ON THE HEALTH.—Among the unhealthiest of occupations, Dr. Guy, a celebrated English physician, classes idleness and luxury. They induce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor in general, instead of shortening the term of life, actually increases it. It is lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and, like them, made a speedy exit, while the industrious bee fills out its usefulness and honor.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1871.

The Annual Donation.

On Thursday, November 23d, occurs our Annual Donation and Thanksgiving Party, in aid of our Hospital. We shall be most happy to greet all our friends on that day at Corinthian Hall. To those who have heretofore attended these annual festivals, this announcement will undoubtedly call up pleasing reminiscences of by-gone joys, which they will seek again to renew. To such, it is perhaps a work of supererogation to say anything of the various attractions which will be presented to our visitors and guests. Their knowledge of our ability, derived from experience, to minister to their physical wants and necessities, to furnish mental and intellectual entertainment and gratify their æsthetic taste, all at a very low figure, will surely bring them in crowds to our yearly feast.

But lest there should be some strangers in our city, to whom hitherto the privilege of knowing us by experience has been denied, we take the liberty of advertising ourselves more particularly, and in detail, modestly assuring them that after they have seen us on that day, they will be compelled to say, "the half has not been told." For their information we will say that the dining and lunch tables, which have always been so tempting and satisfactory, will be the chief attraction during the day. The ladies, we can safely guarantee, will exert themselves to the utmost to gratify and please all, and will not fail to meet the demands of the most delicate or voracious appetite, with the best of everything the season affords. The gentlemen will find it much to their advantage to dine with us on that day; our bill of fare will assuredly suit them; in short, a

good dinner will be provided for all who come, and at prices acceptable. There will also be tables for Fancy Articles, Flowers, Candy and Ice Cream, which will deserve some share of attention which we would bespeak for them. The fairest and brightest in the city will be in attendance.

Although we feel that the material and tangible attractions which we offer, are all that can be asked, it is not in these that we chiefly trust for a generous patronage, but rather in that noble sentiment of Christian charity and kindly sympathy for the suffering and afflicted, which animates, warms, and blesses the hearts of our people. This, we know and feel, is the foundation upon which our particular charity rests, and to this we most confidently appeal.

To every generous and sympathetic heart, the cause for which we labor must commend itself as one most worthy of their benefactions. To visit the sick and afflicted, to help the poor in their distress, is enjoined by the precept and example of our Saviour. The charity, whose claims we present, is an effort to comply with this precept, and trusting to the hearty interest which has heretofore been manifested in it by the good people of our community, and relying on their bounteous generosity, we look forward with pleasant anticipations to the results of our next annual festival, on Thursday, November 23d.

Refreshment Tables.

Our refreshment tables must be liberally supplied with good things. The ladies who preside over them will make a special appeal to their personal friends, which however does not entirely do away with the necessity of this general request. All the good cheer that is usual for holiday dinners we need, and trust that a generous supply will be sent to Corinthian Hall early on Thursday morning, when the ladies will be in attendance to receive them.

Visit to the Hospital.

To those who are unfamiliar with hospital scenes, and have never experienced the feelings and sensations produced by the sights there witnessed, it may possibly seem that a visit to such an institution can be looked upon only, as a melancholy duty, devoid of all pleasant features. True, it is saddening to look upon sickness and suffering, and our heart is often wrung to look upon pain that cannot be relieved. But while there is much to painfully affect us, there is also much of a pleasing and cheering nature, and we always return from such a visit with a deeper faith, and more trustful reliance in the perfect goodness and fatherly care of that Being who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

It has often seemed to us, either that only those who are endowed by nature, with more than ordinary fortitude and patience are sick, or that special grace is bestowed upon the sufferers by the good Father, which bears them up through all their trouble, and enables them to maintain a serenity which to the strong and well seems almost miraculous.

Upon entering the hall of the building on our present visit, we were met by a young lad recovering from a broken leg, of whom we inquired for the matron, who we found was out of town for a little rest from her untiring labors. We wandered into the male wards; most of the patients were able to be up, and sitting by their beds—shook hands with the old blind man, who seemed comfortable in his dressing-gown and-rocking chair. We were then joined by a young man, a patient, who kindly walked through the ward with us, giving us much information we desired.

At the end of the ward we found a genial pleasant faced old man, reading "Sermons for the People," an open Testament by his side, which he told us he needed to find the texts referred to in the book. Passing into the "cross ward," which we desire to state is not so called for the pur-

pose of characterizing the patients who are located therein, for they seemed to us to be unusually cheerful and agreeable, we were much interested in one young man who employs many of his weary moments making flowers of wire and worsted, which he sells. He had quite a bouquet of them near him; he showed us his materials, and explained how he made them. Mr. S., who has been so many years in our Hospital, showed us the "Rural Home," for which he writes "enigmas, and funny things." A pleasant talk with Mr. W was a bright spot in our visit.

One of the nurses went with us into the New Wing; there were two or three patients in one of the wards, but there is much need of furniture, and we hope ere long they will all be ready for the many who will need the care they can only receive here. Several rooms and wards have been furnished by the various churches and religious societies, and are designated with the name of the church or society so doing; we wish those remaining would follow the worthy example of their sisters. What better adjunct to a Christian church than this?

We called upon a few of the private patients, they all seemed pleased to see us, and asked us to call again. Our stay in the female wards was so hurried we could only converse with a few.

We feel certain that these sketches would be much more interesting to many of our readers, if they should themselves visit the Hospital; it would increase their benefactions and stimulate all to more hearty work for this noble charity, and we venture to affirm, that if they will adopt this practice not only will our Hospital benefit thereby, but they will reap a rich return in the inward satisfaction of an approving conscience and in enlarged sympathies for suffering humanity.

The way to gain a good reputation, is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.
—[Socrates.

The Fancy Table.

We have pictured it in our mind as we hope to see it on Thursday, Nov. 23d, and are sure it will only be necessary to tell you this, to have our picture made a reality. The approach of the Christmas Holidays is always suggestive of bright and pretty things, and we look to our lady friends to display their best taste on this occasion. The useful and the ornamental are each needed, and the most ample arrangements have been made for receiving and displaying all articles that may be sent. They can be left at the Hall, or handed to any of the lady managers :

MRS. DR. STRONG, President.	
MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treasurer,	
MRS. E. M. SMITH, Rec. Secretary,	
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, Cor. Sec'y.	
Mrs. Geo. H. Mumford,	Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney,
Mrs. W. W. Carr,	Mrs. E. T. Smith,
Mrs. E. D. Smith,	Mrs. W. B. Williams,
Mrs. A. Bronson,	Mrs. Gildersleeve,
Mrs. H. L. Fish,	Mrs. J. H. Brewster,
Mrs. Danforth,	Mrs. A. D. Smith.

The Evening Entertainment.

We cannot at present announce what the entertainment for the evening will be, but presume it will be extensively advertised in the daily papers, after the arrangements are completed. We have heard whispers of several different programmes, though nothing to warrant an announcement. The popularity of these entertainments is unquestionable, and we feel assured that their character will be well maintained this year, as we have perfect confidence in those to whom the matter has been committed.

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 Special Request.

We would particularly request ladies making articles to be sold at our Fancy Table, to mark them at the price for which they wish them sold, and as far as possible inform the ladies in charge of the table, whether they wish them returned if not sold, or placed in the show-case at the Hospital. Two years ago we disposed of the few remaining things, in the evening at auction, but they were so sacrificed we abandoned that plan, and last year they were sold at greatly reduced prices at the table, which proved equally unsatisfactory. In order to prevent this in future, we make the above urgent request, and trust that all who kindly favor us with donations to be sold on the 23d, will comply with it, as they can best judge of the value of the articles they contribute.

Subscribe for the Review!

The book for subscriptions to the "Review," will be open at the Festival, and we trust open to some purpose. Many arrears have been brought in by our collector, but there still remain due a number of subscriptions which we hope will be paid at this time.

We should be pleased to add many new names to our list of subscribers for the coming year, as we shall soon begin a new book, which we flatter ourselves will be better filled than the old one.

Thanks.

Two of our young friends, Belden and Mahlon Day, have each month for nearly two years, distributed about one hundred copies of our papers to our subscribers in the Third ward. By so doing they have actually contributed to us about one dollar a month, as through their services we save that amount in postage. Instead of wearying in well-doing, these boys now propose to enlarge their district, and distribute more papers. We cannot refrain from thanking them publicly for their services and assuring them that they are thoroughly appreciated.

Golden Wedding.

OCTOBER 4, 1871.

We have been permitted to publish the following lines accompanying a gift of golden fishes:

Half a century of years,
 Crowned with blessings, mixed with tears,
 O'er your heads, dear friends, have sped
 Since the glad day when ye were wed:

So long ago!—and here to-night
 Your children's children, fair and bright,
 With loving speech and fond caress,
 Wish you long years of happiness.

And we, our cordial greetings bring,
 To grace this festal gathering:
 Glad, that for you beyond the skies,
 'Jerusalem the golden' lies.

As if in honor of the day,
 Nature puts on her gold array.
 God bless you! take our kindest wishes,
 Together with these golden fishes.

For the Hospital Review.

Our grandmother who had already add ed fourteen years to her allotted three-score and ten, and whose face was wrinkled and deeply furrowed, was closely watched by little Birdie as they sat together one day —when the little one exclaimed, "why! Grandma, your face is all mussed up."

G.

Donations for November.

- Mrs. Edward Kelsey—Two cans Fruit.
- Mrs. John Blackmer— " " "
- Mrs. Wm. Garbutt— " " "
- Mrs. Isaac Budlong— " " "
- Mrs. Neafie— " " "
- Mrs. Ira Harmon—Two cans Fruit and 1 bowl Jelly.
- Miss Kate McLean— " " " "
- Mrs. Chas. Brower— " " and old Cotton
- Mrs. Hiram Smith—Six cans of Fruit.
- Mrs. Oliver Allen—One " "
- Mrs. Grant—Old Cotton.
- By Miss Emily C. Smith—all of Wheatland.
- Miss Ella Chapman, Sweden Center—One can.
- Miss Delia C. Goodrich, " —One can.
- Mrs. Lyon—Bundle of Clothing.
- W. B. Kibbe—Dressing Gown.
- Mrs. Carter Wilder—Clothing and Books.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. Hiram Smith, Wheatland,.....	\$20 00
Miss McKenzie, "	50
A. C. Clarke, West Avon.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$25 50

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Miss Sarah Allen, 50 cents; Miss Phebe Whitman. 50 cents; Scottsburg—By Miss Whitman.....	\$ 1 00
Rev. A. R. Parker, Armenia—By Mrs. Arner	50
Mrs. Matilda Sabin, Fulton, 50 cts.; Geo. E. Curtis, Detroit, 50 cents; Joseph Penney, Grand Rapids, 50 cents—By Mrs. Beach	1 50
Miss Belle Pomeroy, Pittsfield. 50 cents; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 62 cts.; Mrs. Prof. Jackson, Schenectady, 50 cents—By Mary Perkins	1 62
Mrs. Charles Atwater, New Haven 50 cents; Miss Sarah Endress, Dansville, 50 cents— By Miss Montgomery	1 00
Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 25 cents; Mrs. W. Foster, Clifton Springs, \$2.00; Miss Jennie Briggs, Deerfield, \$1.00; Mrs. John Brewster, 70 cents; Mrs. E. M. Smith, \$1.25—By Mrs. Perkins	5 20

Superintendent's Report.

1871. Oct. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 90	
Received during month, ..	32—122
Discharged,	14
Died,	0— 14
	<hr/>
Remaining Nov. 1st, 1871,	108

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. 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. RENEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- " PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- " LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

List of our Agents.

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

Children's Department.

Christ and the Children.

Little children! how He loved them!

Passing all the grown folks by
Just to raise the little children
On his breast to let them lie!

Do you think you would have loved him,
Would have tried to win his smile?
Jesus' arms to-day will take you,
Hold you all the life-long while.

Let them "come!"—that is, to love him,
And to do his bidding sweet;
He has many little errands
Fitted well for little feet.

Sometimes what he says is harder;
"Let the restless feet be still."
If the little heart is patient,
That is doing Jesus' will.

"He it is," he says, "who loves me,"
That will my commandments do."
There are many he has left us
That are plain enough for you.

"Overcome with good the evil."
When some little playmate strikes,
If you give a gentle answer,
That will be what Jesus likes.

Let this loving Saviour, children,
Teach and lead you all your days,
In green pastures, by still waters—
Jesus' ways are pleasant ways.

[*Morning Light.*]

A Faithful Shepherd Boy.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley, on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods, and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my

way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and"—Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, and he felt the boy had fairly cornered him. He said:

I see my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt now offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the county round. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he sent for him shortly after, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

Honesty, truth, and fidelity are precious jewels in the character of a child. When they spring from piety, they are pure diamonds, and make the possessor very beautiful, very happy, very honorable, and very useful. May you, my readers, wear them as Gerhardt did! Then a greater than a duke will befriend you, for the Great King will adopt you as his children, and you will

become princes and princesses royal in the Kingdom of God. [*Young Pilgrim.*]

A LITTLE HERO—The following is related as an incident of the sacking of Paris: A boy of thirteen found fighting was taken to be shot. He took a silver watch from his pocket and cried out, "Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it." "Oh! you scamp," said the officer, "I understand; you want to run off." "My word of honor, I will come back again," said the boy, and the Captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to get rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back, and took his stand with his face to the wall. "Here I am—fire!" Does Roman history tell us anything braver? The Captain boxed the little hero's ears and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him.

"Auntie," said a little three-year-old one day, "I don't like my aprons tarched so drefful. So much tarchness makes the tiffness trach the bareness."

Miscellaneous.

Car Peddlers.

MARK TWAIN ON THE NUISANCES THAT INFEST
RAILROAD TRAINS.

And there were the peddlers. I bought out the popcorn boy to get rid of him, because I was trying to compose a poem for a young lady's album, and did not want to be disturbed. But he came right back with a stock of peanuts. I took a few and hurried him away, and he returned with some ice cream candy. I don't like ice cream candy and peanuts together, but I invested at once, because an inspired rhyme had been borne to me, and I wanted to set it down before it slipped my mind. Then the scoundrel came back to me with tobacco and cigars, and afterward with oranges, imitation ivory baby whistles, fig paste and apples. Then he went away and was gone some time, and I was encouraged to hope the train had run over him. He was only keeping his most malignant outrage to the last. He was getting his literature ready.

And from that time forward that degraded youth did nothing but march from one car to another, and afflict the passengers with specimen copies of the vilest blood-and-thunder romances on earth. "The Perjurer's Doom" and "The Desperado's Revenge" were some of his milder works, and on their backs were pictures of stabbing affrays and duels, and people shoving other people over precipices, and wretched wood cuts of women being rescued from terrible perils of all kinds, and they are always women who are so criminally homely that any right-minded man would take a placid satisfaction in seeing them suffer sudden and violent death. But that peddler boy peddled these atrocious books right along for hours together, and I gave up my poem at last, and devoted all my energies to driving him away, and trying to say things that would make him unhappy.

Moral Crutches.

Nothing amuses me more than to see people "trying" to read books in which they take not the slightest interest.

Perhaps some friend has liked the book, or it is the fashion to read it, or one don't like to own one hasn't read it, or from any other equally foolish reason for a yawning persistence in "trying." I used to do so once, but I've got bravely over any amount of eyebrow elevation which results from my frankly saying that I saw nothing in such and such a book, or that it was not one of my books, or that it was too finely spun for my already bewildered head, or that I felt no interest in the subject treated of, and probably never should.

Why, I would like to know, should people "try" to read books that they don't like, any more than to eat certain kinds of food, which, though good for others, are to them unpalatable? And why should they not, if pressed to partake, say as frankly in one case as in the other, I didn't relish it, or it is too light or too heavy for my mental stomach? Nor do I see why people should feel afraid or ashamed, as they seem to do, to differ from others with regard to a popular author, or a very much admired picture or statue; or even to say, with regard to these last, I am really no judge of these things in the way of art. I can only say that some have a story to tell me, and some of them are to me dumb

and silent. In the latter case it may be my fault; and though it be rank heresy to say so, it may just possibly be the artists'; but, meantime, I cannot force a liking at the bidding of any connoisseur, self-elected or the contrary.

Now isn't that better than to clasp your hands in rapture to order, or frown depreciatingly because others do? I think so, even though they, who do both, accuse you of "eccentricity" or "oddy" in consequence.

Besides, one may even do a worse thing than to be "odd." One may be untrue to one's self, or a mere echo of others, which is to me the alpha and omega of disgustingness. Heaven save us from colorless characters, what else soever it inflicts upon us; people who don't know what they think till they ask somebody. I'd rather put on my feelers, and crudely blunder twenty times a day, than never to make a move without somebody at my elbow to prop me up.

"*Trying*" to admire things! It is like loving, it is all over with you, take my word for it, when you have to "try" to do it. Either you are destitute of capacity, or there is nothing in the object to draw love out. I should modestly add—at least, that is my *unassisted* opinion.—[*Fanny Fern*.

The great professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum are frequently the most diffident of men when taken away from their regular sphere of labor. There was Professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval, "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She asked, "Shall I accept his offer, papa; he is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the old

Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

Romance of the Opera.

The following romantic story is told of Malibran, whose voice excited the most unromantic minds to folly. She was resting in her dressing-room at the theatre, after singing Desdemona, her passionate soul still quivering with the emotion of the part and the tears and applause of her listeners. A person entered and begged her to go to her mother, who had been taken ill. A carriage (not her own) was at the door; she was whirled through the streets, and led, much to her surprise and fear, into a strange house, and to an exquisite boudoir, hung and carpeted with rose-colored silk, where the beautiful songstress was left alone, after being assured by her attendants that her mother was well, that the message was a cruel subterfuge, but that her captivity would only last while she sang the song of the "Saul." On a low seat lay a lyre such as that which thrilled in Malibran's fingers as she sang Desdemona's touching song. At first she determined to resist, but after a short time of *ennui* and anxiety her mind reverted to the evening, and almost unconsciously she took up the instrument and sang the "Romance du Saul." As she concluded sounds of enthusiastic applause and trembling accents of delight came to her through the silk hangings, and she was then conducted by liveried servants to her carriage and to her home. The next morning she found on her table a casket containing a magnificent pair of ear-rings, and inside cover, written in diamonds, was the word "Merci." But the event remained a mystery to her forever.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,	\$10 00
Three Months,	2 00	One Third Column,	12 00
Six Months,	8 00	Half Column, 1 Year,	15 00
One Year,	5 00	One Column, 1 Year,	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

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

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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 Alpaca, and can sell them much below usual price.

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

A. S. MANN & CO.
State Street,
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BINGHAM, BROOKS & BEMIS,

DEALERS IN

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AND

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS Generally.

Refrigerators, Coolers, Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, &c. &c. Agents for the Vindicator Cook Stove, the latest and best.

16 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,

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AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
December, 1869.

OUR present make of Black Alpaca gives universal satisfaction

A. S. MANN & CO.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

OF ROCHESTER.

Exchange Street,

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Ebenezer E. Sill.	

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

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

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18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

W. FRED. S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y OYRUS F. PAINE.

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.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

TOILET SOAPS,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.

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

E. F. HYDE,

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FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

No. 55 State Street,

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JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State Street,

Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

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

ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

DEALERS IN

PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Nos. 10 & 12 Exchange St.

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

McVEAN & HASTINGS,

Dealers in

BOOK, PRINTING AND WRAPPING

PAPER.

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(SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAUW.)

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PURE WINES & LIQUORS.

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Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
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in Europe and America, will be constantly sup-
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Ribbons, Flowers,

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and general Millinery and Fancy Goods, which
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Special care shall be taken to fill Orders with
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Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in

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J. M. Howk, } TROY, N. Y.
V. A. Clark, } May, '70.

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(Established in 1842.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

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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

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Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central
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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS
Cleaned or colored without Rippling, and pressed nicely
Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleaned or dyed.

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

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[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. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1871.

No. 5.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," No. 29 Plymouth Avenue.

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.

For the Hospital Review.

Mute Houses.

I.

Never swing our silent portals,
Rain sobs at them, snow heaps high,
All the summer nod the roses,
All the winter, winds howl by.
Yet we keep our ghosts of roses,
Half the year you have the flowers;
In our silent fingers folded,
Shadowy, more pale, are ours.

II.

Never do our quiet dwellers
Open up the busy doors;
Sing within the mellow sunlight,
Trail white robes across the floors.
And our guests bring naught of gossip,
Nor their hearts in anger burn,
Tears they often give, and silent
Is the welcome we return.

III.

Harmonies of tree tops moving
To the solemn stars above,
Song of birds who rest unfrighted
Close beside us, whom they love.
Slanting sunbeams, golden sunsets,
Mellowing the tranquil night,
All these move us not to open
Door or window to the light.

IV.

Only lichen, fern and mosses,
Only roses, wind and sun,
Rain, and white snows drifting o'er us,
Where we slumber every one.
Dwellers in these silent houses!
One will come, before whose call
Opens each low portal, wakens
Every dreamer of us all.

BERTHA S. S. POOL.

For the Hospital Review

A Visit to Greenwood.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust.
"Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

On a bright November morning we took
the cars for Greenwood, leaving them at
the entrance; we declined the pressing in-
vitations to "take a carriage," though
promised a sight of every thing worthy

our attention, preferring to ramble at will over the well-kept walks of this "city of the dead." Notwithstanding the oft-expressed feeling that "the autumn is not the time to visit a cemetery," we found much to interest and to suggest thoughts of comfort. As the gentle wind sighed through the leafless branches, it said to our hearts, "Not more surely will the returning spring call into fresh life the leaf and bud and blossom and spread over all its mantle of green, than shall the Saviour's voice bid these dead bodies arise, and clothe all who 'sleep in Jesus' with the garment of salvation." In that day how little will it matter whether the costly marble or only the little mound marked the spot where the loved ones were laid. And even now how worthless they seem, as we realize how soon all will pass away. We gazed upon the massive tombs of Niblo, Whitney, Steinway, and many others—but we lingered with tender interest about the spot where lie the remains of Mrs. Isabella Graham, Dr. Bethune and others of a kindred spirit. A simple dark stone arrested our attention. It was erected as a testimony of love and gratitude for one "who took me when I was a poor boy," and "to whom I owe all that I am and hope to be." Well might he call her "Mother," who bestowed upon him a mother's love. How well he repaid her we could imagine as we read the brief and touching inscription. Although the chill November blasts have swept over the graves, the grass is still green, the willows have not faded, and here and there a hardy rose was in bloom, while the blossoms of the honey-suckle greeted us over many a railing. How fast our silent cities are peopleing; on every side we see the signs of a sceptre none may disown. We felt "It is good to be here."

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to use
 The second to Faith, which insures it fulfill'd;
 And the third to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice
 Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to
 the skies. R.

The Poor at Christmas.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Fond mothers, who hush on your bosoms
 Your babes' tender cries;
 And sing them to sleep in their cradles,
 With soft lullabies;

Proud fathers, whose children are sheltered
 In the home of their birth;
 Who see their fair heads, morn and even,
 Still safe by the hearth:

When the merciless winds of the winter
 Are cruel and bold;
 When even the shelterless sparrows
 Are crying for cold;

And you listen, safe-housed, to the falling
 Of the snow and the sleet,
 And hear on your roof-tree, all harmless,
 The wild tempest beat;

When you gather, a circle, unbroken,
 Your fireside about;
 And shut in your children, remember
 The children shut out!

Think of wanderers abroad in the darkness,
 The tempest, and rain;
 With no hearth-stone ablaze for their coming,
 No light in the pane—

Children shivering in horrible places,
 The earth for their bed;
 Wretched groups huddled close in the darkness,
 And crying for bread!

Think of orphans, and, worse, babes deserted,
 Whom 'twere well if the earth
 To her pitying bosom had taken
 In the day of their birth;

Aye! think of them tenderly, kindly,
 Poor, homeless, astray,
 For the sake of the holy child Jesus,
 You worship to-day.

By all the proud hopes that encircle
 Your sons, brave and bright;
 By your love for the tender-eyed daughters,
 So fair in your sight.

By the blessings unmarked, and unnumbered,
 You hold so secure;
 While you are remembered in mercy,
 Remember the poor!

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1871.

November 23, 1871.

Corinthian Hall never seemed brighter or more brilliant, than on Thursday, the 23d of last month, at our Annual Festival and Donation. So many attractions, so much beauty and affability, have scarce ever been gathered before, on any single occasion in Rochester; indeed the very atmosphere seemed charged with love, charity and goodwill, to such an extent as to throw a mantle of loveliness over the scene. Perhaps it may have been that inward grace, which the exercise of the better portion of our nature develops, shining forth in the faces of all.

The visitors were received with much courtesy; a smile ready for bestowal on each as they entered, and an abundance of luxuries and substantial ready for consumption. The beauty of the ladies, naturally enough, almost rendered the gentlemen incapable of partaking of anything less ethereal, than smiles and glances; but with such as condiments, they had much pleasure in disposing of the turkeys, chickens, hams, salads, &c., provided. The ornamentation of the tables was elegant; silver, glass, flowers, fruit and confections, in a variety of forms, united to produce a picture pleasing to the eye and promising to the sense of taste. The Fancy Tables we apprehend, were provided as a market, wherein Santa Claus, through his agents might purchase his stock of goods for the coming holiday season. Everything that large-hearted and generous-spirited purveyor could possibly wish or need for his extensive and heterogeneous trade, could here be found.

The Flower Tables were beautiful with the flowers that covered them, and the ladies in charge, so charming in their win-

ning ways, that we could not decide, whether the latter borrowed some of their beauty from the flowers, or the reverse; we can only say that each seemed in harmony with the other. Possibly some of the gentlemen will be willing to give us the benefit of their impartial judgment. The stage was occupied during the day, by a variety store, so-called, at which nearly everything necessary for house-keeping could be procured. In general appearance, it resembled very closely, a country store, and the illusion was very much strengthened by the odor of dried fish, which prevailed. The visitor might easily imagine that he was enjoying a whiff of country air, in the vicinity of one of those *sine quibus* of a country village.

The evening entertainment was very well attended, and was of the same character with those of former years, except that heretofore they have been conducted by amateurs. Upon the whole, we can say that our Festival this year has been a decided success, both as a pleasant affair, and as a financial undertaking; and an appreciative public, will probably allow the ladies to take to themselves some degree of credit for the attractiveness of the occasion, while they in turn will gladly accord to the same public a full measure of praise and thanks for its financial success.

Our General Thanksgiving.

Our thanks are due to the many persons who assisted us in making our Donation Festival such an eminent success. It is a gratification to us to see how rapidly these yearly efforts for replenishing our treasury, are gaining in popularity, or perhaps we might better say, that it is gratifying to see that our Hospital is a charity, which commends itself more and more to the benevolence of our people as its work and object becomes better known. Hay & Skillman, G. W. Harrold, Schwab & Co., Wetmore, Reese & Co., Scrantom & Wetmore,

D. M. Dewey, H. Mutchler and Mrs. Wilbur Griffin, were liberal donors to the fancy tables; and the published list of donations to these tables, bears happy testimony to the good work of many others. Mrs. Nelson, of Brighton, who had charge of the Ice Cream Table, deserves more than an ordinary expression of thanks from the ladies, for her kindness in securing the cream, sugar and flavoring for most of the ice cream, saving in this way much expense, and at the same time manifesting the generosity of a heart warm with noble impulses. We are as usual indebted this year, to a number of friends, for furnishing us the necessary articles for use at this time. Messrs. Hunn, Smith & Spencer, for tables; Messrs. Wisner & Palmer, for crockery; Mr. John M. French, for stoves; Mr. H. H. Babcock, for coal; and Mr. Ethridge, for signs.

We would express many thanks to the gentlemen who carved for us; to Hon. Lewis Selye, who furnished all the coffee used; and to the men employed about the Hall, who seemed even more good-natured than ever. The *Daily Democrat* gave us their receipted bill for printing; the *Union*, a liberal deduction; the *Express*, one-half; and Mr. Wm. S. Falls, printed our bills of fare, without charge.

To each and all of these persons, we would express our deepest gratitude. The ladies who worked with the managers, were untiring in their efforts to make the day pleasant and successful, by their presence, and in preparing delightful dishes to tempt the appetites of the guests. Year after year do these ladies labor for us, and we trust they will have much satisfaction out of the total cash receipts, which were never so large as this year, and out of the consciousness that their individual efforts, have secured them to us.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affection; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

Music.

A new and very attractive feature at our late festival, was the music, gratuitously furnished by the New York State Band, composed of boys from the Western House of Refuge. To us it was wholly unexpected, and as pleasing as it was unexpected. The skillful and artistic manner in which they played, would have done credit to an older organization; and their enlivening strains during the afternoon and evening, added greatly to the enjoyment of all who heard them. They received very hearty applause and many assurances of the appreciation of the listeners; they certainly displayed to advantage, the care and attention bestowed upon them, and we trust the day was as pleasant to them as they made it for us.

Decorations.

For the tasteful decorations of the Hall on the day of our Festival, which were noticed by all, and remarked by many, we are under obligations to Mr. James Field, who, without expense to the ladies, draped the room with flags, thereby increasing very much the beauty of the whole scene. It is by no means the first time Mr. Field has exhibited in like manner, the liberality he possesses, as the ladies who worked so faithfully for some of the Aid Societies during the war can testify.

We would thank Mr. Field very sincerely, and would also suggest to any persons having need of similar decorations, that they call at No. 42 Exchange Street.

To Our Little Friends.

Since the establishment of our Hospital, and the commencement of our paper, we have in many ways been aided by our little friends. At all our donations, their helping hands have labored to increase our store, by securing new subscribers for our paper, selling tickets for our entertainment, carrying around grab-bags, and doing

many apparently trifling things, but which considered in the light of their results, deserve to be classed among the larger endeavors. At our late donation, they were as useful as ever; and we take this opportunity of thanking them for all their efforts, and we wish them each and all a very "Merry Christmas," and that St. Nicholas may remember them as liberally as they have remembered us.

Correspondence.

CLARKSON, Nov. 15th, 1871.

MRS. P.

Dear Madam—Enclosed, please find 50 cents; as my subscription for 1872, for the "Hospital Review."

How I should delight to cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of those who are laboring for the good of the City Hospital, by adding to its funds if I could. But as it is, I can only leave my desire with God, and commend you and your co-workers, with all the dear afflicted ones for whom you labor, to the tender mercies of Him who chastens in love, and rewards every labor of love.

Please assure Mr. H. C. and wife, and Mr. D. W., of my warmest sympathy, when you see them.

Yours truly, J. S.

LIVONIA, Nov. 20, 1871.

DEAR LADIES:

Another year, with all its joys and sorrows, is rapidly drawing towards its close; and I am reminded that what work we have to do for the Master, must be done quickly, as the unvarying wheels of Time are bearing us nearer and nearer the other shore, from whence no traveler ever returns. Let us, then, be *active* and *earnest*, doing what our hands find to do, with our might, so that when the Master calls, He may find in us that good and faithful servant to whom He may say, "Well done; thou hast *been faithful*, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

I should like so much to meet you all at your coming Festival, but the feebleness of my aged mother will prevent. I hope and trust you may have as successful a one as that of last year. On that occasion, I enjoyed my dinner well, but much more in looking into the faces of the good and noble managers of the Hospital Festival. My heart and prayers shall go with you all in your noble work for poor suffering humanity.

Enclosed, please find my list of subscribers and money. I am sorry to tell you that I have lost one or two but have succeeded in getting as many new ones. One of these is the wife of our kind pastor, who has lately come among us. I hope and trust that her good example may be followed by many of this people.

Yours, for the sick and the afflicted,

MRS. S. B. F.

Card of Thanks.

The most successful Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital, calls for the heartfelt expression of thanks from the lady managers to all who contributed their time, work and money, to render it of substantial benefit. Thanks to the citizens for the liberal contributions of money, to the ladies whose tasteful decorations and bountiful supplies for the tables, gave general satisfaction, to the band for their enlivening music, to the gentlemen who furnished the evening entertainment, and to the editors and publishers of the daily papers, who never weary in aiding the various charities for which Rochester excels.

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS,

Cor. Secretary.

Total Receipts.

Receipts of the Donation Festival, November 23, 1871:

Cash, \$2,826 43.

Expenses, 274 62.

\$2,551 62.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS,

Treasurer.

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

LADIES:—We come again to our anniversary with thankful hearts to the kind Providence, who has spared the lives of our entire number to pursue their walks of mercy, to carry relief to the suffering and lighten the burdens of care and sorrow which sickness brings to the poor. Our board of Managers have met every month to hear applications for assistance and decide as to the best means of aiding those in need, irrespective of race or creed. The ninety-one visitors in the seventy-three districts, which extend over the entire city, have faithfully prosecuted their labors, and in their frequent visits among the sick poor have found who were the worthy recipients of their charity. They have relieved during the past year more than two hundred persons, some of whom have died expressing their gratitude to the Society for its

aid. Many cases of interest are every month brought to our notice calculated to awaken sympathy; but your familiarity with them and the limits of our report preclude a recital. The expenditures of the Society are of necessity large, and during the past winter it became necessary to make an appeal to the public to aid in replenishing an almost empty treasury, which call was met by a liberal response. Some of those of whom we have yearly received benefactions have within a few months passed away from earth to find, as we trust, "treasure laid up in heaven." Of these we would mention Mr. Champion, who for more than twenty years has aided the Society by his generous contributions, and in his death it has lost one of its firmest friends.

We hopefully enter upon another year of labor, confident that they who have so cheerfully made us their almoners, will continue to provide the means of distribution to the destitute, sick and dying, who are unable to make their own appeal for aid, and whom no help can reach unless it be carried by some such agencies as those of our Society.

We return thanks to individual donors, to churches for collections in our behalf, and to the press of the city for gratuitous publication, and to Messrs. Benton & Andrews for printing at reduced rates.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN M. CRAIG,
Secretary

C. L. Rochester, Treasurer, in account with the Rochester Female Charitable Society.

	Dr.
To cash in treasury, Nov. 1st, 1870.	\$ 558 01
To membership fees,	24 00
To interest,	328 45
To Pancost Fund,	121 20
To individual donations,	941 55
To ward taxes,	375 99
To church collections,	469 55
To returned by visitors,	16 16
	\$2,834 91
	Cr.
By amount paid on orders,	\$2,061 75
" " for printing circulars	
and orders,	16 50
By amount paid for postage,	16 30
" " stationery,	1 05
" " dry goods,	47 04
Balance in treasury, Nov. 1st, 1871.	692 27
	\$2,834 91

Church Collections.—Central Church (1870) \$55,—(1871) \$68.91; First Presbyterian, \$55.70; Unitarian, \$21.24; First

Baptist, \$40; St. Luke's 117.76; St. Paul's \$44.24; Trinity, \$15.50.

Specified donations since May 1st—Mrs. Widman, \$1; T. Button, \$1; N. G. Hawley, \$2.00; G. P. Wolcott, F. Gordon, \$5; Mrs. H. L. Churchill, \$3; D. Botsford, \$2; C. L. ROCHESTER,
Treasurer.

To the Rochester Female Charitable Society:

LADIES—The Committee appointed by your Society in the fall of 1863, herewith submit the eighth annual report of the Rochester City Hospital. Of this committee of sixteen ladies, eight still remain in the board, one has been taken from earthly labor, seven for various reasons have resigned and their places been filled by others. From the list of trustees at that time death has stricken nine, two since our last meeting. To our own committee we need not say how much we have lost the past year by the death of our President, Mr. George H. Mumford. In the early trials of our work, (for the beginning of all such institutions has always its trials,) to him we went for counsel, of him we sought advice, and never sought in vain. His gentle words encouraged, his thoughtfulness did much to aid our progress, while his generous gifts gave token of his deep interest in our hospital work.

We are led to renewed thanksgivings for this year of success. The need for increased accommodations has been met, and the "west wing," so long anticipated by the hopeful, has been erected. In answer to the appeal the private rooms, save one, have been beautifully and tastefully furnished by the several congregations of the First Presbyterian, St. Luke's, St. Paul's, Brick, Central and Plymouth churches, one by Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, of New York, and Mrs. Geo J. Whitney, and one by Mrs. M. F. Reynolds each vieing with the other in ornamentation and utility. The "Union Blues," an organization well-known to our citizens, devoted a large sum to furnishing another private apartment, with elegance equal if not surpassing any other hospital in this country. Most of these rooms are already filled with occupants. The wards in this wing are not ready for occupation, as no one has as yet volunteered to fit them up for use. We trust that some society or individuals may be stimulated to imitate the example of the Hebrew Benevolent Society, who some time since furnished and

have now so handsomely refurnished their ward. We need not attempt further description—we urge you to visit the hospital—to see its beautiful apartments, to visit the bedsides of the sick, to learn the wants and “do whatever thy hand findeth to do.”

Building, as we all know is an exhaustive process upon the treasury of benevolent Societies, and as ever, in our necessity, we turn to those who are ever ready to aid in works of Christian love. If any need incitement to aid this work, we would say that during the past year three hundred and twenty patients have been received into the hospital, of whom one hundred and sixty belong to the United States; while others, just one-half, who here have found refuge in sickness and suffering have left the places of their nativity, and chosen our land for their adopted homes; From Ireland, 58; England and Germany, 32 each; Canada, 27. The remainder from Scotland, Poland, Italy, Alsace, Switzerland and the Isle of Man. There have been nine births and twenty-six deaths during the year.

Our annual festival for 1871, will be held in Corinthian Hall on Thursday, November 23, at which time the ladies hope to meet all their friends, and would earnestly solicit the aid and co-operation of all in this institution.

C. E. MATHEWS,
Corresponding Sec'y.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 4th, Mrs. Hannah Hull, aged 74 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 30th, Peter Eletcher, aged 31 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 30th, John Andrus, aged 45 years.

Agents.

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

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

Donations to Dec. 1st.

- A Friend—Ten bushels of Potatoes.
- Mr. Ives, Batavia—One bushel of Vegetables and Old Cotton.
- A Friend—One bushel of Vegetables.
- Mr. T. A. Clark—One bushel Onions, 1 bushel of Butternuts, 2 Hubbard Squashes, and 2 boxes of Grapes.
- Mrs. Churchill—Second-hand Clothing.
- A Friend—Half bushel Cranberries, and Sugar.
- Mrs. Wm. R. Bowman—A number of Books.
- A Friend—A quantity of Cranberries.
- Mrs. Chester Dewey—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Apple Puddings.
- Mrs. George J. Whitney—Four Gallons of Oysters, 6 cans of Peaches, and Crackers.
- A Manager—A basket of Hickory Nuts.

Donation Festival.

HELD AT CORINTHIAN HALL, NOVEMBER 23, 1871.

Donations to the Lunch Tables.

- Mrs. T. A. Evans—Cake.
- Mr. Van Zandt—Coffee.
- Mrs. D. L. Worcester—2 Tongues and Biscuit.
- Mr. H. Herman—16 lbs. Roast Beef.
- Mrs. Lampert—One Loaf Cake and Charlotte Russe.
- Griswold & Donnelly—One gallon Oysters.
- Mrs. T. A. Newton—Five cans Vegetables, Sale-ratus, Beets.
- Frank Kelly—Three Pails.
- Mrs. Hiram Sibley—Two gallons Oysters.
- Mr. Gorton—Two Turkeys.
- Mr. McGrigge—Five lbs. ground Coffee.
- Mrs. Dr. Strong—One Turkey and Gravy, mashed Potatoes, Biscuit, 4 Squash Pies.
- Miss Mattie Dunlap—Chicken Salad, pickled Oysters.
- Miss Elwood—Forty heads Celery.
- Mrs. Gildersleeve—Turkey, Scalloped and Pickled Oysters.
- Mrs. E. T. Smith—One gallon Oysters, bottle Olives.
- Mrs. Merriman—Half gall. Oysters.
- Mrs. Thompson—Two moulds Crab Apple Jelly.
- Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Turkey and Gravy, mashed Potatoes, Chicken Salad, Jelly, Coconut Cake, Pickles.
- Mrs. E. D. Smith—Ham and Biscuit.
- Mrs. A. D. Smith—4 galls. Cream, 2 doz. Eggs.
- Mrs. W. H. Cheney—Turkey, pickled Cauliflower, Cranberries.
- Mrs. Geo. E. Jennings—Two dishes Charlotte Russe, Wine Jelly, Cake.
- Mrs. E. M. Smith—One gallon Oysters, Turkey, Biscuit.
- Mrs. H. L. Smith—Grapes.
- Mrs. E. Loop—Four cakes of Butter.
- Mr. Jacob Howe—One bbl. Crackers.
- Mrs. A. M. Badger—Biscuit.
- A Friend—Two Mince Pies.
- Miss Libbie Farrar—Turkey.
- Mrs. Dr. Montgomery—Coffee.
- Mrs. Beach—Turkey, Cranberry, Chow Chow Pickle.
- Mrs. C. B. Smith—Cake, jar canned Pears.
- Mrs. Sill—Cream and Milk.

Mrs. Prof. Robinson—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. H. L. Fish—Turkey and Gravy, Biscuit, 2 loaves Bread.
 Curtice Brothers—Case of canned Fruit.
 Mrs. J. B. Dewey—Can of Cream.
 Mrs. E. Pond—Three bowls Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Roby—Lemon Pies, Cranberries.
 Mrs. J. Judson—Two bottles pickled Oysters, 1 bottle Pickles.
 Mrs. Thomas Montgomery—Turtle Soup.
 Mrs. S. Wilder—25 heads Cellery, 12 heads Lettuce, Apples.
 Mrs. Medbery—Tongues, Biscuit, 2 loaves Cake, Jelly.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters, Pickles.
 Mrs. L. Hotchkiss—Two Pies.
 Mrs. Brown—Pudding.
 Mrs. C. Chapin—Three Oyster Pies, Celery.
 Mrs. Alfred Wright—Milk and Cream.
 Mrs. Anstice—Cake.
 Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Turkey and Gravy.
 Mrs. Willé Ward—Pork and Beans, Cake.
 Mrs. Herbert Churchill—Quantity of Biscuit, Pie, bowl Jelly.
 Mrs. Barron Williams—Turkey and Rolls.
 Mrs. Day—One pair Ducks, Biscuit.
 Mrs. A. S. Mann—Turkey, Celery.
 Mrs. Smith—Cake and Bread.
 Mrs. Grosvenor—Rolls.
 Mrs. Danforth—Turkey.
 Mr. Tully—three Milk Pails, 1 Dipper, 2 Coffee Strainers.
 Mr. Beck—Two galls. of Native Wine.
 Mr. Moran—One Ice Pick.

Donations to Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. J. Hart's Table.

L. C. Spencer & Co.—Pickled Oysters.
 H. L. Smith—Bottle of Wine.
 B. D. McAlpine—Oysters.
 Mrs. E. H. Hollister—Boiled Ham.
 Mrs. H. S. Potter—Roast Turkey.
 Mrs. Edgar Holmes—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Updike—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Charlotte Russe, Mince Pie and Biscuit.
 Mrs. Chamberlain—Ducks, Pickles, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Geo. Lord—Jelly, Grapes, Oranges.
 Mrs. Rowley—Plum Pudding.
 Mrs. C. Hart—Two Chicken Pies, Cream and Mince Pie, Coccoanut Cake, Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. John Fox—Cake, Scalloped Oysters, Pickles.
 Mrs. John Craig—Russian Cream.
 Mrs. Dr. Bly—Pickled Oysters, Jelly, Grape Catsup.
 Mrs. A. Reynolds—Pork and Beans.

To Mrs. A. H. Cole, Mrs. L. R. Satterlee and Mrs. Mudge's Table.

Mrs. Oren Sagné—Biscuits.
 Mrs. Wm. Sage—Turkey and Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. W. Lincoln Sagné—Biscuits.
 Mrs. Dr. Dean—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Satterlee—Pudding and Coccoanut Cake.
 Mrs. Cole—Saratoga Potatoes, Turnips, Oysters, Pickled Peaches.
 Mrs. Mudge—Chicken Pie, Lobster Salad, Blanc Mange.

Mrs. H. Bryan—Chicken Salad.
 Miss Judson—Pickles.
 Mrs. Brown—Fruit and Flowers.
 Mrs. S. A. Hebbard—Frosted Pudding.

To Mrs. Edward Gould's Table.

Mrs. Dr. Bennett—One-half bu. Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Edward Gould—Wine Jelly, Russian Cream, Jelly, Pickles, Doughnuts, Bread.
 Mrs. Schlier—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Gorsline—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Beach—Two quarts Pickles.
 Mrs. Butts—One Turkey, Celery, Jelly, Pears and Flowers.
 Mrs. Belden Clark—One Turkey.
 Mrs. L. Farrar—Two Chicken Pies.
 Mrs. Wm. Seward—One Coccoanut Cake.
 Mrs. Wetmore—Tapioca Pudding.
 Mrs. Wm. Perkins—Chicken Salad.
 Miss Carrie Terry—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs. Isaac Hills—Pears.
 Mr. Purcell—Malaga Grapes.
 Mrs. Martin Breck—Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. David Hoyt, Jr.—One Pie.
 Mrs. Brewster—Coccoanut Pie, Squash Pie.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Lettuce.

To Mrs. Newton's Table.

Mrs. H. B. Langworthy—Two Loaves Cake.
 Mrs. Roscoe Ashley—One Loaf Bread, Cake.
 Mrs. T. A. Newton—One Turkey, 3 loaves Cake, 1 jar Pickles, 4 tumblers Jelly.
 Mrs. Briggs—One pair Ducks, Cake, Pickles.
 Mrs. H. Lampert—Coccoanut Cake, Sponge Cake, Ham, Biscuits.
 Miss Morey—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs. J. C. Miller—Three Pies, 1 bowl Jelly.
 Mrs. Kelly—Pudding, Scalloped Oysters, Jelly.
 Miss Georgie Walbridge—One pair Ducks, Biscuit.
 Mrs. P. M. Bromley—Two Moulds Jelly, Lobster Salad, Chicken Salad, Game, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Darling—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. Johnston—Roast Pig, Cream, Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. John Craig—One Pie.
 Mrs. Jacob Howe—Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. Alfred Bell—Two Chicken Pies, 6 lbs A-la-mode Beef, 2 bowls Marmalade.

To Mrs. Frank Lord, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Wilkin and Miss Walbridge's Table.

Mrs. Alfred Bell—A-la-mode Beef.
 Mrs. John Craig—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. Morse—Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. Frank Lord—Wine Jelly, Cake, Lobster Salad, pair roast Ducks, Pickles, Charlotte Russe, Oyster Pie.
 Mrs. Oughtout—Lemon Pudding.
 Mrs. Wilkins—Mashed Potatoes, Scalloped Oysters, Lemon Pie, Grapes.
 Mrs. J. Robertson—Four dishes Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. Geo. Williams—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. John Sage—Lemon Pies.
 Mrs. Vickery—One pair roast Chickens.
 Mrs. Sunderlin—Champagne Ham.
 Mrs. Carr—Chicken Salad, Plum Pudding, Graham Bread, Biscuit.
 Mr. W. W. Reed—One Roast Pig,
 Mr. Cushmati—Cranberries and Sugar.

James M. Backus—One dish Grapes, 1 dish Nuts and Raisins.
 Mr. E. F. Hyde—Basket of Fruit.
 Mr. Gray—Apples and Nuts.
 Mr. Aldrich—Oysters and Chow Chow.
 Mr. Purcell—Celery, Lobster Salad, a-la-mode Beef.
 Mr. Vick—Two Globes of Gold Fish.
 Mr. Fox—Fancy Dish.
 Mr. Ettenheimer—Centre Piece.
 Mr. Walbridge—One dozen Pigeons, 1 doz. Quail, 2 boned Turkeys.
 Mrs. Walbridge—Mince Pies, Chicken Pie, Turnip, Squash, and Saratoga Potatoes.
 Miss Walbridge—Cake, wine Jelly, Cranberry Sauce.
 Mrs. Stone—Sweet Potatoes and Biscuit.
 Miss Frank Morey—One loaf Cake.
 Mr. L. C. Spencer—Pickled Oysters, Worcester Sauce.
 Mr. Henry C. Frost—Basket of Flowers.

To Mrs. Rosenblatt and Mrs. Michaels' Table.

Mrs. Julius Wile—Oranges.
 Mrs. Max Brickner—Jelly Cake.
 Mrs. Levi Allen—Biscuit.
 Mrs. S. Stettheimer—Turkey, Smoked Tongue.
 Mrs. Elias Wolf—Cakes.
 Mrs. Ferdinand Hays—OChicken Salad.
 Mrs. Moses Hays—Turkey.
 Mrs. Nathan Levy—Oranges.
 Mrs. Joseph Kaufman—Fruit.
 Mrs. Max Kaufman—Cake.
 Mrs. Stroup—Biscuit.
 Mrs. Vanburgh—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. Benjamin—Two Frosted Cakes.
 Mrs. Isaac Sloman—Cake.
 Mrs. Isaac Picard—2 Ducks.
 Mrs. Isaac Hochstetter—Six Pies.
 Mrs. Savage—Oysters.
 Mrs. Aaronson—Confectionery.
 Mrs. Israel Rice—Grapes.
 Mrs. Leopold Rice—Grapes.
 Mrs. Moses Bronner—Six Pies.
 Mrs. Moses Garson—Jelly Cake and Sponge Cake
 Mrs. Elias Ettenheimer—Celery and Jelly Cake.
 Mrs. Max Lowenthal—Two Ducks.
 Mrs. Jacob Ettenheimer—4 lbs. Oyster Crackers.
 Mrs. Edward Hinston—4 lbs. Oyster Crackers.
 Mrs. Kellogg—Plum Pudding.
 Mrs. Henry Garson—Six cans Oysters.
 Mrs. Leopold Garson—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Hays—Jellies.
 Mrs. Fleming—Cake.
 Mrs. Hermann—Two Chickens.
 Mrs. Abram Stern—Two Chickens.
 Mrs. Joseph Bier—Cakes.
 Mrs. Louis Moore—Cakes.
 Mr. Hyde—Grapes, Oranges, Raisins.
 Mr. Spencer—Pickles and Olives.
 Mrs. Sickel—Cranberry Jelly and Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. Michaels—Lobster Salad.
 Mrs. Simon Guggenheimer—Oranges.
 Mrs. Samuel Rosenblatt—Charlotte Russe, Pyramid of Cake, Pears and Oranges.
 Mrs. David Rosenberg—Oysters.
 Mrs. Joseph Shatz—Turkey.
 Mrs. Samuel Myers—Jelly Cake.
 Mrs. Landsberg—Cream.
 Mrs. J. Bachmann—Fruit.

Mrs. H. Britenstool—All kinds of Pickles.
 Mrs. H. Mock—Cakes.
 Mrs. Lambert—Cakes.
 Mrs. J. Myers—Two Chickens and Oyster Crackers.

To Mrs. John Brewster, Mrs. J. Hart, Mrs. H. Morse, Mrs. A. Brewster & Mrs. Henry Smith's Table.

Mrs. Aaron Erickson—Four boxes Grapes, India Pickles, Jelly, Pickles.
 Mr. H. Scrantom—One doz. Oranges.
 Mrs. James Killip—One Turkey.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster—Cake, Turkey, Biscuit, Pickles.
 Mrs. H. F. Smith—Turkey, Pies, Cider.
 Mrs. Henry Morse—Pickled Oysters, Pickles, Cakes, Cranberry Sauce.
 Mrs. C. C. Howe—3 moulds Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Ham, Cake, Biscuit.
 Mrs. John Stewart—6 Mince Pies.
 Mrs. John Craig—Chicken Pie, Russian Cream.
 Mrs. H. N. Peck—Brown Bread, Pickled Pears, Pine Apple Float, Cranberries.
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Mince Pies, Biscuit, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. C. C. Merriman—Celery and Oysters.
 Mrs. C. F. Pond—Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Dunlap—Pickled Oysters, 4 Chickens.
 Mr. A. J. Barber & Son—Celery.

To Mrs. W. C. Bush, Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, Mrs. Anstice and Mrs. Sam'l Wilder's Table.

Mrs. Whittlesey—Two Pies.
 Mrs. Ayrault—Two Pies, Biscuits.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Two Plum Puddings, a large piece of Beef and Flowers.
 Mrs. T. C. Montgomery—Saratoga Potatoes, one gall. Pickled Oysters.
 Mrs. W. C. Bush—Jelly, Pickles, 4 dishes Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. Frank Little—Two loaves Cake.
 Mrs. Carter Wilder—Two Washington Pies.
 Mrs. Roswell Hart—Biscuits, Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. Griffith—Black Bean Soup.
 Mrs. Eastman—Dish Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. A. Belard Reynolds—A large dish of Pork and Beans.
 Mrs. Sam'l D. Porter—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. G. J. Whitney—Salad and loaf of Cake.
 Mrs. Gilman Perkins—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. Erickson—Pickles, Grapes and Jelly.
 Mrs. Anstice—Two forms of Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Henry Montgomery—One dish of Pork and Beans, loaf of Cake.
 Mrs. John Rochester—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. C. J. Hayden—Roast Turkey.
 Mrs. Pond—One form Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Sam'l Porter, jr.—Two Oyster Pies.
 Mr. S. C. Worden—Two dozen Quail.

To Mrs. Upton's Table.

Mrs. McVean—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Roby—Two large dishes Oysters, Biscuit.
 Mrs. Charles Pond—One large dish Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. George Jennings—One Mountain Cake, two dishes Charlotte Russe, 100 Biscuit, 2 moulds Wine Jelly, 3 Squash Pies, Pickles.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Flowers, Celery, Pickles, Cream, Mince Pie, large jar Brandy Peaches, Jelly.

Mrs. S. D. Porter--Brown Bread.
 Mrs. James Whitney--One Turkey, large quantity Malaga Grapes.
 Mrs. O. M. Benedict--One Ham, 2 Lemon Pies.
 Mrs. Dr. Little--Celery, large Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. David Little--Three Squash Pies.
 Mrs. C. E. Upton--Chicken Salad, Lobster Salad, 2 pair Ducks.

To Mrs. Nelson's Table.

Mrs. F. Lucky; two Cakes, 2 Pies.
 Mrs. Griffin; two Cakes.
 Mrs. Sherman; two Cakes.
 Mrs. Leat; one Cake.
 Mrs. Boylen; two Cakes.
 Mrs. Skillman; one Cake.
 Mrs. Curtis; one Cake.
 Mr. Brown; Sugar.
 Mr. John Stape; Sugar.
 Mr. Post; five lbs. Sugar.
 Mr. Witherspoon; ten lbs. Sugar.
 Mrs. Todd; Cream.
 A Friend; one Turkey.
 Mrs. Babcock; Cream.
 Mrs. Dryer; Cream.

Fancy Articles Donated to Mrs. Wm. H. Ward's Table.

Hay & Skillman; one Silver Basket valued at \$10.00.
 George W. Harrold; Fancy Articles valued at \$12.00.
 Schwab & Co.; Fancy Articles valued at \$16.00.
 Wetmore, Reese & Co.; Articles valued at \$13.
 Scrantom & Wetmore; Articles valued at \$21.00.
 Mrs. Dr. Dewey; three Worsted Hoods.
 Mrs. Wm. S. Little; two Worsted Scarfs.
 Miss Laura Mitchell; six Flower Pot Covers.
 Daisie Montgomery; two Embroidered Holders.
 D. M. Dewey; Fancy Articles valued at \$10.00.
 H. Mutchler; two Vases.
 Mrs. Levi F. Ward; Crotchetted Shawl.
 Mr. Gaylord Mitchell; one Sack and Ball.
 Miss Maria Smith; Needle Case.
 Miss Sophie Royce; nine Embroidered Cotton Holders.
 Miss H. H. Backus; six Doll's Hats and 2 Scarfs.
 Miss Julia Hamilton; one Tripod and 6 Pocket Cushions.
 Miss Martindale; one set Dinner Mats.
 Miss Ruth Montgomery; Tidy.
 Miss Minnie Montgomery; Tripod.
 Miss Florie Montgomery; Tidy.
 Miss Bloomer; Baby's Cap.
 Mrs. Dr. Ely; 3 Red-riding Hood Cologne Bottles.
 Mrs. E. T. Smith; one Worsted Hood, 18 Mops.
 Mrs. James Whitney; Worsted Hoods.
 Miss Minnie Clarke; Hair-pin Cushion.
 Miss Julia Griffith; 1 Dressed Doll.
 Mrs. Dr. Little; 4 pairs Mittens.
 Mrs. Ros. Hart; 2 Slipper Cases.
 Hillie Hooker; String of Beads.
 Miss Fox; Wall Basket.
 Montie Rochester; one set Reins and 6 Worsted Balls.
 Mrs. Montgomery Rochester; 5 Pen Wipers and 6 Lachets.
 Miss Marion Hills; Tidy.
 Mrs. Samuel Porter, jr.; Traveling Case.

Miss Alice Hunter; 1 white Apron.
 Mrs. Geo. Williams; Toilet Cushion and Hair-pin Case.
 Mrs. Wilbur Griffin; pair Ear-rings and String of Beads.
 Mrs. Dr. Hovey; 2 Worsted Caps.
 Mrs. Day; Toilet Cushion.
 Mrs. M. T. Seymour; 1 Toilet Cushion, 3 Hair-pin Cases.
 Invalid at Hospital; 3 Worsted Bouquets.
 Miss Bell Niven; 1 Handkerchief Case.
 Miss Mary Niven; 1 Tidy.
 Miss Maggie Parly; one Tidy.
 Mrs. T. C. Montgomery; 18 Toilet Cloths.
 Miss Bartlett; five clusters Wax Leaves.
 Mrs. H. Fenn; Worsted Mat.
 Mrs. L. A. Ward; 3 Toilet Cushions and 2 Fancy Boxes.
 Miss Mollie Ward; three Wool Dolls.
 Miss Tinnie Ward; Tidy.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith; Work Table.
 Mrs. Chas. Angel; 3 Worsted Balls, 1 Flower Pot Cover, 1 Embroidered Strip for Chair.
 A Friend; 12 Bottles Perfumery.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder; two Shaving Cases, 6 Tea Kettle Mats, 1 Baby's Sack.
 Miss Clara Wilder; 4 pair Worsted Mats, 6 bark Napkin-rings.

Donations to Julia Whitney's Flower Table.

Ellwanger & Barry; Cut Flowers.
 Miss Agnes Elwood; Cut Flowers.
 Miss Julia Whitney; Cut Flowers.
 Mrs. Wm. Mumford; two Knit Shirts.
 Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford; two sets of Reins.
 Miss Angie Mumford; Ring with Balls.
 Mrs. Whitney; twelve pairs of Mittens.
 James W. Whitney, New York; 30 lbs. Candy.
 Miss Whitney; Shaving Case.
 Miss Jeffrey; Needle Book.
 Alta Mordoff; Catch-all.
 Mrs. N. T. Rochester; Pressed Leaves.

Cash Donations Received Nov. 23, 1871.

Mrs. A. Mock\$	2 00
Mrs. Rapalje	5 00
Mr. J. Cochrane	10 00
Mrs. C. A. Kellogg	5 00
Mr. Simeon Butts, Greece, by Mrs. T. C. Montgomery	2 00
Hamilton Chapter, No. 62	50 00
Joseph Bier	5 00
Mr. Alfred Bell	10 00
Mr. Fitz Simons	2 00
Mr. Charles Chapin	10 00
Mrs. Samuel Rosenblatt	5 00
Messrs. Erickson, Jennings & Mumford	100 00
Mrs. George H. Mumford	25 00
Mrs. Alfred Ely	10 00
Mr. Samuel D. Porter	20 00
Mr. M. Greentre e	10 00
Mrs. C. Stilwell	3 00
Mr. Hanford	50
Mt. Penn	1 00
Mr. William N. Sage	10 00
Mr. Freeman Clarke	20 00
Mrs. C. Morse	25 00
Mr. A. S. Mann	50 00
Mrs. Edwin Pancost	5 00

Miss Pancost.....	\$ 5 00
Dr. M. B. Anderson	5 00
Mr. E. Sage.....	10 00
Mrs. William Kidd	2 00
Mr. J. S. Andrews	25 00
Mr. Roby.....	10 00
Mrs. R. Hunter.....	10 00
Mr. Nehemiah Osburn.....	8 00
Mrs. C. Dewey	10 00
Mrs. C. Wilder	15 00
Mrs. Smith.....	2 00
Prof. Whittemore	4 00
Mr. G. H. Perkins	20 00
Cash	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Burke	5 00
Mrs. B. L. Hovey	6 00
Miss Emily Hunter.....	1 00
Mr. Durand	5 00
Dr. H. W. Dean.....	10 00
Mr. Dalzell.....	20 00
Mr. J. Whitney.....	25 00
Mr. Levi S. Fulton	5 00
Mr. Roswell Hart.....	5 00
A Friend	1 00
C. W. Briggs.....	5 00
W. J. Babcock, Brighton.....	5 00
Mrs. G. E. Mumford.....	20 00
Mrs. E. T. Smith.....	5 00
Cash	1 00
Mrs. E. Loop.....	5 00
A Friend, by Mrs. Mathews	5 00
Cash	15 00
Mr. Douglas.....	25 00
Mr. D. A. Watson	50 00
G. & W. Weldon.....	5 00
J. B. Kibbe	2 00
Mrs. E. D. Smith.....	5 00
Cash	50
Miss Katy Huson.....	2 00
Mrs. George Ellwanger	25 00
Montie Rochester, Cincinnati.....	1 00
Mrs. H. B. Knapp.....	10 00
Mrs. Stewart.....	10 00
Miss Emma Smith.....	5 00
Mrs. E. T. Huntington.....	5 00
Mrs. Worcester	2 00
Mrs. John C. Nash.....	5 00
Mr. Peart.....	10 00
Cash	50
Mrs. Medbery	10 00
Dr. L. D. Walter.....	5 00
Mr. H. Scrantom.....	15 00
Mr. L. C. Spencer.....	5 00

\$854 50

Donations on Accounts.

James Field.....acct.,	\$25.00;	donated	\$25.00
Evening Express ..	25.80;	"	12.90
Union & Advertiser ..	19.40;	"	12.00
Dem. & Chronicle..	23.00;	"	23.00
Wm. S. Falls.....	11.25;	"	6.25
H. H. Babcock.....	1.90;	"	1.90
W. H. Nivens	35;	"	35

\$56 40

Evening Entertainment.

Sale of Tickets.....	\$342 50
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Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables.

By Mrs. John H. Brewster.....	\$ 150 00
" Upton.....	95 54
" Mudge.....	59 35
" Newton.....	116 56
" J. Ward.....	109 54
" E. Gould.....	83 53
" Rosenblatt.....	241 25
" J. R. Chamberlain	140 05
" W. Bush.....	127 10
" F. Lord.....	204 50
" Nelson.....	12 76
Miss J. Whitney's Flower Table	58 65
Mrs. W. Ward's Fancy Articles.....	180 00
Geo. Buell and Hugh Montgomery's Grab Bag	6 75
Parker Maun, exhibition of Punch and Judy	34 60
Sales at Auction.....	9 25

\$1,629 43

Summary.

Cash Donations.....	\$854 50
Sale of Tickets for Eve'g Entertainment,	342 50
Cash from Tables.....	1,629 43
	2,826 43
Expenses.....	274 62
Net.....	\$2,551 62

Subscriptions to the Review.

Mrs. Melvin—By Mrs. Mathews.....	\$ 1 00
T. A. Clark—By Miss Hibbard	50
Mrs. M. Rochester, Cincinnati—By Miss Van Every.....	50
Mrs. Wm. J. Ashley—By Belden Day.....	50
Mrs. O. Sackett, Avon, 50c; Mrs. Sarah S. Howe, Fowlerville, 50c—By O. Sackett,	1 00
Miss Bartlett, 50c—By Mr. Stafford	50
Mrs. Wm. Mumford, Utica, — By Miss Mumford	62
Mrs. F. Starr, 70c; Mrs. Smead, Madison, 50c—By Mrs. Starr	1 20
Miss M'Kenzie, (donation—By Mrs. Hiram Smith.....	50
Mrs. G. Hallock, 50c; Mrs. W. Nelson, 50c; Mrs. W. H. Millham, 50 cts; Mrs. J. S. Beecher, 75c; Mrs. B. Bosley, 50c; Mrs. N. H. Fowler, 50c; Mrs. S. B. Fowler, 50c; E. R. Coy, 50c; Mrs. Sarah Pratt, 50c; all of Livonia; Charles Southwell, Hemlock Lake, 50c; Mrs. W. R. Barton, Wyoming, Kansas, 50c—By Mrs. S. B. Fowler	5 75
Mrs. L. F. Ward—By Mrs. A. D. Smith ..	60
Clinton Rogers, \$1.88; Mrs. J. B. Parma- lee, Spencerport, 50c; Mrs. Willie Bush, 62c; Mrs. J. House, South Byron, 50c; Mrs. Moore, South Byron, 50 cts; Mrs. Dr. Bennett, \$1.25; Mrs. Bond, North Bloomfield, 50 cts; Miss Ida T. Ruplee, Penn Yan, 60c; Mary White, Marquette, \$5.00; Mrs. Juliette Smith, Clarkson, 50 cts; Mrs. Henry Brewster, \$2.50, C. J. B. Mount, 62c; Rev. Mr. Lockwood; Pittsford, \$2.00; Mrs. J. B. Parmlee, Spencerport, 50c;—By Mrs. Perkins..	\$ 17 47

Miss Della Brown.....	\$ 2 50
Mrs. Thomas Graham	3 00
" E. M. Stewart	1 25
" J. Lutes	2 00
" E. A. Gay	1 25
" M. A. Pierce	2 00
Mr. E. C. Purcell.....	1 88
Mrs. J. Bancker	2 50
" G. B. Riddle	3 50
" John Fisk	1 75
Dr. Wanzer	1 25
Mrs. C. Coots	63
Miss M. A. Whitbeck.....	1 88
Mrs. E. Manvel.....	1 88
Mrs. S. Doty	1 88
" W. Morrison	1 88
Miss E. Stedman.....	2 60
Mr. J. S. Garlock	2 00
Miss M. E. Gilman.....	1 88
Mrs. Van Velson.....	2 50
" Jacob Fryson.....	1 88
A. M. Whiting.....	2 00

By Mr. Cook\$43 29

Receipts for Hospital Review.

RECEIVED NOV. 23, 1871.

Dr. H. W. Dean, 62c; S. Wilder, \$2; Mrs. William Churchill, 62c; B. Somers, Livonia Station, \$1; Mrs. C. J. Howland, \$1.24; Mrs. Roscoe Ashley, \$1.25; Mrs. Wm. C. Storrs, 60c; Mrs. D. Lowry, 3 years, \$1.86; Mrs. Josiah Bissell, 62c; Dr. David Little, 3 years, \$1.86; Mrs. Wm. N. Sage, 2 years, \$1.25; Col. Babbitt, 62c; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 2 y'rs, \$1.25; Mrs. David Underhill, Buffalo, 50c; Charles H. Babcock, 60c; Mrs. S. W. Updike, 4 years, \$2.50; N. A. Stone, 2 years, \$1.25; N. Tamblingson, 1 y'r, \$1; Mrs. Ross, Wheatland, 3 y'rs, \$2.50; Mrs. John Altpeter, Barre, 50c; Mrs. E. Holmes, 62c; C. C. Morse, 62c; Charles Shepherd, Dansville, 62c; E. M. Smith, 62c; Mrs. E. Pancost, 62c; Mrs. Eugene Glen, 62c; Mrs. E. S. Heyward, 62c; Mrs. Jane E. Edmondson, New Market, Ont., 50c; Mrs. Dr. Bly, 62c; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 62c; Mrs. Nestle, 50c; H. Churchill, 2 years, \$1; Mrs. R. Hunter, 2 years, \$1.25; Mrs. Carter Wilder, 2 years, \$1.25; Gen'l Powers, 2 years, \$1.25; Mrs. E. G. Marshall, 62c; Mrs. S. M. Benjamins, 62c; L. W. Miller, 62c; Mrs. William Burke, 62c; E. Darrow, 62c; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, 70c; Mary E. McMaster, 62c; Mrs. G. W. Pratt, 62c; Mrs. N. Hayward, 62c; Edward Tilden, Carthage, Mo, 50c; John Howe, 4 years, \$2.50; Mrs. Robert Turner, 3 years, \$1.86; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 63c; Mrs. Wm. Ailing, 62c; Mrs. Isaac Butts, 62c; W. C. Gaylord, 62c; Mrs. James Nichols, 50c; Mrs. Samuel Sloan, 62c; Mrs. George B. Redfield, 62c; Mrs. T. Oliver, 62c; Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, 62c; Mrs. H. Michaels, 62c; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 50c; Mrs. H. L. Fish, 2 years, \$1; Miss Marion Hills, 62c; Mrs. Sam'l Porter, 2

y'rs. \$1.25; M. Van Voorhis, 65c; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 62c; Mrs. James Brackett, 62c; Miss Emily Holt, Ashburn, Ont., 50c; Emma Read, Oshawa, Ont., 50c; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 50c.	
Total.....	\$ 57 62
Donation to the "Review"—By Miss Matthews and Miss Brackett,	1 60
	<hr/>
	\$59 22

Superintendent's Report.

1871. Nov. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 102	
Received during month, ..	21—123
Discharged,	21
Died,	3— 24
	<hr/>
Remaining Dec. 1st, 1871,	99

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.

List of our Agents.

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

Children's Department.

To the Baby.

- Funny thing a baby is,
- Curious little creature;
- Funny is its little phiz,
- Comic every feature.

- Helpless thing a baby is;
- Tiny hands uplifting
- O'er the troubled tide of life,
- Into which 'tis drifting.

- Mystery a baby is—
- Memories of heaven
- Still must hover in the soul,
- Such a short time given.

Solemn thing a baby is,
 Since it must inherit
 All the loss and gain of Life,
 All the sin and merit.
 Funny, helpless, mystic sad—
 Let me tell you, Freddy,
 Half the good and sweet of life
 Is the getting ready.
 Yours the sunshine—take it all
 While you re weak and tiny,
 By-and-by the days that come
 May not be so shiny.

The Horseshoe.

A farmer went to town one day, accom-
 panied by his son, little Thomas.

“See!” said he to him on the way,
 “there is a broken horseshoe in the road ;
 pick it up and put it in your pocket.”

“Oh! no, father,” replied Thomas, “it
 is n’t worth while to stop and pick it up.”

His father, answering nothing, picked it
 up and put it in his own pocket. He sold
 it to the blacksmith of the next village for
 three farthings, and bought cherries with
 the money.

After this they continued their journey.
 The sun was burning hot. Neither house,
 nor tree, nor spring was anywhere to be
 seen. Thomas suffered with thirst, and had
 great difficulty in keeping up with his father

The latter then, as if by accident, let fall
 a cherry. Thomas picked it up with as
 much eagerness as if it had been gold, and
 put it in his mouth. A few paces further
 on the father let fall another cherry, which
 Thomas seized with the same haste. This
 game continued until all the cherries had
 been picked up.

When the last had been eaten, the father
 turned to his son, smiling, and said to him :

“You now see that if you had been wil-
 ling to stoop once to pick up the horse-
 shoe, you would not have been obliged to
 do it a hundred times for the cherries.”

Nothing Finished.

I once had the curiosity to look into a
 little girl’s work-box. And what do you
 suppose I found? Well in the first place,
 I found a “bead purse,” about half done ;
 there was, however, no prospect of it ever
 being finished, for the needles were out,
 and the silk upon the spool all tangled and
 drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this
 aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated
 paper, upon which was wrought one lid of
 a bible, and beneath it the words, “I love,”

but what she loved was left for me to con-
 jecture. Beneath the bible lid I found a
 sock, evidently commenced for some baby
 foot ; but it had come to a stand just upon
 the little heel, and there it seemed doomed
 to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-
 book, one cover of which was neatly made,
 and upon the other, partly finished, was
 marked, “to my dear.”

I need not, however, tell you all that I
 found there ; but this much I can say,
 that during my travels through that work-
 box, I found not a single article complete ;
 and mute as they were, those half-finished
 forsaken things told me a sad story about
 that little girl. They told me that with a
 heart full of generous affection, with a
 head full of pretty and useful projects,
 all of which she had both the means
 and the skill to carry into effect, she
 was still a useless child—always doing,
 but never accomplishing her work. It
 was not a want of industry, but a want
 of perseverance. Remember, my dear lit-
 tle friends, that it matters but little what
 great things we undertake. Our glory is
 not in that, but in what we accomplish.
 Nobody in the world cares for what we
 mean to do ; but everybody will open
 their eyes by-and-by, to see what men and
 women and little children have done.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

A. S. HAMILTON & CO.
Hardware & Cutlery,

21 & 23 BUFFALO STREET.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Wakefield’s Earth Closets.

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A. S. HAMILTON & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

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Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Clothes Wringers
 Sole Agents for Cumings’ Improved Feed Cutters,

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. S. HAMILTON, (Nov. ’70.) ROBERT MATHEW.

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.

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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.

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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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State Street,
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BINGHAM, BROOKS & BEMIS,

DEALERS IN

Stoves & Hot-Air Furnaces

AND

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Refrigerators, Coolers, Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, &c. &c. Agents for the Vindicator Cook Stove, the latest and best.

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Moore & Cole,

Are fully established in their

NEW STORE,

In POWERS' FIRE-PROOF COMMERCIAL BLOCK,

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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

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(SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAUW.)
CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
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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. 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.

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

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249 RIVER ST.

Geo. W. Phillips,
J. M. Hewk
W. A. Clark.

TROY, N. Y.
May, 70.

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.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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Address D. LEARY, Mill street, corner of Platt street,
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CURRAN & COLER,
SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.
Druggists & Apothecaries,
No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,
Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.
RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-pd.to '68. G. W. GOLDB.

SMITH, PERKINS & Co.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
[Established in 1826.]
Jan. 1866.

Mechanics' Saving Bank
 OF ROCHESTER,
Exchange Street,
 (Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

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

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Lewis Selye,	Thomas Parsons,
George J. Whitney,	George G. Cooper,
Jarvis Lord,	Samuel Wilder,
Martin Reed,	David Upton,
Charles H. Chapin,	Gilman H. Perkins,
Hamlet D. Scrantom,	Oliver Allen,
Edward M. Smith,	Abraham S. Mann,
Charles J. Burke,	Chauncey B. Woodworth,
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The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

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

DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR and upwards received.

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

GEO. N. STORMS,
Merchant Tailor

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

formerly Roy & McFarlin's. ROCHESTER, N.Y.
 Nov. 1867. 1y

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

W. FRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y OTTUS F. PAINE.

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.

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C. B. Woodworth & Son,
 Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

TOILET SOAPS,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

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

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DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

No. 55 State Street,

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

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State Street,

Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

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

ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

DEALERS IN

PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Nos. 10 & 12 Exchange St.

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McVEAN & HASTINGS,

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BOOK, PRINTING AND WRAPPING

PAPER.

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock

WAREHOUSE, 19 MILL STREET,

Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY, 1872.

No. 6.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," No. 29 Plymouth Avenue.

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.

For the Hospital Review.

Work for the Master.

What wilt thou do for the Master ?

O list to the voice that calls :

Make haste,—for the day is fleeting,

Make haste, ere the twilight falls ;

For soon may Death's solemn warning

Be written upon *thy* walls :

"*Weighed in the balance—and wanting!*"

Mournful indeed would it be

If in the light of God's knowledge

This should thy sad sentence be.

Wilt thou not toil for the Master

Ere it is written of thee ?

Thou hast the poor and the needy,

Cherish them well for *His* sake ;

Daily some cross in thy pathway,

Is ready for thee to take ;

While the chains of sin and error

Thou mayest help others break.

There are kind words to be spoken,

There are words of hope and cheer :

For the earth is dark with shadows,

And dim with doubt and with fear ;

And in vain thou'lt not be living,

If thou dryest but one tear.

Oh! then, work *now* for the Master,

And no longer idly wait,

Lest thou should'st go empty-handed

To enter the pearly gate :

And hear with shame and with anguish

The sorrowful words—*Too Late!*

KATE CAMERON.

For the Hospital Review.

TO THE LADIES OF THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE :

" Can a mother forget her sucking child,—that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee."

In a very retired spot on the banks of the Hudson,—once the country seat of a wealthy merchant, now residing in Europe,—removed by two miles from neighbors, is a retreat for mothers and their infants—into which no visitors are admitted, except the special friends of individual inmates. A matron is in charge, with proper assistants, and medical care and advice is fully provided, and of the highest order. The original location was a house in the city of New York, still maintained as a reception house, for temporary shelter,—from which the objects of this remarkable charity are conveyed to the country Institution.

The plan originated with men and women of position, character and means;—and its cost is by them amply defrayed.

The law of its conduct and the secret of its power, is—1. Entire security against prying curiosity;—2. Assiduous encouragement in the development of the maternal instinct and generous plans for enabling the mother to cherish and sustain her love and care for her babe. The result has been a self-awakened spirit of religion in the place, almost miraculous. I do not wonder at that;—for—

It is an ancient Christian saying—St. Augustine commends and develops it,—

GRATIA SUPPONIT NATURAM.

Interpreted—The Creator Spirit breathes into *human*—not into *in-human, nature*. The supernatural abhors the unnatural;—and the grace and favor of God flows only in the natural channels which He himself has created. Break up these,—and the conduits of heavenly supply are ruined. Until they are repaired and re-established, no “water of life” reaches the soul. In this sense, “Charity begins at home.”

Many years ago—away back,—but as fresh in memory as yesterday,—Miss F. E. M——, for herself and others in the old home,—gave the occasion, by sisterly love and bounty, for the following. Perhaps you will give it a place in your unpretending but not unfruitful monthly.

J. V. V. I.

To ———

Thoughts suggested by a basket of exquisite “array” for an expected stranger, the gift of Christian friendship.

I.

Clothes for a babe unborn
 Entering a world forlorn!
 A sister's duty
 For use and beauty
 Hath taxed both purse and skill,
 Art and good will.
 Pure white for infant pure,
 Warm wool for cold;
 For shame a covering meet,
 Soft meshes for the feet,—

Richer than gold
 This blessed token
 Of love unspoken!

Thanks to the Christian hearts and hands,
 That wove these dainty swathing bands.

II.

And dwells such love beneath the moon?
 What love, then, dwells above!
 If mortal here devise such boon
 From purest human love,
 What thoughts must angel-bosoms thrill—
 What bowers must they weave
 For heirs of Christ on Zion's hill
 'Gainst Death's too-dreaded evel!

III.

Blest heart, blest hands, blest sympathy!
 Blest heir of Paradise;
 A babe's glad mother blesseth thee;
 And seeth in the skies
 Blest angel-choirs who watch thy life
 (In embryo here and hid)
 Unfolding, ripening, mid sin's strife;
 By the Great Master bid,
 They weave thy robes of heavenly hue,
 Garments for ever bright and new;
 They choose thy name
 From rolls of heavenly fame,
 And thy long tarrying blame.
 One day they'll spread their wings around thy bed,
 Till then, all choicest blessings on thy head.

We do not know the authorship of the pendant in rhyme to the above, here subjoined; of the pendant in prose (a poem, too,) we do; but they have been too welcome and warmly cherished, in many and many a home, to leave any doubt of the welcome they will find among your readers.

THE WELCOME.

Another bairn cam hame—
 Hame to mither and me!
 It was yestereen in the gloamin',
 When scarce was light to see
 The wee bit face of the darlin',
 That its greetin' cry was heard;
 And our crowded nest made a place
 To hold another bird!

Sax little bonnie mouths,
 Ah me! tak muckle to fill;
 But to grudge the bit 't the seventh,
 For mither and me were ill
 Oh! nestle up closer, dearie;
 Lie soft on the snowy-breast,
 Where fast life's fountain floweth,
 When thy twa warm lips are prest.

The rich man counteth his cares

By the shining gowd in his hand,
By his ships that sail on the sea,
By his harvests that whiten the land.
The puir man counteth his blessings
By the ring o' voices sweet,
By the hope that glints in bairnies' een,
By the sound o' bairnies' feet.

An' its welcome hame, my darlin'!
Hame to mither and me!
An' its never may you find less o' love
Than the love ye brought wi' ye!
Cauld are the blasts o' the wild wind,
An' rough the world may be;
But warm 's the hame o' the wee one,
In the hearts o' mither an' me!

A BULLETIN.

WESTERN N. Y., 1871.

"Last evening a young gentleman presented himself here—of very natural, simple, and interesting manners—and seemed to desire to stay with us. We have accordingly welcomed him to shelter, food and clothing for the present: for you know we ought to be charitable—and he appeared to be quite helpless, and not to know what to do if we did not care for him. Mamma, with all her girls and boys, agreed that it would not be at all right to turn him away. He is very reticent, both about himself, and everything. We haven't even learned his name yet; but doubtless we shall find it out in time; and he will be more communicative by and by. One thing we know about him, he is an American. If we should ascertain any other important facts concerning him, we will tell you."

BIBLICAL FACTS.—The Bible is translated into 148 tongues, 25 of which have no alphabet. The Old Testament has 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 502,430 words, and 2,738,100 letters. The New Testament has 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,968 verses, 182,253 words, 933,380 letters. The whole Bible contains 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,182 verses, 684,683 words, 3,671,480 letters. The smallest verse in the Old Testament is 1 Chron. 1 : 1. The smallest verse in the whole Bible is John 11 : 35. The 19th chapter 2d Kings and the 37th chapter Isaiah are exactly alike, though written 400 years apart. The middle chapter and the shortest in the Bible is the 117th Psalm. All the letters of the alphabet are found in Ezra 7 : 21.

Never meet sorrow half way.

I Shall Be With Thee.

I hear a footstep in the hall,
I see a shadow on the wall—
A moving shadow dark and tall—
A voiceless shadow—that is all.

No gentle footfall near the door
Thrills to my heart across the floor,
And I am weary, thinking o'er
That music I shall hear no more—
That tender music, soft and sweet—
The melody of coming feet;
I cry, and echo sends the call
Back to my heart—and that is all.

I feel a soft hand on my head,
A hand whose touch seems overspread
With balm like that the lilies shed
O'er the white bosoms of the dead,
And I am chill while memories fall
Like odors o'er me—that is all.

I feel the rhythm and the rhyme
Of thy dear life keep sweetest time
With God's sweet sounds, and overclimb
All sounds with which they interchime.
I see thee—hear thee—feel thy breath
In the still air which answereth
With lightest kias whenever I call,
'Mid tears for thee—and this is all.

I cannot hear thee in the hall,
Nor see thy shadow on the wall—
Yet I shall hear an angel call
My name adown the jasper wall—
For when the leaves of autumn fall
I shall be with thee—this is all.

Forgiveness.

An old beggar, known by the name of Jaques, used for a number of years to take his station on the steps of a church in Paris. He was gloomy and taciturn, and only bowed his head in acknowledgment of any alms bestowed upon him. By chance his rags sometimes displayed a cross of gold which he wore upon his breast.

The Abbe Paulin, who came regularly to this church, never passed the beggar without a gift: he was rich, and spent his fortune in relieving the poor. Though Jaques did not know him, he loved him. After sometime he was no longer to be seen in his old place, and the Abbe supposing him to be ill, inquired his abode, and went to see him. He found him very ill,

stretched upon his miserable bed. "Ah," said he, "M. l' Abbe, you are very good to come and see me. I don't deserve it."

"What do you say! My good man, do not you know that the priest is the friend of all sufferers? Besides, we are old acquaintances."

"O Sir, if you knew, you would not speak to me thus! I am a wretch, I am a curse." "Ah, my friend, say not such things. If you have done wrong, confess, repent; there is mercy for all repenting sinners."

"O no, I shall never be forgiven!"

"Why not? Do you not repent?"

"Indeed, indeed I do! I have repented these thirty years, but still the curse is on me."

The good priest tried to console and encourage him, but it was long before he prevailed upon the poor man to reveal the dreadful mystery. At last he was brought to reveal the sin that lay so heavy on his conscience, and thus he spoke:

"Before the time of the great revolution, I was the steward of a rich family. My employers were most excellent persons, the Count and Countess, their two daughters, and their son.

I owed everything to them. The reign of terror came—I denounced them, that I might get their wealth; all were condemned to death, all but the little Paulin, who was too young! I heard the sentence. I saw them enter the cart, I saw the four heads fall, monster that I was, monster that I am! I have since not had a moment's peace. I see them still—there they are, behind that curtain! This crucifix was my master's, this little gold cross belonged to my mistress. O! M. l'Abbe, pity me, pray for me, do not forsake me!"

The priest rose from his knees, pale as death; he made the sign of the cross, and slowly approached the curtain. Two portraits were behind it; the priest shed tears. "Jaques," he said, with emotion, "let me hear your confession." When it was finished, he said: "I absolve you as the messenger of Heaven, in the name of Him who forgives true penitents. That is not all; for His sake, I forgive you. I forgive you the murder of my father, my mother, and my two sisters."

The old man shuddered, he tried to speak, he fell back on the bed. The priest approached—he was dead.—[*Monthly Packet.*

Making Home Attractive.

The spirit of the inmates forms the real life, and the brightest part of home, yet this sacred institution should be so protected and surrounded, as to make it ever welcome, and a place to be cherished in the memory. The dwelling you inhabit need not be an imposing edifice, or spacious in its apartments, or lavish in furniture and ornaments. Whatever it is, whether a brown stone or a cottage, owned or leased, let there ever be about it an air of neatness and taste. A little care, and a little expense will keep the walks clean and trim, and gladden the hearts with the fragrance and beauty of flowers, shrubs, and climbing vines. Let the interior be cheerful. Admit the light. Let cleanliness and order prevail, without stiffness. In some houses everything looks as if it were present on some solemn occasion. Don't allow monotony here, let there be a picture here and there, some ornaments, however simple.

Home should be a place of entertainment and rest. How many young people might be kept from vicious amusements, if home was to them a synonym of the rest they require from toil, and afforded them something of necessary recreation. It is worth while to expend some time and thought toward providing home with something that will unbend the mind, and draw out the soul-feelings of the family circle. There is music to lend its charms, innocent games, choice books, ornamental work, the company of friends, the collecting of curiosities in natural science. Out of doors it may take the form of rearing a colt, a litter of rabbits, the cultivation of a piece of ground, or whatever would suit the taste of any particular member. Select something, do something to render home dear to each individual of the family. It will cost some sacrifice, but it may save from much mortification and pain in the future. There is no safeguard for children and youth, except personal piety, like the love of home.

Trials are medicines which our gracious and wise Physician prescribes, because we need them; and He proportions the frequency and the weight of them to what the case requires. Let us trust in His skill and thank Him for His prescription.—*Newton.*

To-morrow.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony, to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sun-shine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn out stuff, which is thread-bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

[COLLINS.]

JOSEPH THE SECOND OF AUSTRIA was fond of traveling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring-room he began shaving himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the emperor. "I shave him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

Get enough Sleep.

We have often heard young men remark that four or five hours sleep was all they wanted, and all that the human system required. The habit of going without sufficient sleep is very injurious. Thousands no doubt, permanently injure their health in this way. We live in a fast age, when everybody seems trying to invert the order of nature. If folks will persist in turning night into day, it is not to be wondered at that few last out their allotted term of life. No matter what may be a man's occupation—physical or mental, or, like Othello's "gone" and living in idleness; the constitution cannot last, depend upon it, without a sufficiency of regular refreshing and wholesome sleep. John Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly of spasmodic affection of the heart, a disease greatly encouraged by want of sleep. In a volume just published by a medical man, there is one great lesson that hard students and literary men may learn, and that is, that Hunter probably killed himself by taking too little sleep. "Four hours rest at night, and one after dinner, cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of body and mind." Certainly not, and the consequence was Hunter died early. If men will insist on cheating sleep, her "twin sister death," will avenge the insult.

AN EXAMPLE TO MOTHERS.—Queen Victoria, when at home, regularly teaches a Sunday School and Bible Class for the benefit of those residing in the palace and its vicinity. How attentive she is to her own children may be inferred from a late pleasing circumstance. The Archdeacon of London, on one occasion, was catechizing the young princes, and, being surprised at the accuracy of their answers, said to the youngest Prince, "Your Governness deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly in the catechism." Upon which the royal boy responded, "Oh, but its mamma who teaches us the catechism." Many American mothers may take a profitable hint from this queenly practice.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh.

The Good Old Time.

What has become of the old-fashioned teaching of sewing, in schools, for girls? How many girls in New York could either make or mend a garment decently? We have plenty of French and drawing lessons; these are very well in their place, but do the young ladies who pride themselves on these accomplishments own a thimble? or, owning a gold one, perhaps, in a rosewood work-box, do they know how to use it? Could they make a button-hole, or sew on a missing hook and eye, or darn a stocking, in case of emergency? Or are they as utterly helpless in this regard as if they might never become wives of men who had not the riches of Croesus, or be the mothers of little girls whom in after years they might be sorry not to be able to instruct in this old-fashioned branch of knowledge. For one, I deplore that fashion has so utterly banished it from our female schools; it is a disgrace to any American girl or woman not to be independent, *if necessary*, of any assistance in the way of plain sewing. Mothers, of course, are more to blame than teachers: for the latter generally teach what is required by those who entrust children to their care.

Alas, for the good old dame who used to inspect seams and button-holes so remorselessly that every graduate was dismissed perfect in all these particulars, so essential to the comfort of a family. No woman, when she is married, can say that she can always command the assistance necessary for this department of labor. Is not the subject at least worth a thought from the "accomplished" mothers of the present day, with regard to their pretty but *useless* daughters?

CHILDREN.—A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand, and the secret of many a gallant struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found throned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of balrushes. Get ready to be afraid of the man whom children are afraid of, and be sure that he who hates them is not worthy of the name of man. Blessings upon the dear little children! The Lord has tender love for them, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Let in the Sunlight.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in an article in *The Christian Union* on mistakes in our houses, specifies the "exclusion of sunlight" as one. She says:—

We wish the importance of admitting the light of the sun, freely, as well as building these early and late fires, could be properly impressed upon our housekeepers. No article of furniture should ever be brought to our homes too good or too delicate for the sun to see all day long. His presence should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And a walk is good, in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol, when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of far more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, sunlight, and homes kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor, which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight.

HASTY FRIENDSHIPS.—Some people are continually acquiring "dear friends." Ladies of an impressible nature have been known to add two or three to their list every week during the visiting season. Men are not, generally speaking, as apt to rush into friendship as the more amiable sex, yet many of us contract friendship in haste, that we repent at leisure. True friends are scarce articles. They cannot be picked up like pebbles. Will the ladies excuse us for saying that men's friendships are, in most cases, stronger than theirs? The charming young creatures who walk with their arms linked around each other's waists, and exchange kisses and confidence daily, are not, as a general thing, so closely welded together by mutual affection but that envy or jealousy may not part them, or even make them enemies.

No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

Dwellers in Tents.

BY R. S. P.

A while on earth we roam,
In these frail houses which are not our home.
Journeying toward a refuge that is sure,—
A rest secure.

Only a little while
We dread the frown of life, and court its smile:
A dwelling then we have, not made with hands,
In other lands.

Therefore, we need not mourn,
That sudden clouds across our skies are borne;
That winter chills us, and the storm makes rents
In our frail tents.

Therefore, we need not fear,
Though moth and rust corrupt our treasure here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with silent
stealth
To seize our wealth.

For in our Father's house,
A mansion fair He has prepared for us;
And only till His voice shall call us hence,
We dwell in tents.

LIFE OF FLOWERS.—Why does not every one have a geranium, a rose, a fuschia, or some other flower in the window? It is very cheap—next to nothing—if you take it from a shop or seed, and it is a beauty and companion. As Leigh Hunt says, "It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love." If it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter an ungrateful thing even for neglecting it; for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it?

If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious.
—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY, 1872.

The New Year.

The opening of the New Year, with all the possibilities which it may contain for the accomplishment of our hopes and secret aspirations, excites in us those emotions of joy and kindly feeling, that break forth in the friendly greeting,— "A Happy New Year to all our readers."

The old year, with all its trials, disappointments and failures, is numbered with its countless predecessors. Let these all be forgotten as trials, but remembered for the lesson they may teach. The book of memory should ever stand ready to be opened, that from it we may learn the wisdom of experience, and thereby be taught that success in the future, as in the past, will result only from well directed and earnest effort.

We will not rehearse the labors of the year just closed, but will only refer to its most visible and substantial fruit: the completion of a New Wing to our Hospital building. Upon this we very much congratulate ourselves and the public, and from its accomplishment, we draw inspiration for renewed efforts. The furnishing of this wing has progressed in a manner that is encouraging, and we would suggest, as we have often done before, to all our friends, who can, that they visit the Institution, and see for themselves what has been done. This, we predict, will be much more satisfactory to them and beneficial to the Hospital, than any description we could write.

The New Year seems to open a fresh volume in the lives of each of us—a new record begins—how pure and worthy the record shall be, is with each one of us to determine for ourselves.

This season is remarkable for its good reso-

lutions ; some, to be broken—others, kept ; and we wish to supplement the resolutions of some who may have left out what is uppermost in our mind. To do good to others, is something, we suppose to be the aim of all in their daily walks, but it seems necessary that we have some fixed purpose in our benevolence, or some particular object toward which our efforts are directed, in order to accomplish the best results. Where labor is intelligently directed towards a certain end, there least is wasted.

Rochester appears to offer many more varieties of Christian charity than any of the cities of its size, and consequently many opportunities of work are presented.

In two ways can you do good for the Hospital : First, by going there and cheering the many lonely, dragging hours of Hospital life. We guarantee that the inmates will be glad to see you ; it is one of the few recreations they can have. Sick persons have their thoughts too much upon themselves, and a visit from some one in health, with cheerful looks and encouraging words, often does as much good as a doctor's prescription. Now, who will add this to their resolutions—to visit once a month at least (or more frequently if possible) the sick ones at the Hospital.

The second way you can aid us, is, in procuring subscribers for our paper. There are many who never see the *Review*, who would thank you for asking them to take it. We have always sought to make the paper such as will ensure its welcome in any family, and without assuming too much, we think we can say that those who have had it for years past, will grant us the credit of a success. We are confident, that our list of city subscribers falls far short of what it should be and are, equally certain many friends could be found for the paper in other cities and villages, if only some persons would make the effort. Who will try and send us some new names ?

Visit to the Hospital.

The account of our last month's visit, was of necessity omitted ; we made the visit, however, and had many interesting things of which to write, but were reconciled to its omission, by the long lists of donations to our Festival, which occupied the space, and from which we reaped such abundant harvest. We chose one of the brightest days of the new-born year, to take our walk to the Hospital, and found the wards and rooms were in keeping with the out-door brightness.

The lower wards in the New Wing, have been furnished and the beds curtained with white, which seems to be quite an improvement, and securing to the patients more privacy and seclusion. These wards are used as Female Wards, and each bed occupied. Several who were sitting up the last time we saw them, were in their beds—and our tears would come, to see one poor sufferer in particular, for whom each breath brought pain, and her young life so near its end.

We found some new faces, as we most always do, and two more familiar to us than any ; Mary W. and Mary K., both having been in our family ; they seemed glad to see us.

In the Nursery were four little ones, all sleeping, which gave us no opportunity to display our fondness for babies.

Both wards in the East Wing, are now used as Male Wards—and in the upper one we found Mr. S., who is one of thirteen or fourteen, who are in these new quarters, which have been cleaned and put in nice order.

A cheerful face greeted us in the Crossward, and we were pleased to see A. H. B. sitting up, though without the least use of his lower limbs. He expresses deep gratitude that he is able to be off from his bed, where he has laid so many months, and without much hope of ever being able to sit up. He is anxious for a wheel-chair,

which would be a great comfort to him.

We made a hurried visit to the hall, where the private rooms are—and greatly to our pleasure, we found the only room left unfurnished, rapidly being filled. Mr. M. Greentree has taken this room under his charge, and is exhibiting great taste and expending money freely in preparing it for Hospital use.

The Chapel, furnished by St. Peter's church, is very pretty; comfortable lounges are in each corner of the room, for those unable to sit during service, and arm-chairs for others. We are quite pleased that we have a place set apart for Sunday services, and such other religious ceremonies as we may have, and feel much indebted to those who have contributed to prepare such suitable and excellent arrangements.

We were surprised to hear of the death of Robert Cameron, who has been in our Hospital about eight years. The condition of his health permitted him to perform sundry duties about the Institution; and whatever he did was well done; he will be much missed. He was buried, January 2d, from the Hospital.

The room which is set apart for our Chapel, has been most appropriately and beautifully furnished by the Ladies of St. Peter's Church. Very interesting and solemn dedicatory services were held on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 24th, 1871—Mr. Geo. Ward, son of Mr. Levi A. Ward, officiating. We have been permitted to publish a part of the sermon delivered on that occasion:

DEAR FRIENDS:—A few months ago, it was my privilege to proclaim to you here, the truth as it is in Jesus; and yet, in that short time, how great the change that has occurred. I see before me the same earnest faces; I hear the same happy voices, joining in notes of grateful praise; I feel the same warm glow of Christian love and

fellowship, binding our hearts together; and yet, in all else, how different the circumstances! Busy hands have been at work; kind and generous hearts have opened toward those who are in want; the warm sympathy of Christian affection has been awakened in behalf of the suffering; and we are permitted on this quiet Sabbath afternoon, with none to molest or to make us afraid, to engage in social worship in this beautiful chapel, which willing hands and loving hearts have consecrated to the service of the Master. Oh! shall we not rejoice with them, in this, their Christmas offering to the Lord! Shall not our hearts and voices unite to swell the anthem of thanksgiving and praise to Him in whose name the work has been accomplished! Here, in this beautiful Sabbath home, may many be brought to the Saviour, who are now wandering in the darkness of ignorance and sin; here may the doubting ones have all their doubts removed; here may the sorrowing disciples find their Lord and Master; here may the weary and afflicted, obtain a healing balm for all their woes; here may the joyful Christian find a sacred Bethel, where he shall meet his Saviour face to face; here may all this little company of God's children, meet from Sabbath to Sabbath, to "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!" Thus shall the work of our hands be crowned with a blessing from above; for in every effort to promote the glory of the kingdom we have the promise of the Master, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and we, we, are laborers together with God.

Hospital Notice.

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

Correspondence.

EAST PEMBROKE, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1872.

DEAR MRS. M.:

I hope you will forgive me for my long neglect, but however it is better late than never. Enclosed you will find one dollar, for two subscriptions, 50 cents for Mrs. E. P., and 50 cents for myself.

With a "Happy New Year," and success to the *Review*, for the coming year, I will bid you good-night. MRS. F. R.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 8th, Sarah Fish, aged 76 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 26th, the Infant of Kittie Wener.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 29th, Michael J. Lockhart, aged 24 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 30th, Robert Cameron, aged 55 years.

Receipts for Hospital Review.

Mrs. Joseph Brown, \$1.00; Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt, \$1.00; John Shouder, 50c; Mrs. J. Croft, \$1.00—all of Scottsville.—By Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt.....	\$ 3 50
Mrs. E. B. Sutton—By A. H. Buck.....	62
Miss S. Moody, New York—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester.....	1 00
Mr. Ishbister—By Mrs. C. A. Kellogg,...	1 00
Miss Mary M. Titus, Auburn, 50 cents; Mrs. Smith, 50 cents—By Belden Day	1 00
Miss Frances Gregory—By Miss Florie Montgomery.....	50
Mrs. O. S. Hurlbnt, 62 cents; Mrs. O. Willett, 50 cents; H. D. Hudson, 50 cents; Mrs. D. McArthur, 50 cents; Abram Teel, 50 cents; Mrs. G. W. Lord, 62c.; Mrs. Wait, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. C. Nash, \$1.25; Mrs. Fenn, 50c.—By Miss Wait	4 61
Mrs. H. Sackett, \$1.50; Mrs. Morton, \$1.50; Avon—By Mrs. Winans,...	3 00
Mrs. Loop, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Bronson, \$1; T. H. Zanderson, Texas, \$2.00—By Miss Mathews.....	4 00
Mrs. E. Parkhurst, 50 cents; Mrs. Fanny Roderick, 50 cents, East Pembroke—By Mrs. Roderick.....	1 00
E. B. Booth, 62 cents; Dr. Jones, \$1.50; Mrs. T. W. Jones, 50 cents; Mrs. R. Gorsline, 60 cents; Rev. Dr. Van Ingen, \$2.00; Mr. M. Greentree, 63 cts.; Mrs. C. M. Lee, \$1.12; Mrs. James Peart, \$1.88; Miss Sarah T. Hewes, Newton, 50 cents; John Greenwood, \$5.00; Mr. W. Breck, Breckville, Miss., \$1.00; W. D. Purdy, Chili Centre, 50 cents; Miss E. A. Taylor, 50 cents; Mrs. O. B. Jones, \$2.00; Mr. O. A. Chilson, 62 cts.; Frances Hewer, \$1; Election Notice, \$30.00—By Mrs. Perkins,.....	49 47

Donations to Jan. 1, 1872.

Mr. Bailey, Henrietta—Four bags of Apples.
 Mrs. Dr. Strong—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mr. Stainton—One Turkey.
 Mr. Peart—Four Ducks.
 Mr. Scoff—Two Turkeys and 1 Ham.
 Executors of the estate of Aristarchus Champton—One barrel of Second-hand Clothing.

Superintendent's Report.

1871. Dec. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	99
Received during month,...	40—139
Discharged,.....	19
Died,.....	4—23
Remaining Jan. 1st, 1872,	116

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Lulu's Complaint.

I'ee a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby—
 For B'diget 's away down 'airs—
 My titten has statched my finders,
 And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I 'aint seen my bootiful Mamma—
 Sin' ever so long ado—
 And I aint her "tunninest baby"
 No londer, for B'diget says so.

My Ma's dot anoder new baby—
 Dod dave it—he did—yes'erday—
 And it ties—and ties—so defull,
 I wis' he would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle si'ser—
 I want my dood Mamma, I do.
 I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,
 And call me her "p'ecious Lulu."

I dess my big Papa will b'ing me
 Anoder dood titten some day.
 There's nurse wid my Mamma's new baby—
 I wis she would tate it away.

Oh! oh! what tunnin' yed finders—
 It sees me yite out of its eyes—
 I dess we will teep it and div it
 Some tandy when ever it ties.

I dess I will div it my Dolly,
 To p'ay wid mos' evey day—
 An' I dess—I dess—say, B'diget,
 Ask Dod not to tate it away.

From the New York Observer.

A New Year's Story for our Little Friends.

"A bright and happy New Year has come again, my boys," said Mrs. Ferris, a young and still beautiful mother, as she entered her nursery, early on the morning of the 1st of January.

"A Happy New Year, mamma!" exclaimed Charlie, Georgie, and Lewey, who were already awake and curiously plunging down into the depths of the well-filled stockings, which New Year's had never failed to bring to good children from the days when New Years were first invented until now. "A Happy New Year!" and they ran simultaneously to receive her morning kiss.

The mother's greeting startled little Clara and Nellie in the next room; and, half-awake, and wondering what remarkable event had transpired, they came in their white night robes and peered cautiously through the half-open door.

"Come in, darlings," said Mrs. Ferris, and she put her arms around them caressingly. "I wonder if these blue eyes have looked out of the window this morning to see the dear little New Year which has come to bless us all, I hope. There he is, in his robe of frost, spangled with diamonds and fringed with icicles, and a crown of diamonds on his forehead. He is not more than six hours old, and yet he has overrun the world; crossed mountains, oceans, and plains; visited the islands of the sea, and greeted every eye that is awake to welcome him. A 'Happy New Year' may he be to all!

"And now I have come to talk with you about this little new-born year. What shall we do to commemorate his birth? Young as he is, he has already begun to record every good and every evil deed; even our thoughts and intentions he will make visible to the All-seeing Eye. He is to be a 'recording angel,' and what shall he tell of this day, the first of his existence? Can we not make some one happy, or do good to some one?"

"Mamma," said Clara after a pause, and holding in her hand one of the stockings with which Nellie had just come laden from the next room, "you know we were all very happy at Christmas when grand-mamma had the Christmas tree. Can't we have a New Year's tree as well?"

"Yes, darling, we *could* do so; but I was thinking of inviting some children, and making a festival for them. I should like to have twelve. Who shall they be?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!" and they clapped their hands with joy, while they discussed the nuts and raisins and other good things.

"Well, who shall we invite?" responded Mrs. Ferris.

"Mamma, we will have Josephine and Julia Richards, and Cousin Kate and Lizzie Lawrence. There are four; must we have just twelve? Well"—and they went on to enumerate eight more of their little friends. "Oh! won't it be pleasant! We will dance and play, and have *bon-bons*. What a dear mamma!" and they hung around her neck, kissing and caressing her.

"Yes, darlings, this is all delightful, and such a festival you had at Christmas. Now hear mamma's proposition, and if either of you dislike it, it shall not be. All of these twelve young friends whom you have mentioned have wealthy parents. All of them, this year, have enjoyed the holidays, and have been loaded with holiday gifts. Did it never occur to you that there are some little children in the world who have no festivals?"

The faces around her grew very thoughtful.

"Some, as capable of enjoyment as yourselves, who are born in dark and dreary hovels; who have never tasted any of the good things, which you have received so abundantly that you have no conception of the happiness they would bestow on those desolate ones born to poverty and wretchedness. You could give *pleasure* to Josephine and the rest; but you could do *good* to these and make them, perhaps, for the first time in their lives, truly happy. Which shall we do? Which shall we have?"

"Oh, mamma, the poor little ones!" they all exclaimed at once.

"In so doing, I am sure you will be happier yourselves, and the 'New Year' shall have its first day, at least, consecrated to benevolence. Now hear my plan. My Sunday-school class consists of just twelve children, gathered from the poorest and most miserably in the city. I have found them, one by one in the streets begging their bread. I have gone with them to the places they called their homes. Some were motherless and some fatherless. Some had better have been both; for their

parents were degraded by vice, ignorance and intemperance. Poverty, almost starvation, were there; and the children, lean, meagre and hunger-stricken, seemed as if no ray of joy, none of the light and gladness of childhood, had ever entered their hearts. From time to time, I have gathered them in; and with God's help and the aid of the benevolent, they will be saved from vicious lives—'plucked as brands from the burning.' To-day we will give them a festival, which shall make their young hearts glad, and encourage them in goodness and in virtue."

The children were overjoyed. The novelty of the undertaking interested them; and the thought of sharing their blessings with the forlorn and outcast was true happiness to them."

"Now," said Mrs. Ferris, "I will leave you to think what we had best do; and after breakfast we will consult and prepare."

Just as she was closing the door, she peeped in again, and said, laughingly:

"Have you examined the stockings thoroughly? Look at them once more."

In a moment, there was a scrambling for the hose, which had been thrown aside, after being emptied of their contents; and there they discovered in each, at the extrem tip of the toe, a stitch which confined a bright gold dollar.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! what a trick!" and their merry laughter and clapping of hands rang through the house.

"Remember," said the mother, "they are yours to use them as you please."

When she had closed the door, after tossing them in the air and catching them in their hands, one after another relapsed into silence. Their mother's words seemed to have a meaning.

"What are you going to do with your's, Charlie?" said Georgie, after a pause.

"I can't tell yet," said Charlie.

Meantime, Clara and Nellie whispered to one another, and grew very mysterious.

Mr. Ferris sat in his library, absorbed in the perusal of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great;" when the children, taking advantage of papa's abstraction, formed a line within the door; and, hand in hand, crept softly up behind his chair, and, taking him by surprise, shouted in concert, "A Happy New Year, papa!"

Frightened, as he declared, "out of, at

least, half a year's growth," he took his revenge by kissing one after another in a rapid chase through the parlor. Out of breath with the fun and exercise, they were all in a merry mood when they sat down to their morning meal. Breakfast went of cheerfully, and when it was over, the little girls—who had been smiling at each other across the table, as if some secrets were between them which they longed to divulge to their mother—were seen with their arms around her neck, and whispering in her ear.

"Shall we, mamma? shall we?" they at length exclaimed audibly.

"Have you thought well of it?" she replied. "Are you quiet sure that you would rather make this use of it than any other?"

"Yes mamma, and,"—in a low tone—"you will tell us what to buy."

"Certainly."

The boys now gathered round, curious to comprehend the mystery. The little sisters were modestly silent; but Mrs. Ferris in a low voice, revealed their plan.

"Oh, mamma! take mine, too."

"And mine."

"And mine," exclaimed each of the boys, as they dropped the gold dollars into her hand.

Mrs. Ferris' eyes were filled with tears, as in her heart she thanked God for these beautiful traits of goodness in the little ones whom He had given her. She was silent a moment. Then she said:

"Yes, my children, I will do as you desire. In giving to the poor, we make an offering to God, who has commanded it; and this shall be yours—acceptable, I know, to Him."

When, shortly after, she joined her husband in the library, and related to him this little incident, his lip quivered with grateful emotion, and he could only answer, "God bless them! God bless them!"

* * * * *

The Sunday school scholars were summoned; and they came in their best attire, neatly though scantily clad, at their teacher's bidding. That day, in the dining room of Mrs. Ferris, those children sat down to a board of plenty, such as they had never seen and never dreamed of.

When all was over, a basket for each was filled with "what remained over and above, to them that had eaten;" and in each were placed some warm and substan-

tial articles of clothing—the proceeds of the children's generosity. These they took with them to their homes; and twelve happier little hearts could not have been found, than those returning at sunset to their humble dwellings, bearing within them the blessed sunshine, and the pleasant memory of human love and sympathy extended to them, the outcast and destitute, the apparently forlorn and forsaken. Humanity had bridged the imaginary gulf between the rich and the poor, and made them all equally members of God's great family. And who knows how many, through these, were led to seek "the strait and narrow way?"

Did I say there were none happier than those who had partaken of this feast? Surely, none; unless I except those who had bestowed it. To see the eager joy and delight in the faces of those little meagre children, produced more of real pleasure to Charlie and Georgie, to Lewey and Clara and Nellie, than all the *bon-bons* and holiday gifts that ever were bestowed on these favored children of fortune.

But a great mystery remains yet to be revealed. On the morning of the 2d of January, those same little white stockings appeared on the same bedposts; and at the extreme end of those little white stockings, sewed in with the same little stiches, appeared the same little bright gold dollars. How they came there, nobody knows. There was some suspicion that "mamma," or "papa," had a hand in the matter; but no confession could be obtained; and, as I have said, the whole affair remains to this day—and probably will continue to all time—a mystery unsolved.

E. W. B.

A little blind boy was asked what forgiveness was? He replied, "It is the odor that flowers breathe when trampled upon."

A missionary in Jamaica was questioning the little boys on Matt. 5, and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

A boy whose principles were correctly established, was pressed by others to take some pears, as nobody was there to see. "Yes, there was," said he; "I was there to see myself; and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing."—*Christian Inquirer*.

My little sister Lily, three years old, has been to Sunday-school with us the past summer, and has learned to answer several questions from the catechism. One Sunday, the teacher asked her:

"Lily, what did God make on the sixth day?"

Lily answered, "Birds."

The teacher then asked—"What else?"

"I don't know," Lily replied, then after a while, said:

"Well, I guess—*cages!*"

List of our Agents.

Mary Perkins, Rochester,
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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. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1872.

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

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For the Hospital Review.

"Let Thy Light So Shine."

Matt. v. 16.

Let thy light so shine,
That all may heed its ray,
While with strength divine
Thou walkest on thy way.

Though the path be rough,
And earthly comforts small,
Thou hast still enough—
God is thine all in all.

O, toil on for Him
Who hath done all for thee;
If thy light grow dim
His face thou wilt not see.

Trusting in His love,
Easy will be each cross:
With thy thoughts above,
As gain thou'lt count each loss.

Then press bravely on,
Still guarding well thy light:

Soon will day be gone,
And soon will come the night:

Night of peace and rest,
So sweet to many eyes;
Bringing dawn more blest
In the cloudless skies!

KATE CAMERON.

For the Hospital Review.

No. 6 WALPURGIS STRASSE,

DRESDEN, Dec. 25, 1872.

To-day has not seemed like Christmas—and yesterday was the most unlike Sunday of anything you can imagine. I thought the French Sundays were bad enough—and it almost seemed as though some judgment must come upon me for looking in at the store windows as I rode past them, but I never dreamed of such an *un-Sunday* like day as yesterday was.

To make you understand the why and wherefore, I should need to take you over our journey from Paris to Dresden, and may be you would enjoy a little history of it as well as anything I could say to you.

We started from Paris, Friday morning at about seven o'clock, which seemed most fearfully early there, particularly as we had been up almost all the night before, packing; so many things came in at the last moment, that we thought we never should get arranged. But we managed to be in time at the depot in the morning, and at a little after seven were steaming away for Dresden.

The railway carriages are very comfortable, abroad, I think, having some advantages over ours, and in other respects are not as nice. The long cars are divided into compartments—I should say four or five usually—although I rather guess in England there were only three—and the doors of these compartments are in the side of the train; not at the end as with us. There is just room for six people, three on a side, and the arrangement is right cozy when the party is quite large as ours was.

There is first, second, third and fourth class—the second is most used, and, here in Germany, is as nice as the English first class. The Germans have a saying, that only Fools and Americans use the first class cars—however, as we belong to the latter, we took first class tickets.

The ride was beautiful, through such a charming country—the prettiest I think that I have traveled through yet—and such dear quiet little villages, with their old grey churches and thatched and tiled roofed cottages around. Then we passed through a great many manufacturing towns. I never realized that Germany was so engaged in manufactures; indeed I guess I never knew it.

At about six o'clock, we reached Cologne, and made the best of our way to the Hotel du Nord, where we intended to pass the night.

After a nice supper, I took Caroline, my cousin's maid, and the courier, and went out to see the cathedral. My cousin was too tired, and beside she had been at Cologne when she was abroad some years ago, but I could not make up my mind to leave the city without having seen that wonderful structure; and certainly it is magnificent. The moon was bright and I could see the architecture perfectly. I wish I could describe it to you, but of course it is impossible. As I walked around it, I tried to recall an old legend that I had read about it when a child—about the architect's having some dealings

with the Evil One, in which the loss of his own soul was made, I think, the condition of the cathedral's being built. Through some delightful combinations it all turns out well, and the poor man does not lose his soul, but does the plan for some portion of the building, and the consequence is that part will never be finished; and sure enough the workmen are still at work upon it. A lady whom I saw in Paris, told me that they did not seem to have made any progress in fifteen or twenty years, since first she saw it.

The courier remarked, that the reason why they did not get it done was that the work upon the spire and turret was so fine that the men could not get along very fast. You may believe the explanation which pleases you best, but I wish you could have seen the cathedral. We could not see the inside, for every entrance was closed, but a woman told us that there was a five o'clock mass every morning. So the maid, who is a devout Romanist, said she would go with me if I wanted the next morning to see the cathedral and attend the mass.

My cousin thought it very Quixotic, but I absolutely got up at half-past four and went to the mass at five. The interior is lofty, and grand enough, and the carvings are very fine, but the floor was forlorn, the pavings were so irregular, but the whole effect was grand. They had a corpse waiting interment in the sanctuary, as they call the place enclosed around the altar, and the priest was reading the mass there. Also, several little chapels were illuminated for confession, as the confessionals were open, and I saw a priest in one of them, and some one on either side confessing.

But I missed the beautiful paintings and carvings of the French churches. I presume you have seen the carvings or pictures of the "Stations of the Cross;" they are great favorites; you see them almost every where, that is, in almost all the churches. I have enjoyed them very

much, they are usually so well done, that they will bear the closest study, and the faces were so fine. I anticipate a great deal from the Dresden Galleries and the music here. I trust my ear and eye will become cultivated enough to appreciate high art in both music and painting. We have already had very fine classical music here in the house.

We left Cologne Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, and expected to reach Dresden at 12 that night, but unfortunately we learned on reaching Leipsic, that no connection could be made for Dresden that night, our train going on to Berlin, so we were obliged to give up all hope of reaching our destination that night, and went to the Hotel de Rome. We found it very comfortable, nicely warmed with the strange, high German stoves, and the bedrooms with their little canopied single beds, and the oddest red silk down beds for coverings, that gave the beds such a funny apoplectic expression, and made one desire to pounce down upon them, and make a great dent in their smoothly rounded surface.

About nine in the morning of Sunday, we left Leipsic, and in nearly three hours found ourselves coming into Dresden, which seemed more truly foreign than any other city I had been in. The country near Dresden is quite hilly, and there were such odd nice looking houses up in them, with terraced gardens that looked as though they were pinned there. We found our friends awaiting us at the depot, and you can imagine that the rest of the day seemed as little like Sunday as its beginning.

I went to the Roman Catholic church last night at midnight to hear the mass: the singing and music was something heavenly, and really compensated for the cold, cold stones on which I had to stand. The effect was wonderful—from one part of the church near the altar, came a delightful solo, and then the choir and a full orchestra responded from the opposite end of the church. It was ravishing! One seemed

to hear, with the shepherds, the "good will to men," and "peace on earth." I enjoy this individualizing days, if I may speak in that way, I like to be made to realize that on Christmas day, "a child is born—a Son is given—the wonderful," and on Easter, that He has died and risen again.

I wanted to have told you of our thoroughly German Christmas dinner, but I am quite at the end of a rationally long letter. S. P. M.

"One of the Sweet Old Chapters."

"One of the sweet old chapters,
 After a day like this;
 The day brought tears and trouble,
 The evening brings no kiss.

No rest in the arms I long for—
 Rest and refuge and home;
 Grieved and lonely and weary,
 Unto the book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—
 The love that blossoms through
 His care of the birds and lilies
 Out in the meadow dew.

His evening lies soft around them;
 Their faith is simply to be
 O! hushed by the tender lesson,
 My God, let me rest in thee."

"No sorrow can ever come from God—no sorrow at least of His direct sending—without there being a blessing wrapped up in it; and though the blessing may be hidden, if looked for patiently and perseveringly, it will surely be discovered sooner or later, and perhaps not one blessing only will be found inside the trial, but many."

TRUTHFULNESS.—There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences, by saying less than the truth on others. But the fact is, that they are, in both instances, as fraudulent as he would be that exacted more than his due from his debtors, and paid less than their due to his creditors.—*Colton.*

In judging of others, let us always think the best, and employ the spirit of charity and candor; but in judging of ourselves, we ought to be exact and severe.

A Pastoral Gimlet.

BY MARVIN R. VINCENT, D. D.

Possibly he is of a mechanical turn, and such a gift would not come amiss. In that case you can suit yourself, and probably your minister, at the nearest hardware store. The kind of gimlet I mean, you keep on hand, always well sharpened; not for the pastor to use, oh no;—but to use on the pastor.

"What do you mean," says the reader, "by talking of us Church members as though we were savages, setting ourselves regularly to work to perforate and puncture our ministers?"

A "little story" will explain. A city pastor had occasion to be absent from home for a week. During his absence the son of one of his members, who lived three or four miles out of town, died. He could easily have returned home in time for the funeral services; but another minister was called in, and he did not hear of the young man's death until his return. Then he was taken sick, and a week or ten days elapsed before he could safely drive out and visit his afflicted parishioner. The first words which greeted him as he entered the house of mourning, were:

"Well, I thought you'd forgotten us."

After having thus relieved her mind, the good woman sat down very complacently, to be consoled.

That is what I mean by the pastoral gimlet; and it is astonishing how proficient certain Church members become in its use. The delicacy in insinuating, the deftness and grace in twisting, can only have been acquired by assiduous practice. They know just where it will go in most easily; just how many turns to give it before it gets down to the quick.

There are various scientific twists of the gimlet, known to adepts and to victims. There is the sarcastic twist.

"Good afternoon, Dr. A. Really the sight of you is refreshing. Have you found out at last where we live? How charming it is to meet an old friend after so long a separation!"

There is the business twist. The books are opened, and you are confronted with figures.

"Do you know you haven't been inside my house in nearly six months?"

Parsons, as well mathematicians, are

painfully aware that figures can't lie; so that this twist is a very effective one, usually transfixing the victim, and reducing him at once to a condition of silent helplessness.

Besides these, there is the reproachful twist, also very effective; tremendously so if accompanied with a silent tear."

"How could you stay away from us so long? We began seriously to doubt whether we had any pastor."

Once in a while we are treated to a specimen of the spiteful twist, in administering which the operator—or more common the operatrix—is at no pains to conceal the fact that she means mischief, does not oil the gimlet at all, but drives it with a steady hand—in other words, treats the parson to a sharp setting-down on his pastoral shortcomings.

Lazy pastors, if there are any such, do not suffer much from this instrument. They keep out of reach of it; and besides, they have become measurably hardened by frequent applications. The men who do wince under it are those conscientious ministers who are constantly haunted by the vague sense of work in arrears, constantly laboring to overtake their work, constantly tormented with self reproach because they do not do more. The gimlet is a terrible thing to such a pastor. He knows the gimlet-houses. He braces himself to visit them once or twice a year. He jocosely says to a friend at the gate, "I know there is a rod in pickle for me here!" He sits down to his pastoral visit very much as if he were going to have a tooth filled, meets the twist of the gimlet without exhibiting any symptom of his inward writhings—kneels down and prays for the gimlet-twisters, and gets a parting thrust as he says good-bye, as thus: "Now that you've found the way here, I hope we shall see you often." And as he goes down the steps he looks into his book, and sees that the next place on the list is a gimlet-house, and says to himself, "Not to day. One day is all I can stand."

You cheerful, sunny souls, God bless you! at whose houses the minister drops in so often—does it never occur to you that he comes quite as much for his own sake as for yours, because he knows that you always have oil and wine in your flasks for the wounds of the gimlet?

Now doubtless some of the suggestions received by a pastor as to the infrequency

of his visits, spring out of a real desire to enjoy more of his society, and are uttered in genuine kindness of heart, and without a thought of inflicting a wound. And sometimes the gimlet is driven in, not by the words or manner of the parishioner, but by the minister's own conscience, convicting him of real neglect of duty; in which case a conscientious minister will receive the puncture as a wholesome bit of chastisement adapted to work the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

But there is a class of gimlet-twisters whom it is no more than fair to ask—"what do you want of a pastoral visit?" Do you want to talk with your pastor about your temptations and trials? Do you want instruction on questions of Christian experience? Do you want to consult him about some scheme for the promotion of Zion's work? Not you! No lawyer is more adroit than you in turning the conversation the moment it takes that direction. Let the pastor take up the gimlet in his turn, and probe your heart, and lay bare your poor, starved, stunted, religious experience; let him keep the books as rigidly as you do, and lay the balance-sheet before you at each visit; so many absences from prayer meeting, so many from Sabbath services, your Sunday School class without a teacher so many times—and you will not long complain that the pastoral visits are so few. You do not desire counsel, nor comfort, nor Christian communion, but attention. The pastor's absence wounds your pride. You care little that he should do the work he was called to do for you, but you are vexed because he does not concede more to your importance. You are not thirsting for living water, but for the tacit flattery of attention, thus seeking to convert the messenger whom Christ sends with living bread to your home and heart, into a minister to your pride and vanity.

I used to live on the top of a hill that was full of springs. No matter where you put down the boring iron, the water was sure to follow. All pastors know just such hills in their visiting rounds. They are Delectable mountains. The springs flow at a touch. The souls are so full of the love of Christ and of His Church, that the stream of talk flows forth spontaneously and sweetly round those delightful themes. How pastors love the shade of these Elms! How long they linger by the wells!

What wonder if they prefer the shadow of the palms and the gurgle of the streams to the places where, no matter how vigorously the iron is plied, no matter how deeply it is thrust, it comes up unmoistened with nothing, but the world's dirt sticking to it! There are always gimlets in such dry places—those Massabs where the voice of chiding is heard; and it is worth knowing moreover, that the gimlet-twisters devote themselves so energetically to their work, that they have no leisure for better or sweeter work in Christ's Church.

If pastors have any just ground of complaint, it is usually among the complainers. The people whose hands are idle, whose purses are tightly shut, whose voices and influences are against every enterprise that involves sacrifice and labor, are mostly to be found in the gimlet-houses.

Brother, sister, is it not about time to have done with this provoking instrument! Surely experience most have taught you by this time that it undermines more than it repairs. Suppose you make a votive offering of your gimlets. It would not answer to hang them up in the churches after the fashion of our Romanist brethren, for the sanctuary would become a very unsafe place. But bring the gimlet to your closet altar, and in the secret place where you have so often sharpened its point, say, "Lord, here is a miserable tool which I have been using to torment Thy ministers and to wound Thy Church. It is sharp, and my hand is well trained to handle it. If Thou canst teach me to put it to any higher and better use, if by means of it I can hurt any thing which hurts Thy Church I consecrate it to Thee. If not, let Thy fire consume it, and let my right hand forget her cunning."

SINGING IN CHURCH.—At a soiree at Cupar Angus, Dr. Guthrie, in denouncing those who sit mute in church during singing, said, "People seem to forget that of all parts of this earthly worship, the singing is the only part we shall take with us to heaven. There will be no preaching there; there will be no praying there; but there the sound of God's praise is never to cease. For myself, I know nothing more revolting than to see a fine lady sit down at a piano on a fine evening, and warble out the finest music, who, when she comes to the house of God, sits mute there, as if God's praises were not worthy of being sung!"

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1872.

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No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Visit to the Hospital.

Each visit we make to the Hospital, seems to bring us more and more satisfaction, and to make us more thankful than ever for our almost uninterrupted good health.

In the lower Male Ward, there were several hovering around the register, the day being so cold. We talked with a number, and were pleased to receive the thanks of the young man, whom we mentioned last month as anxious for a wheel-chair. He says several persons have since given him money to apply towards purchasing the desired article. We promised to make an appeal for him. The doctors give him no encouragement that he will ever be able to use his lower limbs, and he is weary of remaining all day for weeks and months in the same place, and feels sure he could be less dependent upon others if so provided.

The majority of the men were reading, and we noticed that most of the books were of a religious character. After a few moments' conversation with Mr. W., we went into the Female Ward.

Here we found everything looking bright and cheerful; with the new furniture. We inquired for Theresa, in whom we had become much interested. At our last visit, we feared that we should never see her again, and our fears had become a reality;

she died a few days after. All in the ward were very busy. Those who were able, were crocheting, tatting, embroidering and knitting. They seemed to take pleasure in exhibiting specimens of their work, and we enjoyed seeing them; among other things we noticed a handsome bedquilt and tidy. Mary W took us in to see one of the dining rooms, of which she has charge when her health permits, and its appearance does her credit.

We visited the Laundry and cooking departments for the first time. M., the laundress, seemed pleased to see us, and explained to us the uses and manner of working the various labor-saving machines; and we particularly noticed a washing machine that is worked on washing-days by the two blind men, and a patent stove for heating irons.

We found two Kitchens, a small one for the Superintendent and family, and a large one for patients; and we were greatly impressed with the cleanliness of each of these departments. This part of the Institution is well worth a visit.

Change of Superintendent.

At the meeting of the Trustees, held January 4th, 1872, the name of Dr. Jonas Jones, the present Superintendent, having been withdrawn, on motion, it was

Resolved, that this Board express to Dr. Jonas Jones, our appreciation of his faithful and important services in connection with this Hospital, and that the Secretary furnish him with a copy of this resolution.

Mr. S. A. Ellis was appointed Superintendent in the place of Dr. Jones.

At a meeting held January 20th, 1872, Mr S. A. Ellis having declined the office of Superintendent, Major George Brock was appointed. Maj. B. has accepted the position, and will enter upon his duties, February 1st.

The above announcement, does not embody all we wish to say in regard to the retiring Superintendent, or the Superinten-

dent recently appointed by the Trustees.

Dr. Jones has for five years filled this position, and the work has not been easy, but requiring much firmness, decision and excellent management; the perfect order and good arrangements of the Institution, are evidences of how well it has been done.

Major George Breck, who has assumed the duties of Superintendent, seems in every way fitted for the office. His military career, his gentlemanly deportment, and above all, his Christian character, which is so necessary in a Hospital, where there is constantly sickness, sorrow and death, eminently qualify him for the place. We very much congratulate ourselves upon securing him in this capacity.

Miss Hibbard, our faithful and efficient Matron, will remain with us. For eight years she has been in charge, and we cannot speak too highly of her invaluable services.

Election of Officers.

At a meeting of the Directors of the "Rochester City Hospital," held at the Mayor's office, January 4th, 1872, the following Officers and Committees were appointed:

Trustees.

AARON ERICKSON,	L. A. WARD,
E. M. SMITH,	SAMUEL WILDER,
H. F. MONTGOMERY,	B. R. MCALPINE,
J. B. ELWOOD,	S. D. PORTER,
J. H. BREWSTER,	WILLIAM BREWSTER,
D. R. BARTON,	C. C. MORSE,
D. W. POWERS,	W. F. COGSWELL,
JAMES VICK,	G. H. PERKINS,
E. S. ETTENHEIMER.	

Officers.

AARON ERICKSON, President,
LEVI A. WARD, Vice President,
EDWARD M. SMITH, Sec'y & Treas.

Executive Committee.

L. A. WARD, SAMUEL WILDER,
EDWARD M. SMITH, CHARLES C. MORSE.

Committee to Audit Treasurer's Accounts.

J. H. BREWSTER, J. VICK, E. S. ETTENHEIMER.

Committee on Grounds.

D. W. POWERS, JAS. VICK, J. H. BREWSTER.

Lady Managers.

MRS. DR. STRONG, MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. C. E. MATHEWS, MRS. E. M. SMITH,
MRS. G. H. MUMFORD, MRS. W. W. CARR,
MRS. H. L. FISH, MRS. G. F. DANFORTH,
MRS. E. D. SMITH, MRS. F. T. SMITH,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY, MRS. W. B. WILLIAMS,
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER, MRS. G. GILDERSLEEVE,
MRS. A. BRONSON, MRS. A. D. SMITH.

Executive Committee.

MRS. DR. STRONG, President,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer,
MRS. E. M. SMITH, Rec. Sec'y,
MRS. C. E. MATHEWS, Cor. Sec'y.

Board of Physicians and Surgeons.

DR. H. F. MONTGOMERY, DR. D. LITTLE,
DR. H. H. LANGWORTHY, DR. W. S. ELY,
DR. J. F. WHITEBECK, DR. E. V. STODDARD.

Special.

DR. H. W. DEAN, DR. C. E. RIDER.

DR. HENRY N. COX, House Physician,
Maj. GEORGE BRECK, Superintendent,
MISS FRANCES E. HIBBARD, Matron.

Personal.

Many of our readers have already been made aware of the temporary change in the editorial department of the "Review."

The editress feeling that her health demanded rest, and a change of scene and climate, has gone to California. That she might have sufficient time to prepare for the journey, she gave up the charge of the paper to the Publishing Committee, in October.

Upon the first of November, we timidly assumed its care. We say timidly, and mean it in its fullest sense—and we ask for great consideration and leniency in any criticisms, our first efforts in this way may have called out.

Since the establishment of the *Review*, Mrs. Arner has most acceptably edited it; the ability of her own articles, and the taste displayed in her selections, have won for it many friends. We have had promises of frequent contributions from her gifted pen, while she is absent, and are impatient for their coming, knowing how

much they will increase the interest of our paper.

Through the kindness of her father, we are permitted to make a few extracts from a letter received from her, dated Cheyenne, January 25th :

"Well, here we are, snow-bound, as we have been several times since we left Omaha—but very pleasantly situated, very comfortable and with most delightful company. We have suffered a little, but nothing serious, not half so bad as it might have been.

* * * * *

"Monday morning, I woke with a sick head-ache, but I was determined to lose no chance of getting off, although I fear I could not have gone if Major W. had not relieved me of all care of my tickets, checks, &c. He secured me a very fine berth in the Pulman, and as the car is not full, the conductor very kindly gives me the whole section. * * * * *

We left Omaha about eleven. After our lunch, the wind began to blow a tempest; how the coach rocked and then suddenly we came to a stop; we had run into a snow drift, and it had thrown the engine from the track. A set of workman were on board, but it was six hours before we were off again: this was at North Platte. But we were very comfortable within, and the roaring winds outside, and the wild wastes of snow on each side seemed rather romantic. Louise was fairly wild with delight. We met on the cars four gentlemen from England, three traveling partly on business, partly for pleasure, and the fourth on his way to his adopted home in Japan. They were all perfect gentlemen, and from the time of our entering the car until now, they show every kind and delicate attention to us both.

"Tuesday we had a beautiful day, and after we once got started, we thought we were going to get on nicely, but we came to several pauses on the way, when the men had to go out and clear the track, and towards evening a storm blew up, which excelled

anything in ferocity I ever saw or heard of. It is said there has never been anything known like it here before. The General Superintendent of the road was himself on board, and he said there had been nothing like it on the road this winter. The conductor tried hard to get to some comfortable station, but at Pine Bluffs, we came to a dead pause. The winds were raging and roaring like hungry wolves—the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero. The workmen could not live out doors five minutes in such a blast, and even if they could have worked it was of no use. Still our car was luxuriant and comfortable; we needed all our wrappings for the wind was so searching. One gentleman put his traveling mat, a very elegant affair, around me, and his overcoat of Irish frieze (a material I never saw before) on Louise, and we were very merry, spite of the danger and storm, until the real trouble came.

"First we knew, the coach was so full of smoke, that we should have suffocated if they had not opened the doors at each end intensely cold as it was, and let it out. The wind was such, that it drove the smoke down the pipe, and after various efforts, there was found to be no remedy, but in putting out our fire entirely. Water was poured on freely, but it took a good while to get out the smoke, and then, intensely cold as it was in our part of the car, and in that awful storm, it was decidedly uncomfortable, to say the least.

"We had no resource but to go to bed, which it was full time to do and then we should have suffered more than I dare think, but for the kindness of our London friend. He insisted upon our taking his very best and handsomest mat. The coverings for the berths were quite insufficient, and all our shawls and wrappings seemed nothing against such cold and such a storm,

* * * * *

"We were not able to have any fire until morning, and then every thing was frozen stiff; there was not a

drop of water. Finally Mr. H. who had joined the English party at Omaha, and who lives there, took a pail and went out foraging, and was successful, but he would'nt let a man of the party have a drop, until 'the lady and her daughter were up and had used what they wished.' This Mr. H. had very full and nice lunch baskets, and was very generous. I tried to contribute what I had to the general need, but all seemed to hesitate to take more than a taste from me; they would reply, 'you are very kind, but, my lady, you have a long hard journey before you, and you have your child; you may need it all.' * * * * * I find myself so gallantly defended by so many brave knights, that for one I can testify that the age of chivalry is not dead.

"We reached Cheyenne last evening—it is now half past four in the afternoon. We are still here waiting, and it is uncertain for how long. We found three trains waiting here when we came; one had been here a week; reports ahead are brightening—but they are not yet very radiant. * *

"I really suppose the secret of all this chivalry lies in the fact that I am the *only lady on board*—still, it is all very pleasant. We stay in the car as there is no place here fit to stay in. These cars are elegant, and we are really enjoying ourselves. The scenery we have been through the last few days, is very much what I should expect to find in the Arctic Regions. We ride thro' miles and miles with nothing on either side, but a cold frozen sea of ice and snow. * * * * *

"We lose our merry Mr. H. at this station. He bequeathed to me, all he had left nice from his store, but we shall make common stock. Don't worry about us—we are very happy, and I feel as if we should get through all right, give much love to every body. I tell you I thought of *home* and of all my friends that fearful night."

We sincerely hope she will reach her destination in safety and that she may re-

ceive all the benefits she anticipates, and return in good time to her family and friends, who will warmly welcome her.

The Rochester Female Charitable Society.

(FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK POOR.)

SEMI-CENTENNIAL & ANNUAL APPEAL.

This Society being the *elder sister*, if not the *mother* of our City Charities, is about to call upon the public to replenish its Treasury, also to unite in celebrating this, the 50th anniversary of its existence.

Our older citizens are familiar with its operations, but there are many who do not fully understand that on the first Tuesday of each month, the managers and visitors meet to consider the claims of the sick and suffering poor, from all parts of the city, and from all denominations; the money appropriated, (unless for nursing, or by special direction,) being personally expended by the visitor.

There are 73 districts, and about 100 visitors, who from day to day pursue their errands of mercy, caring not for the body only, but also ministering to the spiritual necessities. The visitors are not permitted to furnish medicine or fuel, or pay house rent.

There are besides these, 25 managers, a board of trustees, and collectors for each ward for membership fees. The annual reports show from 300 to 400 persons relieved yearly; there are no salaries paid, and the services are all *freely* given.

The expenses for the last month were \$220, and as our city increases in population, the demands increase.

It may be interesting to see some extracts from a brief history of this Society, written by one of its most devoted managers, and published in 1844:

"Previous to the year 1822, it seems a Charity School had been taught by ladies in a room on State Street, owned and gratuitously granted for the purpose, by

The Hospital Review.

the late Josiah Bissell. These educational wants of the poor, together with other destitutions, consequent upon sickness in a new country, prompted, for the purpose of more efficient action, the formation of this society, on the 26th day of February, 1822. Thus we find, even at this early day, that our citizens considered the poor, and according to their ability, afforded them advantages, equal to their own; for schools of any kind were at this period few and far between.

"The Society was first organized at the house of Mr. Everard Peck, and Mrs. E. Peck was chosen Treasurer. The primary objects of the Society, as stated in the constitution, were the relief of indigent sick persons, and the establishment of a Charity School. A President, Vice President, Treasurer, twelve Directresses and about fifteen visitors were chosen. Business at this time was transacted by the Society altogether, and it was not until the year 1827, that the power was delegated to officers of the Society, to transact its business as a 'Board of Managers,' except at the Annual Meeting.

"The first garments collected for distribution, were donations from the ladies. Beds, bedding, and other conveniences for the sick, were at that time, and have been ever since, lent to the individuals, to be returned by the visitor, upon their recovery. Infants' clothing has been given from time to time, and for many years the children of the school were clothed by the Society.

"A school lot was presented by the late Col. Wm. Fitzhugh, situated at that time upon the out-skirts of the village, near the forest, but which it was known would soon be valuable. It is now an eligible lot on North Washington Street, with a small building upon it.

"The number of Districts, for the visitation of the sick, have increased from 15 to 43. One happy feature of the Society, has been its freedom from all bigotry of sect or party. All classes of our citizens

are cordially invited to lend a helping hand, while also all classes who *need* its aid, share impartially in its benefits. It has long constituted a most agreeable bond of union amongst our citizens. Its assistance has been extended in several instances to most valuable citizens, ornaments of any community, whom misfortune had reached, and whom the voice of kindness and mercy was as sweet, as to the lowliest child of sorrow.

"An annual sermon has always been preached in aid of its funds. The first sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Cumings, of St. Luke's Church, and as a village paper remarked 'a handsome sum was taken up in aid of its funds.' In 1823, the Rev. S. Penny preached the sermon. Its income and expenditures have varied much in different years, but its calls for aid have always met with cheerful response.

Another of the early and efficient managers, sixteen years later, 1860, writes:

"In reviewing the action of this association for the few past years, it is pleasant to find in it the germs of more than one important public Institution. In 1844, this Society sent up to the Common Council of the city, the first petition for the establishment of a work-house. The subject was at once entertained by that body, and was never dropped, until our present noble Penitentiary with its fine buildings, and its excellent management, has come to be an honor to our city, and a model for similar institutions in various other places.

"In 1845, the subject of providing the city with a Hospital was introduced by this Society, and a 'Hospital Committee' appointed to furnish some place for those sick persons, who could not be comfortably cared for in their own homes; and such a committee was continued from year to year, until the 'City Hospital' was built and finished, and the work entrusted to other hands.

"In 1849, when the Charity School lot was sold, the first wish of the ladies was

to use the proceeds for a home for the sick ; and in 1851, it was proposed to add Jenny Lind's gift to this fund for that purpose ; at the same time they petitioned the Common Council, for the Buffalo street Cemetery, to be used for a building lot.

"In 1853, another petition was presented to the same body, for aid in caring for the sick ; \$200 was granted. The 'Home for the Friendless' received the sick for one year, and the Society paid that Institution \$311 ; but as the Home had no conveniences to accommodate this class, they were withdrawn, and a house rented for a short time only, as the Society could not afford the expense.

"About this time the City Hospital Association was incorporated and a Board of Directors appointed, with full powers of management."

We quote again from that early friend :

"In March, 1855, the Common Council proposed to place in the hands of their Hospital Committee, the sum of \$7,000, to aid in the erection of a City Hospital, provided the Charitable Society would raise by subscription the additional sum of \$5,000. for the same purpose. This they immediately undertook and accomplished, and after considerable unavoidable delay, a large and convenient building is nearly completed and ready for occupancy."

"The Society has also, by the payment to the Hospital Association of the sum of \$500, the legacy of the late Everard Peck, and the further sum of \$700, the proceeds of the sale of a lot of land, donated at an early day to the Society, by the late Col. Wm. Fitzhugh secured to itself a permanent and valuable right to certain privileges in that Institution."

Thus ends the record up to 1860.

In 1862, the Hospital Committee of this Society was requested to confer with the "Directors of the City Hospital" in regard to the funds invested in that Institution, the state of the country having delayed progress in completing and furnish-

ing the building for the purpose designed.

In 1863, at the Annual Meeting of the Society, a communication from the late G. H. Mumford, Esq., President of the Board of Directors of the City Hospital, was read, "asking that a committee of ladies from that Society, be appointed to meet the Hospital Committee, to devise the best means of advancing the object in view, and to consult on other matters that might be suggested."

After due deliberation, two committees were appointed ; an Executive and Visiting Committee, and entrusted with full power to make their own arrangements, and fill all vacancies in their Board, and requested to report to the Society.

This meeting was adjourned one week, to meet the ladies of the various churches, in regard to furnishing the City Hospital.

At this adjourned meeting, "It was resolved that the Hospital Committees of this Society meet the Committee of the Directors of the City Hospital, and select from their number to solicit subscriptions, and decide in what manner the subject should be brought before the churches. After consultation with the Directors, a Soliciting Committee was appointed, and \$5,000 was raised, and the churches also generously responded to the appeal for aid, by furnishing the private rooms and some wards. The building was incomplete, and required much outlay, beside the furnishing.

There is no connection between these two Associations in the management or funds. The names of the Hospital Committees are placed upon the circular of the Charitable Society for reference, and those Committees have reported to that Society yearly, the condition of that Institution.

This Society has been repeatedly invited to aid our citizens in distributing their charities.

In 1851, the Whig party gave a Thanksgiving dinner to the poor of the city, and invited this Society through its visitors, to report those worthy of their favor. In

1865, a fund was raised for the sufferers of the flood, placed in their hands, and distributed after a very particular examination of the applicants, and the result reported in the public journals.

In 1868, the sufferers by the fire on Front street were sought out and relieved by these ladies; a few gentlemen having contributed the required means; and in 1869, Aaron Erickson, Esq., presented 200 barrels of flour for distribution among a specified class of the destitute, under the direction of the Managers of this Society.

In 1870, Hon. Freeman Clarke, instituted a memorial fund for the benefit of this Society, by donating \$100, in memory of his deceased daughter, the interest only to be used; to which contributions may be made by legacies or gifts. It would be very gratifying if those who have labored so long and faithfully in this noble charity, could thus be memorialized by their friends. In this Society we find the germ of the Orphan Asylum and Industrial School, as only orphans were at first received and the children were clothed in the Charity School.

The brief and imperfect sketch of the history of this Society, given above, is of far less interest than the reports of sickness and destitution relieved, and of gratitude expressed for the sympathy and faithful ministrations of the many visitors, which its records contain. The money expended since 1860, has been about \$17,000. We will say with an early friend, "that the real burden of effort and self-denial, which the use of this seemingly large sum involves, has fallen upon the *dispensers*, rather than the *donors* of this bounty."

The Fiftieth Anniversary of this Society occurs on 26th February, 1872: it is proposed to celebrate it by a Semi-Centennial sermon on Sabbath evening, February 25th, in the Brick Church, by the Rev. Dr. Shaw.

The managers will remain at home dur-

ing the last week of February, to receive the contributions of the friends of this charity. A more particular notice of the arrangements will be given in our daily papers. S.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 3d, Theresa Roper, aged 17 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 6th, Michael Meeling, aged 27 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 16th, Henry Cable, aged 60 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 21st, John Rose, aged 46 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, January 29th, John Davis, aged 83 years.

Cash Donations.

Mr. James Terry,.....	\$5 00
Mr. John Greenwood,.....	5 00
Mrs. James Seymour,.....	2 00
Mr. Reed.....	1 00

Donations to Feb. 1st.

- Mrs. Dr. French—Wax Flowers.
- A Friend—Ten boxes of Grapes.
- Mrs. Ives. Batavia—Two cans of Fruit.
- Hebrew Ladies—Two pieces of Cotton Cloth, 2 pieces of Towelling, and 1 piece of Calico.
- Mrs. Galusha—Second-hand Clothing and Papers

Subscriptions to the Hospital Review.

Mrs. G. Cummings—By Miss Van Every	\$ 50
Mrs. E. D. Tuthill, Penn Yan—By Mrs. Kellogg.....	1 00
J. Harry Stedman, 50 cents; L. J. Hargous 50 cents; J. Sherlock Andrews, 50 cents; Miss Stella Loop, Wilkesbarre, \$3.00; George M. Robinson, Elmira, 50 cents—By Miss Mathews.....	6 00
Mrs. J. Consler—By Miss Waite.....	50
Georgia Blakely, Rockford, Mich.—By Mrs. Paul Goddard, Lima,.....	1 00
Mrs. L. H. Wetmore, 53 cts.; Mrs. Southworth, 62 cents—By Belden Day.....	1 15
Miss Mary Watson, 63 cents; Miss Mattie Peck, 63 cents; Mrs. Jenny Shaw, 63 cents—By Miss Mary Watson.....	1 89
Miss C. P. Brooks, 63 cents; Mrs. P. E. Brooks, 62 cents. Brooks Grove—By Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger.....	1 25
Miss Emma Brooks, 50 cents; Mrs. Hopkins, 50 cents—By Albert H. Buck.....	1 00
Mrs. Joseph Supthen, 50 cents; Mrs. E. H. Goodridge, \$1.00; Miss Ella Chapman, 50 cents; all of Sweden Centre—By Mrs. Goodridge,.....	2 00
Miss Amanda Green, 62 cents; Mrs. C. T. Pierson, Ramapo, \$2.00; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Geneva, \$1.00; Chas. Bradstreet 60 cents; Mrs. Abram DeGroof, Auburn, 06 cents; Herbert C. Root, Chili Centre,	

1.06; Mrs. Dr. Jewett, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station, \$1.00; Mrs. Hervey Ely, Freeport, 63 cents; Mrs. Julia V. Reed, Livonia Station, \$1.50; F. D. Straub, Conesus, \$1.00; Mrs. P. Hoag, Lake Road, 50 cents; Mrs. D. S. Morgan, Brockport, \$1.50; Mrs. Paul Goddard, Lima, 50c.; Mrs. M. C. Wight, New York, 50 cts.; Mrs. D. D. S. Brown, Scottsville, \$1.50; Mrs. Miriam E. Crampton, \$1.00; Mrs. J. F. Baker, 61 cents; Mrs. Jennie Cowing, Seneca Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. E. R. Converse, North Bridgewater, 50 cents; Miss Kitty E. Allen, Mumford, \$2.00; Mrs. E. T. Throop Martin, Auburn, \$1.00; Mr. Lewis Allen, Farmington, \$1.00; G. T. Palmer, East Avon, \$1.00; Miss Adda Parce, Fairport, \$1.00; Miss Lilia Barnard, Saginaw City, \$2.25; Mrs. Susan B. Prentice, Norwich, 50 cents; J. B. Whitbeck, Fillmore, \$2.00; Mrs. Kitty Brown, Rhinebeck, \$1.00; P. W. Cornell, Mendon Centre, 50 cents—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins,\$29 71

Superintendent's Report.

1872. Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 116	
Received during month, ..	21—137
Discharged,	20
Died,	5— 25
Remaining Feb. 1st, 1872,	112

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
- Miss ELIA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORENCE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss 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, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street.

Correspondence.

AUBURN, Jan. 25th, 1872.

Dear Mrs. P.:

I send you my subscription to "Hospital Review," from July, 1870 to July, 1872.

Will you please send the paper hereafter to Mrs. S. P., Superintendent of Home of the Friendless?

I think it will be highly appreciated at the "Home"—to which we have lately added an Infirmary. The "Review" is an excellent paper, and very ably edited.

MRS. M.

Children's Department.

From the Children's Guest.

Table Manners.

Some little folks are not polite at their meals! The following beautiful lines are so simple, practicable and comprehensive, and directly to the point, we take pleasure in placing them conspicuously before our readers:

In silence I must take my seat,
 And give God thanks before I eat;
 Must for my food in patience wait
 Till I am asked to hand my plate;
 I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
 Nor move my chair nor plate about;
 With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
 I must not play, nor must I sing;
 I must not speak a useless word,
 For children must be seen—not heard;
 I must not talk about my food,
 Nor fret if I don't think it good;
 My mouth with food I must not crowd,
 Nor while I'm eating speak aloud:
 Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
 And when I ask, say, "If you please;"
 The table cloth I must not spoil,
 Nor with my food my fingers soil;
 Must keep my seat when I have done,
 Nor round the table sport or run;
 When told to rise, then I must put
 My chair away with noiseless foot,
 And lift my heart to God above
 In praise of all His wondrous love.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely? It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scowls, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

If you do this, you will be sure to be

loved. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I know not," she replied, "unless it be that I love everybody." This is the true secret of being loved. "He that hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others, they cannot help loving you. So, then, do not put on a scowl, and fretfully complain that nobody loves you, or that such or such a one does not like you. If nobody loves you, it is your own fault. Either you do not make yourself lovely by a sweet, winning temper, and kind, winning ways, or you do not love those of whom you complain.—*Anecdotes of Girls.*

A boy whose principles were correctly established, was pressed by others to take some pears, as nobody was there to see. "Yes, there was," said he; "I was there to see myself; and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing."

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.

Black Silks !

CAN be bought from our Stock at **Low Prices.** We believe our customers get a very much better Silk for the money than other Houses sell.

Our aim is to give the very best article that the market affords. In short, to *buy* the Goods *low* for *Cash*, with every advantage afforded by capital, experience and a knowledge of the wants of the trade as well as the best sources of supply.

We mean to go to the *bottom* in *buying* Goods, and in that direction make our profit, rather than make all out of our customers.

Ladies, buying Black Silks of us, can rely upon getting a full equivalent for their money.

Feb. '72. A. S. MANN & Co.

A. S. HAMILTON & CO. Hardware & Cutlery,

21 & 23 BUFFALO STREET.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Wakefield's Earth Closets.

dec. '71 CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

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 UFFALO 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, 106 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

December, 1869.

WETMORE, REESE & CO,

Druggists & Apothecaries

66 BUFFALO STREET,

Powers' Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dealers in Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
 December, 1869.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,
 (SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAIR.)
CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
 Who retail & 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,
 33 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.

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.**

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.

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

~~NO~~ NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CURRAN & COLER,
 SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.
Druggists & Apothecaries,
 No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,
 Opposite the Court House.
Rochester, N. Y.

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

SMITH, PERKINS & Co.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
 Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
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 CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN
 [Established in 1826.]
 Jan. 1866.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

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

TRUSTEES:

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

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

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

DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR and upwards received.

ESTABLISHED, 1856.

GEO. N. STORMS, Merchant Tailor

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,

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 Nov. 1867. 1y

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

**DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
 TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.**

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

M.FRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

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.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY,

TOILET SOAPS,

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.

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

E. F. HYDE,

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

No. 64 Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

nov. 1867. 1y

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches & Jewelry,

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State Street,

Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

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, 19 MILL STREET,

Nov. 1867 1y

ROCHESTER

which many of them are aliens, and the laws of which have shut them up in a prison.

After a little delay, I accepted the invitation, hoping that the Lord would help me to say something to them, both appropriate and useful.

The prison is in St. Quentin, which is a very small village, situated on a point of land, at the foot of treeless, but not barren hills, on the western shore of the bay of California, twelve miles, across the water from San Francisco. At 9.30 A. M., I took the steamer *Contra Costa*. The sun was bright, and the rugged outline of the hills which bound this magnificent bay on every side, was distinctly seen against the sky. Nearly all of them are perfectly destitute of trees, and were covered with dried grass or wild oats, which six months of drought had perfectly killed, as well as preserved their seed to vegetate after the rains. The hills and the numerous vales, at a distance, wear a soft brown color — above them all, far off stood Mt. Diablo, with its gigantic head covered with snow and glistening in the sun beams. Behind us was San Francisco, gay with national flags on this holiday, seated on the promontory of lofty sand hills, or lying at their foot. On the right was the lofty island, called by the Spaniards *Yerba Buena*, and by moderns, *Goat Island*, on which is a military establishment. The island commands the bay and belongs to the United States; beyond it, stretching along the shore are seen Brooklyn and the flourishing city of Oakland, where is the State University. On the left of us was the Island of Alcatraz, covered with fortifications. Three miles beyond, is the famous Golden Gate, being the entrance from the Pacific, and is one mile wide. On each side of the Gate, the bold eminences are crowned with fortifications, which forbid the entrance of inimical vessels. We looked through this Golden Gate, which is often gilded by the rays of the

setting sun, on the vast ocean towards Japan and China. There come ships and steamers from what was the orient, but now the occident. The world moves around.

The course of our vessel was around the head of Angel Island on which is a military establishment. Numerous gulls and wild ducks flew about us, and porpoise sported in the water. In the distance Red Rock lifts up its huge ill-shapen head high above the sea, warning every craft to keep its proper course. Beyond it, miles away is seen the mouth of the Sacramento river, and steamboats and vessels tell of commerce along the Bay and its shore. St. Quentin, now is seen on the point, jutting out into the Bay, and sheltered by lofty hills. On the left, Mt. Tamitipais, 2600 feet high, is a grand object, not only from its height and its corrugated sides, but also from its seemingly truncated top, and that it is seen even from its base. It is an object which artists love to depict.

Beyond St. Quentin we saw San Raphael across a bay, with its white houses and churches at the foot of the hills. It was an old Spanish mission, and is now a favorite resort and residence. At the landing, a carriage met me, in which I was taken to the prison. The buildings are plain and not worthy of special notice. Near the entrance, on the side hill, are guards and cannon which command the prison. In this building are nine hundred men, who are condemned for every crime, excepting that of wilful murder, and some of them have even taken human life. These prisoners are from nearly every country in the world, and are of every shade of color. On the walls of the chapel, the sentence "Thou God seest me," is presented in eight different languages.

To my surprise, I found the prisoners in the yard, holding free intercourse with each other, and in groups either according to inclination or nationality. Some of them wore the prison garb, but many their

usual dress. They soon filled the chapel. The attendance was voluntary. There had been a previous meeting which had been ably addressed by one of their own number. On the pulpit, was a bouquet, made from flowers gathered in the garden of the prison; Roses, Carnations, Mignonette, Callas, &c., were blooming there. Before the pulpit was a melodeon, and one side of the chapel was nearly filled by a library, containing about 3000 volumes for the prisoners, and many of the books showed much use. The music was by the prison choir.

I had never preached in a prison, and felt strangely as I looked into the faces of so many who had been familiar with all kinds of gross crimes; some were in early manhood, others had grown old in guilt. I longed to do them good and that they should receive the mercy of God and not be sentenced by Him, as they had by man. I revered them as immortal beings, and as those for whom Christ died. I endeavored to address them with respect. I could not call them brethren, but I could call them men, I knew that they need not be excluded from heaven, for Christ came to "open the prison doors to them that are bound, and to proclaim liberty to the captive." I prayed earnestly that these souls might be won to Christ.

The scene was most impressive. Here were hundreds of criminal men, with officers and guards, looking intently on the speaker. Although many of them could not understand English, and many were grossly ignorant and debased, they seemed to feel that the gospel meant them, and that it related to important matters. Indians, Mexicans, Spaniards, Chinese, Islanders, Americans, Europeans and Africans, looked and listened, as though they felt at least, "the law in their hands, accusing or else excusing them." The company was like that which shall be gathered at the great day, "from every tribe, and tongue and people."

The text, was the first five verses of the 103d psalm, beginning with "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and I endeavored to show them the benevolent character of God, and reasons, as stated by the Psalmist, why they should love, obey and praise Him, especially because there is with him forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ, for all who believe in Him. At the close of the service, two of the prisoners gave me small bouquets, and one of them, as I shook hands with him, and gave him some advice pressed my hand to his lips.

The prisoners returned to the yard, and were soon socially engaged, until they were called to the ample Thanksgiving dinner which had been sent to them by benevolent persons. I soon returned by the boat across this beautiful bay, having the islands and the city, in full view. The site of the city, originally consisted of steep and lofty sand hills, and a bed of low land, at their base. Some of these hills have been cut through for streets, leaving great banks on each side, whilst some of the smaller ones have been almost entirely removed, the earth has been used to fill up the Bay and thus a large part of the business portion of the city has been formed. Several long and parallel streets have thus been gained to the city. The steep and lofty hills are crowned with dwellings and their irregular outlines depicted sharply on the western sky, look like irregular and very extensive fortifications.

The day is past. The word is spoken. May it be a "Savor of life unto life—not of death unto death."

G. S. BOARDMAN.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 26, 1872.

Time never passes so slowly and tediously as to the idle and listless. The best cure for dullness is to keep busy.

A man or woman never lost anything by being truly polite.

For the Hospital Review.

Faith Exemplified.

The following verses were written by a lady in New England, the mother of the child, whose name is unknown to us :

The curtains across the light
 Made darkness in the room,
 And in our watching eyes and hearts,
 Fear wrought an answering gloom.

Grief wrung unheard, from lips we loved,
 The moanings of distress,
 And vainly strove to stifle pain,
 With helpless tenderness.

We scarcely marked the three years' boy,
 Who stood beside the bed,
 From whose wet cheeks and quivering lips,
 The frightened dimples fled,

Till all at once, with eager hope,
 A thrill in every word,
 Our darling cried, "I guess I'll speak
 About it to the Lord!"

He sank upon his bended knees,
 And clasped his hands in prayer;
 While like a glory from his brow,
 Streamed back his golden hair.

"O Lord!" he cried, "dear Grandma's sick,
 We don't know what to do;
 If I could only make her well,
 I'm sure I would—won't you?"

He rose—o'er all his childish face,
 A subtle radiance shone,
 As one who on the mount of faith,
 Had talked with God alone.

We gazed each in the others' eyes,
 We almost held our breath
 Before this fearless confidence,
 Which shamed our tardy faith.

But when our yearning glances caught
 The sufferer's face again,
 A look of growing ease and rest,
 Replaced the lines of pain.

Quick from his trusting prayer he raised,
 The answer to discern;
 The child climbed up to reach her lips,
 Which kissed him in return.

"Grandma!" the ringing accents struck,
 A new triumphant chord,
 "I knew you would be better soon,
 Because I asked the Lord."

Window Gardening.

The following selection on the subject of house plants and window gardening, has been given us for publication. It will be interesting and suggestive to our readers :

"I have a broad sunny window seat filled with plants in my bed room, and also a table in the dining room. Begonias, salvias, heliotrope, Chinese primrose, are in bloom, and we have lately had morning glories, from seed sown in October; there are also geraniums, golden and other colens, lycopodium, moss, ferns, oxalis, cactus, fuchsias, etc. In each window hangs a rustic basket filled with German ivy, two kinds of trajecanthus, ferns, money wort, stone crop, colens, begonia, lobelia, striped grass and mosses. These are a 'happy family,' and thriving in rooms warmed by furnace heat, and lighted by gas at night.

"My plants are watered every morning, and oftener if the earth is dry, with weak soapsuds, tepid. Once a week a teaspoonful of ammonia is added, and every few days they are showered with pure water, by means of a brush, this keeps them fresh and green.

"At night I remove a few of the more tender plants from the window seat, and after drawing down the shade, I place a large newspaper between it and the plants; this keeps out the cold effectually. In the dining room the plants are in a bay window, on a table with castors, and this is rolled back from the window at night.

"Roses and verbenas I do not keep in the house, partly because the rooms are too warm, and the plants become covered with green lice; a rose-bud in that condition is anything but attractive. I prefer to leave the roses in garden beds, well covered with ashes and leaves, and the next summer they grow vigorously, and flower profusely. Verbenas do not bloom in winter, and in the Spring can be bought at one dollar a dozen, or less. Any of the florists send plants now by mail, postage free, and carefully put up in moss. I have received some in that way from a distance.

"I have lately found a way to destroy the green lice on plants, and have tried it with success. It is to fold up a little tobacco in a wisp of newspaper, light it and blow out the flame, and pass it under the branches; the smoke soon causes the lice

to drop of, and cleans the plants without injuring them.

"A late article in a weekly paper has given me an idea which, if carried out, will beautify the windows. It is to place brackets at each side, and on them pretty colored flower pots, or rustic baskets, and in each an English ivy, trained up to meet over the windows; they will be very graceful and a constant pleasure. In the summer they will be better for out door sun and rain, but that is not necessary.

C. T. L.

Nature's Duality.

Whoever lives, lives not alone—
But by a procreative will,
Some kindred heart beats to its own
And fills that void but one can fill.

The little songster of the wood
Sings not alone, nor sings in vain;
But in the cheerless solitude
Awakes a sweet companion strain.

And even in the sturdy tree
That has the storms of time defied,
There is a chord of sympathy
Awakened by its forest bride.

The streamlets to the river flow,
And rivers onward to the sea,
The dashing waves leap to and fro,
Embrace and kiss in ecstasy.

And thus by Nature's law designed,
Whatever is, is not alone;
Like flows to like, mind blends with mind,
And kindred spirits are as one.

We could not live, and live alone,
It matters not what we might will,
That heart congenial to our own
Must fill the void, but one can fill.

C. E. G.

Vanity.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?

A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And alway the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1872.

Special Notice to Subscribers

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made, as required by law.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Visit to the Hospital.

We missed our usual and congenial companion on our this month's visit, and the walk seemed longer in consequence; but remembering the good friend we had in the wife of our new Superintendent, we walked on.

We called first on Major and Mrs. B. and found the room they occupy, so thoroughly renovated, we could scarcely recognize it. The walls have been newly tinted, the floor newly carpeted, and with her pretty furniture, pictures and ornaments, gave it an exceedingly attractive appearance.

For sanitary reasons, visitors were not allowed in the female wards, and we only visited the two male wards. In the lower one, we found two men playing dominoes, some reading, and others talking with friends. Mr. W. seemed busy with tools of some kind, which he explained to the Superintendent who was with us. A. H.

B. seemed grateful for some money we had for him towards the purchase of his wheel-chair; he has only a third of the money needed, but is hopeful about receiving the rest. As he considers the approach of the summer months he imagines how he will be able to wheel himself around, and thereby enjoy the beautiful grounds.

In the cross-ward we saw a young man who was injured in the riot at our jail some months ago. We find new faces each time, and miss others.

The upper ward had but few inmates. By special permission we went in to see Mr. Taylor who was so frightfully injured a few weeks ago in this city; we confess it was somewhat out of curiosity to see a man who has passed through such a fearful accident. Both of his legs have been amputated at the knee; his strong constitution, and equally strong will, greatly aid the means used for his recovery. We are glad to know that the fund being raised for himself and family is increasing.

Mr. Gordon McCracken, who has been for four years an inmate of the Hospital, died since our last visit. We have not lately seen much of him, as it seemed such a wearisome effort for him to talk. The Rev. Mr. Raikes, of the "Church of the Good Shepherd," attended the funeral, and has been very often at his bedside during his illness.

The Masons had charge of the funeral, and performed their rites at the grave; the Firemen of which department he was a member, also followed his remains to their last resting place.

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, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street.

Wanted.

Presuming upon the fact, that no one will know of our wants, without we give them expression, we would make known at this time the one most felt.

During the past months, some of our advertisements have been withdrawn, and others cut down, marring the good appearance of our paper, and making a difference in our receipts. These two results, incline us to make a plea to the business firms of Rochester. We very much desire six new advertisements of one square each, or a less number of more than one square. We can accommodate a larger number, but are particularly anxious to fill the three pages as usual.

The "Review" has a large circulation in the country towns about here, whose people come to the city to trade, and in this way they are made acquainted with the best places for their purchases, which is clearly an advantage to the parties advertising. We shall be glad to receive a response as early as possible.

Exchanges.

We are pleased to receive each month among our exchanges, "Wood's Household Magazine," devoted to promoting "Knowledge, Virtue and Temperance." It is full of interesting reading matter for the family, and the price is so moderate as to make it within the reach of all.

The "American Rural Home," published in this city, which comes to us every week, is a paper that will readily recommend itself to any one seeing it. It has much in it which renders it valuable to farmers, and has several pages devoted to excellent reading on other matters.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
 Miss ELI A. SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
 Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
 Miss FLORE MONTGOMERY, "
 Miss MARY WATSON, "

News from our Editress.

The many good wishes for the safe arrival of Mrs. Arner, in San Francisco, have been realized. On Monday, February 19th, her father received a telegram, stating that she had just arrived, was well, and in good spirits. Her journey was a long one, (she having been thirty-one days on the road between Chicago and San Francisco,) with many incidents and one quite serious accident, accounts of which we copy below from her letters to her family. We shall hope for some direct communication from her, in time for our next paper.

These letters are dated Laramie Plains, January 30th and 31st :

"Well, thank God, we are alive and un-hurt, but there has been a terrible accident. Last evening about eight o'clock, we were sitting together in our car, all particularly merry ; the gentlemen in high spirits over the fact that we were at last started. We got our own supper in the car, over which we had a good deal of fun. Louise and I had finished our dishes and *housekeeping* duties, and I had just commenced a game of Bezique with Mr. W., from Japan, when there came a crash. I did not think it was serious at first, but it was followed by a second and a third, which was awful. The sound and the scene I can never describe, nor all the awfulness of that moment. There was a general rush to the door, of white, terrified faces—everything seemed falling and crushing.

"One of our party came directly to my support, but I implored him not to think of me, only to try and save Louise ; another, I found, already had her in his arms. The clearest, strongest memory of the moment, I have, is of Louise, and of a despairing prayer that in some way they would try to take her out and save her. But in another moment all was still again, and the conductor came up and said, that we were safe, that the worst was over. The gentlemen of our party then carried me to a

seat, and while they were caring for me, came the report that the two forward cars were entirely smashed. This aroused me at once—the realization of the suffering there must be around us. I insisted upon the gentlemen all leaving us at once, and they promised to let me know if in any way I could be of service, while they armed themselves with everything they had with them which could be of any use to the suffering, and went out to the scene of destruction.

"In the meantime, the poor suffering ones came pouring into our car with white, panic-stricken faces, bruised and bleeding. I determined then I would not let my wild idle terror or nervousness overcome me and unfit me for being of some service, when so much help was needed. I first did what I could for a poor German woman, who could not speak a word of English, whose face was terribly bruised and who was more terrified than hurt. I gave her my camphor and soothed her, and then I went to a little German boy, who also could not speak English. He had been sick all day, and had a heavy gash in his forehead. I washed away the blood and bound up his forehead as well as I could, until the surgeon could see him, and then, as he seemed chilly, we gave him some whiskey, fixed him a bed, and covered him up with blankets. The Surgeon came after a little, and then I helped him some ; I got him some scissors, pins, my sponge, some towels and a roll of soft linen. It was such a relief to me that I could do anything and think of anything.

"Our car was badly broken in at one end, as it is said that three engines ran into the train. It smashed the two first cars, but the strength was a little spent before it reached our car, and being a Pullman, it was stronger than the others. I have much more to tell you, but must mail this now, as we are to leave very soon."

Again, January 31st, she writes :

"Here we are, fast in the snow again,

and the storm raging; the workmen have struck, tired of working day and night. We are almost out of water, so that we are melting snow for our own purposes.

"Our accident occurred eight miles the other side of Laramie; we were so badly crippled, we could not go on, but were all transferred to a train just ahead of us. We had to move our things that night, and walk through the snow, so deep that we were in some danger of going in up to our necks."

"We are very much crowded; we have provisions enough and that which is very nice, but our beautiful housekeeping stores, laid in at Cheyenne, were a good deal crushed by the collision, and then we have no room to get up things nicely as before."

"I sent you a telegram yesterday, fearing that you might hear of the accident and worry about us. The snow-plow was the only thing that saved us. It was in front of the engine, and so, instead of bursting right through, as it otherwise would, it turned the two cars over and just smashed into ours; the cars are a perfect wreck, and to look at them it seems a miracle how any could have escaped. Only twenty were much hurt, and of these, none fatally; no one was killed. Our poor news-boy had to have his foot amputated yesterday morning, and the two most seriously hurt, were a man who had his ribs broken, and one who had his back injured. But it was an awful night, made more so from the fact that most of those injured were poor emigrants, who had been on the road twelve days, and who had already suffered a good deal.

The road furnishes food enough—some one goes through the car every day with crackers, cheese, dried beef, sardines and sometimes oysters, but there is such a dearth of water, it is difficult with all our conveniences even to get a cup of tea or coffee, and for these emigrants still more

so. * * * * *

"Our 'Club' behaved like men and like gentlemen through the accident. They thought there was no hope for us and that our fate was inevitable, but they did not forget us. In making the transfer we were obliged to do, they provided for Louise and me before they did for themselves, and gave us the best berth to be had. We have still managed to keep together, although we are not near as pleasantly situated as before. The car is old and dirty, and not as nice. We have lost, too, our conductor, who was so indulgent to us. He had to go back to Omaha with his shattered train, or with what was left of it. Our gentlemen gave him ten dollars, and the porter ten, at parting. * * * * *

"After we had been in our berth a while, anticipating how very nervous I must be, feeling, after the sad scenes of the night, Mr. C. came to tell us that we need have no more fears, that the wounded could not be moved that night to the Hospital, and that we were to lay over in Laramie all night. We were certainly very near death, nothing but a snow-plow and a Pullman car saved us. Every face was solemn yesterday morning; and every inconvenience and discomfort we have had since, we all take lightly, thinking how much worse it might have been. * * * * *

"It looks very discouraging to-day, about our getting through very soon — a severe storm is raging—the workmen have left, and there are miles of snow ahead."

"The porter says we are about out of water, and almost out of coal, which is still worse, but I do not fear, I do not think we will suffer; somehow will surely be provided.

"P. S.—Our "Club," and the gentlemen from the different trains, went out shoveling yesterday, and they are at it to-day. They work like old soldiers."

"T. C. A."

The Rochester Female Charitable Society

The fiftieth anniversary of this society, was celebrated by services at the Brick Church, on Sunday evening, Feb. 25th, Rev. Mr. Bartlett and Rev. Dr. Shaw officiating.

After a prayer by Mr. Bartlett, and the usual opening services, Dr. Shaw delivered an eloquent sermon appealing to the charitable sentiments of all who heard him, to aid by substantial contributions, this noble charity. His long ministry of over thirty years in this city, had enabled him to become well acquainted with the work performed by the devoted band of generous women, who from year to year have been the workers in this society; how they sought out the deserving ones of the sick poor, in all quarters of the growing city, regardless of sect or condition, and aided them as much as it was in the power of the society to do; how they especially sought out those so sensitively organized that they would rather suffer unheard, than make known their miserable condition. In short, how they followed the example of Jesus and went about seeking and doing good.

The organization of the society, its day of small beginnings, its growth, its parentage of all the other charities that grace our city, the complete system of district visiting which it inaugurated, &c. &c., were so well described, that we feel certain if the whole city could have heard it, the society would not lack the necessary funds for which they now appeal.

The congregation, which was comparatively small, owing to the blustering weather, testified to the power of the speaker's words, and their sympathy with the association, by subscribing at the close of the sermon the sum of \$117.00.

He who thinks he can do without others, is mistaken; he who thinks others can not do without him, is still more mistaken.

Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING, FEB. 1, 1872.

LADIES:—In presenting the Eighth Annual Report of the "Rochester City Hospital," we look back to the day of comparatively small things, and find the center of the present building, was then the *entire* Hospital.

January 28, 1864, the building was opened for the inspection of the public, and the first patient was admitted. February 1st only eight years, and what changes have been wrought! We need not say how tastefully, how comfortably, each room and ward was made ready for its occupants. Though sorrow and bloodshed were abroad in our land, and the sick and wounded from our own city, were pining in hospitals far away, calling for aid—our ladies faltered not, and our citizens came to the rescue, giving largely from their means, for our Institution.

In May following, arrangements were made to receive those soldiers who could be transferred, and every available space from attic to cellar, was in demand. In June, the first band arrived.

"To-day the regiment comes home,
 That left us once, with beat of drum,
 With waving flags, and loud hurrahs,
 Our blue coat boys went out to war.

Now they return, but not as then,
 Shoulder to shoulder, a thousand men;
 Empty is many a place then filled,
 And the loud hurrah, by a sigh is stilled.

O! some were dreadfully wounded,
 And never might walk or stand;
 Some were giving their life for their country,
 And some a foot, or a hand.

Some were wasting away in fever,
 Some, wearing out days of pain;
 And some who were blinded in battle,
 And never should see again."

Brought in on litters, hobbling on their crutches, minus a leg, an arm, bandaged their heads, worn with service, and starved in prisons, they came to us for care.

In the hall, we spread our tables—in the hall the voice of praise and prayer went up to God, with thanksgiving for our blessings. Our citizens saw our need, and hearts and minds were busy in planning for enlargement, and ere a year had passed, a wing was ready, with seventy beds, for the reception of more, and to make comfortable the present patients.

The First Annual report, recorded the number of patients for the year, 119—the number of soldiers, 283.

Feeling the need of some way of making known our wants and our work, the ladies wisely decided to issue a monthly paper; and the first number of the "Hospital Review" was presented to the patrons of this institution in August, 1864—which has ever since borne its tidings and garnered its fruits.

The want of more room, called loudly again for "another wing," (and to quote from a letter published first in the Daily Democrat, in February, 1865,) not the wing of a chicken, not the wing of a penguin, not the wing of an army, the wings of the morning, or the wings of the wind, but a *wing that is not, but must be*, and that soon—another wing to the City Hospital.

To-day, we record *that* wing completed, nearly furnished, and nearly filled. To God be the praise for every gift; for every heart touched with the pains, the sorrows, the wants of our fellow beings:

Our thanks are due to all who have labored so assiduously for this great work. To our Physicians, to our Superintendent for his energy, his work speaks more potently than pen; to our Matron, who of all workers, has been most faithful.

We welcome to-day our new Superintendent. May he have grace to discharge his duties to the satisfaction of all.

The number of patients for the year ending, February 1, 1872, 347
Whole number since its opening, 2674
Number now remaining, 85

C. E. MATHEWS,
Cor. Secretary.

Correspondence.

CAMERON MILLS, Feb. 18, 1872.

MRS. P.

Dear Madam—Please excuse the delay in sending you the money for my "Review." Enclosed, please find \$2.00—\$1.50 your due and 50 cents for the coming year's subscription. I like your paper very much, and am going to try to get up a club.

Respectfully yours, M. M. G.

OCONOMOWOC, Wis., Jan. 31, 1872.

MRS. P.

Yours of the 24th inst., is before me. I gladly renew my subscription to the "Review." The delay in doing so has been unintentional, for I like the paper very much, so much so, that I would like some one else to enjoy it with me; therefore I enclose one dollar—part for my own subscription, and the rest for a copy to be sent to a friend.

Yours, M. T.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 1st, Mrs. Boyd, aged 24 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 18th, Gordon McCracken, aged 48 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, February 24th Lizzie Crowley, aged 28 years.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Miss Eunice Howell, York—By Miss M. Root	\$ 1 00
Miss Almira C. Porter, 50 cents; J. W. Goss 50 cts.—By Belden Day	1 00
Mrs. Terand Steadman, 50 cts.; Mrs. Homer Taylor, 50 cts.; Warren's Corners—By Mrs. T. Steadman	1 00
Mrs. J. Talman, Geneva—By Miss Montgomery	50
Mrs. Geo. Honn, \$2.00, Mrs. W. Brown, \$1.00; Mrs. Isaac Budlong, all of Scottsville—By Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt	4 00
Mrs. S. O. Smith—By Mrs. Strong	75
Miss Mackay, Cambridge, 50 cents; Mrs. Crittenden, 50 cents—By Miss Hewes . .	1 00
Mrs. H. N. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. Slocum, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Augustus Porter, \$1.00; Mrs. J. T. Spencer, 50 cts.; Miss Jennie Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. W. F. Evans, 50 cents; Mrs. Grant, 50 cts; Mrs. E. M. Clarke, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Ware, 50 cents; Mrs. Dr. Ware, 50 cents; Mrs. D. C. Canfield, 50 cents; Mrs. R. H. Jackson, 50 cents; Mrs. Mumford, 50 cents; Miss Lottie Townsend, 50 cents; Mrs. L. C. Graves, 50c; Mrs. M. Davy, 50 cts.; Mrs. Dr. DeLano, 50 cents; Mrs. Mark Wells, 50 cts.; Miss. E. Athearn, 50 cents; all of Niagara Falls—By Miss Ella Spencer	10 00

Miss Mary Teasdale, Oconomowoc, Wis., 50 cents; Miss Ella Teasdale, Mineral Point, Wis., 50 cents; Miss Mather, Sodus, \$1.00; Mrs. Rob't Johnson, \$1.00; J. H. Weddle, Newburgh, \$2.00; Mrs. C. S. Baker, \$1.25; Mrs. L. Couch, W. Macedon, \$1.00; John Anderson, Ogdens, \$1.00; Miss C. VanNortwick, Flagtown, \$1.00; Mrs. Erastus Cash, South Byron, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Lampert, \$1.25; Kenneth Ailing, 50 cents; Mrs. Alick McVean, 75 cents; James Bruce, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Mansfield, Taylorville, \$1.00; George H. Ely, Cleveland, \$5.00; Charlie Lapham, Penn Yan, \$1.00; Miss Clara Adams, Adams Basin, \$2.00; Miss E. C. Hayes, 75 cents; Miss Franc E. Fletcher, Lockport, \$2.50; Mrs. Charles C. Wells, Stratford, \$1.00; Mrs. Gilman Hill, Waterbury, 50 cents; J. Brown, Fairport, \$2.00; Walter Backus Brown, New York, 85 cents; Miss Mary Goff, Cameron Mills, \$2.00; Mrs. G. W. Farnham, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. H. N. Hemingway, \$1.00; Miss Abbie A. Marks, Lockport, \$2.50; Henry E. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, \$2.00; Mrs. Rapelje, \$1.00; Miss N. Dailey, West Avon, \$2.00; Mrs. Cyrus Bently, Chicago, \$2.00; Mrs. And'w. Rowley, Victor, 60 cents—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins. \$43 45

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. Leary, by Mrs. Mathews, \$10 00
 A. S. Hamilton & Co., by Miss Mathews, 5 00
 John T. Fox, 5 00
 Moore & Cole, 10 00
 Lane & Paine, 5 00
 M. F. Reynolds & Co., 5 00
 M. V. Beemer, 5 00
 Mechanic's Savings Bank, 15 00
 C. B. Woodworth & Son, 5 00
 L. C. Spencer & Co., 5 00
 J. B. Sweeting, 5 00
 A. S. Mann, 15 00
 G. N. Storms, 10 00
 E. F. Hyde, 5 00
 John Schaefer, 5 00
 Smith, Perkins & Co., 5 00
 McVean & Hastings, 5 00
 E. & A. Wayte, 5 00
 Wetmore & Rees, e., 5 00
 By Mrs. Perkins, 115 00

Donations to March 1st.

Mrs. James Brackett—Five bowls of Jelly, a bundle of Clothing.
 Mrs. Palmer—Two dishes of Jelly.
 Mrs. Joseph Medbery—Ten bushels of Potatoes.
 Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger—One large basket of Grapes a bundle of Linen.
 Mrs. T. A. Newton—Delicacies.
 Mrs. A. Carter Wilder—Periodicals.
 Mrs. Williams—Second-hand Clothing.

Superintendent's Report.

1872. Feb. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 73
 Received during month, 29—102
 Discharged, 14
 Died, 3— 17
 Remaining Mar. 1st, 1872, 85

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE OF THE HOSPITAL REVIEW:

LADIES:

The Managers of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, return sincere thanks for the kindness which places the columns of your paper at their disposal, for the publication of the list of Cash Donations, recieved at their late donation. By Order,

ELLEN F. LATTIMORE.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 28, 1872.

The Managers of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, gratefully acknowledge the following cash donations received at the Asylum Feb. 12th, 1872.

D. A. Watson,	\$50 00
Mrs. C. B. Woodworth,	25 00
Mrs. E. H. Hollister,	25 00
D. A. Woodbury,	25 00
William N. Sage,	25 00
Julius T. Andrews,	25 00
Sidney B. Roby,	25 00
James Vick, (pledged),	25 00
J. E. Pierpont,	25 00
Cash,	25 00
A. S. Mann,	25 00
Mrs. Chester Dewey,	20 00
Henry Lampert,	20 00
Mr. and Mrs. Abelard Reynolds,	20 00
Charles C. Morse,	20 00
Mrs. Gilman Perkins,	11 00
Mrs. S. L. Brewster,	10 00
Mrs. O. M. Benedict,	10 00
Mrs. James E. Booth,	10 00
Mrs. C. Wilcox,	10 00
Mrs. Elias Wolff,	10 00
Mrs. A. G. Bristol,	10 00
Mrs. Henry L. Churchill,	10 00
Mrs. M. F. Reynolds,	10 00
Mrs. I. H. Force,	10 00
Mrs. Joseph Curtis,	10 00
Mrs. Maltby Strong,	10 00
Mrs. H. Austin Brewster,	10 00
A. V. Smith,	10 00
J. B. Thomas,	10 00
R. M. Dalzell,	10 00
Jacob Howe & Son,	10 00
Mrs. J. H. Martindale,	10 00
Nehemiah Osburn,	10 00
Michael Filon,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Churchill,	10 00
Isaac Ashley,	10 00
L. Farrar,	10 00
N. B. Northrop,	10 00
Samuel Goss,	10 00
Charles Chapin,	10 00
Jacob Anderson,	10 00
E. M. Smith,	10 00
E. O. Sage,	10 00
F. Gorton,	10 00
G. W. Parsons,	10 00
George R. Clarke,	10 00

Samuel Sloan,.....	\$10 10
Howe & Rogers,.....	10 00
D. Copeland,.....	10 00
Henry F. Smith,.....	10 00
Dr. H. W. Dean,.....	10 00
Mrs. L. A. Ward,.....	10 00
Mrs. H. Anstice,.....	10 00
Mrs. H. S. Potter,.....	10 00
Mrs. John H. Brewster,.....	10 00
Mrs. Isaac Butts,.....	10 00
Mrs. and Mrs. Theron Parsons,.....	10 00
Mr. George Ellwanger,.....	10 00
Mr. Rosenblatt,.....	7 00
Mr. William Burke,.....	5 00
Dr. S. M. Campbell,.....	5 00
P. C. Viele,.....	5 00
Daniel Iles,.....	5 00
Prof. S. A. Lattimore,.....	5 00
Mrs. E. T. Huntington,.....	5 00
Mrs. Eliza Loop,.....	5 00
Mrs. William Richardson,.....	5 00
Ashman Beebe,.....	5 00
F. L. Durand,.....	5 00
Mrs. C. M. Lee,.....	5 00
Mrs. H. Pincoff,.....	5 00
Mrs. M. Galusha,.....	5 00
Mrs. Robert Johnson,.....	5 00
Miss Christina Semple,.....	5 00
Mr. Hill, Detroit,.....	5 00
J. W. Adams,.....	5 00
Mrs. Robert Hunter,.....	5 00
Mrs. Capt. N. Stone,.....	5 00
Mrs. Robert Archer,.....	5 00
Mrs. Oren Sage,.....	5 00
Mrs. E. Pancost,.....	5 00
Miss Annie Pancost,.....	5 00
Mrs. George E. Mumford,.....	5 00
Mrs. E. D. Smith,.....	5 00
Miss Alden,.....	5 00
Mrs. S. D. Porter,.....	5 00
Newell Stone,.....	5 00
John Mogridge,.....	5 00
Dr. L. D. Walter,.....	5 00
T. L. Johnson,.....	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howe,.....	5 00
Mrs. William Alling,.....	5 00
D. McKay,.....	5 00
A Friend,.....	5 00
L. S. Fulton,.....	5 00
Cash,.....	5 00
G. G. Clarkson,.....	5 00
O. D. Grosvenor,.....	5 00
Mrs P. V. Crittenden,.....	5 00
Dr. Thomas Hamilton,.....	5 00
Mrs. and Miss Nessell,.....	4 50
Erastus Darrow,.....	4 00
Mrs. E. T. Smith,.....	3 00
Mrs. George Archer,.....	3 00
Mrs. G. Hardenbrook,.....	3 00
W. B. Hanna,.....	3 00
T. C. Montgomery,.....	3 00
Mrs. Martin Briggs,.....	3 00
Mrs. William Carson,.....	3 00
Mrs. Dr. Little,.....	2 50
Mrs. Electus Boardman,.....	2 00
Mrs. C. Holton, Batavia,.....	2 00
Robert Fenn,.....	2 00
A Friend,.....	2 00
Mrs. D. G. Weaver,.....	2 00
Mrs C. D. Tracy,.....	2 00

Mrs. J. W. Thomas,.....	\$ 2 00
A Friend,.....	2 00
Miss K. R. VanEvery,.....	2 00
Mrs. Angell,.....	2 00
Mrs M. B. Anderson,.....	2 00
Mrs. W. C. Rowley,.....	2 00
Mrs. Romanta Hart,.....	2 00
Mrs. John T. Fox,.....	2 00
Mrs. Waugh,.....	2 00
J. M. Bruce,.....	2 00
J. T. Carson,.....	2 00
J. E. Hardenbrook,.....	2 00
E. N. Adams,.....	2 00
James Palmer,.....	2 00
James Sabey,.....	2 00
R. B. Ashley,.....	2 00
Mrs. Samuel Russell,.....	1 00
Mrs. E. P. Bigelow,.....	1 00
Mrs. George Morse,.....	1 00
Mrs. A. Joslyn,.....	1 00
Mrs. Henderson,.....	1 06
Mrs. Moses King,.....	1 00
Mrs. Dr. Fenn,.....	1 00
Mrs. Roby,.....	1 00
Master R. Farrar,.....	1 00
A. J. Warner,.....	1 00
Mrs. J. O. Hall,.....	1 00
Mrs. M. W. Hurd,.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Y. Ellis,.....	1 00
Mrs. Joel Pound,.....	1 00
Mrs. Hallowell,.....	1 00
Miss Carietta Dewey,.....	1 00
Miss Farrar,.....	1 00
Cash,.....	1 00
Mrs. L. L. Stone,.....	1 00
Mrs. Nichols,.....	1 00
Mrs. E. M. Smith,.....	1 00
A Friend,.....	1 00
George W. Maltby,.....	1 00
J. M. Smith,.....	1 00
A Friend,.....	1 00
Miss Mumford,.....	1 00
Miss Hollenbeck,.....	50
A Friend,.....	50
Mr. Fox,.....	50
Willie Carson,.....	50
From the Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent Society.	
Mrs. M. Greentree,.....	\$10 00
Mrs. N. Britenstool,.....	3 00
Mr. E. Solomon,.....	1 00
J. A. Britenstool,.....	1 00
L. W. Moore, Jr.,.....	1 00
N. Stern,.....	1 00
E. M. Moerrell,.....	1 00
Mrs. Dr. L. Hechinger,.....	1 00
Mrs. Joseph Beir,.....	1 00
Mrs. Abram Stern,.....	3 00
Mrs. N. Levi,.....	3 00
Mrs. A. Mock,.....	2 00
Mr. Bronner,.....	1 00
S. Stettheimer,.....	5 00
Mrs. Koch,.....	1 00
Mrs. S. Meyer,.....	2 00
Mrs. M. Cauffman,.....	1 00
Mrs. Bachman,.....	5 00
Mrs. Ricard,.....	1 50
Mrs. Lempert,.....	1 00
Mrs. Rosenfield,.....	2 00
Mrs. Savage,.....	1 00
Mrs. Steiu,.....	2 00

Mr. Rosenstrauss,.....	\$ 3 00
Mrs. Hochstetter,.....	1 50
Mrs. Mock, Sr.....	1 50
H. & D. Rosenberg,.....	5 00
Cash,.....	1 00
Mrs. Rice,.....	2 00
Mrs. Rev. Dr. Rundbaker,.....	1 00
Mrs. A. Beir,.....	2 00

From Ladies' Hebrew Aid Society.

Joseph Wile,.....	2 00
G. Wile,.....	1 00
L. Garson,.....	1 00
J. Sloman,.....	1 00
Mrs. Vanberg,.....	1 00
Mrs. A. Hayes,.....	1 00
H. Michaels,.....	3 00
Received at lunch table from several Hebrew Ladies.....	10 25

Receipted Bills.

Democrat & Chronicle,.....	33 20
Curtis, Morey & Co. Union,.....	27 20
Wm. S. Falls,.....	2 25
Stump & Frost,.....	4 00
Dibble & Dutton,.....	15 53
Avails of evening entertainment,.....	128 25
Sale of ice cream,.....	47 55
Sale of flowers and candy,.....	29 35
Total,.....	\$1515 83
Paid out, cash,.....	41 06
Receipted bills,.....	82 18

\$123 24

Net proceeds,..... 1397 09

LYDIA G. SAGE,

Treasurer.

Children's Department.

"I'm Sorry."

God loves to hear you, little one,
 If sad for sins that you have done;
 The tears of penitence are bright,
 And pure as pearls, in Jesus' sight.

Whatever wrong of any sort
 Your heart or tongue or hands have wrought,
 Repent, believe, and peace obtain;
 God's love will wipe away the stain.

Confess your sins then, every day;
 Get low upon your knees and pray:
 Watch, lest the evil one shall come
 To make your soul his constant home.

Look up to God, tear-dropping eyes,
 And see Hope's bow upon the skies.
 'T is only through these contrite tears
 That beauteous colored arch appears.

F. B. S.

Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so shut, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; gran'pa feels the March wind; you have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now, Edward."

"Do forgive me, gran'pa, I ought to be ashamed. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward Carter' will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, gran'pa."

"Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list."

"In the first place, the *door of your ears* must be closed against the bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward Carter's future prospects.

"The *door of your eyes*, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to lay up money, or have any left to give away.

"The *door of your lips* will need especial care. They guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to *blow open*; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time, till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least, till you have something valuable to say.

"The *inner door of your heart* must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the door-keeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard his call, and sometimes drops asleep at his post; and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes and ears and lips, you will

keep out many cold blasts of sin—which get in before you think.

“This ‘shutting doors’ you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends.”

The Baby's Hand.

BY REV. C. C. TRACY.

That dear little hand I can never forget;
 Its delicate pressure is thrilling me yet;—
 Clapping one of my fingers, so weak and so wee,
 But with giant-like power it laid hold upon me.

’Twas not the blue eyes, nor the lips, nor the
 brow,
 But the little hand won me, I cannot tell how;—
 So tiny, so perfect, a work so divine,
 With wonder I viewed as I held it in mine.

His life waned with the moon that was new at
 his birth,
 Yet, one recognition he gave me on earth,
 That clutch of my finger so delicate, ah!
 It had meaning, “I love you and trust you,
 papa.”

Kneeling down by the cradle, I always would
 seek
 That toy of a hand to press to my cheek.
 But the last time I pressed it ’twas lifeless and
 cold,
 And its beautiful structure has now turned to
 mould.

But yonder the dear little vanished hand;
 It is beckoning me to the Heavenly land,
 And its soft touch will be when I feel it again,
 The return of a joy, and the end of a pain.

We gave God our one darling, yet, let it be thus,
 For He gave up His Only-begotten for us,
 And what such a Giver at last will bestow,
 We wait for the infinite future to show.
Constantinople.

“Charley, what is it that makes you so sweet?” said a loving mother to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom. “I dess when Dod made me out of dust he put a little thugar in,” said Charley.

He that keeps his temper is better than he that can keep a carriage.

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

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.

Black Silks!

CAN be bought from our Stock at **Low Prices.** We believe our customers get a very much better Silk for the money than other Houses sell.

Our aim is to give the very best article that the market affords. In short, to buy the Goods low for Cash, with every advantage afforded by capital, experience and a knowledge of the wants of the trade as well as the best sources of supply.

We mean to go to the bottom in buying Goods, and in that direction make our profit, rather than make all out of our customers.

Ladies, buying Black Silks of us, can rely upon getting a full equivalent for their money.

feb. '72. **A. S. MANN & Co.**

A. S. HAMILTON & CO. Hardware & Cutlery,

21 & 23 BUFFALO STREET.
 SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Wakefield's Earth Closets.

dec. '71 CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

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.

WETMORE, REESE & CO, Druggists & Apothecaries

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SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

child—but as to getting his consent, that seemed to be beyond the probability of realization. Everyone, who ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mendelssohn, must have been attracted by his winning manners, his courteous bearing, and his manifestation of decided character. Whether he won upon the old man by one of those peculiarities of his “native worth” in particular, or by their combination, can only be inferred. Suffice it to say, that after a long parley, he was permitted to try one range of keys. One hand he employed at first, quietly using the other in drawing the stops, as if to test the variety of their quality; and when he had thus got out as many as seemed applicable for his purpose, he made a dash, which completely staggered the old man, and began to play as only he could play.

The old man gasped for breath. He clutched the rail against which he was standing, and for an instant seemed as if he would drag this bold intruder from his seat. That impulse was, however, only momentary, for he soon stood, as it were, spell-bound, until a break in the gushing harmony enabled him to make an effort to ascertain who the master-spirit was that made the organ speak as he had never heard it speak before. Sir Michael Costa, at first scarcely knowing whether it were better to smile at the old man’s astonishment, or let events take their course, or enlighten him at once, decided upon the former course; but at this moment the old man seized him by the arm and gasped out:—“Who, in heaven’s name, is that man?” But when he answered, slowly and deliberately, “Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy,” he staggered as if struck by a tremendous blow. “And I refused him to touch my organ!” he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave an impatient sign that he should not be disturbed, and listened and listened as he never listened again, as if some mighty spirit entranced had him. The object gained, Mendelssohn spoke a few kind words to the old man, and so departed, leaving an impression upon his mind and heart that, without doubt, during the time that he was spared, was never for an hour obliterated.

Thoughts unspoken are powerless to do evil; the unsheathed sword never makes a wound.

For the Hospital Review.

A Vagabond.

I.

Along the street one sunny day,
A child went wandering;
I smiled and turned my head away
At such a fair wee’ thing.
He had no straw hat on his head,
His yellow curls were rare.
I think myself you would have said,
You never saw such hair!

II.

Two well worn shoes, untied I think,
An apron torn and old;
A small round face so sweetly pink,
Set in it’s curls like gold.
I am afraid it was not clean,
And sticky I am sure,
But it was happy and serene,
And like all children’s, pure!

III.

Unheeding all life’s woe and pain,
It’s striving and surprise,
It found in each thing joy again,
That came before it’s eyes.
Not poverty nor soil, could kill,
The sunshine from it’s way;
No shadow, wan and cold could chill,
The brightness of each day!

IV.

O happy, happy little man!
To go with shoes untied,
Must be, (if anything there can,)
More bliss than all beside!
To sail chip boats in idle glee,
What is so great a joy?
And who of us but would not be,
As glad, and careless boy?

V.

And when life clogs and drags again,
With weariness grown chill,
When lessons learned of bitter pain,
Are unforgotten still,
Again of that small face I think,
It’s faith and trust untold,
So wise, so sweetly calm and pink,
Set in it’s curls like gold!

BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

Dress plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudicst colors.

Mrs. Morris' Nursery.

It was a rainy day; the children were all at home from school, and around their mother. The three boys kept the room in a perfect uproar. Now they wrestled together till she was in mortal terror lest bones should be broken or dislocated; now William had got Jack's knife, and was holding it aloft in the air, enjoying his brother's vexation, and the oft-repeated, "I'll tell mother!"—euphonious, familiar words in vogue in perhaps all nurseries.

"Mother, Will's got my knife, and wont let me have it!"

"Mother, can't Maggie let me alone?"

"Mother, can't I have this string?"

"Mother, my head aches."

"Mother, wont you tell me a story? Wont you mend my mittens?"

And "Mother" must pacify Jack and take down Will; she must pour oil on the feud between Mary and Maggie; she must give up that identical string with which she was trying to get time to tie up a parcel; she must coax the aching head to stop aching, and if it wouldn't stop must give up everything else in order to become doctor and nurse; and out of her bewildered brain she must bring forth treasures, both new and old, of story and verse.

But she was doing each and all these things in a new spirit.

"For thee, Lord, for thee!" she whispered, as she went from task to task, and He accepted each tiny offering of herself to Him, in a way that awoke a responsive glow of joy in her heart. The links that kept binding her to her unseen Lord were very small and insignificant. They were almost invisible to her own eye. But they were real. And the serene spirit that came, as their natural result, soon began to be felt all through the house. The children were under wondrous training, though they knew it not. It was as if there trooped a humble yet beautiful series of angelic visitants through all the details of home-life. And though Mr. Morris had first suggested to his wife this doing everything "as unto God," he was almost startled at the results. The new gentleness and patience with which she guided his house had in it something so "not of this world," that he caught himself anxiously guessing.

"Are not my dear one's heavenly wings growing apace? Will she not fly off and leave us unawares?"

But if they were growing, they were not to bear her away from the home where she was so much needed. They were only to lift her just high enough to enable her to soar over, not be entangled with, earthly cares. And this is not, after all, so very, very uncommon a sight on this earth. Who cannot call up the image of a woman, who is a "spirit, too," who scorns none of the homely ministries that form the patches of worn and torn every-day life, but is equally skilled in tracing the delicate embroidery that adorns it? Yes, to many of us the word "mother," means not only she who bore us, nursed us, kept body and soul together through incessant care, but she who gave us our best conception of a noble, ideal character, who made us hate and shun evil, who led the way, by her own example, to the heavenward path, and whose saintly prayers are even now the guardian angels that keep us in that way.

And now let every over-burdened mother try for herself the experiment that in the case of Mrs. Morris had such happy results.

Let her speak to each of her children in the gentle, loving tone with which she would address her Lord and Master, were He one of her household in youthful, human guise. Let her minister to the wants of each as she would minister to His. Let her give all her time to simple, everyday, homely tasks; why not? Let her find scope for all her affections in this narrow circle which makes home; why not? For what else was she made? Whereunto was she borne? While other women are struggling for their "rights," let her feel that the only right she wants, is the right to be the best mother the sun shines on. And while their brows will be clouded with care, hers will be becoming every day more serene.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*Christian Weekly.*

Two or three academic students recently took some ladies into the Sheffield scientific school observatory, to gaze at the moon. One of the latter observing through the telescope the jagged edge of the orb exclaimed in raptures, "Oh how divine! It looks exactly like Hamburg edging."

Baby Bunn.

Winsome baby Bunn !
 Brighter than the stars that rise
 In the dusky evening skies,
 Browner than the robin's wing,
 Clearer than the woodland spring,
 Are the eyes of baby Bunn !

Winsome baby Bunn !

Smile, mother, smile !
 Thinking softly all the while
 Of a tender, blissful day,
 When the dark eyes, so like these,
 Of the cherub on your knees,
 Stole your girlish heart away.
 Oh ! the eyes of baby Bunn !
 Rarest mischief will they do,
 When once old enough to steal
 What their father stole from you !
 Smile, mother, smile !

Winsome baby Bunn !
 Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
 Set in calyces of gold,
 Cannot make his forehead fair,
 With its rings of yellow hair !
 Scarlet berry cleft in twain,
 By a wedge of pearly grain,
 Is the mouth of baby Bunn !

Winsome baby Bunn !

Weep, mother, weep,
 For the little one asleep
 With his head against your breast !
 Never in the coming years,
 Though he seeks for it with tears,
 Will he find so sweet a rest.
 Oh, the brow of baby Bunn !
 Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn !
 One must wear its crown of thorns,
 Drink its cup of gall must one !
 Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
 White with anguish as they drink,
 And the temple sweat with pain—
 Drops of blood like purple rain—
 Weep, mother, weep.

Winsome baby Bunn !
 Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
 Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
 Not the softest, faintest glow
 Of the sunset on the snow,
 Is so beautiful and sweet
 Than the wee pink hands and feet
 Of the little baby Bunn—
 Winsome baby Bunn !
 Feet like these may lose the way,

Wandering blindly from the right;
 Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
 Be to him like golden stairs
 Built through darkness into light.
 Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
 In their silken stockings dressed !
 Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
 Hid like rose-leaves in your breast !
 These will grasp at jewels rare,
 But to find them empty air;
 Those shall falter many a day,
 Bruised and bleeding by the way,
 Ere they reach the land of rest !
 Pray, mother, pray !

Aqua Ammonia for House Cleaning.

A "Housekeeper," in the *Michigan Farmer* of Detroit, speaks highly of aqua ammonia, or essence of ammonia, for cleaning paint, silver, and glass dishes. She says : For washing paint, put a tablespoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and with this merely wipe off the wood-work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease-spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, and then lay white blotting-paper over the spot and iron it lightly. In washing laces, put 12 drops in warm suds. To clean silver, mix two teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of hot soap-suds, put in your silver and wash it, using a brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair brushes, etc., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one teaspoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water; when they are cleaned, rinse them in cold water and stand them in the wind or in a hot place to dry. For washing finger-marks from looking-glasses or windows, put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of it. If you wish your houseplants to flourish, put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful in a basin of cold water will add much to the refreshing effects of a bath; nothing is better than ammonia water for cleansing the hair. In every case, rinse off the ammonia with pure water. Aqua ammonia should be purchased by the pound or half pound, as druggists ask an extortionate price per ounce.

Carlyle says :—"Experience is an excellent schoolmaster, but he does charge such dreadful high wages."

DOMESTIC FAULTS.—Homes are more darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with one than another. The Eastern traveler can combine his forces and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he scarcely escapes the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice—the slave to dress and extravagance, her besetting sin—but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, the rude, dogmatic manner, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action or disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the current of affections from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of companionship stalks alone.

For the Hospital Review.

Morning Prayer.

From the German of Eichendorff.

Oh, wondrous silence, deep and holy!

How solitary yet the earth!

Only the forests swaying softly,

As tho' in stillness God went forth.

I feel myself as if made newly;

No more by care and need I'm worn,

The load that yesterday seemed hopeless

Is scarcely felt in glow of morn.

The world, with all its grief and gladness,

Will I, a pilgrim joyful, free,

Tread only as a bridge that passes,

O'er Time's swift stream, O Lord, to Thee.

J. B.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm; second, eat regularly and slowly; third, maintain regular bodily habits; fourth, take early and very light suppers; fifth, keep a clean skin; sixth, get plenty of sleep at night; seventh, keep cheerful and respectful company; eighth, keep out of debt; ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need; tenth, mind your own business; eleventh, don't set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind; twelfth, ubdue curiosity; thirteenth, avoid drugs.

Confide in God.

There once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no relatives, and was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"Oh! yes, I'm forever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy. You are all alone; you work hard; you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to think of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if He can keep this great world in such good order—the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a shining night after night, make my garden things come up just the same, season after season—He can sartinly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose if a frost should come after your fruit trees are in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose. I never can suppose. I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes young people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the *suppose* comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you're at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head—"always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of

taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demon of care, of mistrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right in our hearts. We seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and cloke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate "Happy Nancy," and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do whatever your hand find to do, and there leave it. Be more childlike towards your Heavenly Father; believe in His love; learn to confide in His wisdom, and not in your own; and above all, "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden, if you would follow "Happy Nancy's" rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.—*Christian Treasury.*

TIMID PEOPLE.—It is the habit of some people to laugh at the terror which is experienced by others at the heavy thunder crash, or the flashing lightning. This is both cruel and wicked, since the victim is no more to blame for it, than for the color of his eyes or hair,—in fact, like them, it is often hereditary. Such persons should be pitied and soothed, and allowed during these periods to be always near some one whom they love and confide in. More especially is this true of children, some of whom suffer more than words can express from this, as well as from other causes of fear. Deal gently with such; it is the only way to eradicate such fears; ridicule and harshness will only confirm them. The child "afraid of the dark," should never be forced to encounter it unattended and unwatched. Idiocy has often been the sad result of a contrary treatment. Let parents and teachers then, be thoughtful in these regards.

THE LARGEST CLOCK.—The large clock at the English Parliament House is the largest one in the world. The four dials of this clock are 22 feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the hand moves nearly 7 inches. The clock will go 8½ days, but only strikes for 7½, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding up of the striking mechan-

ism takes two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is 8 feet high and 9 feet in diameter, weighing nearly 15 tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than 400 lbs. This clock strikes the quarter hours, and by its strokes the short-hand reporters in the Parliament chambers regulate their labors. At every stroke a new reporter takes the place of the old one, whilst the first retires to write out the notes he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

The King and the Miller.

BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I!
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend" said old King Hal
"Thou'rt wrong, as wrong can be,
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doff'd his cap—
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

[*Camden Democrat.*]

No earthly possessions—no mental endowments, can supply the place of religion—because that alone brings salvation to man.

A TRUE LADY.—“I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child,” said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, “the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but my darling, it is a misfortune, which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook.”

Household Recipes.

SUET PUDDING.

One cup of suet, one cup of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of sweet milk, one and a half cups of flour, a pinch of salt and a little cinnamon. Steam three hours.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

Tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, and one teaspoonful of Baking Powder, mixed with two cups of sifted flour. Bake as cake and eat with a liquid sauce.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

Soften one cup of Tapioca about twenty minutes, in one quart of milk; add three beaten eggs, a little butter and nutmeg, and half a cup of sugar. Bake three-quarters of an hour. To be eaten with hard sauce.

SPONGE CAKE.

The yolks of ten eggs and one pound of sugar, beaten together; stir the beaten whites in; sift half a pound of flour, and and stir it in, and add a teaspoonful essence of lemon. After putting it in the pans, add a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut. Bake twenty minutes.

CURRANT CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, one and a half cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, six eggs, three cups of flour, three teaspoonsful Baking Powder, and one pound dried currants, with half a cup of flour rubbed into them.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1872.

Special Notice to Subscribers

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No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Visit to the Hospital.

The necessary time for our usual walk through the wards of the Hospital, was this month denied us, and we contented ourselves with only gleanings which were very willingly given us by the wife of the Superintendent, whose frequent visits to the bedsides of the suffering ones, are cheering and comforting.

From what we heard, we hope to tell you enough, to keep up the interest we are certain all our readers have in this noble charity, which does all that is possible to relieve the many who seek, and find here, such care and attention as they are deprived of at their homes.

The interest our attending Physicians and Surgeons manifest, is very gratifying and praiseworthy.

We made inquiries for several of those we knew best. Mr. Taylor, does not seem to improve, though much time will be essential for him to show many signs of recovery. Mr. H., the cheerful, goodnatured old man at the end of the lower male ward, that we have always found reading some good and instructive book, we were glad to hear, had received his artificial leg, which has been having some repairs. Mr. S. we have met several times down street; were the days warmer, he would enjoy

these walks much more; he has always some cheery words for us, every time we see him. A. H. B. has not yet received the needed money for his wheel-chair.

Mary K. was taking care of Mrs. B.'s darling baby boy, and we had a few pleasant words with her. Mary W., was recovering from an attack of epilepsy. G., who seemed quite poorly the last time we saw her, was sitting up at the window. We are glad she is improving.

In the Nursery are four little ones, and "such pretty babies."

"Four little waves, upon the sea of life,
 Four souls to save, amid the toil and strife."

Only a few of the private rooms are occupied. We have in reserve a full description of this part of the Institution, which we shall hope to give you at some future time.

The "Frankfort" ladies of the Brick Church, have furnished a nurse's room. The ladies of this church have twice before exhibited their benevolence in a like manner. When the Hospital was first erected, they furnished one of the wards, and have since fitted it up newly. They have not wearied in well doing.

There have been but three deaths during the past month. One, a victim of a rail-road accident, died the same day he was received; one, but a few days an inmate; and one, who has laid for many months, gradually passing away. His pale face many times looked sadly up at us. He seemed to be a great sufferer, and in our past few visits, almost too weak to speak.

We are pleased to publish this month a longer list of donations than in several months preceding, though there yet remain needs to be supplied.

Dyeing made Satisfactory.

If it were not for the presence of the little vowel (e) in the first word of the above heading, our readers might suppose that among other improvements going on

at the Hospital, we had an improved method for "shuffling off this mortal coil." No; *dying* is still the same inexplicable sundering of soul and body, which each and all of us must pass through, and *dyeing* is another matter.

We desire to call attention to the "Old and Responsible Steam Dyeing and Cleansing Establishment of D. Leary." Mr. L. has been so long and so favorably known in this city and elsewhere, we can say nothing new in his favor. He is the same paradox as ever—he "still lives," and still *dyes*.

His card in another column of our paper, tells how to address him, or how to reach his establishment. We advise all requiring such work, to take it to Mr. Leary, and he will assure them perfect satisfaction.

We cannot suppress a regret, that our paper must go to press this month, without any special tidings from Mrs. Arner. The long and wearisome journey, together with the exposures, which were hard in her state of health to endure, required some weeks of rest; recent letters announce her to be improving fast.

There are many inquiries and much interest felt in her, by the many friends she has left behind.

On Receiving Some Pressed Autumn Flowers.

* * * "Could anything be prettier than these lovely little sprays of autumn leaves, painted by Nature's own hand! Thank you for them. We shall take many a trip to the mountains while looking at the bright leaves.

It will be summer with us sometimes, and we shall almost feel the breeze on which they danced in their baby-greenness; then the autumn will steal upon us and we shall see their pretty faces flush and grow radiant, as they hear the call to help deck the mountain in glorious apparel, to

honor the coming of the king—the King of Terrors, as we call him—whose advent brings no fear to the inanimate things of creation; and then, holding them in our hands asleep in their deathless beauty, we will, in fancy, go back to look once more upon the parent-tree, patiently, amid frost and snow, holding its stripped arms heavenward,—*ever* heavenward—until they are clothed again, and bowed earthward, with a weight of joy. * * * B.”

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 1st, Casper Steinkamp, aged 32 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 2d, Matilda Furstenthal, aged 45 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 9th, Michael Werner, aged 47 years.

Subscriptions to the Review.

- Mrs. E. Mott, Victor, \$1.50; Mrs. J. Upton, Victor, \$1.50; Mr. Henry Kip, Buffalo, 50 cents; Mrs. L. S. Hargous, Pittsford, \$1.00—By Miss Mathews.. \$ 4 50
- Mrs. Button, 62 cents; Mrs. Barton, 50 cents; Miss Barton, 50 cents; Mrs. Frick, 50 cents; Mrs. J. B. Sweeting, 50 cents, Miss Fuller, 62 cents; Postage, 13 cents—By Mrs. J. S. Hall,.... 3 37
- Mrs. S. M. Gates, Warsaw, \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, 62 cents—By Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, 1 62
- Mrs. Edward Ray—By Mrs. Breck.... 63
- Mr. Munday—By Mr. Breck 50
- Master Harry Robinson, Boston—By Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo,..... 2 00
- Dwight F. Whitney, Adrian, Mich., \$1.00
- Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, Pittsford, \$2.50;
- Miss M. C. Eddy, Troy, \$3.00; John Frey, Charlotte, 50 cents; Mrs. L. F. Dow, Fowlerville, 50 cents; Misses Ruth and Mary E. Lyday, East Rush, \$3.00; Mrs. E. W. Hudnutt, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. D. Hazeltine, 50 cents; W. L. Hill, St. Louis, \$1.00; Miss C. Vance, \$1.00; Mrs. Storer How, Cincinnati, 50 cents; Miss Hattie N. Graves, Wethersfield Springs, \$1.50;
- Miss Clara L. Richman, Saginaw City, \$1.00; Mrs. P. L. Lowry, Michigan City, \$1.50—By Mrs. Perkins..... 18 50

Agents.

- The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:
- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
 - MISS ELTA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
 - MISS MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
 - MISS FLORIE MONTGOMERY, “
 - MISS MARY WATSON, “

Donations for March.

- Mrs. A. Carter Wilder—Jelly, Canned Fruit and Papers.
- Family of the late O. M. Benedict—Silver Tea Service, Cake Baskets, Syrup Cup, &c., 8 cans Fresh Fruit, Pickles, &c., box of Raisins, 3 handsome Engravings, quantity of second-hand Clothing and Bedding, Books and Periodicals.
- Frankfort Ladies—Black Walnut Set, complete, with Bedding, for Nurses' Room.
- Mrs. T. A. Newton—Delicacies.
- Mrs. Lampert—Delicacies.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Old Linen.
- A Friend—Pickles, Tomatoes and bundle of Cotton.
- Mrs. Martin Briggs—Quantity of Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Snyder—Full Volumes of Galaxy and Harper's Magazines.

Superintendent's Report.

1872. Mch. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 79	
Received during month, ..	30—109
Discharged,	21
Died,	3— 24
Remaining Ap'l 1st, 1872,	85

Children's Department.

A Fairy at Home.

“What is my Lily thinking of so intently?” asked Mr. F——, as he entered the sitting-room, where the little girl was leaning her forehead against the window-pane, and gazing out into the evening sky.

“Oh! nothing much, papa,” said Lilian, starting from her reverie, and taking up a book of fairy tales that had fallen upon the carpet.

“Such a quiet time for thinking should hardly be wasted upon ‘nothing much,’” said the father, kindly. “But try for a moment if you cannot recall the train of ideas which I interrupted. Your book, I see, was of a sort which stimulates the imagination. I would like to know what way its influence tends.”

“You will think me very foolish, papa. I was just imagining how I should like to be a fairy.”

“What is a fairy?” inquired the father, innocently.

“Why, you know, papa, just as well as I do. Little mites of people, that wear mantles made of tulip-leaves, and that ride in snail-shell coaches drawn by dragon-flies.”

“Would you really like to be so very small?”

"Oh that would be rather cunning, papa; but the best of it is, they have power to do such wonderful things, and always use it for such good purposes."

"Do they, indeed?" said Mr. F——, in a serio-comic tone.

"There, now, papa, you are laughing at me. Now you know I don't believe all this; only the stories say so, and I always like to imagine that such stories are true."

"I should not have the slightest objection to believing in fairies, if there seemed to be any need of them; but really I think all the good, and most of the beautiful works attributed to them, can be just as well affected by human agencies. Tell me, now, what you would do if you were a fairy."

"Oh! a thousand things, papa. In the first place you need not go down town any more to that dingy old office, for whenever you wanted money, I could tap with my wand and up would come heaps of gold and silver. Then, you know, I would make mama well, and keep her so. Oh! there's no end to the good things I would do!"

"Would it not be better, my dear little girl, to make the utmost use of all the power you have, instead of spending these long hours of musing in wishing for still more?"

"All the power I have is precious little, you know, papa."

"Very precious, certainly, but not so little as you may suppose. Your father would much rather have his own little daughter here to welcome him home at night, than to possess all the gold and silver that fairies were ever fabled to produce. And the gentle, quiet influence of a loving sister in the household is worth to your sick mother, more than the touch of a fairy's wand upon her brow. Depend upon it, my dear child, God has given to you a work, which, well accomplished, will be more beautiful in its results than any romance of fairy-land."

Lilian sat for a few moments musing in the deepening twilight, and then the summons for tea prevented any further conversation. The first thought that entered her little head the next morning was, "I'll be a fairy to-day."

But the winter air was chilly; and, by the grey morning light, Lilian's fairy work seemed not quite so easy and beautiful as the evening before, by firelight.

At this moment, however, she heard little Ally's voice in the next room, quite wide awake, and sure to disturb his sick mother. Lilian slipped softly into the room, and persuaded Ally to come and be dressed by her; and, as the little fellow had no objection to a change of attendant, the nursery toilette was very quickly completed. Then she carried him to the breakfast-room, that he might be out of hearing-distance from his mother.

Bridget had just completed the breakfast arrangements, to her own satisfaction, doubtless, but, as Lilian knew, to the certain discomfort of her father; for every particular article stood cornerwise to its neighbor, and the whole effect was as if a rushing wind had brought cloth, service, and eatables and deposited them on the table according to its own sweet will.

As soon as she had established Ally with his building-blocks in the corner, Lilian neatly and quietly re-arranged everything upon the table, so that an artist's eye could hardly have suggested an improvement.

"Mother always did this," said Lilian to herself. "How careless I have been not to think of it before!"

At this moment, Willie burst into the room.

"I wish mother wasn't sick," he exclaimed. "There's no one to tie my neckcloth, or put up my dinner for school, or find my books, or help me with my lessons."

"Perhaps I can fix your neck-tie. Come here," said Lilian, "and let me try."

"O! you don't know how. You never did it in your life."

"I can learn, though. You shall see," said the little girl, and she secretly resolved that she would practice tying a ribbon around a block for one hour every day, until she was perfect in the art. The neck-tie was arranged, even to Willie's satisfaction, and the stray books were all found and put in the satchel.

The father then appeared. An unexpressed expression of contentment was upon his countenance as he sat down to a comfortable breakfast, but whether he attributed anything to fairy influence, Lilian never knew. She rather hoped not. It was so pleasant (she thought) to work unsuspected!

After her father had gone, Lilian put up the luncheon in Willie's dinner-basket with her own fairy fingers, and saw her brother started for school, then crept soft-

ly to her mother's room to see what she could do for the comfort of the invalid. She dusted and arranged the room in the order that best suited her mother's taste, moving, all the time, with such a gentle, fairy-like tread, that the slightest slumber need not have been disturbed. She brought water to bathe the aching head, then closed the curtains to just the right degree of shade, and left her mother to her morning nap. By this time Ally had become wearied of his efforts at self-amusement, and must have some assistance. Lilian built houses, bridges, and towers, all on the most wonderful models of architecture, but perfectly satisfactory to the small employer, who valued the most elaborate structure only for the noise it made in tumbling down.

All day long, his little attendant was fully occupied in amusing him, and she had time only to put the sitting-room again in order, and bring her father's study-gown and slippers, when his night-key was heard at the door. Lilian placed herself demurely in her old seat by the window, and was looking out with a somewhat more happy and less abstracted expression than on the previous night.

"Some good fairy has been at work I guess," said Mr. F——, as he took the comfortable easy-chair, and glanced at the usually noisy little Ally, who was now deeply absorbed in Lily's favorite portfolio of engavings.

"Oh! no, papa," replied Lilian, as she drew herself over the side of the chair into his arms; "no one in the world but your little FAIRY AT HOME."—*Independent.*

Child's Prayer.

Hear this simple prayer I offer!
Help me to be good to-day;
May I call right thoughts about me.
While I drive the bad away.

When I feel the selfish wishes
Creeping in my little heart,
May I then, my heavenly Father,
Think how good and kind thou art:

That thou ever givest to me
All the blessing that are mine;
All the birds, the trees, the flowers,
All the clouds and bright sunshine.

For all I have, O let me bless thee;
For my own glad, happy heart;
For only when I'm good and loving
Can I know how good thou art.

Henry Clay to the Boys.

The *Western Farmer's Almanac* for 1859 contains the following letter from the Sage of Ashland to one of his namesakes:

ASHLAND, July 7, 1845.

My Dear Little Namesake:—Your parents have done me the honor to give my name to you. On that account, and at the request of your good mother, I address this note, which she wishes to preserve for your perusal, when by the lapse of time, you shall have attained an age that will enable you to comprehend and appreciate its friendly purport.

Your parents entertain fond hopes of you, and you ought to strive not to disappoint them. They wish you to be good, respected, eminent. You can realize their most sanguine hopes, if you firmly resolve to do so, by judicious employment of your time and your faculties. Shun bad company, and dissipation—its inevitable consequences. Study diligently and perseveringly. You will be surprised at the ease with which you will master branches of knowledge which at first view will frighten you. Make honor, probity, truth, and principle your invariable guides. Be obedient and always affectionately respectful to your parents. Assiduously cultivate virtue and religion, the surest guaranty of happiness both here and hereafter. In your intercourse with your fellow-beings be firm, but at the same time bland, courteous, and obliging. Recognize at all times the paramount right of your country to your most devoted services, whether she treats you ill or well, and never let selfish views or interests predominate over the duties of patriotism.

By regulating yourself according to these rules you may become respected and great, be an ornament to your country, and a blessing to your parents. That such may be your destiny is the sincere wish of their and your friend. H. CLAY.

Master Henry Clay.

The widow of Walfert, a celebrated musician, had inscribed upon his monument, "He is gone where only his music can be excelled." The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this, and had inscribed on her husband's tomb, "He is gone where only his fire-works can be excelled."

The "Just-As-I've-A-Mind-To."

I saw a tigress a little while ago. She was in a cage gnawing a bone. A man put his umbrella against the bars of her den, and oh! how madly her eyes glared. She showed her white teeth, growled, and sprang towards the man in a way that made him start back in a hurry.

"Well," thought I, half-aloud, "if you were loose, Mistress Tigress, and in the streets, I should not like to meet you. You'd make mince meat of the boys and girls 'mazing quick."

"But there is a creature as dangerous as the tigress running loose among the children," whispered a friend at my elbow.

"Ah!" cried I, looking round with surprise in my looks; "what is it?"

"The *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to*," said he, laughing, and leaving me very much puzzled for the moment.

"The *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to*!" mused I. "He's joking, I guess. And yet it seems to me I've heard that name before. Oh! I've got it! He means the spirit of willfulness and obstinacy, which leads a boy or girl to despise good counsels, and to say—'I'll do just as I've a mind to.' That's it. The *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to* is a tigress indeed. It destroys a great many children certainly."

Then I thought of some things the *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to* had done. I remembered Will Crusty, who was sent to mill one day by his father with the horse and wagon. As he left the door yard, his good father said:

"Will, don't ford the river to-day. The water is too high. Go round by the bridge."

Will cracked his whip, and drove off, muttering:

"I shall do just as I've a mind to about that, old gentleman."

Then he drove straight to the ford. An old farmer saw him, and shouted:

"Will, don't cross the ford—'tain't safe."

"I shall do just as I've a mind to about that, old gaffer," said Will.

So he drove into the river at the ford. But the water was very high; the current was strong. The horse lost his foothold, and was carried into deep water. Will was frightened, and falling into the water, was carried over the milldam, and dashed to death among the rocks. The *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to* killed him, as certainly as any loose tigress would have done.

Nor is Will the only boy which this fierce creature has killed. Millions—I mean *Millions*—have been ruined by it. It loves to drive children into ruin. Isn't it a dreadful creature?

You wouldn't like to meet it, eh? I suppose not. Yet I fear some of you have met it, and have even given it a lodging in your bosoms; for mark, the *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to* is neither more nor less than a stubborn will in a child's heart!

Pleasant Words.

Lines addressed by a MOTHER to her CHILDREN.

Pleasant words, pleasant words,
Like the song of Summer birds,
From a sister's lip they fall,
Ever sweet and musical:
By a brother spoken clear.
Gratefully they meet the ear,
And when youthful friends in play
Spend a merry holiday,
Nothing surely can be heard
Sweeter than a pleasant word.
In the busy hours of school,
Bound by many a tedious rule;
When the daily task's complete,
Homeward go the little feet;
When fair children sport together,
Through the bright and sunny weather,
Through the Winter's time of snow,
By the firelight's cheerful glow,
In their frolics wild and high,
In their moods of gravity,
I would hear, like notes of birds,
Softly dropping, pleasant words.

Darlings, ye for whom I pray
Morn and evening, day by day;
Whom I love so deeply well,
Language hath not power to tell;
Little sister, little brother,
Be ye gentle to each other.
Let not angry tempers come
To the hallowed shrine of home;
Still remember, how a word
Harshly spoken must be heard;
How it meets the ear of Him
Dwelling 'mid the cherubim;
Of the Saviour, meek and mild,
Once on earth a gentle child.

Linked in bonds of unity,
Dear ones, may ye ever be
Tender, loving, kind and true,
Friends in storm and sunshine too;
Cheerful as the summer birds,
Speaking ever pleasant words.

The Flower Ball.

The Flowers determined to give a Ball on the happy occasion of Miss 'Rose Bud' coming out. 'John Quil' wrote the invitations, and then the notes were carried round by the 'Scarlet Runners.' The company was varied in size, color, and general appearance; but 'Rose Bud's' chaperone, Mrs. 'Prim Rose,' took care that it should be very select, and none but the very best people were invited. There were a number of 'Lords' and 'Ladies,' who doubtless brought with them a little 'London Pride,' but all was 'Heart's Ease' and merriment; the 'Maiden-hair' looked charming in the moonlight, the 'Broom' had swept the trim lawn till not even a 'Lady's Slipper' could not be soiled by crossing it, and even the old 'Wall-flowers' (of whom a certain number are required to make every ball complete) looked beautiful in the 'Night Shade,' although they might not have been able to face the 'Day's Eye.' They would have been 'Day Liars,' however, whoever they were, if they had found fault with that night's entertainment. 'Violet' eyes shone sweetly, and 'Pink' cheeks tempted 'Two Lips' in every direction.

Shall I tell you some of the Ladies' names and dresses?

There were 'Blue Belles' without number, and not even the 'Canterbury Belles,' of whom Kent is so proud, could have outshone them. Then there was 'Car-Nation,' in her beautiful pink dress, with a scent bottle, which had long been in her family, containing the most 'delicious' perfume. 'Polly Anthus' had her velvet dress on, and 'Mary Gold' was very fine in her orange color; 'Ann Emony's' dress was of variegated hues, whilst 'Rose Mary' and 'Miss L. Toe' were clad in garments of quite dark green, and 'Lily' and 'Jessie Mine' were all in white. Then, besides all these daughters, there were a number of 'Sunflowers' too. Sir 'Dandy Lion,' Sir 'R. Butus' and Sir 'Perry Winkles' were among the company, and also 'G. Ranium' and 'X. Otic,' Esqs., and many others. Lady 'Columbine' charmed everybody by her dovelike appearance, with her 'Fox-gloves' on, and a pearl (white as 'Snow drop') in each ear.

'Sage,' indeed, were those who attended that Ball: they took no account of 'Thyme,' and gathered a 'Mint' of pleas-

ure; it was a 'nice' entertainment, and no one seemed to 'Rue' having accepted the invitation, or said 'Let us' be going, till a very late hour.

At last that mad fellow, 'Ragged Robin,' proposed smoking, and actually brought in a 'Box' of 'Weeds.' 'La burn 'em!' cried the ladies; and 'Sweet William' did so immediately, till there was not an 'Ash' left!

O it was a right jolly party! Don't you wish that 'Yew' had been there to carry off the 'Palm'?

[*Stories for my Children.*]

The Shadow Game.

Hang a sheet upon the wall, or in any place that may be convenient; arrange your lamp or candle so that strong shadows may be thrown upon the sheet. Then let one of the party sit near it on the floor with his back to the rest. Now stand behind him in such a way as to throw your shadows upon the sheet, and he will try to detect one of the shadow-makers. As soon as he is successful, or thinks himself so, he calls out the shadow's name. The boy or girl who is thus found out must change places with him, and take a turn at guessing. If the players assume fantastic positions, or dress themselves in some odd way or move very unnaturally, they can quite bewilder the poor guesser. Even a piece of moist paper pressed against the side of the nose, so as to make a comical shadow profile, will prove a complete disguise.

Another way of playing this game is to hang the sheet in a doorway. The "guesser" takes a seat on one side of it in the dark, while the shadow-makers remain on the other side with their candle. The shadows show through the sheet very distinctly.

Harum Scarum's Letter.

My name is Harum Scarum. I'm a relation of Topsy Turvey's.

She lives close by my house.

People call me Harry. I'm six years old, most seven.

I don't think much of girls. Turvey is pretty good when she plays horse, but she won't play horse much.

I go out sliding. My sled's name is Bob. It goes likkety larup. Turvey's got another cat.

She is black all over, and her name is Cherry.

Me and some other fellers put her in a snow bank for fun. We wanted to see her scratch out.

She did't. Topsy Turvey's mother came and

got her out, and shook me, 'cause Turvey screamed so.

Turvey is a great 'fraid cat. She goes over to her grandma's house sometimes. I don't like her grandma 'cept her doughnuts, 'cause she makes me keep stiller than any thing.

I like to go to Johnny Hunter's.

I know a dog over there.

His name is Billy. We harness him up, and he'll drag us all round.

I set him on to Cherry, the other day, and she licked. He *ki yied* some, you bet.

I learnt some naughty words once, but my mamma won't let me say 'em. She washed my mouth out with soap suds, 'cause I said gosh, and something else.

I got mad once after supper, and I put on my tippet and rubber boots. Mamma asked me where I was goin', and I told her I was goin' out doors to say darn.

She said, "Well, run right along."

I opened the door and looked out; it was awful dark. I thought: I wouldn't say it then.

I shall when the sun shines.

Mamma said, "words that were too naughty to say in the dark were too naughty to say any time."

Turvey said "Aint you ashamed, Harry?" I said I guessed I wouldn't take two lumps of sugar when my mamma was up stairs.

Turvey hollered "O, I never." But she did, 'cause I see her. Papa says I had better go to bed now. I guess so, too. Good night.

Youth's Companion.] HARUM SCARUM.

In the Cage.

Squirrel, you're a miller,
 In your coat of grey!
 Why, you never rest an hour,
 Through the livelong day,
 Nothing in your hoppers,
 All your bins to fill;
 Yet, round, round, round
 Goes the mill.

Can't you stop and tell me
 How's your worthy dame?
 How's your baby-boy, too,
 Master, "What's his name!"
 Never a grain of wheat, sir,
 Though you labor still,
 And round, round, round
 Goes the mill.

Miller, stay a moment!
 See, your work is vain:
 Such a fuss and flurry,
 Not one peck of grain.
 Slow and sure's the motto
 While we climb the hill,
 And round, round, round
 Goes the mill.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
 "To make the dark world bright!
 My silvery beams cannot struggle far
 Through the folding gloom of night!
 But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
 And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

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Six Months 3 00	Half Column, 1 Year	15 00
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ROCHESTER, N. Y

elegant, the table luxuriant and well served. We have pleasant rooms, with south windows, so we get our full share of this glorious sunshine. We look out upon the The Grand and upon other fine buildings, crowning the hills, and from these beyond to other and distant hills against the sky. A great deal of wealth is here. Ladies come down to dinner glimmering with diamonds, and costly laces, and silks. We feel at times an indifference, if not contempt, for money when we see who they are who win it—who they are here who can reckon their millions. Yet it is a very pleasant thing to have, after all—and in time it improves and refines even the most vulgar. Is this not so? The shops are, some of them, very handsome, and there is a charm to us in this city everywhere we turn, which we feel and yet can hardly describe. It seems ancient and yet we know it is new. It is not like the pictures of Jerusalem exactly, and yet we never walk out on a beautiful day but we think of it—and these hills, are they not “like the mountains round about Jerusalem?” It is February, but we write with our windows open, and the yards and gardens are full of callas and roses and pansies, all in bloom. What sort of weather is it in Rochester to-day, we wonder?

We found ourselves quite heroes upon reaching here—so much anxiety had been felt for the long delayed trains, and the snow-bound passengers. Well, we *did* suffer, but we never realized how much, till we reached here and were pitied and petted by everybody. Even the porter and the chambermaid looked at us tenderly the day we came, and remarked, “You must have had a very hard time, Madam—but Mr. McS., (the proprietor) says you shall have the best in the city now.” The prettiest tribute paid to us was at Oakland. At the first station there, a gentleman came into the cars with baskets filled with bouquets for all the passengers—each with a printed label, “Oakland’s welcome to passengers from the snow-drifts.” Weary

and worn as we were, the sight of the green hills greeting us, and lovely landscapes, on every side, had already touched us very tenderly—just emerging as we were from the desolate regions of ice and snow, and when these flowers came—rosebuds in all their sweetness and freshness, heliotropes, callas, English violets, pansies, all smiling their welcome—it was too much. We confess that just then we put our faces very close up to the car window and looked out long and intently that the passengers inside might not see that we were crying, for crying we were in good earnest, and could not help it. So we thought, when all life’s storms are over, shall we be welcomed to fairer shores. This beautiful greeting from Oakland touched even the strongest hearts. Men, not to be suspected of sentiment, said to us, pointing to their bouquets, “I shall press these flowers and send them home.” And so to “the States,” as they still say here, and to England, and to Germany, and we know not where else, these flowers will go.

Our readers, we see by a very welcome copy of the *Review*, which has reached us here already, followed us on our journey. If at the outset we were a little hungry for adventures, they will agree with us that we have had enough. Our experiences at Cheyenne, and up to that time, were all like a wild and not unpleasant romance—or a picnic on a grand scale. But after that we came to the real hardships, the dangers, and the long, long weariness. First, we had a collision, of which our readers have had an account—then, when the terror of that had somewhat subsided, a collision of another sort—a domestic tragedy. Mr. — and his wife had quarreled more or less since entering the car at Omaha, and one eventful night matters came to a crisis. They stood at one end of the car *arguing* until midnight—she with her dark Spanish eyes, blazing with hate and malice, hurling at him language which seemed to us, the concentration of all that

was most bitter and scathing, in scorn and sarcasm—while he, not equal to her in any way, in strength of epithets or passion, made up for the want, in the coarseness and brutality of his responses and in his whole appearance. Finally, finding himself mastered in *debate*, he showed some signs of personal violence towards her, which the gentlemen in the car would not stand. They sent for the Conductor, and upon Mr. — refusing either to leave the car or to promise to let her alone, they took his seven-shooter from him and tied him up. There was quite a struggle to accomplish this. They were obliged to use him rather roughly, and while he was wrestling in their strong hands, the blood streaming from his face, she was calling out in tones which rang through the car: "Give it to him!" "Give it to him good!" And when they finally wrested his pistol from him, she took it and struck him with it heavily. Such oaths, such shrieks, such curses as he kept up, were fearful, and we could do nothing but lie in our berths and listen to them. It seemed sometimes as if the car had opened and had let up a hot blast from below. While he was writhing in his bondage, like a caged tiger, and breathing out his maledictions, there came a fearful cry of "Fire!" It was from the San Francisco car, our next-door neighbor, and our own car was filling with smoke. "Well," we thought despairingly, "what will happen next!" Everybody was out of their berths and on their feet, in an instant, but before we could get dressed, we learned that the danger was over, and that the flames were nearly extinguished. But a fire on a night like that, blockaded as we were, the storm howling as it only can on the Rocky Mountains, snow up to the telegraph wires, far from any station or relief, was not a cheerful thing to contemplate.

Still the days went on, stretching into weeks, finding us still in the snow drifts, each day growing more and more weary and despairing. The greatest suffering

was for water. We were haunted for days at a time with thirst, which the dirty melted snow would not satiate. We could not at last drink the tea and coffee made of this muddy water. Others did, and with a relish, but the longer our journey continued, and the fainter we grew in flesh, the fainter grew our appetites, until we fairly abhorred the sight of anything to eat or to drink. To this day we believe we could hardly look at a tin can of fruit or vegetables without a shudder. We never lacked food, but we reached a point where, if some change and relief had not come to us, we believe we should have starved. With the filth surrounding us, and for which with the scarcity of water there was no remedy, we could not eat. Still, we speak of ourselves now, and not of all. Many kept their appetites keen, only too keen, to the end. So many have wondered, since reaching here, that with an ocean of snow around us we could not have melted more, settled it, and so had an abundance of clean water. The explanation is simple. With twenty-four in a car—no place but the small top of the stove to do all the cooking and snow-melting, and with only small tin fruit cans to melt snow in—our friends can perhaps understand our difficulty. Nearly every person had their own tea or coffee pot, which must occupy the small space for a time, besides those fearful stews, forever stewing, and the frying and broiling. Water, too, must be heated for washing our dishes—for we did even to the last make some despairing efforts to get them clean, at least *once* during the day. But such water and such dish-towels—how they would have horrified some of our tidy Rochester housekeepers. Scarcely would we have finished our dishes before they were borrowed, and then borrowed and washed again, with just such black cloths and scant water, until no wonder when they came around to us again, that we loathed the sight of them. We smile now to think how very precious in

those days was a cup of water. We have sometimes taken a tea-cup of it into our berth with us, for fear that Louise might be ill, and that it might be needed, and knowing how difficult, perhaps impossible, to get a drop in any other way. With what stealthy, miser-like greediness would we hoard up our cup of water. Bits of straw were perhaps floating in it and the sand settled at the bottom, but we held it as we would gold. The tanks for bathing purposes were, it is true, filled at the stations, but with alkali water or worse. It was all bad, and we were faithfully instructed not to use it for drinking or cooking. Then, so long as we were between stations, there was almost always a scarcity even of this, and the tanks empty. If we in the Pullman cars, who had provided ourselves with all possible comforts on the way, suffered, what must it have been for the poor emigrant cars? To the praise of the passengers we can say, that they divided generously with these poor people, to the last; but cleanliness or comfort was out of the question for them, and much of the time, even for ourselves. *Four* weeks, and in some instances, *five* weeks, from Omaha, we all were with little change of clothing, without a bath, without a good bed! Imagine it! A very sad incident on our train was the death of a little child. The mother, with two older children, was in the second class car, on her way to her husband. As soon as the illness of her child was known, the passengers in our car voted to make room for her and her children, and where this child, which we learned had inflammation of the lungs, could be better cared for than in its present exposure. She seemed very grateful for the kindness, and it was touching to see the pleased and satisfied look of the little sufferer, as she nestled her head down upon the pillow, and stretched herself out as if she appreciated the change and the comfort of a bed. But it was too late. Hardship and exposure had done their work—and the mother left

the little one to its cold rest, in the snows of the Rocky Mountains. How utterly dreary it seemed. But underneath all these wild wastes of snow, beautiful flowers were waiting the call of Spring, to come forth and deck these desolate mountains with marvelous beauty and sweetness—and this flower, laid here so sorrowfully beneath the snow, will awaken to a fairer life and bloom. God will not forget it.

We believe we could fill a book with the varied incidents of our journey—but our readers are we know already weary, and we will stop. Good night.

T. C. A.

Do the Duty that Lieth Nearest thy Hand.

Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand,
And seek not thy mission o'er all the wide land.
Thy field lies before thee, around thee, and thine
Is the hand that should open that field's precious mine—
Whether country or city, green fields or grand hall,
Shall claim thee, that claim is thy mission's loud call,
O, would I could tell thee, in words that should burn;
Of chances now lost that will never return,
And lost while thou'rt searching, with sad, anxious mind.
In some distant vineyard thy life work to find,
Do the duty that heth the nearest thy hand—
'Tis the faithful in little that much shall command.
Where now thou'rt abiding, seek work for the Lord,
While thy heart and thy hands move in cheerful accord.
Give the kind word that's needed, the smile that will cheer,
And a hand to relieve the tired laborer, near.
In the mart, in the field, in the dearer home band,
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never retire at night without being wiser than when you arose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

Anecdote of Webster.

Daniel Webster was a firm believer in Divine revelation, and a close student of its sacred pages. On one occasion, a small company of select friends spent the evening at his house. Tea over, the Bible and the relative beauties of its several parts became the topic of conversation. Each one of the guests had preference. When the turn came to Webster, he said: "The masterpiece of the New Testament of course, is the Sermon on the Mount. That has no rival—no equal. As to the Old Testament writings, my favorite book is that of Habakkuk, and favorite verses, chapter iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no heard in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." "This," continued Webster, "I regard as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature. And often have I wondered that some artist, equal to the task, has not selected the prophet and his scene of desolation as the subject of a painting.

"When in Paris, some years ago," continued Mr. Webster, "I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find in a drawer of his library some stray leaves of an unknown volume; although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible, like most infidel writers, he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the above prayer of Habakkuk. Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club house to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course, they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author, to which inquires the infidel replied: 'A writer by the name of Hab-ba-kook, of course, a Frenchman.' Judge of the infidel's surprise when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically, admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called Free-Thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and contained in that much-despised book, the Bible."—*Lutheran Observer*.

A Memory.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

— And tho' a thousand read these lines,
But twain shall understand "

I had a friend once, and she was to me
What fragrance is to flowers, or song to birds,—
Part of my being; but there came a time,
(I cannot tell you how, or when, or where)
A time that severed us. There was no fierce,
Hot trouble at our parting. It was calm,
Because it was so gradual. Ere I knew,
We had grown cold at meeting, colder still
At our good-bye. But looking on it now,
After long years, I marvel at it all,
And weep more tears than I did then, by far,
Over this strange, sad parting, this blank wreck
Of love, and hope, and friendship, and warm
trust.

O, it is pitiful—this breaking up
Of human sympathy and sweet heart-tryst !
Had we so many friends—this friend and I—
That we could well afford to give the slip
Each to the other? Drifting thus apart,
Like ships that meet upon some tropic sea
For one brief passing hour, exchange stale news,
Gossip of cargoes or the last-made port,
Then sail away, each on its separate course,
And never dream, nor care, to meet again !
I think the heart grows chary of its friends
As years and death do steal them from our grasp;
I could not let a friend go now as I
Did her; for I was young then,—both were young.
Ah well! I wonder if she cares, or if
She ever thinks of those old, foolish days
When, with her hand in mine, we sat and talked
And kissed each other 'twixt our happy words,
And vowed "eternal friendship,"—endless trust.
It may be so; and if this idle verse,
(Albeit not so idle as it seems,)
Should meet her eye—I would, I would it might !—
She too may give a sigh to those old days,
And wish, with me, that one had been more true
And both more patient—that the olden time
Had less of bitterness mixed with its sweet,
Making the after-draught so drugged with pain
That even now, tears come because of it.

Happy the heart whose meditations go
up from the sweet objects scattered on
every side of us, to the sweeter objects
which mortal eye is not permitted to see,
but which will be revealed in good time to
all, whose faith looks to him who died to re-
open Paradise to the transgressor.

For the Hospital Review.

Indifference.

From the German of Heine.

They all have tormented me sorely,
Have angered me early and late;
And these have done it with loving,
And those have done it with hate.

They have poisoned the wine in my goblet,
And poisoned the food on my plate:
And these have done it with loving,
And those have done it with hate.

But she that has tortured me sorest,
My heart most cruelly proved;
Ah, she has hated me never,
And me she never has loved. J. B.

Flowers in Churches.

Flowers are not of man. They are divine. Man can, by culture, develop all that God has hidden in them; but can add nothing to them, nor can he invent or build them. It is scarcely possible to pervert them to bad uses. Flowers and music may be used by bad men. But unlike painting and sculpture, they cannot themselves be made to represent any evil thing. A very simple and plain room is made elegant by the presence of a few flowers. The interest on the money spent in ridiculous architecture would furnish many churches with an offering of simple flowers for every Sabbath of the year. For God has made flowers for every body.

They are next in abundance to the great elements—air, light, water. The poorest man has a roadside flower garden. No mission church is so poor that it cannot afford wild flowers upon the altar, and a few assorted leaves in the windows. How strangely would woman's hand light up the dreary plaster wall and frigid seats of many a church room, if permitted to garnish them with those field thoughts of God?

At first many will shrink at seeing flowers on the speaker's desk or on the pulpit. But why? Let any man attempt to give a reason. Why should woven flowers in the carpet be proper, and flowers in your wives' bonnets, and flowers in your children's hand—but improper on the desk? Is the place too holy? But is it holier than God, and are not flowers His peculiar workmanship? If God deemed it suitable to His dignity and glory to occupy His mind with making and preserving such in-

numerable flowers, are we wise in disdaining them, or considering the place too sacred for God's favorites? Do men reflect that God has been pleased to name Himself from flowers? "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."—*H. W. Beecher.*

Stork Council.

Dr. H. Van Lennep relates in his *Travels in Asia Minor*, a singular but well authenticated stork story. Storks abound around Smyrna, and are hospitably treated by the natives, who allow them to build their nests in peace on the roofs and chimneys of their houses. At Bournabat, an out-lying village, some mischievous chap once put a hen's egg in a stork's nest, which in due time hatched, astonishing the foster parents very greatly. After long looking at it and much vehement chattering of bills, after the manner of storks, the male went off, and after a time returned with a large flock which covered the roof of the house, and proceeded to examine the mysterious young monster. By chattering of bills and much gesticulation, showing excited debate, they held a lengthened conclave. The end of the "pow-wow" seemed to be in a sanguinary decision, which they proceeded at once to execute. They fell on the luckless supposed mother of this monstrous progeny and killed her on the spot. The stork is a bird always welcomed by man, because of its usefulness as a destroyer of vermin and in the removal of offal. It will become quite tame when well treated.

The Sunday Stone.

In one of the English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off, these become hard and form limestone. This stone would always be white, like marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. In the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then, again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on, alternately, black and white, through the week, until Sunday

comes. Then, if the miners keep the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. This will be the white stone of Saturday night and the whole of Sunday, so that every seventh day the white layers will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But, if they work on the Sabbath they see it marked against them on the stone. Hence the miners call it "the Sunday Stone." Perhaps many who now break the Sabbath would try to spend it better if there was a "Sunday Stone," where they could see their unkept Sabbaths with their black marks.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He is merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country: to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness and vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the doctor who gives people fits—of laughing, sent a letter to the post office of a Ladies' Fair at Pittsfield. On the first page he wrote:

"Fair lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And hush, O hush thy breathing heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf" there was found a one dollar bill, with some verses beginning:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter:
This is the (1) thou lovest well,
And nought (0) can make thee love it better.

Household Recipes.

QUICK LOAF CAKE.

One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, a glass of wine, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of raisins, and a little nutmeg.

CITRON CAKE.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and a half cups of sifted flour, six eggs, one pound of citron cut in strips, one cup of sour milk, with saleratus, one glass of wine.

CORN STARCH CAKE.

One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of corn starch, whites of three eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor with essence of lemon.

GINGERBREAD.

One-half cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful ginger, flour enough to make the right consistency. Bake quick.

CORN MEAL MUFFINS.

One pint of sour milk, one pint of meal, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs, not quite half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

SAUCE FOR FISH.

Two ounces of butter, one half cup of vinegar, one teaspoonful dry mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper; boil this—when boiling, stir in a cup of milk with the yolks of two eggs. Let *this* just boil, stirring all the time.

LEMON PIE.

One lemon, two eggs or one egg and two yolks, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little water, then fill up the cup with water, butter the size of an egg. The top to be frosted with the whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1872.

Special Notice to Subscribers

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Visit to the Hospital

House cleaning in its mildest aspect, seems formidable, and house cleaning at the Hospital seems infinitely more alarming. We have never been able to discover anything but the most scrupulous neatness about the Institution, but we presume the bright Spring sunshine has made the necessity of this work evident to our Matron, for we found her busy as possible, and devoting her energies in this direction.

For several months we had been prevented from visiting the Female Wards; however, we were not forgotten by those who had seen us before. We wish we might know more of each individual, but there are so many inmates, and so many changes, it becomes impossible.

Mary is always pleased to see us; indeed our welcome from her is among our pleasantest remembrances of each visit. G., was looking quite comfortable, and was sitting up in bed. Mrs. E. was better than when we last heard from her. Mrs. H.'s peaceful face assured us of her perfect trust in "Him who doeth all things well." Mrs. —, for many years an invalid, but recently admitted, expressed herself so satisfied with the pleasant surroundings. We have been much interested in K., and hope soon to see her well.

We visited several other parts of the building, and ended our walk by going through the lower Male Ward. Mr. W. was cheerful as ever. A. H. B., wonderfully improved in health, and with much more ability to help himself than we ever supposed possible. C. H., whose leg was amputated some time since, seemed quite smart, was sitting up and is able to use crutches. J., who has been one of our nurses, we found sick, but concluded if good nature was any aid to medicine in bringing about a speedy recovery, he would soon be well. B. M., a blind man, we have known for some years, had been received since our last visit; he is much more comfortable than in his home, where he had little or no care.

Mr. Taylor, in whom the citizens generally have been so much interested, on account of the severe injuries he received, which made it a marvel that even life was spared, has after several weeks of suffering, passed into the life eternal.

We see little else but the dark side of life in Hospitals, but trust even its trials are sanctified to those who endure them.

To Subscribers.

Some of our subscribers are still in arrears, notwithstanding the earnest, and in the main, successful efforts, made during the past year, to collect all our back dues.

We trust that all who have been called upon, will see the propriety of their taking some notice of their obligations.

Those who have had no particular opportunity to pay, are requested to read the "Special Notice to Subscribers," which we have published since February.

The Ninth Volume of the *Review*, begins in August, and it would give us much pleasure to be able to write up our books to that time and as much in advance as possible. We shall be most happy, as usual, to receive any number of new subscribers.

NOTICE.—On the 8th day of March, an envelope, containing \$1,85, without any name or information concerning the object for which it was intended, was left at the house of the Treasurer of the Review. We would like some instructions regarding the matter.

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, April 5th, Frederick Nicholas, aged 28 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital April 5th, Prof. Almon R. Eastman, aged 63 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, April 5th, Benjamin Stevens, aged 70 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, April 18th, John Anderson, aged 25 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, April 30th, Ambrose Taylor, aged 35 years.

Donations for April.

- Mrs. George J. Whitney—Seven dozen of Eggs.
- Mrs. Eliza Hunter—Cash. \$10.00 for Ambrose Taylor; Cash \$5.00 for A. H. Buck, to help procure a Wheel Chair.
- Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Apples and Dried Berries.
- Mrs. Ives, Batavia—One bundle Linen.
- Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Bowl of Jelly, Papers and Periodicals.
- Mrs. Charles C. Barton—Pair of Crutches, Gentleman's Dressing Gown and Books.
- Mrs. Oscar Craig—Panama Hat and Silk Hat.
- Mrs. Carter Wilder—Illustrated Papers and Magazines.

Subscriptions to the Review.

- Mrs. J. M. Sly, \$1.00; Mrs. Elvira Jones, 50 cents; Miss Hattie Campbell, 50 cts.; Miss Carrie Wattles, 50 cents; all of Cameron Mills — Miss Bessie Shaw, Lakeland, Minn., 50 cents—By Miss Mary M. Goff, Cameron Mills. \$ 3 00
- Mrs. C. F. Weaver—By Mrs. Breck 1 00
- Mrs. Heath, 60c.; Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy 60c. Willie C. Parker, San Francisco, 25 cts, Postage, 12 cents; Miss Savage, \$2,50; Miss Sarah Shelton. 65 cents; Mrs. Jacob Howe, 50 cents; Mrs. A. F. Willard, Cayuga, 50 cents; Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, \$1,25; Mrs. William Wallace, \$1,25; Mrs. George H. Allen, Brockport, \$2,50; Mrs. Oscar Craig, 50 cents; Mrs. M. L. Bartow, Leroy, \$2,00; Allings & Cory, Advertisement, \$5,00—By Mrs. Perkins, 18 22
- Maitland Mallory, Brooklyn, \$2,00; Mrs. J. P. Kelly, Castile, N. Y., 50 cents; Mrs. S. Ives, Batavia, 50 cents; Mrs. E. Griffen, 50 cents; Mrs. Ezra Parsons, 50 cents—By Miss Hibbard. 4 00

Superintendent's Report.

1872. April 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	85
Received during month,	29—114
Discharged,	32
Died,	5— 37
Remaining May 1st, 1872,	77

Children's Department.

The Stolen Nails.

"They call me honest, and I think I am honest; I mean to be," said the old man whom we all know as "honest John Russell," "but everybody don't know what made me so."

"What did?" was asked.

"I early found out for myself that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' When I was a boy I wanted to have a little cart. My father was poor, and I had to work. Almost the only time I had for play was in the evenings, and then I wanted to have a cart like the other boys. I managed to get some pieces of board, and by a good deal of patient sawing, hewing and shaving, brought them into shape. But I had not enough nails to put them together, and not a penny had I with which to buy more. My father would not give me money for anything short of an actual necessity. My cart, therefore, lay unfinished, and I kept on the lookout for nails. I saved every one that I could find out of use; but there was small hope of my getting enough.

"One day when I was at the mill, I saw a box of fine new nails, just such as I wanted. I took some of them and put them in my pocket. I carried them home. Now I could finish my cart. But the feeling of meanness that I had from the time I put the nails in my pocket made me ashamed to work at it before any one. I also was afraid that I might be asked where I got the nails. I found opportunities of working at it unseen, and at last it was done.

"It was such a rough-looking affair, but it was a brave runner, and not a cart on the hill could go better. I should have had great delight in it if it had not been for the stolen nails. They spoiled it entirely.

"The best cart on the hill," said Will Miner.

"But it has stolen nails in it," was the quick answer of my conscience.

"The fastest cart I ever saw," said Ned Winslow.

"But it has got stolen nails in it," I said to myself.

"The best," shouted all the boys; but the echo rang round me like stolen nails! stolen nails!

"I tried to offset my theft by kindness and generosity. I lent my cart most cheerfully to every boy who was without one, and gave every little girl who came in my way a ride upon it; but in each one's 'thank you,' I seemed to hear 'stolen nails!'

"I could not bear this. I was too unhappy. I determined to pay the miller for his nails if it were a possible thing. I knew no better how to earn money now than before I stole them; but I was more resolved. The case was desperate.

"Some days afterwards I had some money in a present, and I felt much happier than I was before.

"I was now eager for a chance to get to the mill, and it was not long before one came. A grist was to be ground, and I was sent with it. I had written upon a paper 'To pay for some stolen nails,' and wrapped the coppers in it. While my grist was being ground, I dropped it in the miller's nail-box. I felt a relief when I had done this; but it did not last long. Things did not seem quite right, after all. I felt guilty still.

"The miller was a rough and testy man, and accused a boy whom he disliked of having stolen the nails, and then having paid for them through fear of being found out. The story ran through the town and was believed. The poor boy was wrongfully accused through my fault, and I felt ten times more guilty than ever before. My conscience upbraided me so, that at last I went to my mother and told her all.

"I see but one right way before you, my son," she said. "The truth must be told. The bible teaches us to confess our sins; and if you had done this at first, no one would have been wronged on your account. You can see in this matter how sin spreads. Your wrong-doing has led the miller to do wrong—to accuse another of your crime. I will go with you to see him, and you shall tell him the truth, that no more harm may be done."

"My mother walked beside me two long miles through the snow, all the way to the mill, in almost unbroken silence. O what

a long way it seemed! My heart was heavy as stone with sorrow and shame. My mother's face was so pale and sad that when I looked at her it made me almost cry.

"At last we reached the mill. My mother bade me tell the story. I told it, and then burst into tears.

"The rough miller wiped his eyes and said, 'I've done wrong too. I have wronged that Jim Morgan.' Going to his drawer he took out the coppers and offered them to me. 'Here,' he said, 'you're welcome to the nails. I see you were not made for a thief. You'll grow up an honest man.'

"I refused the money.

"No, thank you, I want to pay for the nails, I can't take back the money?" and I turned away my head.

"The miller laid the money on his desk.

"I've heard of your famous cart," he said. "I want you to make me one just like it."

"I told him I had neither boards nor nails.

"I'll furnish boards and nails," said the miller, and pay you something for the making. I want to give the cart to Jim Morgan. There's an account for me to settle with him."

"I shall be glad to make the cart without any payment," I answered. "I think I ought."

"The miller soon sent the boards and nails, and I made a second cart, which was both faster and better looking than my first. Jim Morgan's cart was acknowledged to be the best that ever ran down the hill. But I never wanted to tell him, and I never could tell him, that he owed his 'Racer' to me. I hope no one ever knew it but the three persons who were together when I confessed my theft.

"And the miller was right when he said I'd grow up an honest man. I did; I had enough of stealing when I took his nails: I never wanted to try it again."

[The Happy Home.]

A man, commenting upon the ruins of Pompeii, said that it was a very imposing city but very much out of repair.

The finest dressed, the most talkative, and the richest, are not always the most intelligent, though they may be the most worshipped.

Castles in Spain.

My dear young friend, a gift I would bring,
A diamond pin or a massive ring,
Or Geneva watch with golden chain—
But alas! they are all at my castle in Spain.

A velvet jacket and cloak of fur,
Or a little white pony with saddle and spur,
With a stout rubber coat to keep off the rain—
They are waiting, all safe, at my castle in Spain.

Or if books you prefer, I have plenty to spare,
And gladly with you will my library share;
And I hope that amusement and knowledge you'll
 gain
From rare old authors, at my castle in Spain.

Paintings and sculptures, rich and rare—
Gems from all nations are gathered there;
Sunsets ne'er dreamed of by Claude Loraine
Brighten the walls of my castle in Spain.

If any bright fancies now float through your head—
Things you've thought of, or dreamed of, or read;
If riches or honors—they are all on my train,
That runs direct to my castle in Spain.

From this boundless wealth I beg you will choose;
Your wildest wishes I will not refuse;
I will give you the freedom of my domain,
Or even the key to my castle in Spain.

The Plain Path.

"Show me a plain path," Nettie Ellis replied again and again, as she sat steadily looking into the bright fire, that cold Sabbath evening.

But the fire made never a word of reply, and so turning to her sister Mary, who was just laying aside her book, she asked:

"Mary, if God shows us a plain path, ought we not to walk in it?"

"Certainly, Nettie."

"Miss Alice says we shouldn't stop to ask whether the path is rough or smooth, but go right along in it, and trust to God to help us through. But—"

"But what, Nettie?"

"Why, sometimes it is so rough and hard, it seems as if I couldn't walk in it. Yesterday, Abby Wallace was vexed, because I wouldn't tell in the class, and told Miss Alice a falsehood about me. I could not help feeling angry about it, and so did not speak to her all day."

"Was that the plain path, Nettie?"

"No, and I knew it wasn't all the time.

But it seemed very hard to treat her kindly when she had been so unkind to me."

"Did you forget, my sister, how much your Saviour has done for you, a poor sinful child—forgiven you, as you hope, and made you one of His flock, all through His own blood?"

"No," said Nettie, tearfully, "I hope I shall not forget that. I could not be His child if I did."

"But when He has forgiven you so much, even before you asked, can you not treat kindly a poor little girl like Abby, who has had so little instruction, even though she has wronged you?"

"I did do very wrong," said Nettie, "and I mean in future to ask God, not only to show me a plain path, but help me to walk in it."

Monday came, and Nettie did not forget to pray for strength to walk in the plain path.

Oh, how cold it was that morning, as Nettie lightly tripped to school, in her warm clothing and over-shoes. The snow was nothing to her, and that happy face, peeping out from her blue hood, bid defiance to Jack Frost.

But there was another, not quite so happy, going in the same direction. No nice over-shoes or warm mittens to make her comfortable, only an old worn hood and shawl.

"Why Abby, how cold you look?" said Nettie, as they met at the school-room door. "Let me warm your hands for you." And so, throwing down her satchel, she took the chilled hands between her own, and held and rubbed them till they were quite warm again.

"Are you very cold now?" said Nettie, as she saw the tears were still chasing each other down her face.

"No, I am quite warm now," she said, but the tears came faster and faster.

"Can I do anything more for you, dear Abby?"

"O Nettie! how can you be so kind when I told that lie about you?" she said, trying to check the tears.

"Never mind about it now, Abby; you won't do so again, I'm sure. Here's a kiss of peace, and then good-bye for the bell is ringing."

"Have you found the plain path a hard one to-day?" said Mary, as Nettie came home at night.

"Oh, no, Mary; and the further I go in it the easier it grows."

And then, with beaming face, she told how her difficulties had all vanished with the first kind word.

Be Kind to Your Mother.

"Yes, but nobody will ever be as kind to me as my mother." So said a little girl to me, as I sat down between her and a younger brother, with my arm around each of them, on the side of a bed near that on which their mother was dying. I was trying to soothe them as they leaned their heads against my bosom and were crying bitterly. I have often thought of it since. It is true that nobody will ever be as kind to you as your mother. You do not know, and you cannot know even when you grow up, how kind your mother has been to you. You cannot tell how much she loves you. When you were a little baby in her arms, she used to close her eyes and pray that God would bless you. And how often since when you have been asleep at night has she come in quietly, and drawn the bed-clothes closer around you, and then knelt down, and with her hand on your head, prayed in a mother's sweetest whisper that God would bless her dear child. And when you have been sick, she has sat night after night by your bed, without closing her eyes in sleep, and has watched every movement and every breath, until at last when you begun to get better, she began to feel for the first time how perfectly she had been exhausted. She loves you better than you think. Will you not then be kind to her? Yet how many children, not boys only, but even girls, are harsh and unkind in their actions and words to their mother? Nothing is more shocking in the eyes of a stranger, than unkind conduct or sharp words to your mother. It will ruin you with all good people. God's displeasure follows none more heavily than an unkind daughter or son. You will certainly get every act and word of this kind paid back to you, and in a way that will make you feel how much the retribution on you is deserved.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnimity of the rich.—*Sradi.*

From the Standard Bearer.

Things to be Remembered.

- Little knees should lowly bend
At the time of prayer;
- Little thoughts to heaven ascend
To our Father there.
- Little hands should usefully
In employment move;
- Little feet should cheerfully
Run on works of love.
- Little tongues should speak the truth,
As by Scripture taught:
- Little lips should ne'er be loth
To confess a fault.
- Little ears should listen to
All the Bible says;
- Little bosoms throb to do
What the Lord will please.
- Little spirits should be glad
Jesus died to save:
- Oh! how cold, and dark, and sad,
Else would be the grave!
- Little children sinners are;
- But the Saviour says
All that seek Him now by prayer
Shall obtain His grace.
- Little infants dying go
To the world above;
- And our souls shall join them too,
If we Jesus love.

Verdict of a Jury of Boys.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, he was very much of a favorite—but his patience, at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted,

"Master, John Ziegler is whispering."

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact—(John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his schoolmates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent in working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic

that contained the rule, which I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper or escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of my authority. I will," continued he, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I remit the punishment."

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies—and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving, each of us, two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and with outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.

From "Zion's Herald."

How a Horse Helped His Neighbor.

Not long since, I visited a friend, who lives on a fine farm, in a pleasant town in Southern New Hampshire. While there, one evening we rode to the village to attend a meeting, and on our way back my friend told me the following anecdote about the noble horse he was driving; and I thought it was worth repeating to the young readers of the *Herald*. A few years ago this horse was kept, during autumn, in a field close by the farm-house, and in an adjoining pasture a flock of sheep was also kept.

One day, while my friend was talking with a gentleman by the roadside, the horse came running toward him from the lower part of the field, next to the sheep pasture, and, putting his head over the

wall near him, he whinnied, as if to attract attention.

He took, however, no special notice of this; and presently he turned and ran back to the lower side of the field.

But very soon he was again seen rapidly approaching, and, on reaching his master, he again spoke to him, as horses usually speak.

It was observed that the horse was acting in a very unusual manner; but still no steps were taken yet to ascertain the cause of the strange running back and forth. So the pony again wheeled and galloped away once more toward the sheep pasture. And now, very soon, for the third time, is he seen swiftly returning.

It seems that the intelligent creature, having failed in two attempts to secure the help he was seeking, determined to try elsewhere this time; and so, instead of going again to his master, he went to the farm-house, that stood near by, and, putting his head through an open window in the kitchen, he again whinnied.

My friend's wife, who, it seems, had noticed the strange restlessness of the animal, now felt quiet sure there must be some trouble in the field or pasture and that the horse was trying to tell them of this, that they might go to the rescue.

So she went out where the horse was. It seemed pleased that it had attracted attention at last, and, trotting on before the lady, it lead her down to the pasture, and, putting its head over the fence, seemed to say; "Look, look!" The lady did look, and there she discovered that a savage dog had caught a sheep, and was holding it by the throat, in spite of all the poor creature's efforts to escape.

On being discovered, the dog let go his hold, and, springing over the fence into the field, fled, hotly pursued by the enraged horse, who would gladly have trampled him beneath his feet.

The poor sheep was not much injured, and so the horse had saved his neighbor's life.

I hope my young readers will always try to help those whom they see in trouble, and that they will be as persevering in their efforts to do good as was this noble animal.

Keep good company, and be one of the number.

HOW ANGELS DO THE WILL OF GOD.—A Sunday-school teacher, instructing his class on that portion of the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," said to them :

"You have told me, my dear children, what is to be done—the will of God ; and where it is to be done—on earth ; and how it is to be done—as it is done in heaven. Now how do you think the angels and the happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?"

The first child replied, "They do it directly;" the second, "They do it always;" the fourth, "They do it with all their heart;" the fifth, "They do it altogether."

Here there was a pause, and no other child appeared to have an answer; but after some time a little girl said :

"Why, sir, they do it *without asking any questions.*"

A little fellow felt a great deal for the people whose houses were burnt up in Chicago. He had twenty-five cents which he had been laying up for a new pair of skates. Should he not give it to Chicago? "Nobody," he said, "asked me to give, but I should like to send this; may be it will buy some hungry boy a pie."

"May it please your honor," exclaimed a jurymen, "I am deaf in one ear." "Then you may be excused, as it is necessary for a jury to *hear both sides,*" said the judge.

We see pride in everybody but ourselves.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names :

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
- Miss ELA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss 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, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street.

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advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentle and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Germany, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, indeed, is to man "*præsidium et dulce decus*"—bulwark, sweet ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable.—*Bulwer*.

People will Talk.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,

If you listen to all that is said as you go,
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do—

For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed,
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,

But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,

For people will talk.

If generous and noble they'll vent out their spleen,
You will hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;

If upright, and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly sneaking way,

For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;

But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,

For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is, to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;

Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use,

For people will talk.

The Outside Passenger.

Some years ago a young lady, who was going into a northern country, took a seat in a stage coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as a governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now traveling to his seat.

At midday the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said:

"Here is an outside passenger; I cannot dine with an outside passenger."

The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam, I can go into another room," and then immediately retired.

The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered.

"As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you."

A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but the very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology sent that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun.

"We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must

send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime."

He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it so plainly evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go to the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.

Love Lightens Labor.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were the meals to get for the men in the
fields,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and
churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was as wet as wet could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea;
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbled wearily as she said,
If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eye half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled—and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—" 'Twas this: that you were
the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day,
And the pain in her head was gone, and the
clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had

As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said,
'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maidens will wed!

An Educated Housekeeper's Views.

"What are you studying?" asked a young man of a friend, who was taking her last year's schooling at an academy. "The common branches, physiology, chemistry, rhetoric, and natural philosophy," was the reply. "What on earth will you do with such learning in farmer G.'s kitchen?" exclaimed he, naming a worthy man to whom she was betrothed. "I am afraid you will find yourself so well fitted for some other sphere, that your education will be a discomfort, rather than a source of happiness." The answer given to this proved that the young lady possessed an educated mind, as well as book learning. She said, "How little you know about housekeeping! You talk as though it were like turning a grind-stone, or walking on a tread-mill needing only plenty of muscle; and the less brains to make one uneasy, the better. Why! my mistaken young friend, there's more room for science, and thought, and skill in managing a household properly, than you will ever find in your dry-goods stores, with a bank and a grist-mill thrown in. It requires philosophy properly to make a fire, wash clothes, sweep a room, ventilate an apartment, regulate a clock, and a hundred other matters you never dreamed of. Cooking is an every-day application of chemistry. A woman can mix up and heat provisions without knowing anything about it but the art; but she can make better bread, butter, roast, broil or boil more nicely, put this and that together in her puddings, pies and cakes with greater success, if she knows the *why* as well as the *how*. Then, what is a poor, broken-down wife good for? Physiology teaches how to keep health in the family; and then when we have all finished the day's work, having applied science all the way through, we shall want to look over the papers and books, which tell what the rest of the world is thinking about; and then don't you see how nicely some little knowledge of *belles lettres* and the laws of mind will come in? A *higher sphere*, indeed! If those who are so anxious to fill a large place, would only take

pains to make the place they are now in what it might be, depend upon it there would be more comfort and less complaints, both for themselves and those depending on them. I intend to try to elevate my work on my own level." "Upon my word," said the young man, "you make out a pretty strong case. I never saw the matter in just that light before, and I doubt whether many women view it thus."

Iris.

The following new poem by Bayard Taylor, appeared in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly :

I.

I am born from the womb of the cloud,
And the strength of the ardent sun,
When the winds have ceased to be loud,
And the rivers of rain to run.
Then light on my sevenfold arch
I swing in the silence of air,
While the vapors beneath me march
And leave the sweet earth bare.

II.

For a moment I hover and gleam
On the skirts of the sinking storm,
And I die in the bliss of the beam
That gave me being and form.
I fade, as in human hearts,
The rapture that mocks the will ;
I pass as a dream departs
That cannot itself fulfill !

III.

Beyond the bridge I have spanned
The fields of the poet unfold,
And the riches of fairyland
At my bases of misty gold !
I keep the wealth of the spheres,
Which the high gods never have won ;
And I coin, from their airy tears,
The diadem of the sun !

IV.

For some have stolen the grace
That is hidden in rest or strife,
And some have copied the face
Or echoed the voice of Life ;
And some have woven of sound
A chain of the sweetest control,
And some have fabled or found
The key to the human soul !

V.

But I, from the blank of the air
And the white of the barren beam,
Have wrought the colors that flare
In the forms of a painter's dream.
I gather the souls of the flowers,
And the sparks of the gems, to me ;
Till pale are the blossoming bowers,
And dim the chameleon sea !

VI.

By the soul's bright sun, the eye,
I am thrown on the artist's brain
He follows me, and I fly ;
He pauses, I stand again.
O'er the reach of the painted world
My chorded colors I hold,
On a canvas of cloud imperaled,
Drawn with a brush of gold !

VII.

If I lure, as a mocking sprite,
I give, as a goddess bestows
The red, with its soul of might,
And the blue, with its cool repose ;
The yellow that beckons and beams,
And the gentler children they bear :
For the portals of Art's high dreams
Is builded of Light and Air !

THOUGHTFULNESS OF A DYING OFFICER.
—When the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the *Foudroyant*. To ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he received great relief. He asked what it was. "It is only a soldier's blanket," was the answer. "Whose blanket is it?" he asked, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," insisted the dying commander. "It is Duncan Roy's, of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," answered his attendant. "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," said the brave man, not forgetting even in his last agonies the welfare and comfort of another, however humble.

Idleness is a broad and evil avenue through which temptation can walk in. Even if public sin come not in, there slides along a quiet retinue of self-indulgences which soon grieve away the Holy Spirit.

The Magic Box.

A housekeeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not how to do to get out of her difficulties.

After a time, she bethought herself of a wise old hermit who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her troubles, saying, "Things go on badly enough; nothing prospers in-doors or out; pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortunes?"

The hermit—a shrewd, rosy old man—begged her to wait, and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, after a short time brought out a very curious-looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year; but you must three times a day and three times a night carry it into the kitchen, the cellar, and the stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it, that shortly you will find things improve. But be sure at the end of the year, to bring back the box. Now, farewell."

The good woman received the precious gift with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went, a little later, into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a supper of omelets. In the stable she discovered, deep in the mire, the best cow standing, and the horse, uncurried, had hay instead of oats.

So every day she discovered and corrected some new faults.

At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the magic box back to the hermit, and besought him to let her keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer, and I am sure all will be remedied."

The hermit smiled, and replied, "I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within you shall have." He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:

Would you thrive most prosperously,
You must every corner see.

To store our memories with a sense of injuries, is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold.

Working for God.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where to go.

Whatever in the world I am,
In whatsoever state,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

How can any one partake of his daily food and be thoughtless about Him who bestows it? Man should not eat like beasts of the field. Jesus set us the example of giving thanks when he fed the multitude, as well when he instituted the Lord's Supper. What we feel we should express, so that God may be honored and others may see that we do own His authority and honor His goodness. It is to be feared that many Christians are careless about this service, and fail to sustain it when they might. Such neglect is especially hurtful to children who witness it, and who are conscious that it is not right. If you have not asked God's blessing at your table, begin at once. You may at least sit in silence, and let each one ask his own, though it is better to let your voice be heard.

TOO NEAR.—We once read a story of a man who wished to engage a coachman. Several applied for the place. To try them, he asked each one of them how near he was able to drive to the edge of a precipice. One said he could go as near as six inches; another said he could go nearer; but the third said, "I would drive as far from the edge as I could." "You are the man to drive my carriage," exclaimed the gentleman, "you will be safe." There are a great many people who remind us of these coachman. They go just as near danger as they can. We can all very easily see that the only safe way is to keep as far from danger as possible. We ought to think of this when we are in danger of doing anything wrong. Don't try to see how near we can go wrong, but see how far away from it we can keep.

A Little Sermon.

At a railroad station, not long ago, one of the beautiful lessons which all should learn was taught in such a natural simple way, that none could forget it. It was a bleak snowy day; the train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with the palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room as if trying to find something, and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm lookin' for the heatin' place, to have a warm, 'fore I go out ag'in. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is;" and the lady lead her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. Thankee, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and achin'; and not sellin' much made me sort o' down hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummost face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "That does warm my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap, pins and shoe-strings, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but to me how it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

[From the Gospel Messenger.

Did We Know.

Did we know the many trials
That beset our neighbor's way,
Did we know the many sorrows
Growing deeper day by day,
Would we then so often murmur
That our lot is filled with care,
When all those who tread life's pathway
Must their daily burdens bear?

Did we know that bitter troubles
Hide great blessings from our sight,
E'en as floating clouds at noonday
Oft obscure the sunbeam's light,
Would we shrink from tiny shadows
O'er our path that stealing go,
When 'tis but the bird of Eden
Sent in love and peace below?

Did we know the bitter sorrow
Caused but by a careless word,
Which in jest though it be spoken,
Oft with anguish keen is heard,
Would we then so often torture
For our own amusement vain,
And the heart-wound make still deeper
By remembrance of its pain?

Did we know the sad, sad story
Locked within the hearts forlorn,
When, unfeelingly, we doom them
But to cold relentless scorn,
Would we then so often chide them,
Telling guilt unto the world,
When, perchance, the tide of censure
On a blameless head is hurled?

Let us make our own hearts ever
 To all other lives the key,
 And o'er-erring human nature
 Strive more watchful then to be;
 For the measure by us meted,
 That shall we receive again,
 And our Father, He will judge us
 As we judge our fellow-men.

At the golden hour of sunset,
 While the last rays fully glow,
 There are angels bearing heavenward
 All our mortal acts below;
 And as we our bark are steering
 Through life's fitful gales along,
 So to heaven rise sounds of wailing,
 Or celestial notes of song.

I Cannot.

I cannot get ready in time for public worship on the Sabbath morning. I am so tired on Saturday; so hard at work all the week. Could you not get ready if you had a pleasant journey to take?

I cannot keep awake in the house of God; I am drowsy. Would you be drowsy sitting to hear a will read, if you were expecting a legacy was left you, though the reading of it last an hour!

I cannot find time for secret prayer or reading the Scriptures in private. Rather say I am not willing. Were you to receive triple wages for an hour's early rising, would you say I cannot?

I cannot have family worship. I never was accustomed to it. Do you tell the beggar what he has to say? Can you calmly read in Jeremiah x. 25—"Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not upon thy name," and not feel?—and friends, will this excuse please you on a death bed?

I cannot make a profession of religion for fear of dishonoring the cause of God. Does not the Lord promise to assist you? for none goes a warfare at his own charges. Does not Paul say, I can do all things through Christ strengthening me?

I cannot give my heart now to Jesus; by and by I hope to do so. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Will this excuse do at the judgment seat?

We see pride in everybody but ourselves.

Household Recipes.

FRENCH CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, one and a half cups of butter, three heaping cups of flour, three eggs, one cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the yolks of the eggs in the milk, and add to the butter and sugar mixed to a cream, add the flour and baking powder, the whites of the eggs and flavoring.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

Soak two heaping spoonfuls of pearl Tapioca over night, in just enough water to cover it. In the morning boil one quart of milk with the Tapioca, add one cup of sugar, a little salt, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Stir these ingredients together well, and remove from the fire. Flavor with vanilla and frost the top with the whites of the eggs and a little sugar. To be eaten cold.

LEMON CREAM.

Add the juice of three lemons to a pint of water and sweeten to taste; to this add nine eggs, whites and yolks beaten together, heat until it thickens, not boils, and whip while cooling.

CRANBLE PUDDING.

Dissolve one-third of a box of Cox's gelatine in two-thirds of a cup of cold water, add one quart of boiling milk to this after it has soaked an hour; when this boils add the beaten yolks of four eggs and stir all the time. When it seems to thicken, take it from the fire and pour into a dish, and stir in the whites of the eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth.

BAKED OMELET.

Boil one half pint of milk, beat six eggs thoroughly, yolks and whites separately, put one half teaspoon of salt and a piece of butter one half as large as an egg, to the boiling milk, stir it into the beaten eggs; pour all instantly into a deep dish and bake. In a hot oven five minutes will cook it; ten minutes in a cooler oven is best.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1872.

Special Notice to Subscribers

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Monthly Meeting of the Lady Managers.

At the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the "Rochester City Hospital," Monday, June 3d, 1872, the resignation of Mrs. T. C. Arner, as Editress of the "Hospital Review," was presented by Mrs. S. D. Perkins.

On motion, it was

Resolved, that in view of Mrs. Arner's continued absence from the city, her resignation be accepted.

Resolved, that a vote of thanks be tendered her, for her faithfulness and devotion to the interests of the *Review*.

Resolved, that the Corresponding Secretary prepare the same, and forward to Mrs. Arner.

The letter of resignation from Mrs. Arner, calling forth the above resolutions, is before us—a letter expressing her regret on leaving her work as Editress of the "Hospital Review," and the "Journal of the Home," to which she had "given twelve of the best years of her life"—her fondness for them, which were first in her thoughts, whether at home or abroad—in sorrow or joy.

Those of her friends who knew the struggles through sickness and death, which thrice during that time entered her home, and bore from her, her dearest loved

ones; her feeble health and her overwhelming cares, needed no words to assure them of her devotion to this work, but that others may appreciate it, we give them. "I loved my papers—they were to me as dear children. For so many years, I have never read anything, seen anything, or lived anything, but with the thoughts of them ever-present. In consideration of this love, let me in leaving, say adieu—let me still hope for a place in your dear memories—a little space in your *Review*."

As editress, Mrs. Arner has done much for these two charitable institutions. It was "the day of small things," when she first sent forth her heart-stirring appeals for the "Home for the Friendless" and for our Hospital. The ready responses to them proved their efficiency, and brought forth the desired fruits—and though remunerated partially, we feel the least that we can do, is to return her our grateful thanks—and to ask her still to enliven this little sheet of her love, by her acceptable contributions.

We rejoice that God, whose tenderness and care for the widow and fatherless, can not be doubted, has showered upon her loving friends, so much of prosperity as to enable them to offer her and hers, a perfect release from her cares and anxieties, in that golden land of sunshine and flowers, California.

With that genial climate and pleasant surroundings, we trust she may soon be restored to health and strength, and the blessing of God follow *such* a son and brother.

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, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street.

Visit to the Hospital.

A friend who had never been through the Hospital, expressed a desire to accompany us on our next visit, and wishing to do it thoroughly, we induced the Matron to go with us through the building.

Our readers, who have accompanied us from month to month in the same journey, we can assume to be well enough acquainted with the general appearance of the Institution, and we do not intend to try their patience with any general description. We believe, however, that we have only alluded heretofore, to the rooms for private patients, and we have thought a more particular account of them might be interesting.

These rooms are situated mostly in the Mansard roof, over the West Wing. The largest, and to our minds the handsomest, is however in the main building. It was furnished by the "Union Blues," an independent company of soldiers, which many will readily recall, though disbanded sometime since. Great taste has been displayed in furnishing this apartment; the predominant color, blue, being a pretty contrast to the dark wood of the furniture. A handsome black walnut bedstead and wardrobe, luxurious easy chairs, silver pitcher and salver, center table and portable gas-light, were among a few of the things we noticed. The monogram of the Company is on a number of these articles.

There are nine rooms in the Wing, and six of these were furnished by the following churches: Plymouth, Central, Brick, First Presbyterian, St. Paul's and St. Luke's. The remaining three were furnished by Mrs. Mortimer F. Reynolds, who has shown her benevolence in a similar manner in another of the many institutions with which our city is blessed—Mrs. George J. Whitney, one of the lady managers, who frequently and generously remembers the sick at the Hospital—and Mr. Myer Greentree, who has many generous impulses, and acts upon them.

The furniture in all these rooms, we believe, with one or two exceptions, black walnut, with some slight variation in its style; bright, cheerful looking carpets on the floors, nice easy chairs, pretty ornaments, texts and pictures on the walls, and in every particular suitable and handsome.

The home-like and comfortable appearance of all these rooms, we are sure must greatly increase the contentment of all those who occupy them.

We looked into the room, in another part of the building, which has lately been cleaned, painted and tinted, and to be furnished soon by the ladies of the Second Baptist Church; it is the same room they fitted up when the Hospital was first opened.

"Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."

It is something which should call forth the gratitude, as well as liberality, from every citizen of Rochester, that by the indefatigable efforts of a comparatively small number of gentlemen and ladies, all this has been brought about. Such a building and such conveniences all ready, and with several years' experience to carry out well devised plans, should be abundantly supplied with means at all times.

We believe we visited every part of the building, and felt better satisfied with it than ever.

Our Exchanges.

We gladly welcome the "Home Messenger," published by the Managers of the Home for the Friendless in Detroit. It is an unusually good paper.

"Our Record," the organ for the Home of the Friendless in Buffalo, is a pleasant exchange. It is edited by a lady whose literary ability we have known and appreciate.

We have received several numbers of the "Church Record," Hudson, Michigan,

which, though almost exclusively of matters connected with Trinity parish of that place, has many excellent pieces of interest.

A Few Words of Thanks.

Albert H. Buck, the young man who has lost the use of his lower limbs, and has been trying to raise money to procure for himself a wheel-chair, wishes us to express his thanks to those who have contributed the needed funds. We have made several allusions to this young man and his endeavor, and are glad to announce to any who have been interested in what we have said of him, that he has his chair, and is very happy and comfortable with it.

Mr. Buck simply desired us to return his thanks, but understanding that there is still due nine dollars to complete the payment for the chair, we, on our own account, have thought it worth while to call attention to this fact, so that those generously disposed, who have not contributed, may have the opportunity to do so.

For the Hospital Review.

Something About Lawn Mowers.

Considerable of a spirit of rivalry has sprung up in our city, between the agents—two of our most prominent book and stationery firms—of the well known Philadelphia and Hill or "Archimedian" Lawn Mowers, as to the respective merits of these machines for cutting grass and the culture of lawns. To settle the matter, each party has challenged the other, to a fair and open trial of the mowers, and it is in this trial we are interested, and for the following reasons:

The Superintendent, Major Breck, has addressed a communication to the agents, suggesting that the trial take place on the grounds of the City Hospital. He has cordially endorsed the proposition of the Philadelphia Lawn Mower agents, that the committee having the trial in charge, shall

have the disposal of both machines, whatever the result may be, to either party. He has also, *modestly* intimated, that the honorable committee, would, of course, give the machines to the City Hospital.

The trial has not taken place yet, but we understand that the "preliminaries" are in process of arrangement, and the contest is sure to come off. We trust there will be no "backing down" on either side. We are partial to lawn mowers, for we have seen them used, and the many beautiful lawns that adorn our handsome city testify to the utility and value of these little machines. We are certain, one or more can be used to great advantage on the Hospital grounds, and we hope to be able to record in the next issue of the "Review," how the lawn mower contestants fairly met, honorably fought, and whichever party wins or loses, or if it prove to be a "drawn" affair, we expect to be the reapers and to gather up the spoils, for the benefit of our institution. Then adieu to the scythe and sickle. ¶

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 18th, Ephraim Hammer, aged 49 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 25th, C. E. Martin, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 29th, Mrs. Frederick House, aged 49 years.

Donations for May.

- Mrs. George C. Buell—One bowl of Jelly.
- Mrs. George J. Whitney—Seven dozen Oranges.
- Ladies of Central Church—Boiled Ham, Jelly and Biscuit.
- Mrs. John H. Brewster—Illustrated Papers.
- Mrs. George E. Mumford—Quantity of Bound Books and Periodicals.
- Mrs. C. A. Pool—Magazines, Papers and Periodicals.
- Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Quantity of Pie Plant.
- Mrs. Maltby Strong—Four cans Preserved Cherries.
- Mrs. Aaron Erickson—Quantity of Pie Plant.
- Miss Belle Eastman—Papers and Periodicals.
- Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Two large jars Blackberries.
- Mrs. A. Carter Wilder—Second Hand Clothing.
- Mr. Clark—Asparagus.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Maria Converse, Farmington—By Mrs. Renouf,	\$ 50
Mrs. Benedict—By Mr. G. H. Perkins ..	1 00
Mrs. Neal, 62 cents; H. H. Babcock, advertisement, \$5.00—By Miss Mathews	5 62
Mrs. D. Dana, San Francisco—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	1 00
Joseph Beach, Saginaw, Mich., 50 cents; Mrs. J. M. Beach, Titusville, 50 cents—By Mrs. Beach,	1 00
Mrs. C. H. Angel, 50 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 50 cents—By Mrs. A. D. Smith,	1 00
Mrs. Mary A. Welton, West Bloomfield, \$1.00; Miss Edwina Benedict, Albany, 50 cents; Mrs. Oliver Stark, Penn Yan, \$1.00; Mrs. B. M. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. O. W. Story, \$1.00; Mrs. Augustus Brown, \$2.00 and donation, \$3.00; Miss M. A. Root, York, 50 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bristol, \$1.12; M. H. Fitz Simons, 75c.—By Mrs. Perkins,	\$11 49

Superintendent's Report.

1872. May 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 77	
Received during month, ..	56—133
Discharged,	39
Died,	3— 42
Remaining June 1st, 1872,	91

Children's Department.

Be Earnest.

Be earnest in thy calling,
 Whatsoever it may be;
 Time's sands are ever falling,
 And will not wait for thee.

With zeal and vigor labor,
 And thou will surely rise;
 Strive ever with thy neighbor
 To bear away thy prize.

But form thy purpose gravely,
 Then quickly push along,
 And prosecute it bravely,
 With resolution strong.

Thou wilt not be defeated,
 But pressing firmly on,
 Find all at length completed—
 Thine object fully won!

Be earnest in devotion,
 Old age is drawing near;
 An atom in Time's ocean—
 Thou soon wilt disappear.

The Three Keys.

A little girl in Vermont, whose mother died in January, 1864, when she was less than four and a half years old, was taken into another part of the State soon after her mother's death, to live with a gentleman and lady who had no children, but who adopted her as their own daughter, and she called them father and mother.

She was a bright and pleasant little thing, full of fun, learned easily, and was fond of her new parents from the very first, who also loved her, and taught her many useful things, which she seemed glad to know, and tried to remember.

Her own parents had not much money; and they had seven children—five boys and two girls, the youngest a boy of only two years—this little girl so young, had but a small chance to learn, or to be instructed in the ways of the world.

She had not been taught, or if so, had forgotten it, that there are three keys which children use when they make known their wants to their parents or others, namely, the iron key, the silver key and the gold key.

Her new parents noticed that she used only the iron key, when she desired anything of them; that is, she would take this key, though not often in a rough manner, and attempt, through their ears, to reach and unlock their hearts, and obtain what she wished. At first she succeeded in opening their hearts, inasmuch as her parents considered that she did not understand about the other keys; yet their hearts were always pained by its use and ached long afterward, for it was so very rough and unpolished, that no one could use it without paining the heart it touched. Let us look at

THE IRON KEY.

"Mother, I want an apple." "Mother, I want to go and see Hattie." That is the rough and unpolished iron key. So are the words no, yes, what, don't, I won't, when used by children toward parents, or persons much older than themselves, instead of no sir, yes sir, what say? or what sir? please not, I had rather not.

Now this little girl had a new dress soon after she came to live with these parents, and on the right side was a pocket of coarse cloth, in which she carried the iron key. She was not aware that on the left side, her mother had made another

pocket of very good cloth to hold a silver key, and the key was already there. Neither did she imagine that in the same dress, and easier to be reached with the right hand than the other, there was still another pocket, close to her heart, made of very nice velvet, in which was resting, ready for use, a most beautiful gold key—a key that rarely fails to unlock almost any heart to which it may be applied.

So one day, after her father had gone to his work, her mother called her, showed her the pockets, took out the keys, and taught her how to use them. Now let us look at

THE SILVER KEY.

"Mother, please give me an apple." "I would like an apple, mother." "Mother, let me go and see Hattie a few minutes." "Mother, please excuse me," (from the table.) Now, this silver key is a very good one, and generally safe for good and pleasant children to use, but it often jars the heart; and, besides, there is some thing dangerous about it, and very curious, the *secret* of which will be explained by and by.

Sometimes, when used by children who are selfish and impatient, it will change into a rough iron key. In such cases it very rarely unlocks our hearts, but usually hurts the child who uses it more than the parents or others. Just try this key in a cross manner, and notice how quickly it changes into an iron key. "Mother, please give me an apple."

Again, when used in another way, it will become changed, and appear so much like a gold key, that no one can tell the difference, for it will unlock the heart just as easily and quickly as the real gold one; and what is remarkable about it, too, never jars the heart, as the silver one sometimes does.

This changing the silver key into an iron one, or into a golden one, just according as you use it, is very curious indeed, and peculiar to this key, for neither the iron key nor the gold key ever change into any other, but always remain the same iron, key or gold key, while the one of silver changes into both. We will now see

THE GOLD KEY.

"Mother, will you please give me an

apple?" "Yes, dear," the mother says. "Mother, I would like an apple, if you please." "Yes, darling, you shall have one," replies the mother, almost before the request is finished. "Mother, may I be excused?" or, "Please excuse me, mother?" "Yes, dear," she answers. "Mother, let me go and see Hattie a few minutes?" "Not now, my daughter," is the reply, "it is nearly school-time, and you might get a tardy-mark." So you perceive that when she used the gold key it unlocked the heart in every instance, except when the request, if granted, would have been improper, or an injury to her; and as parents have seen so much more of the evil and dangers of life they are always supposed to know better than their children what is right and best for them to do; and besides, the Bible says, "Children, obey your parents, for this is right;" and again, it says, "Honor thy father and mother, that it may be well with thee."

When her father, who knew all about these pockets and keys, came home at noon, he was both surprised and pleased to see her handling these silver and gold keys. But he suspected what had happened—that her mother had shown her the pocket, and had been talking with her.

He had been in the house only a short time, when she tried the gold key in his ears in this way: "Please let me sit on your lap, father?" and up she jumped, with his help, into his lap. She was but just seated, however, before she snatched out the silver key and thrust it into his ear in this manner. "Oh! please don't squeeze me so hard, father." "Well," he replied, "do you know what I did it for? Have you not been doing something naughty?" Her bright eyes looked up into his with a half-serious and inquiring gaze as she slowly answered, "No, sir." "Have you not," he says, "worn a great hole in your right hand pocket, and lost your iron key?" It would have pleased you then to hear her funny and hearty laugh as she nestled her head up against his side, and attempted to squeeze him. But she was again pressed to his bosom closer than before, so close indeed, that she began to think of her iron key, and felt after it, but could not find it, for there was a great hole in her pocket, and she had lost it. Now, we will explain

THE GRAND SECRET

that changes the silver key into a gold one. You recollect it changed into an iron one when the child was in ill humor, or in a hurry, and that she was in danger of being hurt by it herself, instead of her parents or others.

But let us glance at the silver key. Mother, please give me an apple." "I would like an apple, mother." "Mother, let me go and see Hattie a few minutes." "Please excuse me, mother." You see that is the silver key in every particular.

Now for the secret that changes the silver key into a bright and beautiful gold one. Take this little crooked mark (?) which means that a question is to be asked, and place it on each sample of the silver key, and observe how quickly and neatly it changes it into a beautiful gold key. Try it on one sample. "Mother, please give me an apple?" Try it again. "Mother, let me go and see Hattie a few minutes?" Try it once more. "Please excuse me, mother?" Now is it not curious, and very funny, too, that such a little crooked mark as this (?) should change a silver key into a gold one? But you see it does, for that mark (?) cannot help doing it.

And now if you will only bear that mark (?) in mind whenever you use the silver key, it will make no difference with your parents or others which key you take, the silver one or the gold one. The heart it never pained by the gold key, nor jarred by the silver one changed into a gold one. Its presence is a comfort and a joy to every one, and pleases every heart.

Having now told you about the three keys, and the grand secret of their use, I sincerely wish that every little boy and girl who reads this story, will always try to use the gold key as little Flora is now trying to do, though she sometimes forgets; and that whenever they shall use the silver key, they will be very careful that it shall not change into an iron key, and do them lasting hurt.

By using this key through life—this ever beautiful gold key, or the silver one changed into a gold one, they will unlock many a heart that no other key will unlock; nay, more than this, on every side hearts will open to them of their own accord; and smiles, good wishes, and good deeds will meet and welcome them wherever they may go. Sunshine will beam along their

way, and o'er their path many a bud will blossom, and many a flower will shed its fragrance. Even the very songsters in the wayside trees and groves will seem to vie with each in their efforts to fill the ears and souls of these immortals with their sweetest strains, while they are journeying through the world.

The Heart's Door.

"I'll never forgive Fred!" said Dora, angrily, as she came into the parlor, holding up before her mother the fragment of a little toy—a tiny sofa—a piece of the set of furniture her uncle had given her a few days before.

"Dora, my child!"

"Well, I mean just what I say!" continued the angry little girl. "Fred came rushing into the summer-house just as he always does, and trod on it with his great boots; and when I spoke to him about it, he said he didn't care a bit, and wished he had broken my chairs too."

"Think before you say more, my dear. Perhaps you vexed Frederick by your manner of speaking."

"I only told him he was careless and stupid, and so he was. It's too bad. No, I will never forgive him;" and as she turned over the pieces of the ruined toy in her hands, her face grew dark with wicked feelings.

"Hark, Dora! listen; some one is knocking, I am sure,"

Little Willie, a three-year old younger brother, stopped playing with his blocks on the floor, and looked at the door as if expecting a visitor.

"What do you mean, mamma? I do not hear any one," said Dora.

"Have you forgotten, my daughter, that there is a door to every heart? You have opened it once this morning, and let in an evil, hateful thing. No picture that could be made of it would be too dark to represent what is now in your heart."

Dora hung her head, for she began to understand her mother.

"And now, if you will listen, you will hear One, your best Friend, at that door. He is knocking gently. Dear little daughter, let him in. He has a message for you, and it is, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses;' and that

word 'men' means everybody, even Freddy who you think has offended you so much.

Dora's heart was softening. The tears came into her eyes. She opened the door of her heart a little way. Willie, who had been listening, came and putting his little arms around her neck, kissed her but said nothing. Her heart's door swung wide open now and love entered.

"Yes, mother, I will forgive Freddy," sobbed Dora. "I was as much to blame as he; and I know I spoke spitefully, or he would have felt sorry when he did it."

"Then, my darling, thank that dear Friend who has found his way into your heart with his love, and now go to Freddy and make it up with him."

Dora laid away the fragments of the sofa, and went out with sunshine in her face and joy in her heart; for its door was closed again and her best Friend was within.

MASTER AND SCHOLAR.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simpson that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe Simpson look off his book and immediately informed the master. 'Indeed,' said the master, 'how do you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did, and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again. If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others."

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feb. '72.

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

Thankful." Her kind, genial nature, made such universal kinship both natural and pleasant. Ever ready to aid all who were in need of help; her home and heart and hand were always open. Substantial gifts for those in want, sympathy and love for the sorrowing, and the ready assistance which skillful hands can always render.

No wedding or funeral could be properly conducted without Aunt Thankful and her large heart was the safe repository of countless secrets entrusted to her by those whose confidence she never betrayed.

But all these things do not prove that her name was any more her peculiar birth-right than Mercy or Charity would have been. It was especially because she never murmured or repined, but received the allotments of Providence with a grateful heart.

No word of complaining escaped her lips, either at the cold of winter or heat of summer, the spring freshet or the autumnal drought; she took every day as a fresh proof of a Father's love, a new gift from His bounty; it was either brightened by His smile, or overshadowed by His protecting wing. And as in the so-called "little things," so, in the seemingly more important events of life, she read Almighty Love and Care and Tenderness inscribed on all, and she was *Thankful!*

Her whole existence was a commentary on the Apostolic injunction, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." Thus lived and died one whose virtues we may well emulate: and if these rare traits are but embodied in other hearts, it will be like strewing flowers sweet and fadeless upon the quiet grave of "Aunt Thankful."

KATE CAMERON.

Duty is the blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

Let it Pass.

"Let former grudges pass."—SHAKESPEARE.

Be not swift to take offense:
 Let it pass.

Anger is a foe to sense;
 Let it pass.

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
 Which will disappear ere long;
 Rather sing the cheery song—
 Let it pass.

Strife corrodes the purest mind
 Let it pass.

As the unregarded wind,
 Let it pass.

Any vulgar soul that lives
 May condemn without reprieve;
 'Tis the noble who forgive,
 Let it pass.

Echo not an angry word;
 Let it pass.

Think how often you have erred;
 Let it pass.

Since our joys must pass away,
 Like the dew-drops on the spray,
 Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
 Let it pass.

If for good you've taken ill.
 Let it pass.

Oh! be kind and gentle still;
 Let it pass.

Time at last makes all things straight;
 Let us not resent but wait,
 And our triumph shall be great;
 Let it pass.

Bid your anger to depart;
 Let it pass.

Lay those homely words to heart,
 Let it pass.

Follow not the giddy throng;
 Better to be wronged than wrong;
 Therefore sing the cheery song—
 Let it pass.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."—William Pennington was one of the wisest men of this country, Governor of his own State, and afterwards Speaker of the House of Representatives. Yet, when God called him to be a Christian, he went in and sat down among some children who were applying for church membership, and said to his pastor: "Talk to me just as you do to these children, for I know nothing about it."

Turning the Tables.

A GRUMBLING HUSBAND CURED.

"Mary, your bread is never well-baked; I wonder what is the reason that everybody else has things right, and we always have things wrong!"

"Why, Joe, I am sure the bread has never been in this state before! You see, the oven 'had a fit,' and couldn't be made to heat this morning."

"Oh, yes! you are always ready with an excuse. Now there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread, and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern by her."

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best; and I think I succeed oftener than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, can scarcely be expected;" and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found housekeeping rather up-hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her very best to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please, in fact seemed determined *not* to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier, he had a vital and constant sense that "discipline must be maintained." At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated, though to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance, whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert on some deficiency in cookery, or manners, or dress, on the part of his wife, and that *pro bono publico*. For instance, it would be:

"Mrs. Jones, what beautiful spongecake you make! Mary, take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you can never have it so puffy!" Or, "Mrs. Brown, you certainly are an adept at entertaining company. I wish, Mary, that you would try to steal Mrs. Brown's art." Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming. Your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary, that, with all I spend for you,

you never can reach the '*je ne sais quoi*' of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lip, and be inwardly annoyed; but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin; and was really too good-natured a person to let it change her feelings toward Joe, whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her, and a very just man at heart. After a while, too, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed in order to break him of his disagreeable habit.

Circumstances favored her. One day a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea-party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," she said, "but very pleasant, I think. You only are wanting to make the circle of harmony complete."

"Well," said Mary, "I will come on one condition."

"Condition! Is it come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my dear, make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, "that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea! Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No, Hattie; thank God, your lot is a highly favored one. But I have a reason for this, which, if you please, I will not divulge; only let me have my way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If any body but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I certainly should have taken offense. But I never could be angry with you. So if it will be any satisfaction to you, though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is, I will comply with your conditions. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see; to-morrow is my baking-day, and your party is not before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied with bread, biscuit, cake, and all other accessories; and mind, the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well, it's all settled, then, and I will leave you. On the whole this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well known

to be particularly nice. So good-by till Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this, Hattie, to any one; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you desire it, I will keep quiet. Good-by again, for you will have your hands full, and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crotchet demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Everything came off on that baking-day precisely as Mary could have wished it. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as a snow-flake, with just a golden-brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection: her biscuits crisp and delicious. Then she knew that her preserved fruits were nice; and if ever there was sponge-cake more like solidified froth, she would like to see it. Everything was sent in to Mrs. Vane on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea-party, for her eye shown with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough about it to redden her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you would not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the *belle* of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself, for strange to say, he made no remarks upon her appearance that night calculated to lower her self esteem, but, contrariwise, gazed upon her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction.

But "murder will out." It came out on this occasion when they sat down to supper. Every body was delighted; there had not been such an unexceptional "tea" in the neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very fond of their "teas;" they compare one with another, with admirable connoisseurship. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread-makers. Your biscuits are quite beautiful. Were ever such made before! How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge-cake!"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally changed glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so well all the evening that Mary began to be afraid her

plans had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"This is a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge-cake. I can't see why it is. Mary, you improve, it is true; I will give you credit for that; but I don't see why it is that all women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion, not of *thunder but of laughter*.

Joe looked up amazed. He was a man who stood upon his dignity enormously. What did these women mean, to laugh so at a sober, sensible remark of his? Particularly, what did Mary mean to so trifle with the respect she owed her husband?

He began to grow very red indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it presently, and came to his and Mary's relief; for poor Mary had begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry, at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all *your wife's*. By your own showing you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was no use to get angry with so many people, so before long, Joe joined the chorus against himself.

And so the tea-party broke up with the greatest good nature all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now, I believe, the most easily pleased husband for ten miles round!

Are there not a goodly number of husbands who would do well to profit by Joe's experience?—*The Family Friend*.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading; but thought is the winning machine.

Losing a cow for the sake of a oat. This is the Chinese interpretation of going to law

For the Hospital Review.

Always the Same.

O, absent, unforgett'n friend,
 E'er safe in mem'ry's keeping!
 To you my thoughts will often tend,
 In waking and in sleeping.
 No more the flower-strewn way we tread,
 Where all was joy and beauty:
 Life's noon-tide sun shines o'er our head
 On the stern path of duty.

No more we sit, and idly weave
 A thousand charming fancies:
 For we have learned to toil and grieve,
 Unheeding sweet romances.
 Where are the day-dreams of our youth?
 Where is our lost Ideal?
 They vanished at the voice of Truth,
 It turned to the cold Real!

And so, with hands that never clasp,
 Our foot-steps widely sever:
 The yearnings for that friendly grasp
 Will haunt my heart forever.
 I dare not hope my name to you
 Out-shines a dying ember:
 I only bid you count me true
 "From June till Life's December"

KATE CAMERON

Simplicity in style is both beauty and power. The late Fitz-Green Halleck relates an incident of a letter which came into his hands, written by a Scotch servant girl to her lover. He was charmed with the elegant and beautiful style. The letter was exhibited to some of his literary friends, and they agreed that it was a perfect model of letter-writing. Somewhat puzzled, the poet determined to search out the poor Scotch girl, and learn how one in such humble circumstances had acquired a style so beautiful that cultivated persons could not but admire it. The girl's explanation was very simple. She said: "I came to this country four years ago. Then I did not know how to read or write. But since then I have learned how to read and write, but I have not yet learned how to spell; so always when I sit down to write a letter, I choose those words which are so short and simple that I am sure I know how to spell them."

He who has not forgiven an enemy, has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—*Lavater*.

A Funeral Worth Attending.

A heartless, miserly old man died at an advanced age, possessed of considerable property. During his life he could never be prevailed on to do anything for the poor. He provided in his will that one thousand pounds should be expended on his funeral. There lived in the neighborhood a benevolent lady who was always helping those who needed help. A happy suggestion occurred to her: Why not, she said, turn this wretched provision in the will to good account? Why not invite all the poor and needy in the neighborhood to attend the funeral, and give them clothing suitable to the occasion? The idea was adopted at once and carried out. It was a delightful funeral—the most cheerful scene that had been witnessed there for years. No tears, no groans, no sighs, not a single mourner visible; everybody smiling and in tip-top spirits. The old women came trotting along, each in a warm new cloak, gown and bonnet; the old men in a full suit of black. None thought it necessary to look sad, or feel otherwise than really glad. It was a joyous spectacle. All were particularly gay and happy. So the old miser, who never caused a smile while living, made many hearts bright and cheerful in his death. Surely such a funeral was worth attending.

The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:

Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never to show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of it; nor seek occasion to retaliate.

Never to judge a person's character by external appearances.

Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will admit.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.

Never to dispute if I can fairly avoid it.

Treat your enemies as if they would some time or other be your friends.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

[These exquisite verses are from one of "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters," in Scribner's for December.]

THREE, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat,—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other;
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

Always speak the truth.

Umbrellas.

Thousands who enjoy the comforts of this useful invention do not know where umbrellas first came from. The very name, however, gives a clew to their origin; the Italian *ombrello* referring us at once to Italy. The "umbrella," or "little shade," was probably brought from Eastern lands to Italy, and from thence it was introduced to the notice of the rest of Europe. At first designed merely as a protection against the sun, it was years before it was constructed to serve also as a shelter from rain.

In 1752, Lt. Col. Wolfe (afterwards General) wrote from Paris, "the people here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to secure them from snow and rain. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced in England, (where there are such frequent showers,) and especially in the country, where they can be expanded without any inconveniency."

Fynes Moryson points out this fanciful danger from umbrellas: "A learned physician told me that the use of them was dangerous, because they gather the heat into a pyramidal point, and thence cast it down perpendicularly upon the head, except they know how to carry them for avoiding the danger." He is referring to their use in Italy, and we extract it from his *Itinerary*, printed in 1617.

Jonas Hanway, the Eastern traveler, is said to have been the first *man* who ventured to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head. It is supposed, however, that *women* had used it before. Hanway died in 1786; and after carrying an umbrella for nearly thirty years, he saw it become quite popular with both sexes.

"About the year 1781 or 1782, the late Mr. John Jamieson, surgeon, returning from Paris, brought an umbrella with him, which was the first seen in Glasgow. The doctor who was a man of humor, took great pleasure in relating how he was stared at with his umbrella. For a number of years there were few used in Glasgow, and these were made of glazed cotton cloth." (Dr. Cleland's "Statistical Account of Glasgow.") Urchins and idlers would scamper through the wet, to catch a glimpse of one who was so extremely effeminate as to carry a cotton canopy over his head.—*Gospel Messenger*.

Those Footsteps.

In the quiet hush of the tender night,
When my eyes fill up with tears,
Comes my darling to me, all golden bright,
With the sunshine of three sweet years
And he smiles as he climbs to a seat on my knee,
To whisper his childish mirth ;
Then clasps my neck—though you may not see,
For my darling is not of earth.

Only within the twilight gloom,
When the hours are long and sweet,
I hear all about in the lonely room
The patter of little feet—

Patter of feet that come and go,
With a sweet yet restless will,
Just as they did a month ago,
Ere they grew forever still.

And my heart at those spirit-sounds that seem
So near yet so far away.
Glides into the faith of a sweet love dream,
That follows me night and day.

And this love dream, tender and ever sweet,
Still whispers soft and low—
“Keep thou in thy heart those tiny feet,
And follow the way they go.”

Then my sorrow sinks down as a leaflet will,
When the winds are into their rest ;
And I bow with clasped hands, and still
The footsteps are in my breast.

[*Cassell's Magazine.*]

Profanity.

Once when I was on a sea voyage, says Rowland Hill, I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate, then the mate swore at the captain, then they swore at the wind—when I called to them with a strong voice for fair play.

“Stop! stop! if you please, gentlemen ; let us have fair play ; it's my turn now.”

“At what is it your turn ?” asked the captain.

“At swearing,” I replied.

Well, they waited and waited, until their patience was exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them however, that I had a right to take my time and swear at my own convenience.

The captain replied, with a hearty laugh—

“Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn.”

“Pardon me, captain,” I answered, “I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so.”

My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

CURE FOR ILL-TEMPER.—A sensible woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children from the earliest childhood to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for the crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

“May it please your honor,” exclaimed a jurymen, “I am deaf in one ear.”
“Then you may be excused, as it is necessary for a jury to *hear both sides*,” said the judge.

Household Recipes.

RAILROAD SPONGE CAKE.

One cup of flour, one cup of sugar, four eggs and two teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.

Two quarts of milk, one package of Cox's gelatine, two cups sugar, and half a cake of chocolate. Boil well, in a pan over a kettle of water, and turn into molds to cool.

SPANISH CREAM.

Make a soft custard of one quart of milk yolks of six eggs and six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Dissolve one box Cox's gelatine in one half pint of water over the stove—add the custard, and flavor with vanilla. Strain and pour into molds. Set in a cool place to harden.

COCOANUT PIE.

One cup of dessicated cocoanut, soaked in milk, two powdered crackers or two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, three eggs, a little butter and salt, half a cup of sugar. Bake without upper crust.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1872.

Special Notice to Subscribers

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

No names are entered on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Our Paper.

In August, 1864, the ladies of the Hospital Committee, decided to send to all the donors to this Institution, the little paper bearing the title of the "Hospital Review." It was then but half its present size. Its object was, "to speak for us, to make known our wants and aims," to express our thanks for gifts bestowed—and solicit a continuance of favors.

With this number, closes the eighth volume; for the success of its mission we are thankful, but not satisfied. We feel that all has not been done that should be for its extension. There are hundreds of families who probably would take it, if solicited.

It has been to many, a faithful reminder of the work bearing the impress of Christ—the work of relieving the sick—succoring the oppressed—comforting the sorrowful—work, which carries with it its own reward—for who has ever spent a day or an hour, in those wards ministering to the sick, dispensing, perchance, but a flower, speaking a pleasant word at each bedside, who has not felt amply compensated for any exertion it may have cost them?

The *Review*'s has borne monthly, its tidings of the Hospital, and many have thus become interested and aided by their

gifts, in its support. May we not hope that the new year of its existence may bring new interest not only in the paper, but in the Institution. Cannot the subscription list be doubled with little effort? The amount is so small, sixty-two cents to city subscribers, including the postage—and only fifty when sent from the city. If those who could, would send us one, two, three or more names, it would gladden our heart and cheer us in our work. Cannot this be done?

August will commence the new volume—the ninth. Please remember, *this* is the month for work—and let us hear from the friends of the Hospital and the few agents who still retain their interest, and are "not weary." Renew your subscriptions and send the names, with the addresses of new subscribers, to Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 48 Spring street. The year has passed so quickly, that one scarcely realizes that another subscription is due—but so it is.

Let us begin the new volume of our record, with no delinquent, but many new subscriptions. The standing offer for every four new names, of an extra copy of the *Review*, for the year, may be an inducement for some, and so we remind them of it, trusting to send thus many copies. We anticipate the result, hopefully.

Thanks.

We have received from Mr. Ira Harroun of Ogden, a donation of twenty-five bushels of potatoes, which were very acceptable. We presume we cannot by any word of ours, add greatly to the satisfaction and pleasure which our generous friend must have experienced on making this donation, and yet we cannot let the occasion pass without tendering to him our sincere thanks.

It is astonishing how keen even stupid people are in discovering imaginary affronts.

Visit to the Hospital.

The intensely warm weather prevented our going to the Hospital this month, until quite late in the afternoon, sometime after visiting hours, and we were consequently unable to make but a short visit, and only went through the lower Female Ward and the Nursery.

The windows were all open, and the cool air, must have been quite refreshing to the inmates, after the heat of the day. We were very sorry to find Mrs. E. not as well as when we last saw her. Mary W. was just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. She showed us with much satisfaction, some lace she was crocheting.

We carried a few flowers to Mrs. H., and her lovely smile, and the way she kissed our hand, were more than pleasure enough to repay us for so small a gift, though her thanks were very sincere. Mrs. D. seemed very glad to see us, and in speaking of a visit she had made us a few weeks before, said she was always so "proud and pleased when any one took notice of her."

We inquired for others, whose familiar faces we missed, and found many of them had recovered sufficiently to leave, and others were employed in light work about the house.

In the Nursery there were but two babies, and both sleeping, which we believe to be the way the wee creatures spend much of their time.

The grounds of the Hospital never looked in a finer condition, the lawn in excellent trim, owing entirely to the use of the new lawn mower, the generous gift of Briggs & Brother, and for which we return many thanks. The swing and two sets of croquet were in full operation and seemingly well enjoyed.

A tent has been put up in front and near the building, in which we were told are three men seriously injured; one, hopelessly.

We find systematic visiting at charitable institutions, increases very much the interest in them, and would suggest to those whose duties permit, that they set apart one afternoon in each week or month to visiting in the Hospital. There are those who do it, and their faithful devotion has endeared them to all the inmates, and given evidences of the benefit to the one visiting and the many visited.

Cans of Fruit.

In making an appeal for cans of fruit for next winter, and for which the Hospital depends on donations, we cannot say anything more effective than has been said before, and we therefore re-print the appeal made five years ago.

"Pickling, canning and preserving, is now the absorbing theme with our house-keeping friends—and while so busy do not forget that 'extra can' for the Hospital.

"Those 'extra cans,' which so many kindly put up for us a year ago, proved so acceptable—so invaluable to our sick and invalids. We cannot think what we could ever have done without them, in the long winter months which followed.

"In putting up your supplies, you will hardly feel the trouble or expense of one extra can, or bowl of jelly, and yet it will be so grateful to our sick. Don't, we repeat, forget it."

We regret to learn that some persons have the impression that gifts of this nature, are distributed among the private patients. This is not so, but they are given to those in the wards, who most need them, and for whom they are intended.

Wants.

"Our wants are many"—but just at this season, fruits and vegetables are so acceptable and necessary to the invalids, and our treasury so low, that we venture to solicit from the friends of the Hospital, a por-

tion to gladden the hearts and stimulate the delicate appetites of the sick.

One can hardly realize that to give them each a share, a bushel of cherries, or thirty quarts of strawberries, forty bunches of asparagus, or two bushels of peas, are required for a meal.

Do not suppose, dear reader, that we expect each and every one to send such an amount, but to give as their hearts dictate. It has been our aim to give to the inmates of the Hospital, twice in each week, some delicacy, but we are not always able to do so.

Remembering how grateful the fresh vegetables and fruits are to the well, may we not hope that this suggestion may "bring forth fruits" for those who are sick.

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, June 7th, Catharine Flynn, aged 26 years.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, June 7th, Margaret Hayden, aged 24 years.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, June 8th, John Childs, aged 82 years.

Subscriptions to the Review.

- Mrs. J. W. Swift, Geneva, \$2.00; Mrs. T. C. Montgomery \$1—By Mrs. Montgomery, \$ 3 00
 Ashley Rowell, Lockport, 50 cents; Mrs. E. B. Knox, Eastport, Me., 50 cents; Miss Minnie Cochrane, \$1.00; Mrs. H. J. Frost, Boston, \$1.00; Mrs. Pratt, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain, \$1.00; Mrs. L. S. Dalzell, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Clement, Barnet, Vt., 50 cts.; Miss Libbie Hitchcock, \$1.25; Mrs. Emmett H. Hollister, \$2.00; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 63 cents; Mrs. Wm. Kidd, \$1.25; Mrs. S. B. Roby, \$1.00; Mrs. Judge Gould, Brighton, \$1; Mrs. C. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. Lindsay, \$5.00; Alex. Thompson, 65 cents—By Mrs. Perkins,..... 19 65
 Advertisements:
 Curran & Goler,\$10 00
 Rowley & Davis, 5 00
 By Major Breck, 15 00

Superintendent's Report.

1872. June 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	91
Received during month, ..	36—127
Discharged,	35
Died,	3— 38
Remaining July 1st, 1872,	80

Donations.

- Briggs & Brother—One No. 1 EXCELSIOR HAND LAWN MOWER.
 Mrs. Aaron Erickson—Quantity of Pie Plant.
 Mrs. Dr. Strong—Old Linen.
 Mrs. J. C. Van Epps—Quantity "New York Observers."
 Mrs. Geo. G. Clarkson—One Dressing Gown.
 Mrs. Davis—Old Linen and Clothing.
 Mrs. Hurlbut, Jr.—Second Hand Clothing.
 Ira Harroun, Ogden—Twenty-five bushels of Potatoes.

Children's Department.

The Discontented Squirrel.

A squirrel had a good, warm nest in a tree full of leaves: and a great abundance of nuts; and very kind neighbors to visit and to play with. But he saw the larks and the swallows and the robins fly up and far away, and he grew desirous of getting high up to the top of the mountain, at the foot of which stood the tree on which was his dwelling, that he might look around and know more of the world than he could see from the branches and tree-tops which were his ordinary walks and visiting places. One morning, therefore, after a good breakfast, he started with great glee up the side of the mountain. It was rather cold, but he knew that the sun would rise higher, and soon make him warm enough, and so it did: the exertion of climbing up hill also heated him, and from time to time he stopped to take rest and to look about him from the heights which he reached. He saw fine landscapes, and was greatly pleased with his journey. But when the afternoon wore away, and the sun went down the other side of the mountain, the squirrel began to feel very chilly, and he climbed up with great exertion, that he might get near the sun again and be warmed; but he became fatigued, and stiff, and hungry. By this time it was getting dark; he could see no landscapes, nor were there any nests, nor trees with thick shelter of leaves for him to hide in. He began to be very sorry for having left his pleasant dwelling and store of food and kind friends, as he was dragging himself along, looking for a hole to creep into and to wait till the sun would shine again, and warm him and light him down to his nest in safety.

Just then a great owl was flying that

way, and uttered his cry "hoot," at which the squirrel was put to such a fright that he jumped he did not know where: he rolled down the mountain a great distance, then fell over a precipice into a thorn bush, which saved him from being dashed to pieces, but tore his soft fur off his back and sides, and gave him some bad scratches in his face; he kept running downwards as fast as he could, when he was upon his legs again; but as he heard a stone rolling after him, his fear increased, and he jumped off a ledge of rock under which stood a tree with many leaves, twigs and branches; there the poor squirrel held on with all his might, panting in great terror, till he became quiet, finding everything very still around him. He then felt about him for a good place to compose himself to sleep in: and what should he feel close beside him, but his own dear little nest from which he had wandered away in the morning! He had fallen into the very tree which had all along been his dwelling. How thankful he was to have found his sweet home again: and how earnestly he resolved that he would, from that time, be content with a squirrel's lowly condition, and not covet the high places of the earth in which one gets exposed to the biting of the frost, the gnawing of hunger, and the owl's hooting.

The Candles.

There was a great wax-light, that knew well enough what it was.

"I am born in wax, and moulded in form," it said. "I give more light, and burn a longer time than any other light. My place is in the chandelier, or silver candlestick."

"That must be a charming life!" said the tallow-candle. "I am only of tallow—only a tallow dip; but then I comfort myself, it is always better than to be a mere taper that is dipped only two times. I am dipped eight times, to get a decent thickness. I'm satisfied. It would, to be sure, be finer and luckier still, to have been born in wax and not tallow; but one does not fix himself. They are in great rooms, and in glass candlesticks. I live in the kitchen—but that is a good place, too; they get up all the dishes in the house there."

"There is something more important than eating," said the wax-candle. "Good

company—to see them shine, and shine yourself. There is a party here this evening. Now, I and all my family are soon to be sent for."

Scarcely was this said when all the wax-lights were sent for—and the tallow-candle, too. The mistress took it in her tender hand, and carried it out into the kitchen. There stood a little boy with a basket that was full of potatoes, and a few apples were in it, too. The good lady had given all these to the little boy.

"Here is a candle for you, my little friend," said she. "Your mother sits up and works far into the night—she can use this."

The lady's little daughter stood by her; and when she heard the words, "far into the night," she said eagerly, "And I'm going to sit up late, too! We're going to have a party, and I shall wear big red bows for it."

How her face shone! No wax-light could shine like the child's eyes.

"That is a pretty thing to see," thought the tallow-candle. "I shall never forget it, and certainly it seems to me there can be nothing more pleasant." And so the candle was laid in the basket under the cover, and the boy took it away.

And so the candle came to the poor people—a widow with three children, in a little low-studded room, right opposite the rich lady's house.

"God bless the good lady for what she gave!" said the mother. "It is a splendid candle, it can burn until far into the night."

And the candle was lighted.

"Pugh!" it said. "That was a horrid match she lighted me with. One hardly offers such a thing as that to a wax-light, over at the rich house."

There also the wax-lights were lighted, and shone out over the street. The carriages rumbled up to the rich house with the guests for the party, dressed so finely; the music struck up. "Now, they're very happy over there," felt the tallow-candle, and thought of the little rich girl's bright face, that was brighter than all the wax-lights. "That sight I shall never see any more."

Then the smallest of the children in the poor house came—she was a little girl—and put her arms around her brother and her sister's necks; she had something very important to tell, and must whisper it.

"We're going to have this evening—just think of it—we're going to have this

evening warm potatoes!" and her face beamed with happiness. The candle shone right at her, and saw a pleasure, a happiness, as great as was in the rich house, when the little girl said, "We are going to have a party this evening, and I shall wear big red bows."

"Is it such a great thing to get warm potatoes?" thought the candle. "Well, here is just the same joy among the little things!" and it sneezed at that—that is, it sputtered—and more than that no tallow-candle could do. The table was spread, the potatoes were eaten. Oh, how good they tasted! It was a real feast; and then each one got an apple besides, and the smallest child sang the verse:

"Now thanks, dear Lord, I give to Thee,
That Thou again hast filled me. Amen."

"Was not that said prettily?" asked the little girl.

"You must not ask that or say it," said the mother. "You should only thank the good God, who has filled you."

And the little children went to bed, gave a good-night kiss, and fell asleep right away; and the mother sat till far into the night, and sewed to get a living for them and herself; and from the rich house the light shone, and the music sounded. The stars twinkled over all the houses, over the rich and the poor, just as clearly, just as kindly.

"That was in sooth a rare evening," thought the tallow-candle. "Do you think the wax-lights had any better time, in their silver candlesticks? That I'd like to know before I'm burnt out." And it thought of the happy children's faces, the two alike happy—the one lighted by wax-light, the other by tallow-candle.

KIND WORDS.

LITTLE THINGS.—The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following *morceau* by B. F. Taylor: "Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cosy; little villages are nearer being atoms of shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments. Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are stillest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare & beautiful, she makes it little."

From the Nursery.

Caroline.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Made little Caroline healthy and wise.

Up in the morning she rose with the sun,
And did not play till her work was done.

Her happy face and her merry song
Made joy and sunshine the whole day long:

She helped her mother about the house,
And while baby slept was still as a mouse.

She studied her little books with care,
And learned the lessons set her there.

At table she knew she must not be rude,
So waited patiently for her food.

Of play she rarely had quite enough:
She loved it well, but was never rough.

Though poor herself, to the poor she gave;
For some little money she often could save.

And so she was loved by great and small,
Because she was kind and good to all.

EMILY CARTER.

The Giant Ill-Temper.

This giant is not so large or strong as some others, but he is quite as ugly. He has more to do with young people than Giant Covetousness, and sometimes attacks old people, too. He is always in a pet. From constant pouting, his lips have grown horribly thick and ugly-looking. He is frowning all the time, till his forehead is as full of wrinkles and as rough as the bark of an old tree. Sometimes his eyes are red with weeping, and at other times they are all in a flame with anger. Sometimes his voice bellows like thunder, and then again it will resemble the low, hoarse growl of a surly dog. He may generally be found hanging round the nursery, the dining or sitting-room, ready to pounce upon the children and make them prisoners. And, when he gets hold of them, he makes them so ugly and disagreeable that no one cares to have anything to do with them. Now, let me give you some signs by which you may know when this Giant is getting hold of a boy or girl. He generally waits and watches till he hears them asked to do something which he knows they

don't like. Then he is ready in a moment to begin his attack. He makes the eyes begin to frown; he puckers up the mouth; he makes the lips swell out to twice their usual size; the fingers begin to wriggle about like a set of worms, or sometimes one of the fingers goes into the corner of the mouth; the shoulders are seen to twist about, first one way and then another. If the boy has a book in his hand, down it drops on the floor; or else it is flying across the room. If he is walking, he stamps as if he were trying to get a tight shoe on. If he is sitting, his feet begin to swing backwards and forwards, and make a great noise by striking against the chair. Sometimes he seems to become deaf and dumb. He hears nothing and says nothing. At other times he speaks, but it is just like a dog snarling over a bone. Whenever you see these signs, you may know that this ugly Giant is about, and is busy making prisoners. If you don't fight bravely against him, he will fasten his chains on you, and then you will be spoiled. But how are we to fight against this Giant? By trying to be like Jesus. We always think of Him as "the gentle Jesus, meek and mild."

Do you suppose that this Giant ever got a single link of his chain on Jesus? No. Do you suppose Jesus ever spoke a cross word to any one? Do you suppose He ever did an unkind act to any one? No. If we try to be like Jesus, the Giant Ill-Temper will never get hold of us. When you are tempted to speak cross words, or do unkind things, ask yourselves the question, "What would Jesus do or say, if He were in my situation?" In this way you will always be able to fight off this Giant. I was reading lately about two little sisters, who always lived happily together. The Giant Ill-Temper never could catch them. They had the same books, the same playthings, yet they never quarreled. No cross words, no pouts, no running away in a pet, ever took place with them. Whether they were sitting on the green before the door, or playing with their old dog Congo, or dressing their dolls, or helping their mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said a lady visiting at their house one day. "How is it that you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the elder answered: "I 'spose it's cause *Addie lets me, and I let Addie.*

Ah! yes, it's just this *letting* that keeps the Giant off. What a beautiful picture that is of those sweet-tempered sisters.—
From "The Giants."

Sowing Little Seeds.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after awhile," said her father.

"O, no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it, until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

A Detroit picture dealer says the hardest work he has to do is to frame excuses.

A LITTLE HERO.—A boy in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister of four years old, was alarmed by the cry of some men who were in pursuit of a mad dog. The boy, looking round, saw the dog running towards him, but, instead of making his escape, he took off his coat, and wrapping it around his arm, he faced the dog; and holding out his arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it, and worried the coat until the men came up and killed the dog. The men asked the boy why he did not run and avoid the dog, which he could so easily have done. "Yes," said the little hero, "I could run from the dog; but if I had he would have attacked *my sister*. So I gave him my coat, that he might tear it."

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