

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1872.

No. 1.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
By Mail, " " " " " " " " " " " " 50 "

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. D. B. Beach, 145 Alexander 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.

### "The Good Time."

What is the use of sighing  
When smiling does as well?  
We'll wait the hour of dying,  
Before we sound the knell.  
Earth is too full of beauty  
To be all draped in black,  
And when we walk with Duty  
We tread a sunny track:

The past has had its sorrows,  
We bear them as we may;  
We hope for bright to-morrows,  
While we enjoy to-day.  
The doubting and the fearful,  
A double burden bear;  
But to a spirit cheerful,  
There's gladness everywhere!

Then, with a voice of laughter,  
We'll bid adieu to grief:

A new spring cometh after  
Each falling of the leaf.  
While skies are blue above us,  
And earth is green below.  
While we have friends to love us  
Why should we think of woe.

And little will it matter  
Tho' summer hours depart,  
If we kind words can scatter,—  
The sunshine of the heart.  
For 'tis by helping others  
We bring "the good time" near;  
When all men live as brothers  
"The good time" will be here!

KATE CAMERON.

[For the Hospital Review.]

VIRGINIA, Nev., July 15th, 1872.

Dear Review:

To-morrow we leave for Lake Tahoe, but not without regret, and we feel that we cannot go without one word for our readers. Virginia is a bleak rough place—no trees, no grass, no green, no flowers—no streams, and yet with a surpassing glory in these hills. Barren and desolate they are—grey and rocky—the only sign of life upon them is in the monotonous sage-brush growing everywhere. Our home here nestles right in among these hills, reached by two long stair-cases, and we cannot go out without ascending or descending mountains. Behind us rises Mt. Davidson, cold and grand and gloomy—at our feet lies the city, rough and but

little to boast of in its buildings, but full of wonderful new life and activity. Beyond, far as the eye can reach, piercing the clouds, their summits crowned with everlasting snows, stretches this vast range of hills, rolling in mighty waves before us. There is a grandeur in this very barrenness and desolation—and there is something in this tempestuous sea, which fills the soul as fairer landscapes of soft green fields and woods and shining waters cannot do. For five weeks these hills have been our delight. We never weary of them. Every day they have had new glories for us, in the flitting lights and shadows and in the changeful hues of the morning and the sunset.

From the great altitude of Virginia and the lightness of the atmosphere, strangers, for the first few weeks, often experience a variety of new sensations. The most common are, dizziness and shortness of breath. We go gasping up the hills, sometimes obliged to sit down, from utter prostration—even the strongest feel this. Then the air is so charged with electricity that for the first few days after we came, as we moved about in our room, receiving little shocks whenever we attempted to open our trunks, or to touch various articles, drawing sparks with our fingers, &c., we began to think we were bewitched. Another thing we noticed at our toilets, in brushing the hair—it would crackle and snap and stand up all over our heads, as in our sharpest snappiest December weather at home. The climate is delightful here in summer—the air strangely pure and fresh and sweet. We never saw bluer skies. The days are warmer, but in the evening a delicious breeze steals down from the mountains, and sultry nights are unknown. The streets are rough—rougher, we think, than our friends in Rochester have ever seen—and the crowds which throng them are rough too. And yet there is society in Virginia, equal in culture and refinement to any in our eastern cities. The houses

are most of them small and rude on the outside, but within they surprise us with their taste and pleasantness. We find every elegance and luxury, which is a greater marvel when we consider that everything has to be carried over these hills. But the energy of these people is equal to anything. A novel and picturesque sight are the loads drawn by from four to six horses and mules, winding their way slowly over the mountains. Our little friends would be interested in seeing the Indians who pitch their wretched little wigwams over these hills and whom we meet every day on the streets, their faces painted in a manner gorgeous and fearful to behold. A party of them play cards regularly on the hillside near us. The squaws do not play, but they sit by and watch the game, their papooses tied to boards, or swinging in baskets on their backs. These babies cry sometimes, and just like white babies, for all that we could see.

The general tone of morals is lax and low. Vice goes open and unblushing and almost unrebuked here, which at home would be obliged to hide itself, or at least to wear a mask. The theatre and all places of amusement are open as much or more on Sunday as other days. But these lawless people are not without their noble traits. Their generosity is proverbial. Benevolent societies are well sustained. Sympathy for the suffering flows quick and spontaneous, and does not spend itself in words, but reaches deep down into the pockets. And Christian people are here at work. We wonder that they do not give up, discouraged, with such a tide to stem. But still, though few in number and weak, they continue boldly to lift up the cross, which is yet to be triumphant here and over all the wicked world. Among these earnest, untiring, self-denying workers is Bishop Whitaker. He has a pretty little church among the hills, and close by it, across the way, is his little

cottage, and here both he and his wife are doing a noble work. They have over two hundred children in their Sunday School, which they superintend themselves, and a more interesting school we never visited.

But the light grows dim and dimmer over our sheet as we write, and our letter is already long enough. We have watched our last sunset to-night over these hills. Gorgeous and glorious it was, but we have seen it fade slowly away—the rich tints paling, one by one, until all is grey and solemn, with not a tinge of rose or gold to tell of all its splendor. So, from all our lives has faded some dream or hope as fair, into the cold grey night.

Adieu.

THEO. C. ARNER.

### He Careth For You.

He careth? Does He care?

The storms beat heavily upon me still,  
They could not come but for my Father's will:  
Then can he hear my prayer?

He careth? Yet there fall

So many sorrows on the path I tread?  
While I must needs go on with weary head,  
And only on Him call?

He careth? He is strong,

All things obey Him, and at His command  
All griefs would flee away, and leave the land  
Ready for mirth and song.

He careth? Friends who care

Are taken from me as the days pass on,  
And one by one the joys of life are gone,  
And pain is everywhere.

He careth? Evermore

The shadows fall, the fading leaves drop down.  
Weeds choke the flowers that I with care have  
sown,  
And all the bright days are o'er.

But still my Father cares;

He looks with tender eyes into my night,  
And through my darkest hours He brings me light  
And all my sorrow shares.

And so though storms may beat,

I do not lose my hope. He loves me still,  
And I am glad that He should have His will,  
While I am at His feet.

From a young friend, now traveling abroad, we have received the following, which we are sure will interest our many readers:

### Salisbury Cathedral.

We got into Salisbury Tuesday evening, and walked up from the station to our hotel, having before our eyes the lofty spire of the Cathedral. One may be pardoned a little enthusiasm at the first sight of Salisbury Spire, for about it are pretty sure to have clustered many of his longings and imaginations towards England itself. After dinner, we walked up through an arched gateway into the Cathedral yard, and saw before us, rising up out of the centre of a beautiful green, extensive enough to show in full proportions the Cathedral itself. By rare good fortune, there are no buildings near enough to it, to hinder or distract the view. On first entering the close, its full majesty burst upon us, and we could only sit and look in silent admiration. The building is grey stone, and from being built in the same style and nearly all at the same time, it has an unusual uniformity and harmony of exterior. I never seen anything more beautiful; and as we watched it through the long twilight, and far into the night, in the tenderer moonlight, it grew more and more graceful—more and more ideal—till it seemed no longer a tabernacle which man had pitched, but some fair temple of the imagination, or the softened shadow of some celestial shrine. From its admirable proportions, one is hardly conscious at first, of the great height of the spire; yet in the moonlight, it seemed to pierce the sky, and almost to have caught a star to form its cross. We walked around several times, getting exquisite views from several points, and viewing the spire towering ever, high above the trees, which sometimes hid the body of the Cathedral from our eyes; but, continually, we returned to the point of our first vision, getting there the noblest view of all. It seemed wrong to go back to the hotel and leave so much beauty to the view.

less night. There was the half foolish fear lest in the morning it might be gone—caught up from sight, or robbed of its majesty of glory. The full sunshine, we feared, might take from it something of its charm. In the morning, however, we found it still there, in all its grandeur, and we had an opportunity to see the interior, which is fine but somewhat bare and plain, from the simplicity of the style and the almost entire absence of colored glass. Here, too, as at Exeter, the Choir is being restored, and is divided from the nave by a high partition, so that one can get only broken views. The restored portions are brilliant with color, but will need some years to soften them into harmony with the impression which one brings in to the church with him from the exterior. The Cloisters are large and light and airy, and their enclosure is used as a burying ground—the Cathedral being the parish church of the close. On the same pavement, and on the soft turf, were floral crosses and bunches of flowers, bringing the present sorrow into strange contrast with the air of unchanging antiquity which seems to dwell about these old structures. I think with Hawthorne, that “the effect of the whole edifice is of beauty, rather than height or massiveness.” It does not oppress the imagination but lends it wings for hope and aspiration. The lofty spire, though not in original design, seems well to befit it, and to carry up to a worthy conclusion, the idea of the whole structure. E.

For the Hospital Review.

### Margaret.

It is not youth nor beauty, but a grace  
Transcending either, shining in her face.  
A spirit calm and full-orbed like a sphere,  
Lights up each feature, silvery and clear.

O pale sweet face—so still, so passion-swept,  
Dear-eyes, past weeping now, yet they have wept,  
Sweeter that she hath suffered long and much,  
Nobler, for the Refiner's holy touch!

Her story is a woman's—told again—  
Of love and sorrow, bitter wrong and pain;

But it has left upon her soul no blight,  
Through furnace fires the true gold gleams more  
bright.

At every cry of sorrow and distress  
Noiseless she moves, to comfort and to bless.  
On fevered brows her cooling hand is laid,  
By dying beds her soothing prayers are said.

Better than joy the chastened life she lives,  
As the crushed rose its sweetest fragrance gives.  
As shine the stars when golden suns have set  
So, through the gloom of life walks Margaret.

THEO. C. ARNER.

Lake Tahoe, July 17, 1872.

### Gunpowder.

HOW IT IS MADE—A HOUSE WHERE MEN NEVER  
LAUGH.

How do you think you would like to live, fearing every moment to be blown up—not daring to speak aloud, to jar anything for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't, yet hundreds of men live in just that state, work, receive pay, and live, year after year, in the very sight of death, as it were—all that the world may have gunpowder.

You can easily guess that those men go about quietly, and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you do not know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder-mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder-mill will go off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the toil of years will be swept away in a few seconds.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know of charcoal, saltpeter and



brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself; but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense millstone, rolling round and round in an iron bed, and under the stone are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed, it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut and the machinery left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough the mill is stopped and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken into grains, and, of course, is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this; they are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder, crushed by the boot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted; and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent, as in other houses. The reckless crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror, and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The stoving house is the next one on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workmen stay there. From there it goes to the packing-house, and it is put up in barrels, kegs, and canisters.

Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the storehouse. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away, out of the hands of men, in this curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as powder-house, but you wouldn't think this

house very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. The roof is one big tank kept full of water. Did you ever hear of a water roof before? Instead of steps to go in, there are shallow tanks of water, through which every one must walk to the door.

In none of these powder-houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at 3 or 4 o'clock. But the men have a serious look, that makes one think every moment of the danger, and glad to get away.

Though curiosity may take a man once to visit a powder mill, he has no desire to go the second time; and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death. [*Am. Sportsman.*]

### The Child on the Judgment Seat.

#### A Capital Lesson Beautifully Taught.

Where hast thou been toiling all the day,  
Sweet heart

That thy brow is burdened and sad?

The Master's work may make weary feet,

But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,

Or scorched with the mid day glare?

Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,

That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden toils were mine?

I have sat on the judgment-seat,

Where the Master sits at eve and calls

The children round his feet."

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,

Sweet heart?

Who set thee there?

'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,

And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,

I have sat there alone all day,

For it grieved me to see the children around,

Idling their life away.

They waste the Masters precious seed,

They wasted the precious hours;

They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits

And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

And what has thou done on the judgment seat,

Sweet heart?

What didst thou do there?

Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?

Did the garden mend by thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more, I called and I cried  
 But they left me there forlorn;  
 My voice was weak and they heeded not,  
 Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee!  
 The servants were not thine!  
 And the eyes that fixed the praise and blame  
 See further than thine or mine.  
 The voice that shall sound there at eve,  
 Sweet heart?  
 Will not strive, nor cry to be heard;  
 It will hush the earth and hush the hearts,  
 And none will resist its word.

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,  
 The stores that should feed His poor,  
 And *not* lift my voice, be it weak as it may,  
 And not be grieved sore?"

Wait till the evening falls,  
 Sweet heart,

Wait till the evening falls;  
 The Master is near, and knoweth all;  
 Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden-plot,  
 Sweet heart,

Whilst thou satst on the judgment-seat?  
 Who watered thy roses and trained thy vines,  
 And kept them from careless feet?

"Nay, that is saddest of all to me!  
 That is the saddest of all!  
 My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,  
 My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to the garden-plot,  
 Sweet heart,

Go back till the evening falls!  
 And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,  
 Till for thee thy Master calls.  
 Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,  
 Thou workest never alone;  
 Perchance he whose plot is next to thine  
 Will see it and mend his own.

And the next may copy his,  
 Sweet heart,

Till all grow fair and sweet;  
 And, when the Master comes at eve,  
 Happy faces his coming greet.

Then shall thy joy be full.  
 Sweet heart,

In the garden so fair to see,  
 In the Master's words of praise for all,  
 In a look of his own for thee.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 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 New Volume.

The announcement to our readers, that with this number of the *Review*, begins the Ninth Volume, will no doubt cause a start of surprise, so rapidly does time steal on. However, we hope the beginning of a new year will bring with it the fulfillment of promises made in the past, of renewed love and zeal for us, and our work.

The *Review* is in many ways, an expounder of our plans and labors and needs.

It comes to you once in each month, with its word of thankfulness for what you have already done—and with many a plea for "continuance in well doing." It tells the story, necessarily a sad one, of the sickness and sorrow which comes and goes to our care and sympathy; and it often chronicles the deeds of mercy without which it could not prosper.

It seems peculiarly fitting, at the beginning of a new volume, that we should have a plain talk and tell you what we wish and what we need. First, your love, labors and prayers, for the cause which, from its conception in the hearts of the faithful servants who have worked long and well, and have rejoiced in the fair vision which now gladdens their eyes. Without these—the love and prayers—we cannot prosper. And then we ask you to continue to

work for us. Don't start at this. The Master, whom we love to serve, and in whose cause we are working, says, "Be not weary in well doing;" and while we tire and sometimes faint by the way, we know that rest cometh—a rest of satisfaction and perfect peace—when we can close our eyes at night, and before committing ourselves to the care of the sweet angel of sleep—look back over the day and know that we have done all we could.

There is no surer balm than this. During the war, when every heart beat with ready sympathy for the woes of our beloved country, there was hardly any need to appeal for aid. Ready hands came to the work without bidding, and money flowed into the treasury without asking. Bazaars, fairs, every possible way to raise money, was caught at, and the money came!

But, thank God, the *need* for just that emergency has passed—but the sick remain. They will always be with us—they, and the poor.

Hearts are just as tender as in those dreary days, when darkness covered the land, and "brother went to war with brother;" those days when the sun rose in its glory, to gaze down upon bloody conflicts—on fields green and smiling in the morning light, but at night gory with the blood of many warriors! Yes; hearts are just as tender as then, and if called on, would respond as readily.

But, as we said before, the sick are with us still, and we know you will not let them suffer.

Our treasury is not full—we are compelled to say, that it is nearer empty.

It would be very easy for each one of you to ask a friend to subscribe to our paper, would it not? And then, your friend, in going home, would doubtless meet another; and if he thought, would pass to him the same request, which, if handed around in that quiet easy way, would soon swell our subscription list to its fullest need.

Won't you think and act on this suggestion? Now is the time, this month, to begin the year. It is not in the rare, great things, that true strength lies hidden—but in the little, frequent accessions which come down gently, like "drops of rain, which water the earth."

We are confident in the generosity of human nature. Those who *know* our needs, respond generously.

But there are many who do not know—many living within easy distance of our Hospital, who have never passed its portal. It is to these, that we want to send the paper. If we had their names, we would send them this. No, free, *knowing* that when their eye rested on our modest appeal, to give us the small sum asked for, their hands would hasten to answer our call.

And then, when, month after month, they saw our statement of needs, they would hurry to come and see for themselves, and give of their means, whether great or small, to give life and health to these sick brethren under our care. And our little paper, for which we ask you to renew your own, and to get new subscriptions, will do just this, for these whose life is darkened, and over whose earthly pathway dark shadows fall. It is a little thing we ask of each one—but if you all respond, just think of the mountain top to which these little things will bring us.

We want to thank you for supporting us in the past. Our old friends grow dearer each year that dies. And, in time to come, when many whom we trust we shall welcome to, our lists in response to this appeal, as new friends, shall have become tried and true ones, we shall feel, with joy and thankfulness, that we have not worked in vain.

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NOTICE.—Until further notice, subscriptions to the "Hospital Review," may be sent to

MRS. D. B. BEACH,  
145 Alexander st., Rochester, N.Y.

## Our Hospital Visit.

The glory which shone out all over the world after the severe thunder storm of the day before, made our walk to the Hospital, in the early morning, a rare pleasure. The air was full of fragrance and the little upturned faces of the dandelions, scattered through the road-side grass, fairly laughed a welcome, as we passed along.

Reaching the Hospital gate, we stopped to look at the scene before us. Out under the trees, here and there, were many of the invalids—some, walking—others, sitting—and some lying on benches, resting and inhaling the delicious air and enjoying the unusual beauty of the day. On one of the benches, with a pillow under his head, lay a middle aged man, a foreigner, whose panting breath told us the sad story of wasting life. He was pleased to see us, and clasped our hand gladly. He was too feeble to talk much, but said he was happy to have such a comfortable home to pass away from—he was so thankful and content. Stopping a moment by the chair of one of our old friends, who is paralyzed, we found him cheerful and happy. He said to us, “By and by—soon, perhaps—but *sometime*, certainly, I shall have another call, and then I shall go; but I can wait; I am patient, and I know that my deliverance *will* come.”

Near the cool shade of a large tree, we sat down by the bedside of poor little Freddy. His cot had been taken out for him to feel and see the out-door beauty. His thin pale face was drawn with pain and his large sorrowing eyes told a story all their own, of weariness and woe. We talked to him, and told him funny stories, and after a little while he seemed to forget himself, and a smile broke over his face and played around his thin lips. He was so glad when we made him tell us what he wished for most in the line of eatables; and we promised to get them if we could. Next afternoon, when we went to carry

him as near as possible what he asked for, the gleam of gratitude which overspread his suffering face seemed like a benediction of peace. Oh, friends, try the luxury of relieving the sick poor, and see for yourselves its reward.

By the side of Freddy, fanning him and chasing away the flies, sat one of our patients—a middle aged man, who is very lame, from the loss of a limb, we believe. He was intent on watching his little charge, and as we noted the tenderness of his care, we thought how faithfully that poor lame man was doing all *he* could for the Master. Under a tent, at the left, lie three of the most extreme sufferers. One whose back is broken, and who cannot live. For some time his body from below the waist has been dead to pain. He is from England, 23 years old. A dear friend from Syracuse has been with him a good deal of the time, and to-day he said to us, as we were trying to alleviate his pain, “Ah, Madam, there is no such care for the sick stranger anywhere else, I am sure.” The tears were in his eyes, as he spoke of the childhood of this young man. His father died three months before his birth. His mother lived but 18 months after, and as he pictured with loving tenderness, the far-away days of their early life, in the green British Isle, and with tears dwelt upon the present, with its contrasting pain, we bowed our head and thanked God that into our quiet Hospital this young man was brought, to have his closing days soothed by as much and as faithful and skillful care as if home, in its utmost luxury, were his. Ah ye, who in the name of Jesus, give only a cup of cold water to the needy, surely shall your reward be great. Already it is enough. To ease the pain and woe of life, is the best employment we can have. How much sorrow we find in our every day walks. And alas, how much of it is never found—never known—save by Him who sleepeth not.

Looking around the quiet grounds, it

seemed as if they were more than ever attractive. The showers had washed the dust from every thing—and the trees and grass had taken on the freshness of early June. Birds sang in the tree-tops—and we saw more than one upturned face listening eagerly to their song. Bird-song never fails to bring back the hopes of youth, and seems to light up the heart's weariness with a gleam of sunshine, bright as the dawn of childhood.

“ Ah little things bring back to me  
The hopes of by-gone, years,  
The breath of pines upon the lea,  
The murmur of the evening bee,  
The scent of hawthorn flowers.

Passing into the house, we went through all the wards and when we had finished, were astonished to find the morning entirely gone, so rapidly had the time sped on.

The windows were all open to let in the sweet scented air.

In the Male Ward, which we entered first, Mr. W., our old friend, sat in his wheelchair, by an open window on whose ledge stood flowering plants, the perfume of which lent a charm to the whole room. He was reading the papers to a group of listeners, one of whom, an old man, seemed to be entirely blind. We spoke to them of their old friend, our former Editress, from whom we have recently received a letter inquiring after them and sending messages of remembrance. Could she have seen their eager gladness as we told them of her renewed health and the hope of coming to us another June, we are sure her heart would give a glad bound of joy, that she could never be by them forgotten. We could not help noticing how large a proportion of the men were afflicted with disabled limbs — rheumatism, paralysis, and accidents, seemed to have the great preponderance.

Passing into the Female Wards, we found many empty beds. During the last

fortnight, a large number have been discharged—many of them cured. We were glad to find Mary W. better than at our last visit; and Georgie was very bright and happy. She showed us some needle work which was nicely done; and she said it helped her pass the time, while she was obliged to lie, month after month, on her back, but her cheery way of answering our inquiry about her condition, with, “ Oh, I am better, thank you,” went straight to our heart.

Poor Mrs. J., suffers on, but never murmurs, and says she never can, with everything so kindly done for her.

There was a good deal of hard suffering in this ward, and one poor woman could not keep back the sobs.

Passing into another room, we found an infant of ten days, a splendid boy, with large wide open eyes, looking around as if in wonderment at all he had to see. Dear little children. The same, in riches or poverty, in palace or cot—lovely in their helplessness and appealing to our protecting care and love.

The wards were not full. Many of the empty white-curtained beds stood like sentinels, still and restful.

Sometimes, when we have seen on nearly every one a tear-stained face, we have had to hide our eyes from the pain, to help us give to them the aid they needed. The air was cool and the ventilation, perfect.

Through the open windows glimpses of the city are seen, and close by—in the grounds before the house the eye rests on a picture of peace and comfort. Dear friends, why will you not come out here oftener? The few, faithful visitors, whose coming is watched and longed for, bear testimony to the good it does, not only to this large and stricken household, but to themselves, when they see how happy they are making these children of sorrow.

Sympathy is a wonderful medicine. It has the promised blessing of our Saviour,

to "Even the cup of cold water," given in His name.

"Then deem it not a little thing  
 A pleasant word to speak,  
 The look you bear—the thought you bring,  
 A heart may heal, or break."

The notice given elsewhere, of the change in the Treasurership of this Journal, will probably be to many of our readers, the first intimation that our beloved and faithful Treasurer has left us for a sojourn in Europe. She expects to be absent more than a year, with her family. Those who will miss her most, bid her God-speed; and when she returns in safety, (as may God grant), the welcome back to her beloved work here, which now she temporarily lays aside, will be the truest proof we can give, of the sorrow which we now feel at parting.

### To Subscribers.

With the beginning of the year, we ask you to send us the subscription price to the paper. We expect to send out a collector, to call on those who have forgotten and to obtain new names to our list. But it will save time, trouble and expense, if each one will take the little trouble to remember.

### To the Children.

Dear children—will you go out and bring us the name of a new subscriber? It is hard to resist the appeal of a little child.

Will you try? We are sure you will, for children's hearts are tender, and Jesus loved them better than all others. Then, for His sake, who loves you so well, will you work for His sick, whom He has left as His legacy to us, and thus show *your* love for *Him*.

### Superintendent's Report.

1872. July 1st. No. Patients in Hospital,	89
Received during month, . . .	37—126
Discharged, . . . . .	35
Died, . . . . .	5—40
Remaining Aug. 1st, 1872,	86

### Vote of Thanks.

At the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Committee, of the "Rochester City Hospital," held August 5th, 1872, the President, Mrs. Strong, announced the intention of Mrs. Perkins to leave, with her family, on the 14th inst., for a sojourn of a year or more, in Europe, and tendered her resignation as Treasurer.

While the ladies rejoice that she should thus have a rest from her various cares—(not the least of which were her duties as Manager, as well as Treasurer, of the Board of Lady Managers)—they regret her absence from them, and unanimously resolved, that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mrs. Perkins, for her faithfulness and efficiency in her arduous labors in behalf of the Hospital.

They would also express their heartfelt wishes, that, at home or abroad, the protecting hand of our Heavenly Father may be with her and hers, overwhelming the waves and smoothing the voyage—gently guiding a safe return to those who love and cherish them.

By order.

C. E. MATHEWS, Cor. Sec'y.  
 Rochester, Aug. 6th, 1872.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we regret to learn that Mrs. Perkins, who left the city on Saturday morning to make a few parting visits to her friends at the East, has been called to return to Auburn, N. Y., to comfort by her presence the saddened household of her sister, Mrs. Fowler, whose husband, Rev. Henry Fowler, was stricken with apoplexy on Saturday, Aug. 3, at Vineyard Haven, Mass., and died Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Fowler, was formerly a resident of this city, and Professor of Political Economy in the University. For several years he had the charge of a parish in Auburn—but lately was obliged to resign, having partially lost the use of his eyes.



## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 4th,  
 Robert Fairbairn, aged 16 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, July 10th,  
 James Borlind, aged 72 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, July 11th,  
 Infant of Caroline Prentiss.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, July 16th,  
 Michael Kilroy, aged 48 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, July 21st,  
 Spencer Agin, aged 24 years.

## Donations.

Maria L. Jones—Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mary A. Welton, East Bloomfield—Old Linen.  
 James M. Backus—Three dozen Lemons.  
 Mrs. George E. Mumford—A quantity of nice  
 Cherries, Papers and Magazines, and Second  
 hand Clothing.  
 Smith & Gorton—Four dozen Lemons.  
 Frost & Co.—A quantity of Cherries.  
 Mrs. Warren—A quantity of nice Cherries.  
 Mrs. Gildersleeve—Two bushels of Cherries.  
 Mrs. George E. Mumford—Pickled Tomatoes and  
 1 Bushel of Cherries.  
 Mrs. Maltby Strong—A quantity of Cherries.  
 A Friend—A quantity of old Linen.  
 Peter McCuin—One bushel of Cherries.  
 Dr. Starr—Three dozen Lemons.  
 Mrs. D. B. Beach—Pickled Plums and Pickled  
 Peaches.  
 Mrs. A. J. Wilkin—A quantity of Cherries.  
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Twelve bowls of Cur-  
 rant Jelly.  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Three jars of Preserves.  
 Miss Bradt—Second hand Clothing.  
 Mr. Dr. VanIngen—Second hand Clothing and  
 old Linen.  
 Miss Elizabeth G. Mathews—One gallon Tomatoe  
 Catsup.  
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Two bushels Cherries.  
 Miss Smith—A quantity Second-hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. Ezra Parsons—A quantity of Raspberries  
 and Books.

## 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 attend-  
 ing Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North  
 Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitz-  
 hugh 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. Whit-  
 beck, 93½ State Street; Dr. F. V. Stoddard, 33 N.  
 Fitzhugh Street.

Embark is no enterprise which you cannot  
 ask and expect God to bless.

## Children's Department.

### Childish Wisdom.

BY JAS. W. WARD.

'Twas the hour of prayer, and the farmer stood,  
 With a thankful heart, and a lowly mind,  
 And prayed to the Author of every good,  
 That the Father of all would be very kind,  
 And bless his creatures with raiment and food :  
 That the blessings each day might be renewed,  
 That every man might find relief,  
 And plenty for hunger, joy for grief,  
 Be measured by the Merciful One,  
 To all who suffered beneath the sun.

The prayer concluded, the godly man,  
 Went forth in peace to inspect his farm ;  
 And by his side delighted ran,  
 Glowing with every healthful char m  
 His little son, a sprightly boy,  
 Whose home was love, and whose life was joy,  
 And the father said, " The harvest yields,  
 A plentiful crop, my son, this year,  
 My barns are too small for my grain, I fear."

And they wandered on through row upon row  
 Of plummy sheaves, and at length the child,  
 With earnest look and a rosy glow  
 On his shining cheek, looked up and smiled,  
 And said, " My Father, do you not pray  
 For the poor and needy, day by day,  
 That God, the good, would the hungry feed ?"  
 " I do, my son." " Well I think as you plead"—  
 His eye waxed bright for his soul shone thro' it—  
 " That God, if he had your wheat, would do it."

From the New York Observer.

### Old Gingerbread.

A high board fence standing up straight  
 and blank on the common. A fence paint-  
 ed white, and with spikes on the top, and  
 beyond it a long, low, brown school house  
 with a yard—oh! such a yard for boys to  
 play in, with plenty of old trees, and in  
 one corner an out-of-door gymnasium,  
 which was better than all.

Just outside the school-house gate stood,  
 what at first seemed nothing but a huge  
 umbrella, but upon closer investigation  
 proved to be a stall, heaped up and run-  
 ning over with all sorts of things that boys'  
 hearts delight in, and behind the stall sat  
 an old man with long white hair, and a

face that one could not help loving the moment one looked at it. This was Old Gingerbread. A funny name for an old man, and it was not after all his real name, but it was that by which all the boys called him, and which he loved to hear uttered by their fresh young voices as they came to buy from him day after day. There was not a boy in the whole school who did not love Old Gingerbread very dearly, or who did not know the meaning of the crutch which always stood by the side of his stall. I said that he sold all sorts of things, and he did, from a penny stick of candy, to tops and kites for the older boys; but the principal thing he dealt in was gingerbread, and this was how he came by his name.

It was not common gingerbread either, but a particular sort that he made himself, and covered with what the little boys thought was real gold, and which made his stall look very splendid on a bright sunshiney day. Sunshine or storm, winter or summer through, the old man was in his accustomed place, and the big umbrella sheltered him alike from burning summer sun, or the cold rain and snow. And now I want to tell you what made the boys love the old man so much, for there was a story-connected with him, which they all knew, and a good cause for all the love and gratitude which they showed him. If you should look attentively at the school house, you would see that it was new, and not just such an old-fashioned building as you might expect to see in the midst of those old trees, and on the outskirts of such a quiet little place as Weston. There *had* been an old school house, which had stood there for a century or two, and which every one expected would stand there forever, if they thought of it at all, for it seemed to be one of the fixtures of the place.

About two years before the time of our story, however, on a wild windy day, Dr. Price had just called the school to order before ringing the bell for first recess, when without any warning from without, a thick smoke began to come through the cracks of the doors and windows, and in another minute lurid flames shot up, and enveloped the room in one blinding glare. The boys, frightened of course as people always are at such a time, made a rush for the door, but upon opening it found all retreat in that direction cut off.

While all were in a panic, and Dr. Price

not knowing what to do was trying to preserve some kind of order, a window at the back part of the room opened, a white head came slowly through, and a calm voice was heard to say, "Dr. Price, this is the only way of retreat now, but if you will pass the boys out one by one, I think we can save them yet." All turned and beheld the kind old face of Florian the village painter. One by one the boys were handed down to him, and one by one he took the little ones in his arms and carried them down his ladder safely to the ground, and helped the older ones to get down themselves. Last of all came Dr. Price, and stepping his foot on the ground and looking back at the burning building he said, "Let us thank God for our safe deliverance." The boys all fell on their knees, and with clasped hands were ready to utter the thanksgiving, when a piercing shriek rent the air! and looking up they beheld little Archie Grove at one of the upper windows waving his hands with gestures of despair, and shrieking to be taken down. How he got there no one knew, but the thing now was to get him out of the burning building, and quick as thought old Florian's ladder was placed against the side of the house again, and in another minute the boys saw him high up among the flames, and climbing on higher and higher still to save poor little Archie. At last he disappeared, and during the few minutes that he was invisible to them, many a silent prayer went up to God that he might be enabled to bring their little favorite down in safety.

Minute after minute passed, but at last they saw him at the window again with Archie in his arms. Every breath was held, for the part of the building that the top of the ladder rested on was rapidly burning away, and all the boys saw that in a short time the beams would give way and all retreat from the burning house be cut off. Archie was almost too small to be trusted on the ladder alone, but old Florian saw there was no time to waste, so with a few words of encouragement he placed the little fellow on the topmost round, and slowly he began to descend. At last he reached the ground in safety, and such a cheer rent the air as had not been heard from the school yard in years, but their joy was in a moment turned to mourning, for the brave old man, waiting until Archie was down before he would touch his foot

to the ladder, at last ventured to come, but the beams were burned away to much for it to bear his weight, and before he reached the middle, with a tremendous crash the window frame gave way, and he came to the ground.

There were sad hearts, and many a tear shed that night through the village for the poor painter, for he was not expected to live till morning. With the first beams of the sun the boys all gathered around his little house to hear the Dr's. report but when it came it was hardly better than death they thought. He would live the Dr. said, but would be a cripple for the rest of his life. He had not given up his life for them, but what was something even more precious to the active old man. He could never more go day after day to his work as he had been used to do as far back as any of the boys could recollect, and many a one in the village would miss his skillful hand and artistic taste.

Saturday came, and with it a meeting of all the boys at Dr. Price's house. They had made up their minds to do something for old Florian, for their gratitude was too deep for them to allow him to go unprovided for after the great service he had just done them. There was not a boy among them that was not willing to give up his spending money for a year to come, and Archie Grove's father who could not do enough for the brave old man who had saved his only boy, offered to help them by an advance of money they might require. So they had come together this Saturday afternoon to consult with their teacher as to the best method for helping the sufferer. They wanted to get something done before he should get well, so that they might surprise him with the news.

One thing after another was suggested, until after a long talk, they decided that they would set up a stall for him just outside the school-house gate, where they could see him every day, and then and there they all registered a vow that they would always place their pennies for safe keeping in his hands. They had often heard him tell the story of how he once turned baker for the camp long ago, when he was a young man in the army, and he used to boast of the gingerbread he could bake, which the boys never believed in till one day he actually made some to prove to them that he could. The recollection of

this now came to their minds, and they thought if he would only enter the business, they would never be loathe to exchange their pocket money for a piece of this same good cake.

So it was settled; and with Dr. Price's help they stocked the stall with every thing they could think of, leaving the question of the gingerbread until he should get well. In a week or two he was able to sit up, and then it was the boys told their plan to him, and found him only too glad to carry it out, and very thankful for their kind care of him.

It is two years now since all this happened, and the school house is built up again, and every thing goes on as usual, except that old Florian has turned into Old Gingerbread, and I think he likes his present business full as well as the old one, and I am sure the boys like it a great deal better.

And now, boys and girls, do you ever think as you pass the stalls of poor old men and women at the street corners on your way to school, that they may have been brought to this kind of business by just some such accident as happened to Old Gingerbread; and that the thoughtless word, and idle jest that you indulge in as you pass them, go to their hearts, which often yearn after just such children as you. Don't spend all your pennies at the large fashionable candy store because you think it looks well, but give it to the old apple woman at the corner, or the poor old man who day after day holds out his hat for the few coins which he cannot see drop into it. God will not forget such little acts of kindness, and if you would only take the trouble to get acquainted with some of these old men and women, you would find that they had just as kind hearts, and some of them as pleasant faces as Old Gingerbread.

J. R. W.

TRUE, faithful workers are always in demand. Idlers are wanted nowhere. Do your duty and do it well. The labor may be humble; the field may be small; no matter, do your best. He who is unfaithful in little things, is not to be trusted in great affairs.

Apprehension of evil is oftentimes worse than the evil itself.

**The Kiss that Made a Painter.**

The great artist, Benjamin West, said, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." We give the anecdote referred to:

"A little boy named Benjamin West, living in Pennsylvania, was set to watch a baby asleep in a cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished that he could draw a picture of the baby; and seeing a piece of paper on a table with pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen, ink and paper; and then he showed her the picture he had made. His mother saw baby's likeness, and was so much pleased that she kissed her little boy. Then he said if she liked it he would make a picture of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on from that time trying to do better and better, until he became one of the best painters in the world."

In after-life he said that it was this kiss from his mother that made him an artist. [Exchange.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

**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 ELLA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "

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Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,..... \$10 00
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A Column contains eight Squares.

**Advertisements.**

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**ANTHRACITE COAL!**

GENERAL OFFICE:

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YARD OFFICES.—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street corner of Broadway, and No. 51 Hudson Street, near the Railroad.

H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.  
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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.

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Hardware & Cutlery,**

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SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

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Special care shall be taken to fill Orders with good taste and dispatch. [mar. '71.

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81 State Street, (West side.)  
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Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.  
Nov. 1867. 1y

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We have the most central location and the finest  
Grocery Store in Rochester; plenty of room,  
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on account of a lower tariff on these articles; and  
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House in the city. REMEMBER THE NUMBER,

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

Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed  
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Jan. 1866.

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Interest on Deposits will be allowed at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on all sums not exceeding \$5,000, to be computed from the first day of the calendar month on or succeeding the date of deposit to the first day of the calendar month in which it is withdrawn.

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nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N. Y.





was once so beautiful, and still so dear, given to gorge the monsters of the deep, I concealed its death from all around me. To lull suspicion I gave evasive answers to those who inquired after it, and folded it in my arms, and sang to it, as if my babe were only sleeping for an hour, when the cold, long sleep of death was on it. A weary day and night had passed away, and the Sabbath came. Like others, I wore my neatest dress, and put on a smiling face; but no! it was a heavy task, for I felt my heart breaking. On Monday the death of the child could no longer be concealed; but, from regard to my feelings, the captain had it enclosed in a rude coffin, and promised to keep it two days for burial, if in that time we should make land. The coffin was placed in the boat which floated at the ship's stern, and through the long hours of night I watched it, a dark speck on the waves, which might shut it from my sight forever. It was then I thought of my dear cottage home, and my native land, and the kind friends I had left behind me, and longed to mingle my tears with theirs. By night I watched the coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the land, raising my heart in prayer to Him who holds the winds in His hand, that they might waft us swiftly onward. On the third morning, just as the sun had risen, the fog lifted, and showed us the green shores of New Brunswick. The ship was laid to; and the captain, with a few men, left, taking the coffin with them. I was not permitted to go, but from the deck of the vessel I could see them as they dug the grave under thick shades of the forest trees, on the edge of a sweet glade which sloped down to the water; and in my heart I blessed them, and prayed that God would reward their kindness to the living and the dead. When they returned on board the captain came to me, and said, 'My good woman, the place where your son is buried is Greenville, on the coast of New Brunswick. I will write it on a piece of paper, that you may know where his remains lie.' I thanked him for his care, but told him that the record was already written on my heart, and would remain there till my blessed boy and I should meet in a brighter and happier world."

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us foot-sore more than the rocks.

### The Empty Shoes.

Oh, blessed trust! whatever else betide,  
 Scales of gold are ever open wide  
 When infant feet press up the other side.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Only two tiny, smooth-worn shoes!  
 Two stirless, voiceless shoes!  
 And yet, I can't refuse  
 The lessons they teach to my spirit-ear!  
 I can but hear  
 The messages of love they bring,  
 The words of hope they utter near,  
 The echoed songs they sing.

They whisper to me of our Sundered bond,  
 Of the vale of dark, and the light beyond;  
 Of the kind, strong hand  
 That our darling led,  
 Through the silent pathways of the dead,  
 To the better land.  
 They tell me of earthly paths untrod:  
 They lead me up to the streets of God;  
 And they show me the gates where she passed in  
 Her garments unstained by the soil of sin;  
 And, as I sit in this shrouded room,  
 They scatter the gloom,  
 And the night is aglow with light and bloom.

Oh, wee, worn shoes! ye are richer to me  
 Than are gold and gems of mine and sea!  
 For the bliss ye speak is not bought and sold—  
 More priceless than gems, more enduring than  
 gold—  
 And her sandals of joy can never grow old,  
 The sandals, love-wrought, which her feet enfold  
 Oh, the dainty, dimpled feet!  
 Cherub feet, with glory shod,  
 On the street  
 Paved with pearl and amethyst,  
 Where they ramble as they list,  
 Up and down the radiant highways,  
 Through the music-haunted by-ways,  
 By the thronging angels trod,  
 In the city called the beautiful—the paradise of  
 God.

Oh, the waiting little feet!  
 Safe, within the sure retreat,  
 Safe, so near the mercy seat;  
 They shall wander ne'er again  
 On the slippery slopes of pain,  
 Never grope, nor tire nor stumble in earth's dark-  
 ness or its rain,  
 Safe for aye from sin and sorrow,  
 Till the dawn of some to-morrow,

When, adown the heavenly street,  
 We shall greet  
 The on-coming of the welcome, and the patter of  
 the feet.

[*Boston Transcript.*]

### The Stone Cutter.

ONCE upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"O, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped in a kirman of soft silk!" Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel intercepted it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon thick matting and wrapped himself in a kirman of soft silk.

It happened that the emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

"What good does it do me to be rich?" murmured the man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and my head protected by a golden parasol! Why am I not the Emperor?"

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And indeed, he became the Emperor. He had an escort of cavaliers before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun with his ardent beams dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, fatigued the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be Emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"

"Behold! Are you satisfied?" the angel asked. For he had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of

the sun and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun—"a cloud capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

And the transformation was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers and water-spouts to fall on the land, so that the torrents burst their bounds and the rivers spread over and devastated the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the belowing waters beat it in their fury; the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"You shall be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless, he distinguished at his feet a man of poor appearance hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with the help of these instruments, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man!"

"Have your will!" said the angel, and he became again what he had been—a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much and gained little, but he was contented with his lot.

**A BURGLAR'S ADVICE.** — Sir Walter Scott, who was a lawyer, once defended a house-breaker at Jedburgh. After the trial the prisoner sent for him, thanked him for his exertions and said he was sorry he could not give him a fee, but he would give him two bits of advice: First, that a yelping terrier inside of a house, was a better protection than a big dog outside; and secondly, that no lock so bothered a house-breaker as an old rusty one.

### Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,  
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,  
Dreaming of days gone by;  
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek  
They both had thoughts that they could not speak  
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes described  
Three little chairs, placed side by side  
Against the sitting-room wall;  
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,  
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,  
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,  
And with trembling voice he gently said,  
"Mother, those empty chairs!  
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,  
We'll put them forever out of sight,  
In the small, dark room up stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet;  
For I look at them and I forget  
That the children went away;  
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,  
With her apron on of checkered blue,  
And sit here every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,  
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,  
While Mary her patchwork sews;  
At evening time three childish prayers  
Go up to God from those little chairs,  
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billowy deep,  
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,  
To say a good-night to me;  
Mary's a wife and mother no more,  
But a tired child whose play time is o'er,  
And comes to rest on my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,  
And every time when alone we bow  
At the Father's throne to pray,  
We'll ask to meet the children above,  
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,  
Where no child goeth away." [Selected.

"No sorrow can ever come from God—  
no sorrow at least of His direct sending—  
without their being a blessing wrapped up  
in it; and though the blessing may be hid-  
den, if looked for patiently and persever-  
ingly, it will surely be discovered sooner or  
later; and perhaps not one blessing only  
will be found inside the trial, but many."

### Learn All You Can.

NEVER omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach, he always found something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part, will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there is but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump sometime. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

NO TIME.—A man of business was so engrossed with his cares, that he would not rest even on the Sabbath. Half of that day he spent with his clerk over his accounts; the other half in a ride into the country. Monday morning found him unrefreshed, but still driving on after the world as fast as ever.

"Have you heard of the death of Mr. D——?" asked one of him at breakfast. "Ah, no; is he dead? Well, it is very different with me; I am so engaged in business that I could not find time to die." Soon after, having passed into another room, he fell dead on the floor. He must take time at last. There was no returning to his farm or his merchandise. His business he left behind him in the twinkling of an eye. But the great work of life was undone.

"I have not time," is the common excuse of men in busy life, when urged to think of eternity. But they must take time when sickness comes, when death knocks,—then, when it is *too late*.

**Weather Indications.**

A rosy sunset presages good weather; a ruddy sunrise, bad weather.

A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow sky in the evening, indicates wet.

A neutral gray color at evening, is a favorable sign; in the morning, an unfavorable one.

Soft and feathery clouds, betoken fine weather.

Deep, unusual hues in the sky indicate wind or storm. More delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

A rainbow at morning,  
The sailors take warning;  
A rainbow at night,  
Is the sailors' delight.

If the moon shows like a silver shield,  
Be not afraid to reap your field;  
But if she rises haloed round,  
Soon will we reap on deluged ground.

The evening red and the morning gray,  
Are certain signs of a beautiful day.

When rooks fly sporting high in air,  
It shows that windy storms are near.

If the cock goes crowing to bed,  
He's sure to rise with a wet head.

**WOMEN'S TEMPER.**—No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Some can never be happy without it. It is like flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of the heart. Smiles, kind words, and kind looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwellings there. Study, then to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

**A Good Action Repaid.**

Nearly half a century ago, long before rail roads were invented, a stage coach used to run every day between Glasgow and Greenock, in Scotland. One day a lady who was traveling in this coach, noticed a boy walking barefooted, and looking very tired as he struggled to get along. She asked the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it.

When they arrived at the inn at Greenock, which is a seaport town, she asked the boy what he had come there for. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half a crown, wished him success, and told him to be a good boy, and try to love and serve God.

After this, twenty years passed away. One afternoon the coach was going along that same road, returning to Glasgow. Among the passengers was a sea captain. When they reached about the same spot, just referred to, the captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, and looking very tired and weary. He asked the driver to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Soon after, as they were changing horses, all the passengers got out except the captain and the old lady.

As they were alone, the lady thanked the captain for his kindness in giving her a seat, as she was unable to pay for one. He said he had always felt a pity for poor, tired, foot-travelers, for twenty years ago, when he was a poor boy traveling on foot, near this place, some kind-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat.

"I remember that very well, for I am that lady; but my condition is very much changed. Then I was very well off, but now I am reduced to poverty by the bad conduct of a prodigal son."

Then the captain shook hands with her, and said how glad he was to see her. "I have been very successful," said he, "and am now going home to live on my fortune and now, my good friend, I will settle £25 (that is \$125) upon you as long as you live." God paid her back again more than a hundred-fold what she gave in pity to that poor boy.—*Dr. Newton's "Best Loan."*

If injuries be our enemies' weapons,  
forgiveness should be ours.

### Drawing Near.

"For now is your salvation nearer than when ye believed."

Nearer! yes! we feel it not  
 'Mid the rushing' of the strife,  
 As we mourned our changeful lot,  
 Toiled beneath our shadowed life,  
 By each step our worn feet trod  
 We were drawing near to God.

When the day was all withdrawn,  
 And we walked in ten-fold night;  
 When we panted for the dawn  
 Of the ever-blessed Light;  
 In those hours of darkness dim  
 We were drawing near to Him.

When beneath the sudden stroke  
 All our joys of life went down;  
 When our best beloved broke  
 Earthly bonds to take their crown,  
 By the upward path they trod  
 Nearer drew we to our God.

In those days of bitter woe,  
 When we saw their smile no more;  
 When our hearts were bleeding slow;  
 Stricken, stricken—O how sore!  
 While we lay beneath the rod  
 We were nearer to our God.

When upon our lifted eye  
 Gleamed a vision of our home;  
 When we saw the glory high,  
 Flooding all that spotless dome;  
 In that hour of raptured sight  
 Pressed we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,  
 Doubting, struggling, and depressed,  
 Shrouded with their mists of tears,  
 We were passing to our rest:  
 Tempest tossed and current-driven,  
 Ever drawing nearer heaven.

The fellow who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

The philosopher Frazer, says, that "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

### How India Ladies Dress.

THE ornaments worn by the native women of India are something wonderful. Commencing at the toes and going up, or commencing at the head and coming down, it is a maze of mystery. The hair is filled with all kinds of silver arrows and gold darts, and bound with bands of gems and precious stones. The ears are pierced for not only one set of ear-rings, but for several, the usual custom being seven holes in the right ear, and six in the left, which, in a full dressed belle, are filled with rings. The nose is usually pierced in the left side, and a ring with pendant jewels hangs around the mouth, dangling upon the chin.

The neck is heavily laden with necklaces of metal, precious stones, corals, or pearls. The bracelets on the arms are of silver or gold, according to the means of the wearer, some of the fair sex wearing as many as twenty-five or thirty bracelets on either arm. The fingers are covered with rings in the same profusion, with the addition of a seal ring on each thumb, which is generally the finest and most ornamental. The anklets of the higher classes are of solid gold, set with precious stones, and are extremely beautiful. Little bells are attached, so that in walking or dancing, time is kept to the motion. The toes are frequently covered with rings, the seal being worn on top as upon the outside of the thumb. An india belle in full costume may wear several pounds of jewelry and not be overdressed. America is rapidly progressing in the same barbarous direction.

HOME MANNERS.—Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A course rough nature at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever met in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially good manners.

Nothing is ever lost by kindness.



### The Lowly Life.

A little flower so lonely grew,  
So lonely was it left,  
That heaven looked like an eye of blue,  
Down its little cleft.

What could the little flower do,  
In such a darksome place,  
But try to reach that eye of blue,  
And climb to kiss heaven's face.

And there 's no life so lone and low  
But strength may still be given,  
From the narrowest lot on earth to grow  
The straighter up to heaven.

[Gerald Massey.]

BISHOP THOMAS once told that, when he was Chaplain to the British factory at Hamburgh, a gentleman in the factory being ill, was ordered into the country for the benefit of the air. Accordingly he went into a village ten miles distant, and, after some time died there. Upon this application was made to the parson of the parish for leave to bury him in the churchyard. The parson inquired what religion he was of, and was told he was a Calvinist. "No," says he, "There are none but Lutherans in my churchyard, and there shall be no other." "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me, and I wondered that any man of learning and understanding should have such ideas. I resolved to take my horse, and go and argue the matter with him; but found him inflexible. At length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was curate of a church in Thames street: I was burying a corpse and a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service. 'Sir, sir! I want to speak to you!' 'Prythee,' said I, 'woman, wait till I have done.' No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.' 'Why then what is the matter?' 'Why, sir,' says she, 'your are burying a man who died of the small-pox, next my poor, dear husband, who never had it.' This story had the desired effect, and the Curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his churchyard.

▲ celebrated wit was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," he replied, "Hook and eye are old acquaintances."

FAIR-WEATHER CHRISTIANS.—Here is a bit of spicy suggestion from some anonymous source:

"There is a mystery about this effect of the weather on piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter, Sabbath cold seems colder, and Sabbath rain wetter than that of any other day. For the same measure of heat, or cold, or rain, on a week-day, will not keep one from his usual business. We need a Sabbath almanac, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian, a weak and sickly Christian, or an average Christian to expose himself on the Sabbath by going to the house of God. Such an almanac would enable pastors and superintendents to know whose presence they could depend upon in the services of the Lord's day."

### Household Receipts.

#### TOMATO CATSUP, No. 1.

Boil the tomatoes, and pass them thro' a sieve. Add to one quart of juice, one tablespoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one onion, and vinegar to taste. Boil this down, own half; bottle and seal.

#### TOMATO CATSUP, No. 2.

Stew and strain the tomatoes through a sieve, and to one gallon of juice, after boiling until it begins to thicken, add four tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one tablespoonful of ground allspice, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoonful each of cayenne pepper, cinnamon, and ground mace, half a nutmeg and half a pint of vinegar. Bottle and seal.

#### COCOANUT PIE, No. 2.

One cup of dessicated cocoanut, soaked in one pint of milk, one teacup of sugar, two eggs. Bake without an upper crust.

#### RUSSIAN CREAM.

One half box of Cox's gelatine—cover with water, and let it stand fifteen minutes. One quart of milk, four eggs, and one cup of sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs and

sugar together and stir in the gelatine. Pour this into the milk when boiled, and let it cook a little longer than custard—flavor to taste. Let it cook a little more, then stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, and pour into a mould.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1872.

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### 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.

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### Encouragement.

We are glad to be able to head our editorial with a sunbeam. The cloudy habit has been so long upon us, that we expect to have hard work to keep straight on in our usual way, but we will try.

We do not mean to be proud, if we can help it; and if we are, just a little, we must beg your forbearance; beg it of you who are used to success. We ask you to remember when first your plans matured, and then succeeded. Just try to think how good you felt *then!* How blue was the sky; how clear shone the sun; how fleet were your feet, scorning to tarry on the ground long enough, hardly, for the poise of the succeeding step! Remember how light was your heart-beat, and how you wondered that people could talk so despondingly of "getting on in life." Old croakers they were, making the atmosphere doleful as is the music of frogs around the still country ponds in soft summer nights.

Life was bright and full of fruition—and "getting on" was easy enough if people only thought so! Friends, perhaps some of you have known disappointment since! We hope not—but if you have, you will the more readily appreciate our joy, at the "Encouragement" which the month has brought to us.

In the August No. of the *Review*, we begged for aid—for each one to try and see what he could do. One friend, honored be her name, sends us six, and she says she made no effort, further than to have the papers lying on her library table, and as friends came in, showed them, and asked subscriptions. Not one refused. *She* says, if only all would try next month, we should never have to ask again.

Just think of that! Never again to see staring at you, the old "give" and "get," as does an old friend who, having got on wondrously in life, and feeling rather "set up" by the process, concludes she will cut her humble friends of olden times, and so stares back, inquiringly, when some one sings out to her a glad, "Good morning!" We have heard of such things, but for the credit of humanity, are glad to say, it never happened to us but once, and then on this wise. We were on a visit to the city where, in early girlhood, we were at school. Going from church one Sunday, we came upon a beautiful woman, who in early life was very poor. Her great beauty bought her a husband of the aristocracy, who died, leaving her rich. We went up to her, and paused. She looked us all over, critically, and coldly, and passed on. We smiled at her in spite of her ignoring us. She had no idea *who and what* we were now, that years had intervened. Next day, as we were driving along, in the carriage of our very aristocratic friend, with whom we were staying, we met her again—and what a change! The glow of a glad recognition warmed her face into absolute radiance. Ours—well, it had lost its reflective power for the moment, but we

bowed and passed on! How bad it would be for your old *Hospital Review* friend, "An Appeal for Aid," to meet and be met in the same way!

But we wander. In a straight forward way we come back to the point, and ask you, one and all, to make the little effort this one friend has done—that the October number may come to you with its heading all alive, and under the old motto, "Still they come!"

**Generous.**

The Lady Managers of the Hospital, desire to express their thanks to the old "Board of Trade," of the city of Rochester, for their very handsome donation of the sum of four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and fifty cents: being the amount in their own treasury when the organization was dissolved.

Such remembrances add greatly to the encouragement of those who have the care of so many of the sick and disabled.

May those whose generous hearts thus remembered the "sick and the needy," enjoy the reward of that charity which not only is "doubly blessed," but also promises a sure "deliverance in their own time of trouble."

By order.

**Donations to the Hospital.**

We blush to publish the exceedingly small list of donated articles for the month just ended. This golden month, when fruit ripens and falls, and is left to decay! When vegetables perfect their growth, and beg to be picked!

Oh, ye who eat in plenty, how can you sleep in peace, when all around you lie wasting the fruits and vegetables which would bring not only joy, but health, to our sick family in the Hospital. Don't be so careless any more. We are sure it is only carelessness, but nevertheless, a sin. God made you stewards only of *His* gifts

to you, and by and by, in that great day, which seems so far, but is so near, an account will be required of you—and how will you give it?

We beg you to consider, and out of your abundance give to the sick, whose needs never lessen, but increase, with every pain—and *look*, "whatsoever ye give shall be paid you again."

**Thanks.**

We have received from Mrs. Horace Thayer, of Johnsburg, Wyoming Co., N. Y., a quilt, pieced by the young ladies of Sheldon, which was of course very acceptable, and for which we wish to return many thanks. With so many beds to be provided, and the winter in prospect, such gifts are especially welcome.

As these young ladies have exhibited such an ability for doing good works, might we venture to suggest to them that they can aid our Hospital very materially, by soliciting subscriptions for the *Review*.

**To the Children.**

Dear little children! One little girl, who read our "Word to the Children," in the August No. of the *Review*, said she would "try," and that is all we ask of you. When we tell you how well she tried, we are sure you will not be behind another month with the fruit of your own efforts.

This little girl went on a visit to an uncle, and took along a copy of the *Review*. One day she modestly asked him to look at it. He did so. Saw the appeal for children's aid, and handed her his subscription price, as did also his assistant in business. Did we not tell you that it was hard to resist the children?

**Superintendent's Report.**

1872. Aug. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	83
Received during month, ..	48—131
Discharged, .....	42
Died, .....	5— 47
Remaining Sept. 1st, 1872,	84

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 3d, William Kingshot, aged 22 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 13th, Samuel Gilman, aged 72 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 13th, Frederick W. Greene, aged 21 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 15th, Frederick Medley, aged 9 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 18th, Mrs. Patrick Hannon, aged 31 years.

**Donations.**

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Quantity Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. D. B. Beach—Six pounds Crab Apple Marmalade, two jars Grape Preserves, and six tumblers Crab Apple Jelly.

Millie Glover—Quantity of Apricots and Old Linen.

James Vick—Cut Flowers.

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**Children's Department.**

**Bessie's Visit.**

"Must I have apple-pie for luncheon today, mamma? I am tired of apple-pie," whined Bessie Grantly. "Ella Milnes had plum-cake yesterday."

"Plum-cake is too rich for little girls to eat," said Mrs. Grantly, packing the pretty luncheon-basket. "I have put in a nice sandwich, some crackers, a rosy-cheeked apple and a piece of pie."

"I don't like sandwiches, and I am tired of pie."

"When you are hungry, you will find your luncheon tastes very nice, dear," was the cheerful reply.

"I can't find my hat," was the next fretful cry. "Oh dear! where is my hat?"

"Did you hang it in its place last night, Bessie?"

"I don't know. Oh, here it is under the lounge. I am sure not to know that geography lesson, and I studied it till my eyes ached. Such little horrid maps as we have would bother anybody." And so the whining voice continued its string of lamentations till Bessie was fairly out of hearing.

Mrs. Grantly took up her sewing with a very grave face, and was stitching very silently when the door opened, and a face peeped in that was as bright as a sunbeam.

"All alone, mamma! Where's Bessie?"

"Gone to school. Where's the baby?"

"Nellie captured him in the entry. George has gone to town for the day, so baby and I have come to torment you."

"You never torment me, Nannie. Your sunny face is always welcome. I wish Bessie had your cheerful temper," and Mrs. Grantly sighed.

She was a widow with only two children; Nannie, who was married, and lived quite at the other end of the village, and Bessie, just ten years old. Excepting Nellie the servant, Mrs. Grantly lived quite alone.

"Bessie will whine herself sick, said Nannie. "I wonder you are so patient with her. The habit increases every day. If she has a new dress it is too light or too dark, too thick or too thin, trimmed too much or too little. Her meals never suit her. The weather never pleases her. She lives in a continued fret, and her pretty lit-

the face is getting all puckered up with frowns. She is too comfortable; that is the trouble. She ought to go to Aunt Jane's for a month or two."

"I believe I will send her. Thank you for the hint."

A week later, Bessie, after a short railway ride, found herself in her new home, visiting her father's aunt; who was to keep her for a few weeks, the little girl herself thinking she was only having a pleasure trip.

She had been too well instructed in politeness to speak her dismay when she first saw her bed-room, but as soon as she was alone the whine broke forth:

"What a miserable little bed; what coarse sheets and blankets! No wash stand, only a basin on a chair! No carpet, and it is nearly winter. Oh dear! I wish I had my own pretty room."

A timid knock at the door interrupted her.

"Come in," said she, and into the room came a little girl nearly her own age, bare-footed, poorly dressed, but with the brightest little face imaginable. Her smiling eyes and lips quite won Bessie.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Patty. I come every day to work round for Mrs. Grantly."

"Work? What can you do? You are not as tall as I am."

"I can scrub, and clean, and wash dishes, and work in the garden, and sweep. Oh! I can do anything."

"But you must hate it."

"Hate it!" and a bright little rippling laugh broke from the girl's lips. "No indeed. I get seventy-five cents a week for mother."

"Who is your mother?"

"Mother is the woman who lost her right arm in the cloth mill last winter. We all keep her now, except the baby. He's only a year old; but Freddy, he's three, picks up chips in the wood-yard; and Franky, he's five, carries them around to the folks in the village for kindlings. Janey is in the cloth mill and I am here. Everybody is good to us, because everybody was so sorry for mamma. Papa was killed the same day she lost her arm. It was a trouble in the machinery; ever so many were killed and hurt.

"But aren't you very poor?"

"No indeed! Janey gets a dollar a week, and the boys get lots of pennies for

the chips. Mr. Mason, that's the man that owns the yard, says he's glad to get rid of them, and he often gives Freddy a handful of sticks, and Janey and I use them to make kites. Mother can do lots now with her left hand; and oh! we've got the darlinest baby, Willie!"

"But," persisted Bessie, "you have no shoes and your dress is all in rags."

"Well, I couldn't work in a fine dress. I've got a beautiful calico for Sundays, and Mrs. Mason gave me a pair of her little girl's old shoes. I'm saving them for the cold weather."

"Isn't this a mean little room," said Bessie, with her whine.

Patty opened her eyes wide in surprise.

"I think it is a nice room," she said; "better than ours."

"You should see mine, then. I have a whole set of cottage furniture, just the size for a little girl, and nice white sheets, a pretty white quilt; and a soft, warm carpet. Mamma lets me have it arranged just as I like it best, if I keep it neat. My dresses all hang in the wardrobe, and I have a little bookcase for my own books."

"How happy you must be!" said Patty. "Don't you love your mother dearly? Don't you wait upon her, and kiss and thank her every day, because she is so good to you?"

Bessie did not answer. Conscience was very busy whispering to Bessie's heart, and reminding her how she did repay this loving mother's care. All her old fretful speeches seemed ringing in the little girl's ears, as she sat considering Patty's remark.

The tea-bell interrupted her, and she went down to eat a bowl of bread and milk, which her aunt considered exactly the right breakfast and tea for little girls.

The visit lasted a week. Every morning Bessie was called up at daylight, and during the day she was kept busy sewing long seams, shelling the dried winter beans, sorting piles of apples, and helping Patty in the housework. Every day Patty's bright face and cheerful voice were a new reproach to her, as she contrasted her toilsome life of rigid self-denial with her own comfort and pleasures.

A penitent letter was written to Mrs. Grantly, telling her that her little girl realized at last the folly and ingratitude of her fretfulness, and begging to be called to her own pleasant home. She drew

a picture of Patty's home that proved how much good the intercourse with that bright little companion had done her.

Mrs. Grantly could scarcely believe it was Bessie's voice that greeted her, as her little girl ran into the room to kiss her. All the drawling, whining tone was gone, and Patty herself could not have spoken more cheerfully.

"O mamma! how glad I am to come home! how pleasant everything looks! I had a nice time, too, mamma, but not like home. You should have seen how delighted Patty was with the clothes you wrote me to give her. Her mother says she can't thank you enough for the money you sent, and Nannie, for the clothes for the baby. They are all so cheerful, mamma, and all work as if it were play. O mamma! I'll never, never whine again, or say a fretful word, when God has been so good to me. If ever I do, you say 'Patty' to me, and see how quickly I will stop."—*Southern Churchman.*

### Little White Lily.

BY G. MAC DONALD.

1.

Little White Lily  
Sat by a stone,  
Drooping and waiting  
Till the sun shone.

Little White Lily  
Sunshine has fed!

Little White Lily  
Is lifting her head.

2.

Little White Lily  
Said "It is good,—  
Little White Lily's  
Clothing and food."  
Little White Lily  
Drest like a bride!  
Shining with whiteness,  
And crowned beside!

3.

Little White Lily  
Droopeth with pain,  
Waiting and Waiting  
For the wet rain.  
Little White Lily  
Holdeth her cup;  
Rain is fast falling  
And filling it up.

4.

Little White Lily  
Said "Good again,  
When I am thirsty  
To have nice rain;  
Now I am stronger,  
Now I am cool;  
Heat cannot burn me,  
My veins are so full."

5.

Little White Lily  
Smells very sweet;  
On her head sunshine,  
Rain at her feet.  
"Thanks to the sunshine,  
Thanks to the rain!  
Little White Lily  
Is happy again!"

### The Brave Dog "Bobby."

SOME years ago, a ship bound for China had on board, among other passengers, an officer, his wife, their only child, a little boy five years old, and a large Newfoundland dog called "Bobby."

Everybody in the ship liked "Bobby." He was good tempered and frolicsome; but the little boy was the dog's constant play-mate. He was fond of Bobby as Bobby was of him. One evening while they were romping together, the ship gave a roll, and splash, went the child into the sea!

A cry was raised, "A hand over! a hand over!" and the brave dog jumped over the side of the ship, and swam towards the stern.

The little boy's father, half frantic, leaped with others into a boat; but it was too dark to see far before them. All gave the child up for lost,

At last they heard a noise on the left side of the ship. "Pull on! quick!" cried the father. The boat was turned, the men pulled with greater force, and "Bobby," holding up the child with its mouth, was soon alongside! The half-drowned boy was recovered; the parents were delighted; and the noble dog was patted and caressed by all.

At the Cape of Good Hope, the passengers were to be landed. The officer got into the boat with his wife and child; but he told the sailors to hold the Newfoundland dog tight by the collar till the boat



was some distance from the ship. "You will then see," said he, "what a strong swimmer he is." "Bobby" pulled and tugged to get loose; but all in vain, for they held him till the boat was near shore. But no sooner did the officer give the signal that he sprang into the sea.

Suddenly the poor animal set up a shrill howl, and threw himself out of the water. At first it was thought that he had been seized with a cramp; but it was worse than that that was pursuing him! "A shark! a shark!" sounded from the boat to the ship." "Bobby" swam right and left, dived and turned, showed his teeth, and never allowed the shark time to turn on his back, without doing which the monster could not bite him.

The officer in the boat saw there was little chance of reaching the spot in time to save the dog. Poor "Bobby" swam as fast as he could, and was almost tired out. "Stop rowing," cried the officer to the men, "and turn the boat around." Just at this moment the shark, which had got very close to its expected prey, turned on his back, and opened its terrible mouth. "Bobby" was all but gone! His master rose, levelled his gun, and fired. In a moment the water was tinged with blood; the shark disappeared.

The men then rowed to the spot where "Bobby" was swimming about. The officer pulled the dog into the boat; the child threw his little arms around him; and the men in the boat, and the sailors in the ship, cried out with joy, "Hurrah! hurrah! 'Bobby' is safe; the shark is killed! Hurrah!" [*Early Days.*]

A gentleman once met a little fellow, seven years of age, on his way to school. Stopping him for a moment he said:—"Well, my little boy, what do you intend to be when you grow up?" He had asked that question a great many times before, and some boys told him they meant to be farmers, some merchants, some ministers. But what do you think was the answer of this little boy? Better than all of them. "I mean to be a man," he said. It matters very little whether he be a farmer, or a merchant, or a minister, if he be a true man; and to be a true man he must be a good man.

He who glories in wounding others, will finally wound himself.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Story for the Times.

THERE is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailer, and told him that he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. On receiving this piece of intelligence, the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret.

The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which should bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a place selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold and declared that if it should be planted, it would produce a tree every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said, "I remember in my younger days that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter, after a brief consideration, answered:—"It were a pity to break the charm by a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people; how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No, no," cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it."

And the priest said, "You forget; I have the collecting of tithes and disbursements for sacrifice."

At length the thief exclaimed: "Your majesty, I think it better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster, England, is the following epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his 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; Dr. F. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

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bought from a pedlar for two francs, but it is a long time since the last coal burned upon its grate. Melanie has attempted to warm herself by a woolen shawl which she has wound tightly across her breast and back—a scanty protection against two degrees of cold. Over her knees is spread a bed covering which serves to protect her somewhat from the biting cold. A chill at times runs through her frame, and her hands drop into her lap from exhaustion. Outside, the storm howls and screeches with redoubled fury, as if rejoicing that the thin walls of the Mansard roof are not able to keep out its icy breath.

It strikes a quarter to seven. Melanie lays the work one side and rises. A hoarse cough warns her to draw the coarse bed covering, tighter around her. Then she rubs her stiffened fingers which are by this time too chilled to perform her work. She steps to the little table upon which the hot lamp stands, and attempts to warm her fingers from the hot cylinder. A painful smile plays around her lips as she murmurs: "It is time to eat: I will prepare my dinner."

She goes to the rough bureau, which, with the table, the chair and the bed, complete the entire furniture of her little room, and opens a drawer. She brings her chair to the window, glances out into the cold starry night, and dines. Her meal consists of a two-penny bread loaf and some grains of salt. She breaks and eats the pieces with eagerness, for her last meal was at eleven o'clock. Her breakfast was a little finer. She had a bowl full of milk and two pieces of bread; but seven hours is a pretty long time between meals when working hard in a cold attic.

Melanie sews on shirts for a large linen establishment on the *Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*. The proprietor has a daily income of from six to seven thousand francs. He supports calashes, landaux, Tilburys and phaetons by the dozen; his lackeys and grooms vie with the most elegant domestics of the *Faubourg St. Germain*. In the circle of sports, Monsieur Telettel plays a conspicuous part, notwithstanding the linen business is not aristocratic, for his six or seven thousand daily commands him a *carte blanche*. Telettel owns four racers, the poorest of which is worth forty thousand francs. He feels assured of a *succès hippique* at Lang Champs, and in short the *patron* of the establishment might be

considered a man *comme il faut*. But he pays a very low price for the manufacture of his goods. He lives entirely from the hand of women, and they may be regarded as his slaves. His establishment is said to be conducted admirably, and a loss of twenty thousand francs he would not feel.

Melanie receives for finishing a shirt, seventy-five centimes (fifteen cents.) By great exertion and working half the night, she can earn a little more than a franc. From that she must eat, drink, sleep and cloth herself, and neatly too, for "slovenly women" Monsieur Telettel cannot bear. It pleases him when his sewing girls keep up the "honor of the house"—that is, he shows them the door when their toilettes are lacking in anything.

During the year in which Melanie has worked for this establishment, she has had a daily expense of seventy-five centimes. Yesterday, the last article of worth she possessed—a small gold cross pressed into her hand by her mother on her death bed—was taken to the pawn shop. The five francs it brought was handed over to the heartless housekeeper to quiet her threats of expulsion. She had now nothing, absolutely nothing more but the thin garment on her body, and a wrinkled dress laid away in the second drawer of the bureau. The twelve months of her service to Monsieur Telettel have consumed everything, everything.

Melanie finished what she, with horrible irony, called her dinner. She walked slowly to the window and looked into the dark, stormy night. She feels the fierce wind as it passes. Her chin drops upon her breast and her hands clasp each other. Large, hot tears roll down her care-worn cheeks, and her thin lips tremble and twitch under these agonizing feelings. She thought of her happy childhood's days. But three years ago her heart beat joyfully in anticipation of her rosy future. Ah! who would have thought it would all be changed. . . . He tears flow faster. . . . She presses her heated brow against the icy glass and sobs loud and hysterically. Finally a sort of numbness comes over her and she is once more quiet. Before her eyes passes the picture of her life in her native province where, unmolested by the storm of life, she lived happily, till her father, the support of the family, died from want and grief, followed soon by her dear mother. Her lover died also, and in desperation



the poor girl left her native province for Paris, little thinking what awaited her.

She came to Paris and a recommendation from an old friend of her father, procured her a situation in the bakery of Monsieur Glouton as confectionery *demoiselle*.

For several days she thought fortune had favored her. The attractive surroundings and active trade contributed to her contentment. But the illusion vanished like morning dew and stern reality appeared. At six every morning she dusted the rooms until business hours. She cleaned the mirrors, the glass shades, the crystal cups, the plates and dishes. At nine o'clock she took her breakfast. This morning bite—a cup of chocolate and a roll—is her best meal. After breakfast she appeared in elegant toilette, and performed her proper duties. The *patronne* was very strict; no oversight, no awkwardness escaped her eye.

Madam Glouton found fault continually, and scolded poor little Melanie till the tears would stand in her eyes. Soon "*mademoiselle*" clumsily broke a "*Kastanie*"; then she did not conduct herself properly to the customers; then the fring on her sack was ragged; then the *bon bons* and other confectionery were badly done up. Finally after one of Monsieur Glouton's upbraidings, she thanked him for her rosy slavery and went her way.

Her month's salary amounted to forty francs; when the account was made up she found to her dismay that nothing was coming to her. The torn jacket, the fine cap, the silk apron, Madam Glouton declared as damaged "at least to the extent of forty francs," and Melanie found herself an outcast, not knowing where to procure her next dinner.

Unhappily she turned to her needle for support. Monsieur Telettel, *Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*, advertised for sewing girls. She applied and was accepted.

Wretched struggle! Painful battle; every privation—even the greatest—can be borne when we see hope in the distance. The miserable one, however, who knows that the greatest exertion, the greatest industry will fail to keep afloat the ship of life, wages a terrible war.

One year Melanie worked to keep starvation from her door. This short time was enough to destroy her health. Want

and sorrow combined to undermine her constitution, and where these two go hand in hand, even iron nature is baffled. Melanie has no hope except in death.

Wilder and wilder howls the storm around the trembling Mansard. The flickers in the smoky chimney, and the shaking of the loose window panes sounds to her like the mocking chuckle of fiendish spirits. The poor, sick child draws the woolen coverlet closer around her and staggers to the shabby bed. She sinks exhausted upon the hard pillow. Shivering she closes her eyes and is soon immovable, all except the little slender fingers that in her dream continually play back and forth from long habit.

But let us not think that to Paris is confined these "*petites ouvriers*." They may be found in Berlin, in Leipzig, in Vienna, in Hamburg, and there lives have a horrible resemblance to that of Melanie. How wisely has the French writer said that "all social wretchedness arises from the fact that one half of mankind knows not how the other half lives."

And Melanie? The painful scene of which we were witnesses was re-enacted day after day. Melanie knew no Sunday, no relaxation, no joy. Her life is one unbroken chain of sorrows, and the last act of the tragedy ends with a shrill discord...

It is Sylvester evening. The streets of the great city are thronged with joyous, happy, humorous beings. Purchases are being made and presents given and from the *cafes* sounds of mirth and revelry are heard.

Coming down the stairs leading to Melanie's room we meet a man carrying on his back a long, narrow box of fir-wood. He drops it carelessly into the black striped cart standing before the door.

"Uff," says he, "that was high up."

The driver cracks his whip and is off towards the *Pere la Chaise*.

Melanie has no followers to her grave. The grave digger sinks the rough box in the large beggar's grave. To-morrow or the day after he will cover it with earth. He has no time to-day—for it is Sylvester evening.

No earthly possessions—no mental endowments, can supply the place of religion—because that alone brings salvation to man.

For the Hospital Review.

## The Day-Lily.

INScribed TO ANNIE.

I saw a lily, white and fair,  
And beautiful beyond compare,  
Whose incense was both rich and rare.

It filled the air with sweet perfume,  
It brightened all the lonely room,  
And shed a halo thro' the gloom.

It seemed an angel of the flowers,  
Sent down from the celestial bowers  
To gladden this dark world of ours.

It brought to mind a maiden fair,  
Of queenly mien and flaxen hair,—  
And with that thought, I breathed a prayer:

Oh! may her life so sweet and pure,  
Thro' years of blessedness endure,  
And make her hope of Heaven sure!

Not like this blossom of a day  
Whose fragrance quickly dies away,  
But may she shine with fadeless ray.

Encircled by love's fond caress,  
May kindred hearts her path-way bless  
And crown her life with happiness.

And may she thro' her earthly days,  
Walk in such tranquil, saintly ways,  
That all shall speak her name with praise!

KATE CAMERON.

## Influence of Good Manners.

It is a fact, that the success which Aaron Burr achieved in politics, up to the hour when he betrayed his party in the great contest of 1801, arose chiefly from his inimitable address, his knowledge of human nature, and his infinite tact in conversation. Nor is he the only man who has distanced abler competitors by his suavity of manner. Talleyrand was as famous for this captivating quality in the last generation, as Chesterfield was in that of our great-grandfathers, or Marlborough in that of Queen Anne. Wherever this advantage of manner is possessed, it renders its fortunate owner popular, and often even idolized. The politician who enjoys it easily distances all other candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes his friend. The very frankness with which such a man

asks for a pinch of snuff is more potent often, than the arguments of a Webster, Calhoun, or a Clay. The lover who enjoys this happy faculty has a similar success over his rivals. Thousands of worthless fellows, as we all know, have won and retained the affection of innocent, forgiving hoping women, simply by the charm of manner, the absence of which caused infinitely better suitors to be discarded.

It is folly, when a great fact like this presents itself, to ignore, or even neglect it. The cultivation of suavity of manner should form a part of every person's education. To waste words, saying that it is beneath the true manhood to avail one's self of such little arts as a polished address or tact in adapting the conversation to the hearer, is merely to reveal how absurd people can be, when they overlook the fact that men and women are human beings, and not simply intellectual machines. To call civility flattery, as some old bears are wont to do, is to assail nature for having made man a sociable being. We all love to be appreciated by our fellows, even the gruffest of us. It is oftener a sweet smile in a woman, which we think is intended for us alone, than a Juno-like pair of eyes, that first attracts us to the lady we afterwards marry. The most famous women of history, it is admitted, owed their fascinations less to their personal beauty than to the charm of an inimitable manner. Surely it is not ignoble to desire to be liked by our companions, nor degrading to seek to win that liking by affability and kindness. For, after all, suavity of manner is but this. Men who are naturally demonstrative, and who have quick sympathies, are born courtiers, so to speak. Others, with probably deeper feelings, but reserved character, never, or only after long experience, obtain a popular address. The best of men often, from a deficiency of manner, are considered cold; it is only their intimate friends who really know them; the shell is so rough and hard, that the world at large never discovers the precious kernel within. If, however, such persons have been educated, from childhood, to study suavity of manner, they would be held at their true worth. Moreover, instead of its being hypocrisy in them to practise this suavity, it is really hypocrisy in them not to do it, because their cold address misrepresents their real warmth of heart, and their wide sym-

pathy with their race. We repeat, however, that the education of manner should be taught from childhood, for the old adage is not far wrong, which says that, "To make a gentleman," that is, to give one suavity of manner, "you must begin in the cradle." [Chambers' Journal.]

### Only Once.

FROM "only one word" many quarrels begin,  
And "only this once" leads to many a sin;  
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;  
"Only once more," and the diver was drowned;  
"Only one drop," many drunkards has made;  
"Only in play," many gamblers have said;  
"Only a cold," opens many a grave;  
"Only resist," many evils will save.

### Different Ways of Taking Tea.

The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion of leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese rub the leaves to a very fine powder before putting into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy and a great deal of sugar into a tea-pot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhariot finds it as difficult to pass a tea booth as our own dram drinker does to go by a gin palace. His breakfast beverage is *schitscha*, that is, tea, flavored with milk, cream or mutton fat, in which bread is soaked. During the day time sugarless green tea is drank with accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw, is calculated to the second; and when the bians emptied, it is passed around among the company for each tea drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and fingers—the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When Mr. Bell was traveling in Asiatic Russia, he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wip-

ed it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling point, she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle, as before, the woman set it again on the fire in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed round, and the tea ladled into them, a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.

### The Unprofitable Servant

In a napkin smooth and white,  
Hidden from all mortal sight,  
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,  
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;  
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,  
With the Giver's known intent,  
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand  
Every farthing at my hand,  
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,  
When I hear my humble name,  
And cannot repay His claim?

One poor talent—nothing more!  
All the years that have gone o'er  
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,  
Others add to it ten-fold,  
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!  
All my sloth I now condemn;  
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, O teach me what to do!  
Make me faithful, make me true,  
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,  
Something yet to do for Thee,  
Thou who hast done all for me.

No one denies that it is wise to make provisions for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight. Yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is a fact that overtaking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of glasses at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of their health for old age; for the maxim holds good in regard to health as well as money, "Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error; she may let off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but at last she inflicts the punishment just when and where and how she feels it best. Save up for old age—but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasure, pure thoughts; save friends; save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time can not diminish nor sorrow take away.

### He Leads Us On.

He leads us on,  
By paths we did not know,  
Upward He leads us, though our steps are slow,  
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day;  
Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on  
Through the unquiet years;  
Past all our dream-land, hopes, and doubts, and fears  
He guides our steps. Thro' all the tangled maze  
We know His will is done;  
And still He leads us on.

And He at last,  
After the weary strife—  
After the restless fever we call life,  
After the weariness and aching pain—  
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain  
After all our toils are past,  
Will give us rest at last.

### The Right Persuasion.

In terrible agony, a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him!—"What church are you of?" "Of the church of CHRIST," he replied. "I mean, of what persuasion are you," then inquired, the visitor. "Persuasion?" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the SAVIOUR—"I'm persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in CHRIST JESUS."

### Household Receipts.

#### FRENCH PICKLE.

Slice a peck of green tomatoes and six large white onions—put them in a crock in layers, sprinkling a little salt between—let them stand over night. Drain them well in the morning and cook twenty minutes in one quart of vinegar and two quarts of water. Drain again, then add two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, half a pound of white mustard seed, one table-spoonful ground mustard, one table-spoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Boil all together half an hour.

#### SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.

Ten pounds ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced, three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, a teaspoonful of mace, and quart of vinegar. Boil all together until thick.

#### GRAHAM CAKES.

One pint of sweet milk, one cup of Graham flour, one cup of wheat flour, one egg, and a pinch of salt. Bake in hot gem-irons and in a hot oven.

#### WINE JELLY.

Dissolve one package of Cox's gelatine one hour in a pint of cold water. Pour one quart of boiling water over this, and stir until the gelatine is entirely dissolved. One and a half pounds of sugar, the juice of two lemons, and a pint of wine. Put all over the fire, boil up once well, and strain through flannel into molds.

**The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1872.

**Donation Festival.**

The Annual Festival for the Hospital, so full of pleasant memories in past years, is appointed for Friday, November 22d, in Corinthian Hall.

We are confident that all the friends of the Hospital will hail this announcement with pleasure—the young ladies, we trust, will see that our Fancy Tables are adorned with their handy-work; while the Refreshment Tables will be laden with substantial and dainty edibles, to please the most fastidious tastes.

Our treasury needs replenishing—remember, our sick must not suffer, and their wants are many. Let us have a donation festival worthy the cause, and a credit to our citizens, whose benevolence is never questioned.

**In Memoriam.**

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital, held September 28, 1872, at the Mayor's Office, the President presented the following letter:

ROCHESTER, Sept. 5, 1872.

AARON ERICKSON, Esq., President:

*My Dear Sir:*—Please accept the inclosed check for one thousand dollars, as an endowment to "The Rochester City Hospital"—a tribute to my son, WILLIAM A. REYNOLDS, deceased.

It is my desire and request, that this sum be invested as a permanent fund for the benefit of the Institution, the interest only to be used.

I am, very respectfully, your friend,

ABELARD REYNOLDS.

Mr. Samuel D. Porter presented the following:

The Directors of the Rochester City Hospital, receiving from Mr. and Mrs. Abelard Reynolds, the sum of one thousand dollars, as a tribute to the memory of their son, William A. Reynolds, deceased, this Board thankfully accept the offering, and will so invest the principal, in a permanent fund, that will be an enduring memorial of one who, while living, adorned his life by many kindred acts of benevolence.

This gift will also be recognized in testimony of the generosity of the bereaved parents of the deceased, to whom we tender our grateful acknowledgment for this appropriate and characteristic act.

On motion of Mr. L. A. Ward, the foregoing was directed to be placed in the minutes, and a copy thereof sent to the family of Mr. Reynolds.

EDWARD M. SMITH,  
Secretary.

The recent munificent gift of Mr. Reynolds, to our Hospital, as a tribute to the memory of his son, the late Wm. A. Reynolds, speaks more eloquently and truthfully of the virtues of the deceased, than could the most labored panegyric of orator or poet.

The record of a life that suggests and prompts deeds like this must have been pure and noble, and filled with the exercise of generous benevolence and Christian charity. That such was the life-record of him to whom principally we are indebted for this endowment, the people of this city, with whom he always lived, and by whom he was so well known, will proudly testify; and the memory of such a life must indeed, be a sweet and precious possession to his surviving friends, and especially to his aged parents.

Not only does this act speak eloquently for the dead, but for the living; for while it is a tribute to the dead, it is also an exponent of the character of the living. It shows not only the generous heart of the father, but also a soul that appreciates what was most beautiful in the life of the son, and that the traits of character which endeared the deceased to his friends and fellow citizens, were the fruits of his honored parents' instruction and example.

The poor man has often recently complained that he has nothing to live on, the rich still often that he has nothing to live for.



### Visit to the Hospital.

Our usual visit to the Hospital was omitted last month, because we were ill, and to-day, as we drove along and noticed how sombre had grown the garb of nature, since that bright August morning, when blossoms greeted us gladly all along the way-side, a little sadness settled on our spirits. We were forced to think of the change which comes rapidly to every thing in life. The autumn tints are beautiful and often gorgeous. The maples fling out scarlet banners everywhere, and the shortening days close in with sunsets all glorious with crimson and purple and gold.

In early life, before any experience of sadness had taught us the meaning of sorrow, we loved to dwell upon such themes as these—and the hectic beauty which flushed the cheek of one doomed by that sure sign, had for us a greater charm than the hue of perfect health. But, as time steals away our loves and our hopes, we turn to the signs of spring, and dwell with more pleasure on the bright things in life. Perhaps this is because increasing age brings us nearer the everlasting spring time of eternity. With such thoughts as these, we passed through the portal of our beloved Hospital.

Passing into the Female Ward, up stairs, we found it entirely vacated. It is the first time we have seen it so. The delicious air outside, had tempted the invalids abroad. The clean, white-curtained beds looked lonely, and the stillness of the lounge ward was soothing, even to us.

In the Fever Ward, we found but one patient left; a young, fair-haired girl, of fourteen years, and she was convalescing. Her face brightened at our approach, and it was pleasant to listen to her happy words—telling us how ill she had been, and how glad she was to be getting well. We said a few cheering words to her, and then went into the lower Male Ward. First to meet us, was our old friend, Mr. W. He

was seated in his wheeled-chair, dispensing grapes to the group about him. Handing us a cluster, which we enjoyed, he said, "You see, Madam, although we are not clothed in purple and fine linen, yet we fare sumptuously." All down the ward, were men suffering from diseased limbs, and, as often before, we were impressed with the prevalence of this class of invalids. One, with a swollen hand, from which the little finger was amputated three months since; another, with diseased ankle; and so all along; while at the extreme end, on the last bed, lay an old man, suffering greatly from a broken hip. It is hard to speak words of cheer to those whom we know are enduring torture. We could only sympathize and bid them hope for better days, trusting in God.

Returning, our friend Mr. W. asked if we remembered blind Dan, and told us he was dead, and his funeral service was about to be rendered. So we went up into the Chapel, and sat down by the foot of that plain coffin. For a few moments, while the family of invalids who had lived with him and the friends who were there, were gathering, we sat in utter quiet, and thought of our poor old friend, whom we had known and to whom we had often tried to speak words of cheer, in this world so dark to him. Thank God, he lives in the light of Heaven now, and his eyes drink in all the celestial beauty of Paradise. What a joy was his—and what a recompense for all that was denied him here. This poor blind Dan—our old friend, as we remember him, patient and glad—was thankful for one kind word. Now, thank God, he rejoices in that perfect light which pervades the region round about the Throne, that Heaven of which the Spotless Lamb of God is the eternal Light.

He rests in peace.

Soon the young clergyman gave out the hymn, "Rock of Ages," and as we seated ourself at the little organ, and played the tune so familiar to his ears, we were thrill-



ed with gratitude that we were permitted to join in this last rite, in memory of him with whom we had so often spoken of the better land, which he had reached before us. And then there was a prayer—low-spoken and full of faith—after which the speaker read and explained the last chapter of Ecclesiastes. We wished there were more there to hear the plain and simple explanation. Much of it was, in a measure, new to us, and we listened attentively. Then there was another prayer, brief and solemn, and then, reverently and with quiet step, the bearers carried blind Dan out, and down the long stairs, and through the open portals—and his mortal part was taken thus quietly to the grave. Up yonder, with kindling eyes, he no doubt, gazes joyously on the immortal beauties of that better land, which, forever and forever, is to be his joyful home. "And there shall be no night there."

This was rather an unusual episode in our regular monthly visit. It is not sad but joyful, and yet it deepened the impression which our notice of the changing and the falling leaves made on our heart as we were driving thither.

We made a hasty call on some of the confirmed invalids and left a promise to go soon again—a promise which we mean to keep. We never go to this dear place, where the sick are congregated, that we do not gain a blessing. God has promised it. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Listen to the strain, shouting gladly from the future of the eternal morn; and rejoice that it may be yours to obey the closing command, "Enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord."

As we started homeward, the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, and the Western sky glowing with the beauty of his "Good night." The leaves on the trees had stilled their rustling; and in the sky the evening star shone clear and bright. Workmen were going home from their

weekly labor—and our mind's eye rested on the new-made grave, where our friend was gently sleeping—as we thought again of the verse so lately read and commented on: "And man goeth to his long home."

The autumn tints are suggestive to us, of the bright scenes which the Donation Festivals of the several charities of the city produce. Most of the benevolent institutions make no other public effort to raise money for their support, and at these times a reasonable amount from the many in attendance, readily replenishes depleted treasuries. We hear that the first of these entertainments takes place the last of this month. The time for the Hospital Festival is Friday, November 22d, and our next paper will contain an invitation to all, and a detailed account of the expected proceedings. We desire thus early to remind our readers of these things.

#### Bandages.

A large number of the patients who are received at the Hospital, are those who have sustained injuries, and for the care of which persons, we require many bandages. At present, we need cloth to be used in this way and for dressing the wounds of these sufferers.

Will some of the friends of the institution send us a supply?

#### Notice.

The Publishing Committee of the "Review," are desirous of securing the services of some person to collect arrearages, and procure subscribers for the paper, for which service they will give a suitable remuneration.

Any person, either lady or gentleman, who is willing to undertake this work, will please apply immediately to Mrs. D. B. BEACH, 145 Alexander Street.

#### Superintendent's Report.

1872. Sept. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	84
Received during month, . . .	47—131
Discharged, . . . . .	40
Died, . . . . .	2— 42
Remaining Oct. 1st, 1872,	89

**Married.**

**OLMSTED—FALLS**—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Thursday evening, October 10th, by Rev. T. Edwin Brown, Edward P. Olmsted and Clara J., daughter of Mr. William S. Falls.

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 19, Mary Hamilton, aged 44 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 23, Jacob Sheble.

**Donations.**

- Mrs. Jennie Rolfe, Sheldon, Wyoming Co.—Old Linen.
- Mrs. T. A. Newton—Twenty Bouquets.
- Mrs. Edward Ray—Old Linen, Books, Periodicals, &c.
- Miss Edna Smith—Flowers, Grapes and Jelly.
- Mrs. George J. Whitney—Half bushel Peaches.
- Mrs. Isaac Butts—One and a half bushels Pears, one basket Tomatoes.
- Mrs. Hunt—Several cans Preserved Quinces.
- Little Annie McLean—One basket Peaches, "with love to the Sick in the Hospital."
- A Friend—One basket Pears.
- Mrs. Mary B. Allen King—Three bowls Jelly.
- Mrs. Loop—One basket Peaches, 1 basket Grapes.
- Mrs. Oscar Craig—Three baskets Peaches.
- Mr. McEwen, Greece—Three bushels Peaches.
- Mrs. Daniel B. Beach—Two cans Plums, 2 cans Tomatoes.
- L. D. Ely—Two baskets Grapes.

**Subscriptions to the Review.**

- Henry R. Smith, Canton, Miss., \$1; Mrs. Henry P. Hubbell, 50 cents; Mr. A. D. Miner, Lima, \$1.00—By Miss Mathews, \$ 2 60
- Mrs. J. S. Orton, 50 cents; Mrs. A. J. Abbott, 50 cents; Mrs. H. G. Baker, 50c.; Mrs. J. B. Adams, 50 cents; Miss Clara Dickey, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Olmstead, 50 cts.; Miss Ida M. Allen, 50 cts.; J. D. Lewis, 50 cents; Myron H. Cooke, 50 cents; all of Geneseo;—Mrs. Jabez Goddard, York, 50 cents; Miss Hortense R. Tournade, Brooklyn, 50 cents; Mrs. Ephraim Adams, Livonia, 50 cts. —By Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo. . . . . 6 00
- Mrs. Robert Camp, 50 cents; Mrs. Gilman E. Hill, 50 cents; Mrs. E. T. Smith, 50 cents—By Mrs. E. T. Smith . . . . . 1 50
- J. Requa, \$1.25, Kate M. Bell, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Richardson, 75 cents; Rev. C. S. Stephenson, Providence; \$1.00—By Mrs. D. B. Beach . . . . . 3 62
- Mrs. Roach—By Mrs. Geo. Breck . . . . . 50
- Mr. Thomas H. Rochester, 62 cents; Miss Van Every, 62 cents; Mrs. Montgomery Rochester, Cincinnati, 50 cents—By Miss Van Every. . . . . 1 74

**Children's Department.**

**How Frankie Killed the Lion.**

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

"What about that famous lantern, my little boy?" asked Grandpa Warren, as he put his arm around Frankie's plump little waist, and drew him nearer to his side.

"Oh! Grandpa," cried Frankie, his handsome face flushing, "I had quite forgotten the lantern. It's up-stairs, in the old work-room."

"Quite forgotten it!" said Grandpa, in his turn astonished, as he brought his gold-rimmed glasses to bear upon the bright, upturned face. "Why, I think I never saw a little fellow more in earnest about that same lantern. I remember he intended to have it all ready by Christmas to show in the parlor. Well, I really am surprised."

Frankie looked down, somewhat abashed.

"I did try," he said, softly, fumbling in his pockets. "But the slides were so hard, and I broke one glass, and Papa brought me some new toys; and so you see I got interested in *them*," he added, brightly. "But really, Grandpa, it was very hard."

"Ah! I see," said Mr. Warren, looking thoughtfully in the fire. "It was the lion, and he shook his head and sighed.

"The lion, Grandpa?"

"Yes dear, that dreadful lion that I have known to conquer so many; to eat them up, my boy—eat them up."

"What *can* you mean, Grandpa?" asked Frankie, now quite startled.

"Have you never heard Papa read in the Bible, 'The sloathful man sayeth there is a lion in the way?'" asked old Mr. Warren.

"I don't remember. What does it mean, Grandpa?"

Grandpa did not answer the question, but went on to say:

"Some years ago I was talking with a certain lady in this house, being at the time in a famous room, which a young gentleman of my acquaintance calls his work-room; and there I saw a great many good intentions, that I suppose, when they were begun, were expected to be finished performances by and by. There was a

cart completed all but one wheel; there was a little chair begun for somebody's little sister, that laid helplessly upon two legs; there was a set of nine-pins commenced and abandoned."

"Oh, Grandpa!" cried Frankie, with red cheeks; "you were up in *my* room."

"And a lady told me that a certain little son of her's was always ready to *begin* new work on new things; but very seldom finished one of them properly. Then I felt badly, for I was sure the lion had got hold of my dear little grand-son, and that by and by he would get the upper hand of him completely, and crunch out all his usefulness and make a miserable man of him."

Grandpa's tones were very serious; and Frankie looked down, growing redder and redder, as he fingered the bright brass buttons of his new suit.

"I *did* mean to have the lantern all done by Christmas; but you see—well—there were so *many* other things; and—I—" Frankie could get no further but startled at the blazing red coal-fire, and thought to himself that it was really too bad for Grandpa to talk that way, when he had been trying to do so much. It was enough to hear Mamma's sage talk; but when Grandpa came he expected to have so much fun!—nothing else, only fun!

Presently Grandpa began to talk about Nep, the great farm dog. Frankie remembered him; he was a little, brown, curly mat of a thing; only a few weeks old, when he had last seen him. Now Grandfather told how large and handsome he had grown; how patient and docile he was, so that Nettie, Frankie's youngest cousin, could sit on his back and drive him all around the yard.

"Is he as big as a lion?" asked Frankie, gravely. He could not get the thought of that dreadful animal out of his head.

"Almost," Grandpa said, with a smile, stroking his long grey beard; "and Cousin Dan is making a capital little wagon and a harness for Nep, so that Nettie can go riding."

"I suppose Cousin Dan finishes things," said Frankie, thoughtfully.

"Always!" replied Grandpa Warren, biting his lips. "Dan always finishes things."

"But he is a man," continued Frank.

"He always *did* finish things," replied Grandpa. "I have known him to work

patiently at a little toy for Nettie for weeks, when he had little else but a pen-knife to work with. It's a good habit, that," mused Grandpa.

Frankie still looked thoughtful; but presently went off to play.

The next day, as Grandpa Warren was sitting by the fire, in the great arm-chair, Frankie ran up to him, with bright shining eyes.

"Grandpa," he almost shouted, "Grandpa, I'm going to kill the lion! My lion, I mean."

Really, I am glad to hear that," said Grandpa Warren, putting his paper aside. "That's better news than I find here."

"Yes, I've begun at him this morning; went right straight up-stairs. 'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Lion, I'm going to take you in hand.' So I went at the little cart; and here it is, all finished, every bit. Look!"

Grandpa's eyes sparkled as he examined the toy. The work was quite perfect.

"Don't you believe I've cut off one of his four-paws?" cried the young hero, with great satisfaction.

"I think you have lamed him to some purpose," said Grandpa.

"And now," exclaimed Frankie, with renewed gusto, "I'm going to put out his eyes."

"Both of them?" queried Grandpa.

"Every one of them. Don't you think by the time I've done my lantern he will be pretty shaky?"

"I should say so; quite incapable of doing much mischief, if he has no feet and no eyes. You might keep him then as a sort of reminder. It's a great thing to conquer such a foe, my boy."

### After Supper Talk.

We saw something the other day—just a little thing—but it set us to thinking, and so we laid it away to ask our young folks about it. Clara was going out to spend the afternoon, and her grown up sister Helen, as she buttoned the little girl's white apron, and tied her yellow hair with a blue ribbon, said:—"Now, Clara, I do hope you will behave well and be a lady this afternoon."

"Oh! I will," said Clara, confidently. "I always behave well when I go visiting."

Between a sigh and smile, Helen fastened the sack and tied the hood, and away

the child went, dancing down the path in the sunshine.

"I always behave well when I go visiting," she had said, and yet she was the very same little girl that, not two hours before, had been sent away from the dinner table for being rude and impolite—the same one that, only the day before, had been shut up an hour for teasing her little brother, and the same one who had made her mother look sorry and anxious several times that day.

The more we thought about it, the more we wondered whether Clara is the only child in the world who behaves sweetly in other people's houses, and keeps all naughtinesses, her pets, and little tempers for those who love her best, her parents, and brothers and sisters, at home. How is it? [Advance.

### The Letter "R."

Wonderful things *letters* are! We use them every day without thinking how much we are indebted to them. Just think what wondrous things are done by this one little letter "R."

It is at the beginning of every *riot*, and yet is always found in *order*. It is found in the center of the *earth*, and yet always exists in *surfaces*. It is at the head of every *river*, and always met in every *street*. It exists both in *fire*, *water* and *air*. It greets us in every *morning*, and is part of of *breakfast*, *dinner* and *supper*. It is the first letter of *repose*, and also of *restlessness*. It is never seen in *business*, but always in *pleasure*; and yet, strange to say, it forms a part of every *work*. You can see it in every *circle*, *triangle* and *square*. It is doubled in *sorrows*, as well as in *mirrors*. It changes *fiends* to *friends*, and makes all *bothers* *brothers*. It blooms in every *rose*, and glitters in every *star*, and a funny thing is the little letter "R."

### The Dumb Orator.

This is one of the most laughable exhibitions conceivable, and is easily got through where a few friends are gathered together for enjoyment during the holiday festivities. Let one be chosen who can tell a story, make a speech, or sing a song, and another who has arms long enough to go round the first. The speech-maker goes into a corner of the room with his com-

panion behind him. He puts his arms behind and around the back of his friend, while his friend's arms are put through between his, and are made to appear as if they were the speaker's. The audience being assembled, the speaker commences, standing quite still; his friend's arms appear as his, while he suits the action to the world by gesticulating his arms to his own fancy. The working of two minds at the same moment of time, and apparently on the same subject, makes it simply ridiculous and most amusing to the audience.

### Good Night and Good Morning.

#### A CHILD'S SONG.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,  
And said, "Dear work! good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,  
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;  
She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;  
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road,  
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,  
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "good night!"  
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;  
For she knew he had God's time to keep  
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—  
The violets courtesied, and went to bed;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day.  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
"Good morning, good morning, our work is begun."

### A Brave Boy.

A company of boys in a street in Boston, one day after school, were engaged in snowballing. William had made a good hard snowball. In throwing it, he "put in too much powder," as the boys say—he threw it too hard, and it went farther than he intended, right through the parlor window! All the boys shouted—

"There, you'll catch it now! Run, Bill, run!" Then they took to their heels.

But the brave William straightened up and said, "I shall *not run*." He went directly to the house where the window had been broken. He rang at the door, acknowledged what he had done, and said he was sorry. He then gave his name, and the name of his father, and of his father's place of business, and said the damage should be paid for.

### The White Apron.

Celia's mother had gone away for a few days, and the house was very dull. Something was wanting in every room—a touch in the parlors to make them look bright, a reader for the books and papers in the sitting-room. The work-basket was in dreary order. In her own room the stillness was worse. Celia could hardly see her mother's half-worn wrapper in the wardrobe without crying.

While the child was trying to read an old story-book, a little thought flashed into her mind, a plan of her own for the absent mother. A great whispering followed with the nurse, and many charges "not to tell," in a louder voice.

Wrapped in her warm suit, little Celia went forth to get the materials suited for her purpose. Before leaving the house, however, she went to her secret hoard of small paper bills and five-cent coins. A large part of this money, folded in her purse, was confided to the hand of the nurse.

They went to a shop, where an opening was found at one of the busy counters. Celia, putting on a wise air, called for striped muslins and nainsook in her lisping voice. The choice was made after much consultation and the parcel sent home.

The dusk coming too soon, compelled Celia to wait for the daylight before the apron could be planned and cut out. Then she seated herself to sew the long, hard seams, for long and difficult they were to Celia's little fingers. The new thimble helped her less than pulling the needle through with her thumb and finger.

What crooked little stitches Celia made in the new muslin! Sometimes a row came close together, then a long thread to fill a gap, and a knot, and a few tears, and a broken needle, with no place to throw it away safely, and a soiled thread! Such was the history of the hem.

Celia kept on courageously, finding the gathers an easier process, where the stitches did not *show*. The band was finished

by the help of the nurse; but these stages occupied as many days. The making of that apron was a work, a real achievement in Celia's life. The long strings were hemmed at last, and a little black row of stitches coming near the end of a thread. Sometimes she tried *running*; then she fell back on the old, hard way.

Yet she did not falter; the great motive-power was the love she owed her absent mother. The white apron was an offering of love, from its purchase off the great roll by Celia's money, to the last pulling out of basting threads. Every stitch was set by love.

The mother came home, and the house changed at once. Now it was warm, and light, and pleasant, as if the sun had come out after days of mist and clouds. In this happy time the white apron was slipped into the mother's hand, and what joy it gave. How lovingly the mother looked at the crooked stitches and the ill-made apron; how she passed over the soiled pieces in the zig-zag thread and the clumsy band; how she kissed her child, who had spent the hours of her absence in doing this work from pure love! It was not a duty-present; the child had given up her own will for the sake of pleasing her mother. She had done what was tiresome and disagreeable as a free-will offering from the heart.

So our Father likes to be loved and worked for while we are absent from Him. Thus He overlooks all the imperfections of our work, the place where our fingers tired, our awkward attempts. He will accept our efforts made from love, although, like little Celia's white apron, they may be full of knots, broken threads, uneven stitches, made with tears, yet made for *Him*.

[Child at Home.]

### What Cloves Are.

Cloves are the unopened flower of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel of the bay. It is a native of the Melucca, or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all warmer parts of the world; and it is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size and grow in large numbers, in clusters, to the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened and whilst they are still green. After being



gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire and then dried in the sun.

Each clove consists of two parts of a round head, which are the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled up, enclosing a number of small stalks or filament, the other part of the cloves is terminated with four points, and, in fact, the flower-cap of the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste in consequence much weakened by such unfair proceeding.

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bands and puffs that you can't use again. If I was you, miss, I'd save my silk, and buy a rich fringe or some black lace."

"That will make it pretty expensive," said Miss Marabell. "However, I will think about it, and see what I can find."

"Could you let me have a little money to-day?" asked Mrs. Mansfield rather diffidently. "I would not ask it, only my husband being sick, and everything so high."

"Certainly, as much as you want," replied Miss Marabell. "Let me have your bill, and I will bring you the money when I come home, or send it to you this evening, if it will do as well. I never mean to keep any one waiting for what I owe." This was perfectly true. No poor dressmaker or washerwoman ever called on her again and again for a few dollars.

Miss Marabell looked at the bill while she was waiting her turn at Rose's counter. The total was fifty dollars. "That is very reasonable, considering!" thought Miss Marabell, as she put away the bill, and asked to look at black lace and fringes. "I thought it would have been more."

The fringe was very glossy and heavy, with a sort of chenille or velvet braiding; just the thing for the rich silk, but then it might go out of fashion in six months. The lace was more expensive, being three dollars a yard, but then it would last to use again, black lace being always in fashion.

"Three times ten is thirty!" calculated Miss Marabell. It seems a good deal, but then the dress was given me, and I can afford it."

She took out a little diary which served her as a purse, and opening it her eyes fell on the note she had lately made, "Five dollars for the girls' school at O."

"Five dollars for foreign missions, and thirty dollars for trimming which I shall be just as well without! Thirty dollars, which would give some poor girl an education, and enable her to give her children the same."

"I believe I will not take it to-day," replied Miss Marabell, and she laid down the lace, and asked for gloves.

When Miss Marabell went home she shut herself up in her room, got out her account book, and began to square her accounts, for she was very methodical in money matters, being indeed a conscientious Christian woman. She had a tolerably large and quite independent property, and had the reputation of being very liberal in its use.

She took out Mrs. Mansfield's bill and looked it over once more.

She laid out the money for the dressmaker, and then the five dollars for the mission-school. Then she rose and went to the bed where her new dresses lay in great state, and looked them over.

"Fifty dollars for trimmings and five for missions!" said she to herself. "That seems rather out of proportion. They are none of them very expensive material. It is the making that costs so! To be sure the poor woman has the money. But after all what a waste!"

"I have changed my mind about the silk dress, Mrs. Mansfield," said Miss Marabell, when she went to pay the dressmaker's bill. "I think I shall have it made very simply. I am tired of trimmings."

"And so am I," said Mrs. Mansfield; "I wish they would go out of fashion."

"I am surprised to hear that," remarked Miss Marabell. "I supposed the fashion was at least profitable to dressmakers."

"Not so much as you'd think, miss. You see one of these trimmed suits is a good week's work, when I have to make all the trimmings by hand, and in that time I could make three plain dresses, which bring me in more money, and are not half so tiresome. I declare!" said the poor dressmaker, "I can't get any sleep for these trimmings, I'm just dreaming them over all night."

The next day Miss Marabell bought a post office order for thirty-five dollars, and sent it to the secretary of a certain large board, pretty well known in the country.

"What is that for?" asked Cousin Georgy, who was with her.

"Trimmings!" said Miss Marabell.

**A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.**—A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a testament in his hand, when a friend who met him, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah! good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well, what has he left you?" said his friend.

"Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred fold more in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

It was a word in season; his Christian friend was in circumstances of affliction, but went home comforted.

## The Voice in the Twilight.

BY K. H. J.

I was sitting alone toward the twilight  
With spirit troubled and vexed,  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half wearily setting  
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"  
The work some day to be tried,—  
And that only the gold and the silver  
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done,  
And even when trying most truly  
The meagre success I had won;

"It is nothing but wool, hay and stubble,"  
I said, "it will all be buried,—  
This useless fruit of the talents  
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,  
And sometimes I *know* I have tried,  
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,  
He will never let it abide."

Just then as I turned the garment  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bungle  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes,  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me,  
I knew 'twas the best she could do;  
But oh, what a botch she had made it,  
The gray mismatching the blue.

And yet—can you understand it?  
With a tender smile and a tear,  
And a compassionate yearning  
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
"Art thou tenderer for the little child  
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,  
So full of compassion and love,

And my faith came back to its Refuge,  
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when, the Master Builder  
Comes down His temple to view,  
To see what rents must be mended,  
And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building,  
He will bring my work to the light,  
And seeing the marring and bungling,  
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
And will say as I said for her,  
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,  
And love for me was the spur.

"And for the real love that is in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as mine;  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight  
I seemed to be clasping a Hand,  
And to feel a great love constraining me  
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,  
'Twas the Hand of the Blessed One  
Which would tenderly guide and hold me  
Through all the labor is done.

So my<sup>t</sup> thoughts are nevermore gloomy,  
My<sup>th</sup> faith no longer is dim;  
But my heart is strong and restful,  
And mine eyes are unto Him.

AN ELEMENT OF HAPPINESS.—An aptitude to be pleased is one of the sweetest sources of sublunary enjoyments, and parents and preceptors would do wisely to cultivate in their children and pupils indulgent rather than fastidious views, not only of people, but of things, if it were merely as a means of increasing their pleasurable feelings, and, consequently, their happiness. The cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes most discordant materials to arrange themselves into harmony and beauty.

A NOBLE REPLY.—"My mother does not expect me to be out Sunday, riding," said a young clerk to a fellow boarder.

"Never mind if she don't, you can go."

"Yes, I can go: but if I go, I shall fall below her expectations, and I shall try never to do that."

### Schools for Idiots.

The title "idiot," is an instance of the entire change of the meaning of a word when transplanted from one land or one age to another. The Greeks used the primary word to designate a private man, in distinction from one who held office or managed public affairs. Even in old England in the sixteenth century, Jeremy Taylor retained this meaning. "Humility is a duty in great men as well as in idiots." In time this word came to mean a lower order of intellect, or rather those whose minds were unexercised. It was an easy step to the present use of the word, indicating feebleness or imbecility of intellect. There is no language or age which has not an equivalent for "idiot." In Scotland it is "innocent;" in Switzerland, "cretin."

No attempt to benefit this unfortunate class of beings was made, until about the seventeenth century, when a pious monk devoted himself to their instruction, with little apparent success, save as it opened the way for more extensive observation and experiment. The name of Dr. Edward Seguin stands foremost among those, who in later times have made this malady the philosophical study of their time. He assumed the fact that idiocy is, by prolonged infancy, in which the infantile grace and intelligence having passed away, the feeble muscular development and mental weakness alone remain. Other physicians had insisted upon disease, or malformation of the brain as the cause of idiocy.

Whatever may be said of these comparative theories, it is true that Dr. Seguin's practical success has been very great. He began his instructions with what an infant would notice; simple articles of bright colors are placed before the imbecile pupil, who, by degrees learns to assort colors, as for instance, a red ball must be put into a red cup, a yellow ball into a yellow cup. Next come "blocks," by which lessons can be given in form, number, and size. Then words, not letters first, and their meaning by pictures. Later still, the voice and speech is patiently cultivated, and brought under control of the will. Gymnastic exercises and use of dumb-bells educate the hand, foot and eye, until by slow degrees attention is gained and the weak mind passes from material objects to abstract ideas.

There are schools for idiots conducted

on Dr. Seguin's general plan variously modified, in many of the continental European countries, in England and America. In the State of New York there is a State Institution for Idiots, located at Syracuse, where the children of the poor may receive aid and instruction. The English schools are perhaps the most thoroughly organized and carried out, and so great success has followed these careful labors that the results are almost incredible. The system consists of a physical, industrial, and intellectual training, the pupils to a great extent mingling school-room duties with busy, active, practical life.

One institution in England, "The Idiot Colony, at Caterham," is carried on in the scale of a small village, where every pupil may follow out some peculiar and congenial branch of industry. Skilful cooks and house servants keep the internal arrangements in nicest order, while gardeners, farmers, mechanics and artisans make the outer life blooming and beautiful. The aim is to prepare every pupil for some one branch of industry, thus transforming the poor helpless idiot into a self-supporting, and even useful member of society.

The shop-lesson is a favorite, though few pupils seem to have any clear idea of the most common customs of daily life. Counter scales are placed upon a table, and one pupil is appointed shopkeeper. A number of labelled drawers contain such articles as are in most frequent use, such as tea, sugar, rice, &c. The class are furnished with small change, and come in turn to purchase as they fancy, while the shopkeeper weighs out, receives pay, gives change, as in any ordinary transaction. It is found that the idea of figures is the most difficult for feeble minds to grasp.

A fearful malady exists in the villages of the Alps, caused it is supposed by certain properties in the water of the streams, which affect the powers of the mind as well as the body. Through long-continued intermarriages this disease has increased rapidly during the past century, and in some villages half of the inhabitants are idiots, or "cretins."

A young Swiss doctor was once strolling through the mountains, when he noticed an aged cretin of very idiotic appearance, stop in his tottering walk and kneel before a wayside cross, muttering incoherent sounds, meant for prayer. As the doctor walked on, he thought of the one spark



of intellect in the poor imbecile's mind, to give him a glimmering sense of a Being to whom prayer could be offered. He exclaimed, "In each of these poor cretins there must be an immortal soul, and with God's blessings I will devote my life to their deliverance."

A Croton Hospital stands on a green and sunny slope near Interlaken, as the result of this determination, persistently carried out by amazing labor and struggle against difficulty. And here Doctor Guggenbuhl has been permitted to restore many poor cretins to their friends, strengthened in body and mind. He is an enthusiast in his work, and perhaps overestimates the practical effect of his teachings. It has, however, led to the establishment of five other institutions for cretins, as distinguished from idiots.—*Christian Weekly*.

### Care of Plants in Winter.

We hope our friends have been persuaded to gather about them, even in winter, some growing plants. If so, we will give them a few simple directions how to make them grow and blossom freely. The worm used by anglers, therefore called *angle-worm*, is very troublesome if it breeds in the soil in your flower-pots, as it will feed upon the roots, and in time kill the plants. Lime water will destroy the worms, and increase the brilliancy of the foliage. Buy a piece of unslacked lime the size of an apple, slake it in a pail of cold water; when it has settled, pour off and bottle, and place the bottles in the cellar to prevent freezing. It is best to use it sparingly at first; a teaspoonful to a large flower-pot once a week will destroy the worm or other vermin. If in time you wish to increase the growth of your plant, pour one tablespoonful in drops over the surface of a large pot once a week. A teaspoonful of warm wood ashes applied once a week, is beneficial. We advise you to sprinkle the leaves of your plants frequently with water, to keep them free from insects. Take a little brush-broom and dip it into a basin of water and sprinkle your plants; it is far better than the spout of a watering pot.

No man can improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.—*Lord Chesterfield*.

### The Homeless.

BY CORNELIA E. DE HONTE.

Look where she's standing, hear how she's weeping,

While madly the storm in its darkness is sweeping,

What does she there in the world's cruel sight,  
Reckless and homeless this pitiless night?

Darker and darker the rain-clouds are falling,  
Hark, how that voice upon heaven is calling,  
She falters and shivers, life's pulses are dying,  
Those pale lips grow bloodless,—how faintly she's sighing.

Question not, ask not of home or nation;  
Ask not what lost her that home or her station;  
Look at the grief on that desolate brow,—  
Refuse not to listen: come, speak to her now.

Pass not so quickly, pass not the fearful,—  
Christian they call thee, why art thou fearful?  
Come then with mercy, come then with feeling,  
Tender the balm and the words which are healing!

How hast thou sinned. O! mortal in sorrow,  
That thou art left without heed of the morrow?  
What hand thrust thee out with words sternly  
spoken?

To weep through the tempest with heart-strings  
thus broken?

No answer now,—no longer sounds the wail,  
Of murmured prayers along the stormy gale;  
She sunk before a mansion dark and proud,  
While snow flakes wreathed for her a transient shroud.

Dark hair was floating from that fallen head,  
And hid the face upon its icy bed,—  
Pause then, gay stranger; Christian brother,  
come,  
Give her one sigh, the banished have no home

### Golden Grains.

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart  
be without words, than thy words without  
hearts.

Hold on to your temper when you are  
angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others  
are angry about you.

Industry, economy and prudence are the  
sure forerunners of success. They create  
that admirable combination of powers in  
one, which always conduces to eventual  
prosperity.

**Household Receipts.****PICKLED CUCUMBERS. (1000.)**

A layer of cucumbers, and sprinkle with salt until all are covered—then pour boiling water over them and set away. This makes a brine, which for three successive days pour off, scald, skim and pour over again. The fourth day throw away the brine and if the pickles are not too salt, (if too salt put them in fresh water for a few hours), prepare a vinegar with a bag of spices as follows: one quarter of a pound of each, whole cloves, cinnamon, allspice, black pepper, white mustard and a piece of alum size of a butternut—one pound of brown sugar. Boil with the vinegar ten minutes and pour over the pickles. If the vinegar is good these pickles will surely keep.

**DANDY PUDDING.**

One quart of milk boiled in water; mix two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with the yolks of four eggs and half a cup of sugar, and pour into the milk, stir quickly and take off at once, and stir in a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat the whites of the eggs well with one half a cup of sugar and spread over the pudding when cold—set it in the oven a few minutes to brown it. To be eaten cold.

**BROWN BETTY PUDDING.**

Butter a deep dish and put a layer of chopped apple at the bottom; sprinkle with sugar, a few bits of butter and cinnamon; cover with bread crumbs; then more apple. Proceed in this order until the dish is full, having a layer of crumbs at the top. Cover closely and bake three quarters of an hour; then uncover and brown quickly. Eat warm, with a sauce made of butter and sugar, and the white of an egg well beaten; flavor the sauce with vanilla. Use juicy apples or add a little water.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity. It is delightful at home and unobtrusive abroad.

**The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1872.

**The Annual Festival.**

In accordance with the announcement in our last paper, the Lady Managers of the Hospital will hold their Annual Donation Festival at Corinthian Hall, on Friday, November 22d. The usual programme, which has proved so successful heretofore, will be followed.

The centre of the Hall will be occupied during the day with dining and lunch tables, well furnished with the choicest edibles and presided over by ladies eminently qualified for this part of the Entertainment. To these tables we cordially invite all, and they can there decide for themselves as to the truth of our statement. In addition to the pleasure of partaking of a good meal, served by fairest hands, they can also have the gratification of contributing to a good cause, and we know of no combination superior to the above, and as well calculated to give satisfaction.

We next invite the attention of our friends to the tables for the sale of Ice Cream Confections, Flowers, Fancy and Useful Articles. The ladies in charge of them will be most happy to wait upon all who call upon them.

We can not close without modestly recommending "The Review" to your notice; at the Hall, ladies will be in waiting to receive the subscriptions of new and the renewals and arrears of old subscribers.

The increased accommodations at the Hospital have caused a larger number to seek and there find the care they need; and in consequence an increased demand upon the treasury, which prompts us to a more earnest appeal to our own citizens for aid, and to those in the neighboring towns.

Aside from the articles given to be sold

at this time, we hope to receive donations of the many things that are constantly needed in the Institution, and money in particular.

### Evening Entertainment.

#### The Jarley Waxes!

We presume that all of our readers have heard of "the genuine and only Jarley, and her unrivaled collection of Wax Works, the delight of the nobility and gentry."

By an extremely fortunate coincidence, this celebrated lady and her Troupe, will visit this city at the time of our Donation Festival, and have kindly consented to contribute their services for our Evening Entertainment. The exhibition will consist of three "Chambers of Waxes; the Historical Chamber; the Chamber of Beauties; and the Chamber of Horrors."

"Every expectation held out in the handbills, will be realized to the utmost, and the whole forms an effect of imposing brilliancy hitherto unrivaled in this city. Remember that the price of admission is only fifty cents, and that this is an opportunity which may never occur again."

Tickets can be procured from any of the Lady Managers, and of the Ladies at Corinthian Hall, on November 22d.

#### Our Paper.

We must not forget ourselves. Our paper needs the support of all who are interested in the work of the Hospital. We want all who are in arrears to pay up, others to renew their subscriptions, and all the new subscribers that can be procured. This can be accomplished by a little earnest effort on the part of our friends. Their help is necessary. Shall we have it?

November 22d will be a good time to commence this work. At Corinthian Hall there will be ladies in attendance, who will make the interests of the *Review* their sole duty, and they will gladly wait upon both old and new subscribers.

#### "Ask and Ye shall Receive."

If we were not fortified by these divine words, and cheered by an abiding faith in the sympathy which all humanity exhibits towards their suffering fellow-beings, and the thought that they frequently need only the directing impulse to cause them to give, we should sometimes falter in our asking.

To our lady friends, principally, this appeal is directed; our coming festival needs your help to make it a success. We want donations for our refreshment tables, and donations of fancy articles, woven by your skillful fingers or selected by your unerring taste, to brighten our fancy tables and fill our depleted treasury. In fact anything which, in the judgment of our friends, will lead to the above mentioned desired consummation, will be most thankfully received.

#### Notice.

Donations of any kind may be sent to the Hall or to any of the Lady Managers:

Mrs. M. Strong,	Mrs. D. B. Beach,
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Mrs. W. H. Perkins,*
Mrs. E. M. Smith,	Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney,
Mrs. G. H. Mumford,*	Mrs. W. W. Carr,
Mrs. E. D. Smith,	Mrs. H. L. Fish,
Mrs. G. F. Danforth,	Mrs. E. T. Smith,
Mrs. W. B. Williams,	Mrs. G. Gildersleeve,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	Mrs. Henry H. Morse.

Mrs. D. B. Beach and Mrs. A. D. Smith, will receive the cash donations at the Festival, in Corinthian Hall, November 22d.

\* At present, absent from the city.

#### Notice.

The Publishing Committee of the "Review," are desirous of securing the services of some person to collect arrearages, and procure subscribers for the paper, for which service they will give a suitable remuneration.

Any person, either lady or gentleman, who is willing to undertake this work, will please apply immediately to Mrs. D. B. BEACH, 145 Alexander Street.

**Fiftieth Annual Report of the Rochester  
Female Charitable Society for the Re-  
lief of the Sick Poor.**

**LADIES :**

As we look back through the past half century, to the infancy of our prosperous city, when a little band of earnest, self-sacrificing women, in order to give "better educational advantages to the poor," and "to relieve indigent persons and families in cases of sickness and distress," established this noble charity, and note its continuance in well doing through all the intervening years to the present—with its records of the thousands who have been assisted by personal visitation and large expenditures of money, and a knowledge of the hundreds of the sick and destitute who are being relieved from year to year, through its instrumentality—our hearts go out with grateful praise to hail this year of jubilee.

During the past year a merciful Providence has preserved nearly our entire number. At the commencement of our new year, Mrs. R. T. Field, for twelve years a most faithful and efficient directress in this Society, passed away from earth. May her life of true and devoted service stimulate us in "whatsoever our hands find to do, to do it with our might."

The Board of Directresses have met each month, to deliberate upon the cases brought before them, some of which, from their sad peculiar interest, awaken our deepest sympathy and our regret that the limited resources at our command preclude the giving all that we would gladly bestow.

The ninety-one faithful and devoted visitors ascertain by frequent visitation of their districts, the number of sick needing help; and they have aided during the year more than 200 persons and families, without reference to creed or race.

Among the beneficiaries who have died, many have expressed to the visitors more than gratitude for personal kindness and for the comforts this Society had enabled them to carry to lowly homes, darkened by sickness and death.

On the 25th of February last, the 50th anniversary, a sermon, commemorative of the event, was preached by Rev. Dr. Shaw, to whom we would again return our thanks.

The past winter being unusually severe, the calls upon the treasury were largely increased, and it became again necessary to appeal to our citizens for help, and the liberal response given, aided and encouraged us greatly in our work.

Within a few weeks we have received for our "Memorial Fund," the generous gift of \$1,000, from Mr. and Mrs. Abelard Reynolds, a tribute to the memory of their deceased son, Mr. William A. Reynolds. By this benefaction the donors, as well as he in whose memory it was given, will be forever enshrined in the hearts of those who minister to the sick and suffering poor.

We enter upon another year with the faith and hope that the Society in the future, even to the completion of its full century, will be supported by all who are charitably disposed: and especially by those who are actuated by the Christian motive presented in the words, true for all time, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

We would return thanks to individuals who have aided us, to Churches for collections in our behalf, to the *Union & Advertiser*, *Democrat & Chronicle*, and to the *Evening Express*, for gratuitous publication, and to Mr. Andrews for printing at reduced rates.

Respectfully submitted.

HELEN M. CRAIG,  
*Secretary.*

**Annual Report of Treasurer of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, Nov. 1st, 1872.**

By rec'd. Cash in hand, Nov. 1, 1871, ..	\$ 692 27
Returned by Visitors.....	7 76
Donations for Memorial Fund, ....	1000 00
Other Cash Donations.....	814 10
Pancost Fund.....	120 00
Interest.....	175 23
Premium on gold.....	85
State Appropriation.....	750 00
City ".....	75 00
Ward Taxes.....	469 22
Church Collections:	
Plymouth.....	\$110 85
" (Thanksgiving)	
United Service, 76 83	
Brick.....	67 49
" (Jubilee).....	117 91
2d Baptist.....	40 30
North St. Methodist, ....	12 00
St. Luke's.....	108 74
Third Presbyterian.....	54 80
St. Paul's.....	24 00
Central.....	45 55
	\$658 47
Total.....	\$4762 89
To paid. Directresses' Orders, .....	\$2147 45
Bill for Dry Goods.....	18 99
" " Circulars.....	9 00
" " Envelopes.....	5 18
" " Postage Stamps.....	19 18
Check to L. A. Ward for Invest't	1000 00
	3199 80
Balance in hand, Nov. 1, 1872, .....	1563 09
	\$4762 89

C. L. ROCHESTER, Treas.

**Ninth Annual Report of the Hospital.**

It is peculiarly fitting that the "*Rochester City Hospital*," which is the offspring of the "*Ladies' Charitable Society*," should each year bring its record; and to-day, as a child to its foster mother, we come to tell you of our progress and our wants.

As years pass, and one after another of the founders of this Society are dropped from the list of members, by the summons of death, or by removal, many who are now gathered here, perhaps for the first time, may hear this announcement.

But for the pleadings of the ladies, the Hospital might still have been in the future, and not as it now stands, a monument of the Christian benevolence of the citizens of Rochester.

It is with pride and satisfaction that we point to its stately walls, to its beautifully

furnished rooms, to its spacious wards, and still more, to the comforts and care it furnishes to the sick and suffering. Since last we met, the rooms and wards which were then incomplete, have been made ready for occupation and nicely and elegantly furnished—increasing the accommodations by many more beds and private rooms.

In February, the trustees secured the services of Mr. George Breck, as Superintendent, whose faithfulness to the duties of his office gives great satisfaction—and whose gentle, quiet demeanor becomes the Christian gentleman who should preside over such an institution.

Miss Hibbard, so long our faithful Matron, needs no words of commendation to those who know how highly she is esteemed by the ladies, and those under her care, and of her devotion to the interests of the Hospital.

Total number of patients admitted during the year, or from Nov. 1, 1871, to

Nov. 1, 1872, .....	433
Of these were from the United States, 228	
Germany, .....	71
Ireland, .....	51
England, .....	39
Canada, .....	25
Scotland, .....	7
France, .....	3
Switzerland, .....	3
Prussia, .....	2
Austria, Hungary, Italy and Wales,	
each one, .....	4
There are now remaining in the Hos-	
pital, .....	75

"The Hospital Review," which brings the Hospital to the notice of the public, monthly, has been obliged to part with its former editress, Mrs. T. C. Arner, who, much to the regret of the ladies, was compelled to relinquish the charge on account of ill health. We wish this "Review" of Hospital work, were more generally taken by our citizens.

We want, we need, the hearty co-operation of all our citizens in this work. How many there are in our city who never yet have been within its walls. How many who have never yet felt it necessary for them to donate for its support, either in money, clothing, or delicacies for the sick. The necessary expenditures for the plainest comforts, are very great, and we must look to other sources for the luxuries.

Our funds are exhausted, and we trust and confidently expect our Annual Donation, on Friday, Nov. 22d, may meet with a generous response, and that all will help to replenish the treasury.

This institution is not supported by the city, the name of which it bears, but by individuals who, in the words of another, come in to do now, though imperfectly, the work of our absent Lord who, when on earth, went up and down the land, "healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."

One of the martyred reformers has called sickness, Christ's sweet school. The Hospital, then, is Christ's school-house, and the patients are Christ's own scholars; and here the Providence of God has placed them, that they may be taught lessons of love and faith, and be made meet for Christ's own sweet home in Heaven.—What, then, is our duty?

We leave to each individual conscience the answer. May they do its bidding.

Respectfully submitted.

C. E. MATHEWS,

Nov. 4th, 1872.

Cor. Sec'y.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 1st, Abram Marsh, aged 80 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 5th, Daniel O'Donnel, aged 56 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 21st, Louisa Harvey, aged 52 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 24th, John Robinson, aged 21 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 31st, William Annett, aged 32 years.

### Donations.

A Friend—Pair of Shoes.

Mrs. L. A. Pelton.—quantity Second hand Clothing.

Mrs. D. B. Beach—one jar Pickled Onions, 1 Basket Peaches.

Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Second hand Clothing.

Rev. Mr. Sankey—one Basket Grapes.

Mrs. Ezra Parsons—quantity Apples, Fruit.

Mrs. Oscar Craig — basket Grapes, quantity Second hand Clothing.

Mrs. Isaac Butts—1½ bushels Pears.

Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Old Linen and Second hand Clothing.

Miss Frank Alling—One basket Grapes, old Linen.

Miss Julia Hamilton—Old Linen.

### Superintendent's Report.

1872. Sept. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 89	
Received during month...	36—125
Discharged.....	45
Died, .....	5— 50
Remaining Nov. 1st, 1872,	75

### 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 Exchanges.

- American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.
- Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.
- Home Messenger, Detroit, Michigan.
- Our Record, Buffalo, N. Y.
- The Helping Hand, N. Y.
- The Sheltering Arms, New York.
- The Orphan's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.
- The Parish Guide, Erie, Penn.
- Industrial School Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.
- Journal of the Home, Rochester, N. Y.
- The Church Record, Hudson, Mich.
- The Parish Register, Adrian, Mich.
- Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.
- The Young American, Searshoro, Iowa.
- The Parish Guide, West Haven, Conn.
- American Newspaper Reporter, New York.
- Newark Manufacturer's Gazette, Newark, N. J.
- Leisure Moments, Adams Basin, N. Y.
- The Northwestern Union, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Wine Dealer's Gazette, San Francisco, Cal.

We shall be pleased to add to this List.

NOTICE.—Until further notice, subscriptions to the "Hospital Review," may be sent to

Mrs. D. B. BEACH.

145 Alexander st., Rochester N. Y.



## Children's Department.

### The Children's Evening Prayer.

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

Father! see, we come before thee,  
While the evening shades draw near.  
Humbly kneeling, we adore thee;  
Listen to the children's prayer.

Safe from thousand lurking dangers,  
Thou hast kept us all the day;  
Still to pain and sorrow strangers,  
Listen to our thanks, we pray.

Parents, friends, and books and teachers  
By thy grace are all bestowed,  
That such young and erring creatures  
Early may be taught of God.

Still protect and still befriend us;  
Let us sleep in peace to-night;  
Let thy mighty arm defend us  
'Till we see the morning light.

All the days and years before us  
We will spend at thy command;  
Only shed thy lovelight o'er us,  
Only lead us by the hand!

[Independent.

### Story of "Poor Vic."

Victor, or Vic Doyle, was not a rosy, merry boy, with a good home and many friends; but he was thin and pale—a very old-looking little boy, and lived in a cellar with his only relative, a drunken step-mother. Vic seldom had enough to eat, never enough to wear. All through the winter he shivered with cold, and was no stranger to frost bitten toes; while in summer, the corrupt air of the filthy, damp cellar in which he lived made him very miserable. This was a sad case; but there are hundreds of little boys quite as badly off—yes, worse off than little Vic, for he knew how to read. He had been taught by his father. Victor's father died when his little boy was eight years old; the child was nearly eleven at the time when these things I tell about happened; and during these three years that he had been worse than alone in the world, he had carefully remembered his reading; and if he found a scrap of printed paper, he always read it.

Vic got his living by searching the gutters for anything he could find in them. He went out at dawn every morning, with a bag over his shoulders and stick in his hand; and he sought for bits of rags or nails or any old thing that could be sold for a trifle. At night he separated these things and sold them. Sometimes he only got a penny for a whole day's toil; at other times he earned two or three cents, and then he felt quite rich.

The rent of the wretched cellar was chiefly paid from what Vic gained. He also bought himself some dry bread, or meal to make porridge; but often his step-mother took his pennies away, and then he had to go hungry.

One summer's evening, after Vic had separated the heap of rubbish he had collected during the day, he drew from his pocket a soiled and crumpled leaf of a book. He climbed on the window-sill, rubbed the pane of glass as well as he could with his ragged sleeve, and began to read. The paper was so worn and blotted that he could only see plainly a little poetry. It was this:

"Christ is merciful and mild;  
He was once a little child:  
He, whom heavenly hosts adore,  
Lived on earth despised and poor.  
Then He laid His glory by.  
When He came for us to die.  
How I wonder when I see  
His unbounded love for me!"

"Ab!" said Vic, "I know; I heard about Christ at the mission-school last Sunday. I wonder if he got poor on purpose? That's very strange! I wish I could get rich. 'Come for us to die.' Can that be true? Who did He die for? For the folks that made this little book, perhaps, but not for me. 'He was once a little child.' I wonder if he was as big as I am, and had enough to eat?" Vic read the verse over a great many times, until it was too dark to see. Then he laid it in a little secret corner, saying to himself, "I'll learn that verse to say, as the boys did last Sunday; and I'll ask the teacher more about Christ, and who did He die for, and if He is alive anywhere now, so that I can go and see Him."

What a wonderful story that was Vic heard next time he went to the mission Sunday School; that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had died for him; was now living to love and help him; and more, was anxious for his

love! Yes, for the love of poor, ragged Vic, whom no one but his father had ever loved, and who had felt as if there were nothing good or pleasant ever to happen to him. Vic listened with tears streaming down his cheeks. The teacher gave him a little tract that told about Jesus, and a little paper full of pictures that told about Him too. The next Sunday he came with clean face and smooth hair, saying, "Teacher, I read that it was right to be clean; so I want to do right, to please Jesus."

Vic went to the mission-school until nearly winter, learning very eagerly, and reading his Testament carefully. One October morning he found in the gutter a little pin. It was made of gold, with a bright shining stone in it. "Ah, ha!" cried Vic to himself, as he secured it in his pocket, "now I can sell this for money enough to get warm clothes." But, after a moment came the thought, "It is not mine." Then he said, "I can't find the owner." "You can try," said the better thought. Then Vic resolved to keep it until next Sunday, and give it to his teacher, to find an owner. But Vic felt that it would be keeping a great temptation in his way for a long time, and perhaps he might yield to sin. So he shouldered his bag, and ran as fast as he could to an office where a large paper was printed, and asked to see the editor or manager. The editor spoke gently to Vic.

"Please, sir, I found this in the gutter, and I thought you'd tell of it in your paper, and let the owner get it."

The editor looked carefully at the pin and at Vic. "Don't you know you could sell this for more money than you ever had, my boy?" he asked.

"I thought so, sir. But please, sir, it's not mine," said Vic.

"Oh! I see; you expect to get a fine reward for it?"

"Oh! no, sir, but I've been to the mission school, and I can't steal and offend Jesus Christ."

"What has Jesus Christ ever done for you?"

"He loved me, sir, and died for me."

The editor brushed away a tear from his eye, for he was a Christian man. "Come to me the day after to-morrow, at t-n," he said. And Vic went off happy, for he had done right.

Vic called at the appointed time. "The

pin has been advertised, but has not been called for," said the editor. But while they were speaking, the owner came in and proved his property.

"There is the honest lad who found it," said the editor.

"Ah! you look very dirty, my boy. Here is a reward. You see 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

"How much did he give you?" said the editor, as the stranger left the room.

"Sixpence, sir!" replied Vic.

"Ungrateful old man!" cried the editor. "I'll see if I can't do something for you, myself." So he called one of his assistants, and asked him if he had something for Vic to do.

"Yes, sir, if you have a mind to make him one of the carrier-boys. Our Jim has broken his leg, and has gone to the hospital."

So Vic was made a "carrier of the papers," and had, besides, a good suit of clothes given him by his new friend. He did not forget his dear mission school; every Sunday found him in his place. Vic was so obliging, honest, and industrious, that he was a great favorite, and as he grew older, had better places given him in the office, until he was able to support himself comfortably.

How often he looked back on the time when he debated what to do with the diamond pin he found, and saw how much good, even in this world, had sprung from his withstanding temptation. If he had yielded then, he would probably have gone, from bad to worse, to a sad end. And even if his honesty had not made him friends, and helped him to a comfortable home, he would have the approval of conscience and a heart at peace with itself.—  
*The Standard Bearer.*

"O Mother," said Nora, "I have been out in the garden, and the strawberries are praising God so!"

"What makes you think so?" asked auntie.

"Because they are doing beautiful and are so good!" said little Nora archly.

Use the best language in your common conversation at home, and you will soon acquire the habit of using it on all occasions.

### Country Children.

Little fresh violets,  
 Born in the wild wood;  
 Sweetly illustrating  
 Innocent childhood;  
 Shy as the antelope—  
 Brown as a berry—  
 Free as the mountain air,  
 Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes  
 Peep from the hedges,  
 Shaded by sun-bonnets,  
 Frayed at the edges!  
 Up in the apple trees,  
 Heedless of danger,  
 Manhood in embryo  
 Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch  
 Seeking the berries—  
 Under the orchard tree,  
 Feasting on cherries—  
 Tramping clover blossoms  
 Down 'mong the grasses,  
 No voice to hinder them,  
 Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—  
 No interdiction;  
 Free as the birdlings  
 From city restriction!  
 Coining the purest blood  
 Strengthening each muscle  
 Donning health armor  
 'Gainst life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!  
 Born in the wild wood;  
 Oh, that all little ones  
 Had such a childhood!  
 God's blue spread over them,  
 God's green beneath them,  
 No sweeter heritage  
 Could we bequeath them!

### Tide-Marks.

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

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

"Oh! that is the tide-mark," she repli-

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

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

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

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

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

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

Take care, little folks; and whenever you give way to bad temper remember the tide-marks.  
 [Life-Boat.]

### "Didn't-Mean-To."

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Didn't-Mean-To" is a boy who's always in disgrace.

Artful tears are in his eyes and solemn is his face.  
 He is likely to be found in every house in town.  
 You may know him by the way he turns things upside down.

"Didn't-Mean-To" tied the door, so no one could get out;

"Didn't-Mean-To" hid the kittens in the water-spout;

Then he painted pussy all in spots (now, think of that!)

Because he wished to make of her a Dolly Varden cat.

"Didn't-Mean-to" filled his hat with water to the rim.  
 You would think he was all innocence to look at him.  
 He tried to hit a jar of sweetmeats, heavier than lead;  
 Didn't quite succeed, but overturned it on his head.  
 Once I caught this "Didn't-Mean-To" in the very act:  
 Halt a dozen coat-tails to the sofa he had tacked.  
 Then he hugged me round the neck (his doings I deplore).  
 "Didn't-Mean-To" said "He didn't mean to any more."  
 [Independent.]

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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. IX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1872.

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—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
By Mail, " " ..... 50 "

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. D. B. Beach, 145 Alexander Street.

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

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9 Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

For the Hospital Review.

### In Memoriam.

J. C. W.

BLESSED are the ~~jointed~~ dead,  
Safe in God's own keeping!  
Bright the halo round them shed,  
Sweet their tranquil sleeping!  
Tho' the lone and vacant place  
Speaks of sad bereaving,  
Yet God's hand we still can trace  
With a calm believing.

He has taken from our side  
One who was the dearest:  
By all tender ties allied,  
Which we count the nearest,  
And his life, so pure and fair,  
Filled our home with blessing;  
All the virtues, sweet and rare,  
Were his rich possessing.

Tho' no lofty heights he trod,  
In his path of duty,  
Love to man, and love to God,  
Crowned his life with beauty.  
And the flowers of hope and trust  
Ever bloomed about him,  
Till the mournful "dust to dust,"  
Bade us live without him!

Dearest Father! tho' the years  
Bring both grief and gladness,  
If thou'lt share our smiles and tears,  
Welcome joy or sadness.  
Let us feel that thou art near,  
Watching o'er us ever:  
True and faithful, fond and dear,  
We'll forget thee never!

KATE CAMERON.

### The Trials of Santa Claus.

As told by Himself.

I know I am considered a jolly old fellow, with nothing to do but drive down chimneys with a broad grin on my face, but I have my trials, like all other saints and sinners. It is not Christmas eve the whole year around! There is a before and after, and if you think I have jolly times then, you are mistaken. Just now, it is before, that worries me; I must have, before the 25th of December, private consultations with at least five millions of fathers, and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and cousins, to say nothing of husbands and wives, lovers and friends; and this is no trifle, I assure you, when you look at it seriously, as I have to do.

Take as an example, the Rubbs—about an average family. There is grandpa and grandma Rubb to begin with, and aunt

Melinda; then there is papa and mamma Rubb, and Minnie and Tom, and Lottie and Harry and the baby, besides Nora, the nurse, and Bridget, the cook. It is easy enough to manage the baby and the two, four and six year olds; there are candies and dolls, and blocks and picture books, and jumping-Jacks and things of that sort for them; but think of grandpa Rubb! and of aunt Melinda! How can I know what will suit an old maid of fifty, who can't have caps, because she dyes her hair, and don't care for bows nor books, nor pictures, nor portfolios, nor sugar-plums, nor pin-cushions, and who would be mortally offended if I carried her a new dress or shawl, "as if she was too poor to clothe herself!" Papa Rubb is almost as bad; he's had shaving paper and slippers and a dressing-gown and a family Bible and a pen-knife, and a portmanteau, and a photograph album—and I should like to know what more you can do for a man who never reads, and cares nothing for pictures and pretty things? In fact, men are trying, both old and young ones; there are hosts of things to give pretty, wide-awake young girls, but the men do bother me every year most unaccountably. And I suppose there are at least fifteen thousand to be looked after this very minute! And an easy time I have of it, forsooth! I should like to have you try it just for one year and see—that's all!

Another trouble is,—people hurry me so. Half of my customers will not do a single thing till ten days before I am to load up, and then, how they do drive round, and what hurries and worries and flurries they do get into! I want a little time to assort my wares and get things packed away into my bundle orderly and comfortably, and though I can move as swiftly as most people, I should be a good deal more saint-like in my temper and deportment if I was not knocked and hurried about so on the 23d and 24th of December, every year.

Again, I being a saint, am of high moral principles. Judge then, how I hang my head and blush, when some bright-eyed young girl brings me a cigar-case, or a brandy-flask, or a pack of cards to take to some young man whom I know—though she doesn't,—is on the very verge of ruining himself by smoking, drinking or gambling? Shall her fair hands help to push him over the precipice on which he stands

tottering? By a law of my nature I can never refuse to deliver what is entrusted to me, but I often long to cry out, 'Forbear! you know not what you do.' More than once have I taken a case of 'genuine Hollands' to a man breaking down by drink, or a box of 'choice Havanas' to a youth whose nerves were already all unstrung by excessive smoking, or a set of costly jewelry to a wife whose womanly purity was already soiled, if not destroyed, by a too great love of dress. Yes, even a Christmas gift may bring ruin to some poor soul:

Another terrible trying thing to a tender-hearted saint is to be compelled to carry loads of things to persons who don't want them—who are rather annoyed than pleased by their arrival, and to go straight by many a poor man's door without leaving so much as a single stick of candy for the baby. Last year, I carried a solid silver urn to rich Mrs. Fuller, who the moment she saw it turned up her nose and said: 'As if I wanted to be plagued with the care of such a thing as that!' How I hate to be under obligation to that woman! and in going there I had to pass right by Mary Minturn's door, and she, poor thing, lying there year in and year out, with her curved spine, and not a single pretty thing in her room to make it cheerful! If I could have only left her some warm flannels, or even a dish of oranges! Yes, merry as I am, and beautiful and holy as is the work I mostly do, I have many a heart-ache when I go empty handed by such doors. So much light and joy could be carried into sick rooms, such lovely pictures, and refreshing fruits, such dainty little contrivances for ease and comfort, if only the money, worse than wasted in some directions, could be transferred to these!

And there is an after to me, who stand behind the scenes. To go to the Rubbs; last year, we all chuckled over what we regarded as the happiest day for grandpa—a beautiful, gold headed, ebony cane which was presented by the younger members of the family forming a procession, headed by Tom, and brought up by baby, tumbling round promiscuously, yet valiantly holding on to the cane by his chubby hands; the old man smiled and said: 'Thankee, thankee,' good-naturedly enough, and we fancied we had for once achieved entire success; but as I am a living man, and I hope nobody doubts that, that lovely

# The Hospital Review.

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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 Br'ge	2 00
Mrs. Charles Smith.....	3 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 Avon, 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 Jndson.....	63
Mr. Mackie.....	63
By Mrs. Gildersleeve.....	3 78
Dr. W. H. Briggs—by Mrs. Beach.....	75
Miss Gerv. 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 Hortense R. Soumade, Brooklyn	50
Mrs. J. S. Orton, Genesee.....	50
Mrs. A. J. Abbott.....	50
Mrs. H. G. Rehee.....	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
Georgie Decker.....	1 00
Fred Palmer.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Harrison.....	50
Mrs. G. B. Whiteside.....	50
Mrs. W. H. Seymour.....	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

cane has been standing in the darkest, furthest corner of the bed-room closet from that day to this! After walking out to the gate with it, he said to grandma Rubb, 'It don't feel natural,' and went back again to his old, knotty, walnut stick: and grandma Rubb's cap, which we all thought so pretty and becoming, and which Minnie sat up till midnight to finish off, didn't 'feel natteral' either; so she shut it up in a box and carried it into the spare chamber bureau drawer, and has never looked at it since. Now, when I have been at the trouble of finding and carrying things to people, I want they should be enjoyed and used, and it hurts my feelings to have them treated in this way. Of course it does.

As this is but a sample of what occurred in one family, you may judge that in a million I have my trials. However I am a happy fellow, in the main—most of my patrons are loving and true-hearted; most of my gifts are welcomed as offerings of genuine affection; and the children—God bless their merry hearts—are enough to keep a harder-hearted saint than I am in good humor from one end of the year to the other.

Only let me ask you to make me always a blessing and never a bane by giving to my charge only precious things, hallowed by love and sympathy, and may each of you, dear readers, find in your stockings just the thing you most wish for, the coming anniversary; may you find also how much better it is to give than to receive; and best of all, may He who was born on Christmas-day, draw near to each and every soul with a choir of white-robed angels, chanting the old, yet ever new song—'Glorry to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good-will toward men.'"

**TRUST IN GOD.**—To trust God when our warehouses and bags are full, and our tables spread, is no hard thing; but to trust Him when our purses are empty, but a handful of meal and a cruise of oil left, and all the ways of relief stopped, herein lies the wisdom of a Christian's grace. Yet none are exempted from this duty; all are bound to acknowledge their trust in Him by the daily prayer for daily bread; even those that have in their cupboards as well as those that want it; the greatest prince as well as the meanest beggar. Whatever your wants are, want for faith, and you cannot want supplies.—*Charnock.*

[For the Hospital Review.]

## Poverty's Home.

BY A. T. LEE, U. S. A.

Adown the dark valley the dun clouds are flying,  
The voice of the snow-spirit rides on the blast,  
As it mournfully sweeps through the stripped forest sighing,

"Cold winter is coming," the summer is past.

No longer the oreole sips at the fountain,

But bathes his bright wing 'neath a balmier sky:  
He stayed not to hear Boreas sweep from the mountain

And sigh, "winter's coming"—the summer's gone by.

To the bough of the oak the last brown leaf is clinging.

To yield to the next blast that rushes along;  
Far out on the dark lake the black duck is swinging.

Cradled in waves to their lullaby song.

Who sits in rags, in this night of December,  
Hungry and desolate, by the hearth-stone;  
Raking the ashes, but finding no ember,  
Comfortless, cheerless—despairing, alone?

Ah! it is Poverty! Look at her kindly,

You who have plenty,—whom Want never pressed:

Undo your heart strings, and pass her not blindly,  
Give her wherewith to be thankful and blest.

Think as you sit by your own hearth so cheery,  
Musing on joys that the poor never knew!

Think of the hungry—the lowly—the weary—

And give of the treasure that God gives to you.  
Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1872.

**SMILES.**—What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway the good they do is inconceivable. A smile, accompanied by a kind word, has been known to reclaim a poor outcast, and change the whole current of a human life. Of all life's blessings none are cheaper, or more easily dispensed, than smiles. Then let us not be too chary of them but scatter them freely as we go; for life is too short to be frowned away. L.

Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time?

### Christmas.

The chiming bells are ringing on the blessed  
Christmas morn,  
The brightest day of all the year, the day that  
Christ was born.

And wreaths of evergreen are twined, and carols  
clear and sweet,

The joyful story of His birth from lip to lip repeat.

The Church has on her festive garb; the fir and  
box and pine

Have made the place all glorious to greet the  
Lord Divine.

The Star of Bethlehem gleams above, and down  
the shady aisles

The organ anthem peals along, the morning sun-  
shine smiles.

O Lord, for whom this glory waits, Thou art our  
Prince of Peace!

Thou hast been born within our hearts, hast bid  
our sorrows cease.

Our joyful souls would welcome Thee, and tell of  
all thy love,

And sing Thy praises here on earth, till we can  
sing above.

Some voices may be mute indeed that once were  
joined with ours;

Down from our Christmas wreaths have dropped  
some faded earthly flowers;

But whatso'er the change or chance our mortal  
lot may see,

Thou art, O Blessed One! the same, there is no  
change in Thee!

Thus year by year the Christmas joy grows  
deeper in our hearts.

Earth's sunshine darkens into night, earth's  
blessedness departs:

But shadows cannot dim the light that cometh  
from Thy Throne,

And little matters earthly loss when Thou art  
all our own.

Thine is the fadeless tree of life, all fresh and  
evergreen,

And they who dwell within its shade dwell safe-  
ly and serene.

Thine is the love that satisfies—the dearest and  
the best:

Thine is the arm whereon we lean, the heart  
whereon we rest.

O teach us then to know Thee more! Come as  
Thou cam'st of old!

New love, new joy, are stirred to life whene'er the  
tale is told.

For unto us the Child is born, to us the Son is  
given,

Reign then as King within our hearts and make  
those hearts a heaven.

Eugrave Thine image on our souls, so loving and  
so pure,

Earnest to do the Father's will, and patient to  
Till we shall find, when death shall end our  
earthly Christmas days,

Eternity one festival, its life one song of praise!

[Church Monthly.]

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1872.

### The Festival.

Another of our Thanksgiving Festivals has come and gone. Though similar in all respects to its predecessors, the scene to us is ever new and full of interest, and the attractions offered to the public seem still to retain their freshness, novelty and power, or else the good people of our city observe with remarkable fidelity the injunction of the Apostle Paul, "be not weary in well doing."

Either supposition is flattering to the Managers, but we doubt not they much prefer to attribute the support they receive to the approval of the work in which they are engaged, rather than to any material attractions they can possibly offer.

Nevertheless, they feel bound to make the day of their Annual Festival as pleasing and agreeable to their friends as lies within their power.

Bounteous provision as ever was made to meet the demands of appetite, and youth and beauty, with ready hands and willing feet, brought savory viands to hungry mortals.

The Fancy and Flower Tables, were well supplied, artistically decorated, and an abundance of patronage rewarded the efforts of those in charge. The bright scene was enlivened by the music furnished by the *New York State Band*, composed of boys from the House of Refuge, of whose efforts their director may well feel proud.

With all the profit and pleasure of the day, there were some things to be regretted. We missed from its usual place the table of the "Ladies of the Hebrew Congregation;" these ladies have usually served faithfully and contributed largely to the

general fund. We hope another year they will be able again, to take the place they left vacant this year.

### Special Thanks.

The very liberal gift of Five Hundred Dollars which heads our list of "cash donations," calls for a special expression of gratitude on our part. We feel deeply grateful to Mr. Dalzell, and will endeavor to use his generous gift to the best advantage of the Hospital.

To the members of Valley Lodge, No. 109, Masonic Order, we also tender our thanks for their liberal donation of twenty five dollars.

### Our Thanksgiving.

As this is the season of thanksgiving, we take the opportunity for indulging in the fullest expressions of gratitude, to all who assisted us at our late Donation Festival.

We are indebted to so many, it would be impossible for us to go into details and mention each and every one who aided us, but we assure them that they are all gratefully remembered. We cannot let the occasion pass however, without mentioning particularly the liberality of the "Union," "Democrat," and "Express"; Mr. Wm. S. Falls, for printing; Hunn, Smith & Spencer, for the use of tables; Wm. S. Thompson, for a liberal deduction from his bill; and the different firms who donated fancy goods for our tables.

### The Evening Entertainment.

Decidedly the most successful amateur performance ever given in this city, was the exhibition of the "Jarley Waxes," on the evening of our Donation Festival.

We believe that it would be impossible to find in the whole of the large audience that witnessed this performance, one person who was not perfectly satisfied; and the encomiums that we have heard passed

on it since, justify the statement, that it exceeded all expectations.

The programme consisted of a series of "Chambers" and for the benefit of such of our readers as could not attend, we give the contents of each. In the

#### HISTORICAL CHAMBER.

1. Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh.
2. Sheridan's Ride.
3. Countess of Salisbury and King Edward the III.
4. Hannah More.
5. The mother of Gracchi presenting her Jewels. The frivolous Friend.
6. Cleopatra.
7. Scene from the life of the Father of his Country.

#### CHAMBER OF BEAUTY.

1. Lord Byron, Childe Harold and Maid of Athens.
2. Mermaid.
3. Brigham Young and his latest Wife.
4. Prima Donna.
5. Sweet William and Black-eyed Susan.
6. Maud Muller.
7. Old Lady who died Dancing, at the age of 132.
8. Heathen Chinese.

#### CHAMBER OF HORRORS!!!

1. Beautiful Girl pursued by an Indian.
2. Maid of Honor.
3. Mrs. Day and the Tiger.
4. Jasper Packlemerton.
5. Ruffian disarmed by a Sunile.
6. Lindley Murray.
7. Blue Beard, Fatima and Wives.

#### GRAND FINALE.

Mrs. Jarley was personated by a young lady from Brooklyn, who volunteered for the occasion, and the success of the exhibition was largely due to her. The mantle of the good old lady who so kindly succored "Little Nell," and who spent her time in giving these highly moral and instructive exhibitions to the people of Great Britain, could not have fallen upon better shoulders. Could she have left the "Old Curiosity Shop," and sat in the audience, we feel certain that she would have acknowledged that her "unrivaled collec-



tion" had passed into good hands and was still fulfilling its high mission.

After a general introduction, Mrs. Jarley in inimitable style, presented each figure to the audience, and in a lecture replete with wit and humor, kept her hearers in roars of laughter from the rising to the falling of the curtain. We never saw better automatons than the figures. If each one of them had been gotten up on the most-approved time-piece principles, with high-pressure, double action springs, &c., they could not have performed their parts better.

We tender to all concerned, our best thanks for the enjoyment they afforded, and for the aid they rendered in refilling our depleted treasury.

Notice.

Notwithstanding our attempts to acknowledge the many donations that have been showered upon us lately, it is possible that we may fail to account for some of them. If any of our friends who have been overlooked or who notice errors of this nature, will be kind enough to call our attention to them, we will do our best to rectify them.

A Semi-Centennial.

1823—1873. The fifty years of the New York Observer are completed, and to signalize the event the publishers are about to present each subscriber a memento in the shape of a Jubilee Year-book, which is to be embellished with appropriate illustrations and historical remembrances. Fifty years of unceasing prosperity in a public journal, while pursuing the same undeviating course, may well inspire its friends with confidence and strong attachment. We are informed that the subscribers to the Observer are usually subscribers for life. It has never gone backward since its first appearance on the stage; and it bids fair, judging from its present

position, to double its circulation and influence in the near future. It stands unmistakably at the head of the Religious Family Press. \$3 a year. Sidney E. Morse & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 7th, Mrs. Emma Hayes, aged 21 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 9th, James Conolly, aged 54 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 11th, Azar Hall, aged 70 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 14th, Louisa Conway, aged 18 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 17th, Alonzo K. Amsden, aged 54 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 25th, William McGaw, aged 33 years.

Donations.

- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Old Linen.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—One basket Quinces.
- Mrs. Mathews—Old Linen.
- Mrs. A. Munn, Gates—Two tubs Apples.
- Rev. Dr. Van Ingen--Basket Grapes and Pears.
- Miss Ella Fox--Two glasses Jelly.
- Mrs. S. Ives, Batavia--Old Cotton.
- Mrs. Loop--Two Chickens.
- Valley Lodge, No. 109, Masonic Order, cash--25 Dollars.

Superintendent's Report.

1872. Nov. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital,	75
Received during month, . . .	43—118
Discharged, . . . . .	39
Died, . . . . .	6—45
Remaining Dec. 1st, 1872,	73

Our Exchanges.

- American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.
- Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.
- Home Messenger, Detroit, Michigan.
- Our Record, Buffalo, N. Y.
- The Helping Hand, N. Y.
- The Sheltering Arms, New York.
- The Orphan's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.
- The Parish Guide, Erie, Penn.
- Industrial School Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.
- Journal of the Home, Rochester, N. Y.
- The Church Record, Hudson, Mich.
- The Parish Register, Adrian, Mich.
- Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.
- The Young American, Searshoro, Iowa.
- The Parish Guide, West Haven, Conn.
- American Newspaper Reporter, New York.
- Newark Manufacturer's Gazette, Newark, N. J.
- Leisure Moments, Adams Basin, N. Y.
- The Northwestern Union, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Wine Dealer's Gazette, San Francisco, Cal.
- American Farmer's Advocate, Jackson, Tenn.
- The Beacon, Hulmeville, Penn.

We shall be pleased to add to this List.

**Donation Festival,**

HELD AT CORINTHIAN HALL, NOVEMBER 22, 1872.

**Donations to the Lunch Tables.**

- Mr. James Brackett—One gallon Oysters.  
 Mrs. Sankey—Two Pies, 1 loaf Cake.  
 Mr. R. Bunnell—One bag Salt.  
 Mrs. E. D. Smith—Two Turkeys, one loaf Cake.  
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Two loaves of Cake, one Turkey. Biscuit and Parsley.  
 Mrs. Vanderbergh—Two loaves Cake.  
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Large piece Roast Beef, 25 heads Celery, 3 heads Cabbage, 15 quarts large Oysters, and a box of Flowers.  
 Mrs. E. M. Smith—One Turkey, 1 gal. Oysters.  
 Mrs. J. Menbery—Ten pounds loaf Sugar, and 3 glasses of Jelly.  
 L. C. Spencer—Four gallons Oysters.  
 Mrs. G. F. Danforth—Four gallons Oysters,  
 Mrs. McLean—Two Apple Pies.  
 Mrs. J. C. Barnum—Dish of Spanish Cream and 1 can of Cream.  
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—One Turkey.  
 Mrs. Dr. Mathews—One Turkey and Gravy, sweet Potatoes, Squash Pies and Cranberry.  
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—Two cans Cream.  
 Mrs. J. W. Hatch—Can of Milk, can of Lobsters and Chocolate Cake.  
 Mrs. M. A. Gaylord—Can of Quinces.  
 Mrs. Dr. Strong—One Turkey and Gravy, Biscuit, 2 heads Celery, Squash Pies and Potatoes.  
 Mrs. D. B. Beach—One Turkey.  
 Mrs. A. Bronson—Loaf of Cake.  
 Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin—One Turkey, 3 bowls Wine Jelly and one bowl Currant Jelly.  
 Mrs. Dr. Whitbeck—Three Whortleberry Pies.  
 Mrs. W. Barron Williams—One Turkey, Biscuit.  
 Mrs. B. F. Enos—Box of Cream Drops  
 Mrs. Isaac F. Force—Two Tongues and 2 Jars Pickles.  
 Mrs. A. V. Pells—One Turkey.  
 Mrs. Charles H. Chapin—One Ham and 2 Oyster Pies.  
 J. A. Zegewitz—Two Chickens.  
 Mr. Geo. Cooper, Irondequoit—One dozen Heads Celery.  
 Mr. Wayte—One dozen Heads Celery.  
 Cork & Caldwell—Bottle of Olives.  
 L. D. Fleming—Sponge Cake.  
 Elwanger & Barry—Flowers.  
 Mrs. J. O. Hall for the Hospital—Crab Apple and Quince Jelly, Dried Plums, Dried Peaches, and 4 packages Corn Starch.
- Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Roby, and Mrs. Kent's Table**  
 Mrs. Phillips—Two Pies.  
 Mrs. Dr. Strong—Biscuits and 2 Pies.  
 Mrs. Kent—Chicken Salad, Wine Jelly and 1 Pie.  
 Mrs. Dr. Ely—Celery Salad and fried Potatoes.  
 Mrs. E. B. Booth—Two forms of Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. S. D. Porter—One Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. Sam. Porter—Two Oyster Pies.  
 Mrs. Samuel Hamilton—Fried Cakes and Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Bartlett—Grapes, Oranges and Orange Soufflé  
 Mrs. D. C. Hyde—Cider and Pickles.  
 Mrs. Dr. Bristol—Cranberries.  
 Mrs. Dr. Shipman—Cranberries. [Oranges.  
 Mrs. Roby—Ham, scolloped Oysters, Pies and  
 Mrs. McLean—Pair of Ducks.

- Mrs. J. B. Ward and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins' Table.**  
 Mrs. Dr. Bennett—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. L. Ward Clarke—Pressed Chicken and Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. L. A. Ward—Biscuit, Chicken Pie, Pears, and Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Six quarts Oysters.  
 Miss H. Oothout—Pickled Oysters.  
 Mrs. M. K. Woodbury—Cake, Pressed Chicken.  
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—Peaches, Jelly, Oranges and Turkey.  
 Mrs. Frank Little—Two moulds Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. M. H. Merriman—Grapes and Ham.  
 Mrs. W. S. Kimball—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Rufus Keeler—Oranges and Oysters.  
 Mrs. George W. Rawson—Tongue.  
 Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Saratoga Potatoes, Biscuit.  
 Mrs. John C. Chinasero—Mince Pies.  
 Miss Louise Alling—Biscuit, and Cake.  
 Colonel J. G. Klink—Apples.  
 Mrs. J. E. Pierpont—Turkey.  
 Mrs. J. W. Bissell—Turkey.  
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Chicken Salad, Apples, Pears and Cake.
- Mrs. T. C. Montgomery and Mrs. Edgar Holmes' Table**  
 Mr. Frank Gorton—Two Roast Turkeys, 200 Pickled Oysters, 7 Cream Pies, 2 loaves Cake.  
 Mrs. T. C. Montgomery—Chicken Salad, Pickles, Butter and Cream.  
 Mrs. Edgar Holmes—Ham, Pickles, Scalloped Oysters, Cranberries, Sugar, Cream, Oranges.  
 Mrs. Henry Montgomery—One loaf Jelly Cake.  
 Mrs. Pomeroy Brewster—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. Heury Anstice—Two dishes Charlotte Russe  
 Miss Sarah Frost—Sponge Cake and Flowers.  
 Mrs. C. H. Gifford—Oranges, Bananas and Grapes.  
 Mrs. George C. Buell—Grapes and Oranges.  
 Miss Mary Kelly—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. George Williams—Two loaves Sponge Cake.  
 Miss Blanchard—Doughnuts and Lemon Pie.  
 Mr. Edwin Wayte—Four Chickens.  
 Mrs. S. Porter—Chicken Pie.  
 Mrs. John Rochester—Turkey.  
 Mrs. D. H. Griffith—One gall. Mock Turtle Soup.  
 Miss Belle Eastman—Loaf Cocomanut Cake.  
 Mrs. George Whitney—Beef-steak Pie.  
 Mrs. Roswell Hart—Hot Biscuit.
- Mrs. Mudge, Mrs. H. N. Peck and Mrs. Satterlee's Table,**  
 Mrs. Austin Cole—Chicken Pie, Currant Jelly, and Crab Apple Pickles.  
 Miss Leonard—Cocomanut Cake.  
 Mrs. H. S. Dean—Turkey.  
 Miss Kendrick—Pies.  
 Mrs. A. G. Mudge—Ambrosia Chicken Salad and Turnep.  
 Mrs. Pancost—Sweet and Mashed Potatoes.  
 Mrs. H. N. Peck—Cream, Butter, Jelly, Berberry Wine, Pickles, Charlotte Russe, Cake and Brown Bread.  
 Mrs. Oren Sage—Biscuit.  
 Mrs. W. W. Carr—Turkey and Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Dr. Anderson—Jellies.  
 Mrs. R. Ashley—Blanc Mange, Chocolate Cake.  
 Mr. Shedd—Oranges.  
 Mrs. Satterlee—Pies and Cake.  
 Mrs. Huntington and Mrs. Hooker—Cream.  
 Miss Elua Smith—Turnep and Potatoes.

Miss Brown—Fruit and Flowers.  
 Mrs. Nelson Sage—Cake.  
 Miss Judson—Cake, Jellies and Pickles.  
 Miss Matie Dean—Scalloped Oysters and Potatoes

**Mrs. Dr. Backus and Mrs. George D. Williams' Table.**

James H. Backus—Ham.  
 A. H. Cushman—Cranberries.  
 Henry Hedditch—Two Chickens. [&c.  
 Mrs. Edward Williams—Turkey, Biscuit, Pickles,  
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Charlotte Russe, Celery.  
 Miss Lois Whitney—Salad Dressing.  
 Mrs. Dr. Backus—Maccaroni, Scalloped Oysters,  
 Biscuit, &c.  
 Mrs. Horace Bush—Jelly Cake.  
 Mrs. Wm. Eastwood—Cocoanut Cake.  
 Mrs. J. B. Stillson—Wine Jelly, Biscuit and Chick-  
 en Salad.  
 Mrs. H. L. Stillson—Chocolate Blanc Mange and  
 Saratoga Potatoes.  
 C. A. Pool—Two bottles Pickled Oysters, Pickled  
 Cucumbers, Onions and bottle Table Sauce.  
 Mrs. Dr. Moore—Scalloped Oysters and Biscuit.  
 George D. Williams—Five Chickens.  
 Mrs. George D. Williams—Chicken Pie, Wine  
 Jelly and Sponge Cake.  
 Mrs. Fleming—Sponge Cake.  
 Mr. Heywood—Twelve heads Celery.  
 Mr. Halpin—Six heads Celery.  
 Mr. Newton—Two Chickens.

**Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. H. Morse and Mrs. J. Hart's Table.**

Miss Hannah Cummings—One gallon Cream.  
 Mrs. Wm. Burke—Cranberries and Pickled Oys-  
 Mrs. Charles C. Morse—One Turkey. [ters.  
 Mrs. Webb—One Loaf Cake.  
 Mrs. H. H. Morse and Mrs. J. C. Hart—Flowers  
 and Turkey.  
 Mrs. John H. Brewster—Chicken Pie Walnut  
 Cake, Mince Pies, Biscuit, Jelly and Pickles.  
 Mrs. Wm. Alling—Biscuits.  
 Mrs. G. Perkins—Chicken Salad.  
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Fruit.  
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Butter, Snow Pudding,  
 Turkey, Cranberry and Biscuit.  
 Mrs. Erickson—Cranberries and Pickles.  
 Mrs. Edward Churchill—Pies.  
 Mrs. Theo. Smith—Pies and Turkey.  
 Mrs. Dr. Ely—Saratoga Potatoes and Charlotte  
 Russe.  
 Miss Julia Hamilton—Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. Van Epps—Cranberry.  
 Mrs. Charles Pond—Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. E. N. Buell—Pickles and Doughnuts.  
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Ham and Cocoanut  
 Mrs. D. M. Gordon—Cake. [Cake.  
 Mrs. George C. Buell—Lobster Salad.  
 Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Plum Pudding, Baked Potat-  
 oes.

**Miss Walbridge, Miss Bell, and Mrs. Storrs' Ice Cream Table.**

Miss Georgie Walbridge—Cake.  
 Miss Bell—Cake.  
 Miss Walbridge—Cake,  
 Mr. Niven—Oranges.  
 Mr. H. L. Smith—Apples.  
 Mr. Graves—Mixed Candies.  
 Mrs. S. D. Walbridge—Grapes.  
 Miss Butts—Flowers.

**Donations to Mrs. T. A. Newton, Mrs. Geo. Walbridge and Mrs. H. S. Mackie's Table.**

Perkins & Palmer—Three gallons Oysters.  
 John Schlier—One Spare Rib.  
 Chas. Hill, G. Radburn—One doz. Celery.  
 Lewis Selye—Five lbs. Coffee.  
 Mrs. P. M. Bromley—Lobster Salad, Chicken Sal-  
 ad, Charlotte Russe and Wine Jelly.  
 Mrs. W. S. Thompson—Chicken Pie and Jelly  
 Mrs. G. Walbridge—Plum Pudding, Biscuits,  
 Pickles and Jelly.  
 Mrs. H. S. Mackie—Two Chickens, Jelly and Or-  
 anges.  
 Mrs. Frank Lord—One Turkey.  
 Mrs. W. H. Mathews—Pair of Ducks.  
 Mrs. Gildersleeve—Pickled Oysters, Turkey.  
 Mrs. George Darling—Turkey, Biscuits, mashed  
 Potatoes and Almond Cake.  
 Mrs. J. W. McKindley—Biscuits, Pies, Pudding.  
 Mrs. J. J. Perkins—baked Fish.  
 Mrs. John French—Cranberries and Tomatoes.  
 Mrs. Smith—Ham.  
 Mrs. John Adams—One loaf of Cake.  
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Three dishes Charlotte Russe.  
 Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb—Two forms of Butter.  
 Mrs. James Vick—Biscuits and Cream.  
 Mrs. George Storms—Four boxes Grapes.  
 Mrs. Henry Lampert—Box fresh Flowers,  
 Mrs. Maurice Merriman—Basket fresh Flowers,  
 Mrs. H. N. Alden—One gallon Cream.  
 Mrs. C. F. Brown—100 Doughnuts.  
 Mrs. Edward Webster—Biscuits, mashed Potat-  
 oes.  
 Mrs. W. Shaffer—Pudding, canned Fruits and  
 Jelly.  
 Mrs. Barnum—Snow Pudding, Cream.  
 Mrs. I. Quinby—Cake,  
 Mrs. D. Little—Two Pies.  
 Mrs. C. Wetmore—Scalloped Oysters, Pudding.  
 Mrs. D. Holbrook—One Tongue.  
 Mrs. R. Turner—Pair of Ducks.  
 Mrs. T. A. Newton—Cake, Grapes, Pickles, Veg-  
 etables, Cream.  
 Miss Spencer—Baked Ham, Cranberries.  
 Miss S. Rossiter—Scalloped Oysters.  
 Miss Minnie Pells—Turkey, 3 pies and Cranberries  
 Miss Eliza Amsden—Two Cream Pies.  
 Miss Jennie Morgan—Loaf of Chocolate Cake.  
 Miss Ida Bowers—Pressed Chicken.

**Mrs. Curtis Clarke and Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy's Table.**

Mrs. D. B. Beach—Turkey, Chicken Salad, Chow  
 Chow, Cranberry and Lemon Pies.  
 Mrs. S. B. Raymond—Large standard dish Char-  
 lotte Russe.  
 Mrs. F. N. Lord—Two Ducks and Celery.  
 Mrs. James Killip—Ham, and large pail Cream.  
 Mrs. Michaels—Oysters and 2 loaves Cake.  
 Mrs. James E. Hayden—Ham and Bread.  
 Mrs. Alfred Hoyt—Lobster Salad, 6 loaves Brown  
 Bread, Pork and Beans, and 3 cans Pickles.  
 Mrs. A. C. Wilder—Turkey and Jelly.  
 Mrs. John Craig—Turkey, Biscuit and Cake.  
 Mrs. J. Myers—Oyster Crackers and 2 Chickens.  
 Mrs. James H. Gregory—Jelly.  
 Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy—Large basket Saratoga Pot-  
 oatoes.  
 Mrs. Curtis Clarke—Oranges, Apples, Pickles, &c.  
 Mrs. D. R. Barton—Large basket Doughnuts.

**Mrs. Ed. Gould, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Avery's Table.**

Mrs. Farrar—Two Chicken Pies.  
 Mrs. Fox—Plum Pudding, Chicken Salad, Pickles, Grapes and Jelly.  
 Mrs. Mudgett—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Ed. Gould—Sugar Doughnuts, 1 dish Scolloped Oysters, Jelly, Pickles, and 3 moulds of Wine Jelly.  
 James M. Backus—Two jars Pickles.  
 Davenport & Hale—Cheese.  
 Mrs. Wamsley—Two Lemon Pies.  
 Mrs. Baker—Two Lemon Pies.  
 Mrs. Dr. Bly—Wine Jelly and 2 doz. Oranges.  
 Mrs. Wayte—One Turkey.  
 Mrs. Beach—Cranberry Sauce.  
 Miss Gould—Two moulds Russian Cream.  
 Mrs. Bennet—Saratoga Potatoes.  
 Mrs. Erickson—Grapes.  
 Miss Sargent—Jelly.  
 Mrs. Hooker—Pears and Flowers.  
 Miss Hall—Plum Jam.  
 Mrs. Chapin—Two Oyster Pies.  
 Mr. Witherspoon—Oranges.

**Donations to the Misses Whitney's Table.**

Mr. George Elwanger—Cut Flowers.  
 Messrs. Frost—Cut Flowers.  
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Cut Flowers.  
 Julia Whitney—Cut Flowers.  
 Mrs. A. T. Lee—Snow-flake.  
 Nelly Ely—Doll, Afghan, Frame, 6 pairs Mittens, Reins and Card Case.  
 Mrs. Barnum—Fancy Bag.  
 Mrs. G. C. Buell—Infant's Sack.  
 Miss Lucinda Mitchell—Frame.  
 Clara Wilder—Four Scarfs.  
 Miss Saxton—Mittens.  
 Mary DuPuy—One pair of Mats.  
 Miss Mary Lee—Toilet Mats.  
 Miss Angie Mumford—Infant's Socks.  
 Mrs. A. D. Fiske—Doll's Clothing, Chair, &c.  
 Mrs. E. D. Fiske—Rag Drum, 5 pairs Doll's Socks.  
 Mrs. George D. Williams—Five sets Doll's Clothing.  
 Miss Ashley—Fancy Rag-bag.  
 Mrs. Andrews—Infants' Hood.  
 Mrs. Geo. W. Smith—Sundries.  
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Collar and 5 Pin Balls.  
 Miss. Lois E. Whitney—Painting and Fans.  
 Miss Julia Whitney—Doll's Hats.  
 Mr. Chas. C. Burns—Illuminated Text.

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

Theodore E. Smith—One Fancy Card Receiver.  
 G. W. Harrold—Fancy Goods.  
 Clark Johnston—Fancy Goods.  
 M. A. Phelan—Fancy Goods.  
 Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Two dressed Dolls.  
 The Misses Griffith—Four dressed Dolls.  
 D. M. Dewey—Fancy Goods.  
 Reese & Higbie—Fancy Goods.  
 Scrantom & Wetmore—Fancy Goods.  
 Mrs. W. W. Carr—Two Aprons and 2 Scarfs.  
 Mrs. W. H. Ward—Three Knitted Hoods.  
 Mrs. W. Baron Williams—One Cap and 1 Port Monnaie.  
 Ranney Brothers—Fancy Articles.

Miss Sarah Pitkin—One Scrap Bag.  
 Mrs. John Brewster—Two Hair-pin Cushions and 2 Tripods.  
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Child's Cap.  
 Miss Nettie Dion—Two Fancy Baskets.  
 Mrs. Edward Smith—One Dressing Case and one Dressed Doll.  
 Mrs. George Selden—One Doll's Bedstead, furnished.  
 Miss Hetzel and Arthur Selden—One Rustic Play House.  
 Miss Wild—Tripod.  
 Miss Backus—Six Doll's Hats.  
 Miss Butts—One Feather Fan.  
 Mrs. Hiuckley—One Ladies' Cap.  
 Miss Katherine Mitchell—One Fancy Basket.  
 Miss Ruth Montgomery—One Snow Flake.  
 Mrs. Dr. Dewey—Two Worsted Hoods.  
 Miss Fox—One Hair-pin Cushion.  
 Mrs. Fred. Turpin—Fancy Easel.  
 Mrs. D. B. Beach—One Parlor Bag.  
 Miss Alling—Two pair Wristlets.  
 Mrs. H. E. Campbell—Two Baby's Sacks.  
 Mrs. D. Campbell—One Tidy.  
 Mrs. Samuel Porter—Three Sisters Charity.  
 Miss Blossom Buell—Four Wash Cloths and 6 Pocket Pin-cushions.  
 Miss Minnie Clarke—One Fancy Box and Hair-pin Cushions.  
 Miss Carrie Clarke—Hair-pin Cushion.  
 Miss Sarah Green—One Snow Flake.  
 Mrs. Badger—One pair Stockings.  
 Miss Sophie Royce—Four Nets and 2 Fancy Cornucopias.  
 Miss Robinson—One Fancy Cornucopia.  
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—Three Hair-pin Baskets and two Pen-wipers.  
 Miss Edna Smith—One Afghan.  
 Miss Julia Hamilton—One Baby's Sack, 1 Fancy Box, and 1 Chatelaine.  
 Mrs. Nathaniel Rochester—Four Dolls, 4 Tomatoes, 5 Baskets Strawberries, and 1 Toilet Cushion.  
 Miss Nellie Walbridge—One Toilet Cushion.  
 Mrs. Levi Ward—One Sofa Cushion.  
 Miss Carrie Hooker—One Embroidered Music Case.  
 Miss Minnie Montgomery—One Scarf.  
 Miss Florie Montgomery—One Monchoir Case.  
 Mrs. T. C. Montgomery—Two cotton Holders.  
 Miss Sallie Hall—Two Hair-pin Cushions.  
 Mrs. Charles Jones (Geneseo)—Two pair Mittens, Baby's Sack, Toilet Tidy and Scarf.  
 Mrs. L. F. Ward—Six Wash-cloths, Toilet Case and Tidy.  
 Scanlin & McCarthy—One pair Vases.  
 Mrs. C. Woodbury—Hair-pin Basket.  
 Mrs. C. H. Angel—Two Toilet Cases, 1 Tidy, 3 pair Mittens and 2 Scarfs.  
 McDowell & Co.—Fancy Articles.  
 Miss Helen Bissell—One Knitted Tie.  
 Mrs. J. E. Ward—Embroidered Foot Stool.  
 Pagie Ward—Shaker Needle-book.  
 Levi Ward—Two Shaker Napkin-rings.  
 Mrs. Montgomery Rochester (Cincinnati)—Four Smoking Caps, 4 Fancy Bags, and 4 Knitting Sheaths.  
 Mrs. Peak—One Boquet Wax Flowers.  
 Miss Mary Whittlesey—Three Red Riding Hoods.

Cash Donations Received.

Mr. R. M. Dalzell	\$500 00
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith	10 00
Mrs. Oscar Craig	10 00
Mrs. Chester Dewey	10 00
Mrs. E. T. Smith	5 00
Mr. Charles H. Chapin	10 00
Mrs. Isaac Butts	10 00
Mrs. A. D. Smith	25 00
A Friend	1 00
Mr. E. M. Parsons	10 00
Miss Guernsey	2 00
Mrs. Loop	5 00
Dr. Dean	10 00
Messrs. Bromley & Co.	50 00
Mr. S. D. Porter	20 00
Mr. Joseph Beir	5 00
Mrs. Hunter	10 00
Mr. Carter Wilder	20 00
Mr. E. O. Sage	10 00
Mr. Joseph Field	50 00
Mr. John Greenwood	10 00
Mr. D. B. Beach	5 00
Mrs. H. S. Potter	10 00
Dr. M. Strong	10 00
Mrs. Dr. A. G. Bristol	10 00
Mrs. A. Mock	2 00
Mrs. M. E. Solomon	2 00
Mrs. F. D. Bishop	5 00
Mrs. E. Pancost	10 00
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society	10 00
Mrs. Hiram Smith	10 00
Miss Clarissa Stone	5 00
A Friend, by Mrs. Dr. Mathews	4 00
Messrs. Erickson, Jennings & Mumford	100 00
Mr. D. A. Watson	50 00
Mrs. Robert Johnson	5 00
Miss Hamilton	1 00
Mr. L. H. Alling	10 00
Miss Marion Hills	1 00
Mrs. James Nichols	1 00
Mr. J. S. Andrews	25 00
Mrs. E. Peshine Smith	5 00
Dr. Moore	5 00
Mr. Henry Lampert	10 00
Mr. C. C. Morse	25 00
Mr. A. S. Mann	25 00
Mr. L. A. Ward	50 00
Mr. James Terry	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$1184 00

DONATIONS ON BILLS, AS FOLLOWS:

Wm. S. Thompson, on Crockery bill	\$15 00
Curtis, Morey & Co., donated bill	28 40
Ditto ditto	4 40
Tracy & Rew, donation on bill	14 40
Wm. S. Falls, " "	5 75
Rochester Printing Co., donated bill	17 60
	<hr/>
	\$85 55

Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables,

By Mrs. H. N. Peck	\$ 38 25
Mrs. Bartlett, (including a donation of \$10 by Mrs. Abelard Reynolds)	79 12
Miss Walbridge	57 83
Mrs. T. C. Montgomery	124 75
Mrs. T. A. Newton, (including \$10 from Lewis Selye, \$5 from Mrs. Dr. Shaw and \$25 from D. A. Woodbury)	114 05
Mrs. Curtis Clarke	57 18
Mrs. John H. Prewster	130 05
Mrs. J. B. Ward	71 75
Mrs. Ed. Gould	56 30
Mrs. George Williams	55 25
Mrs. L. Starr Hoyt, Evening Table	9 10

FANCY TABLES.

Mrs. Geo. Whitney	150 00
Mrs. W. H. Ward	150 00

Total,.....\$1,093 63

Rochester City Hospital Donation Fund Account.

RECAPITULATION.

From cash donations Nov. 22, to Dec. 5, \$	684 00
" " R. M. Dalzell	500 00
" " Miss Buddington	100 00
" Lunch Tables	793 63
" Fancy Tables	352 00
" Jarley Entertainment	463 50
Due for Articles sold at Fancy Tables	34 13
	<hr/>
	\$2,927 26
Expenses	270 62
	<hr/>
Net proceeds	\$2,656 64

NOTE.—A large amount of groceries, &c., which were not used at the Hall, on Donation day, and which were paid for, from the money above accounted for, were sent to the Hospital for use. The value of articles thus sent, amounts to sufficient to bring our entire profits up to \$2,700 00.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Mrs. C. C. Barton, 50 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Duffield, McConnellsburg, Pa., 50 cents—By Miss Mathews	\$ 1 00
John Williams, \$1.00; Eugene Luitweller, \$1.00; E. A. Rugg, \$1.00; E. S. Jeffrey, \$1.00; H. R. Smith, \$1.00; N. R. Smith, \$1.00; F. B. Pratt, \$1.00; R. G. Foote, 50 cents; C. C. Montgomery, 50 cents; J. T. Boyd, 50 cts.; John Giles, 50 cents; W. B. Cunningham, 50 cents; E. D. Durfee, 50 cents; all of Canton, Miss.—By Maj. J. Williams	10 00
Mrs. N. Tamblington, 75 cents; Mrs. H. Reid, 50 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. I. Butts, 62 cents; Mrs. Chas. H. Clupin, 50 cents; Mrs. J. W. Oothout, \$1 25; Mrs. Wm. Kidd, 62 cents; Mrs. John Craig, 62 cents; Mrs. L. R. Satterlee,	



62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Martindale, \$2.00; Mr. C. H. Babcock, 75 cents; Mrs. J. E. Edmondson, Newmarket, Ont., 50 cts.; James H. Gould, \$1.25; Mrs. P. Nessel, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Altpetre, Barre, 50 cents; S. D. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. John H. Howe, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 50 cents; Dr. H. W. Dean, 50c.; Mr. M. Van Voorhis, 62 cents; Mrs. Samuel Rosenblatt, 62 cents; Mrs. Shtatz, 62 cts.; Miss H. Oothout, \$1.25; Mrs. Wm. Rhodes, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 62 cents; John Craighead, 50c.; W. C. Gaylord, 62 cents; Miss Marion Hills, 62 cents; Mrs. John Fabrig, 62c.; E. Darrow, 62 cents; Miss Linda Webster, Canaan Valley, Conn., 50 cents; Miss Lois Crofut, Canaan Valley, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. E. Pancost, 50 cents; Rev. A. S. Fiske, 50 cents; Mrs. S. W. Updike, 50 cents; Mrs. Sam. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 50 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 50 cents; Mrs. Edward Raymond, \$1.25; Mrs. H. N. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cts.; Hon. Lewis Selye, \$4.00; Miss Mary McMasters, 62 cents; Mrs. W. B. Williams, \$1.25; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 62c.; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; Mrs. Edward Cozzens, West Point, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. C. Storrs, 62 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62c.; Miss M. Judson, 62 cents; Mrs. Gildersleeve, 52 cents; Mrs. L. Farrar, \$1.25; Mrs. S. Hamilton, 50 cents; Mrs. C. E. Upton, 75 cts.; Mrs. M. B. Breck, \$1.25; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, \$1.25; Mr. N. A. Stone, 75 cents; Mrs. James Nichols, 50c.; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. James Brackett, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Gilbert, 62 cents; Miss M. Dunlap, 62 cents; J. Sherlock Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents—At Corinthian Hall, November 22d. . . . . \$49 08

Extra, . . . . . 70

Mrs. Geo. Tuckerman, Jamestown, 50 cts.; Mrs. Theo. Ives, New York, 50 cents; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 75 cts.; Mrs. F. Whitteley, 50 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 65 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cts.; Mrs. I. E. Sheldon, New York, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 62 cents; Sale of Papers, 25 cents; Miss H. McKnight, \$1.00; Mrs. David Underhill, 50 cents; Mrs. J. P. Slee, Elmira, 50 cents—By Miss Mathews, . . . . . 6 87

Sarah T. Hews, Newton, 50 cents; Mrs. Parmelee, Ogden, 50 cents, A True Friend, Brockport, \$1.00; R. G. Beardslee, New York, \$1.00; Juliet Smith, Clarkson, 50 cents; Henry Lampert, \$1.00; Miss Emily Hanford, \$1.25; C. Carson, Willard, 50 cents; Mrs. Paul Goddard, Lima, 50 cents; Mrs. Andrew Rowley, Victor, 60 cents—By Mrs. D. B. Beach, . . . . . 6 35

Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 50 cents; Miss F. H. Bryan, Philadelphia, 60 cents—By Mrs. Rochester, . . . . . 1 00  
A Friend—By Belden Day, . . . . . 50

## Children's Department.

### "Stinginess."

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away."—*Scripture.*

"Lizzie, won't you lend me your new lead pencil to finish drawing my horse with? Mine is worn so short and stumpy."

Little George looked up pleadingly from his seat on the floor, where he was bending over a rough drawing in an old blank book.

"No, George, I can't," answered his sister, a little pettishly; "I'm afraid you'll break off the point."

"No; I'll be very careful; please lend it to me, Lizzie?"

"I can't, I say; don't ask me again."

"Why not, Lizzie?" asked her grown-up cousin Grace, who was sitting by the window, busy with some embroidery; "suppose he does break off the point, you can sharpen it again, or if you cannot do it nicely, I will do it for you.

Don't be disoblising."

"O! Well, I don't like to lend my things, Cousin Grace. They always get spoiled in some way. Maybe he'll break off the ivory handle, or scratch it, or something, and I want to keep it all nice and new."

Cousin Grace made no answer to this cross and selfish speech.

"I will lend you mine, George," she said; "it is up stairs, but no matter,"

And she arose and laid aside her thimble, and scissors, and work.

Georgie looked up with a delighted "thank you," and Lizzie pouted, but she did not offer to save her cousin the trouble—so the kind young lady went up stairs and brought down her own pencil for the little boy, who was made happy for an hour, by the nice bold strokes with which he could now shade off the horse he was drawing.

The next morning, as cousin Grace was again seated near the window, embroidering, Lizzie came up to her and said:

"Won't you be so kind as to lend me your small scissors, cousin Grace? Mine are so blunt they won't cut nice eyelets at all, and I shall spoil this band."

"No, Lizzie, I can't," said cousin Grace, mimicking exactly the tone in which Lizzie had answered her little brother the



day before. "I am afraid you might break off the points."

"Why, no, I shan't," said Lizzie, scarcely knowing whether her cousin was in earnest or not: "I am not going to cut tow cloth with them."

"Well you might tarnish their brightness, or dull them, or something," answered cousin Grace, in a of sort pettish drawl. "I like to keep my things nice and new."

Lizzie could not mistake her meaning now. She turned very red, and walking away without a word, sat down and went on hacking away with her blunt scissors in silence. Cousin Grace sewed on silently, too, for some time; but she was very kindhearted, and could not bear to punish her little cousin very long. So she said, presently, in a kind, grave tone:

"I suppose you think me a little hard, do you, Lizzie?"

Lizzie blushed again, but did not speak. She knew it was only just.

"I am sorry to say that I have seen this fault growing upon you, my dear child," cousin Grace continued, "and it is a grievous one, and makes the person guilty of it disagreeable to every one else. How can Georgie love you, when you refuse all his little requests, and never put yourself out to make him happy? Or how can the rest of us love you when we see you so disobliging? And more than that, God is displeased to see you so selfish. Did you know that you were breaking a command of His yesterday, when you refused to lend Georgie your pencil? He says, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

"But I have heard mother say it was not right to borrow," said Lizzie, a little sullenly.

"And so it is not right to make a habit of borrowing. It is a very bad plan for neighbors to be constantly borrowing among each other; they should try to have what is necessary of their own, and to do without what they can not get for themselves. But that rule does not apply to such little acts of kindness and courtesy. Christ gave this command, as he did many others, to teach us to be unselfish, and care for the pleasure of others, as much as for our own. I want you to learn that text, Lizzie, and promise me that you will try to act according to its spirit hereafter. And now here are the scissors."

Lizzie came to get them, and kissed her cousin Grace, and promised to remember what had been said to her.—[*The Child at Home.*

### Love in a Tub.

Did you ever hear of love in a tub? Well, he is our baby, and I will tell you all about it. He has had two tubs, this little Diogenes. The first one was his bath-tub; and when he began to take lessons in that, he was so little and funny that unless some one put a hand to his back, the minute he was put in he would slip down flat, as if he was greased, or the tub was. He couldn't stay in long, either, and while he was there caught frantically at the edge, holding on for dear life; and he made very wrinkly, wry, screwy faces when we splashed him. But after a while he had more backbone, and splashed for himself and anyone else who happened to be within sprinkling distance. How they jumped—they who didn't want to get their dry-goods wet! for this little duck made the water fly. He kicked it up with his feet, and spat it down with his hands, until every drop was out of the tub, and in streams and puddles on the rubber blanket spread on the carpet for protection. You couldn't help being reminded of your canary bird—flapping wings and all. This bath-frolic may be an old story to you who have little baby brothers and sisters.

### Another "Hatchet" Story.

A boy borrowed a hatchet from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went he was told that his brother should see the article returned. After he had come home and gone to bed he inquired, and found the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think his promise had not been kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep and rise early, and carry it home the next morning.

By daylight he was up, and nowhere was the hatchet to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off to his neighbor's in great distress, to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's door-stone! and then it appeared from the prints of his little bare feet in the mud, that the lad had

got up in his sleep and carried the hatchet home, and had gone to bed again without knowing anything that had happened.

That was a boy to be trusted. We wish there were more like him in the world. Be careful how you promise, but what you promise, do! There are people whose promises are easily made, but when you come to look for the performance of these promises they are so few and small that you need a microscope of more than ordinary power. Don't be like them.

### Never Put Off till To-Morrow.

"I would like to have you run down to Mrs. Bowen's for me, Katy, before sundown," said Mrs. Nelson to her little daughter, who sat busily stitching away in her little willow chair.

"O mother, couldn't I go just as well before school-time to-morrow? I have this pair of pillow-cases almost done for my dolly, and aunt Martha is going to give me two nice little pillows and a feather bed for her, as soon as I have the bed clothes all made neatly."

"But, my dear, I wish you to take the money for the work that she sent home to-day. She is a poor woman and may need it."

Still Katy looked reluctantly at the dainty sewing-work before her, and laid down the tiny ruffled pillow-case with a sigh.

"Perhaps the poor woman is wondering how she shall buy food for her children to-morrow," continued the mother. "Think what a relief it will be to have that care off her mind."

That thought was enough for Katy's really benevolent little heart, and she quickly laid up her work in the pretty rosewood box, so it would not be in any one's way, and prepared herself for a walk.

"Here is a basket, with some of Ann's tea biscuit, and a plate of butter," said Katy's mother; you may take that to Mrs. Bowen, if it will not be too heavy."

"No, indeed, mother," said Katy, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, "I shall love to do it. I don't think they have biscuit and butter very often. Lucy sometimes brings just dry bread to school for her diners."

"Why, Katy, I did not think they were as poor as that. Here, you take this cup of jelly, and some grapes, to the little sick

boy. I dare say they will be refreshing. I must certainly call round and see them, as soon as I can."

Katy returned from her kind errand that night a little weary, but very light hearted.

"I am so glad I went to-night, mother," she said. "They were just sitting down to supper, with only a little cake of corn meal and a pitcher of water on the table. The woman cried when I gave her the basket, she seemed so glad. She gave the sick boy his biscuit and grapes first, and I wish you could have seen how happy his pale face looked."

"I am very glad, too, that you went to-night," said the mother; "and I hope you will learn this lesson from it—never put off doing a kind action until to-morrow, when you can do it to-day. A good man was urged not to go out on a stormy evening, to pay a bill to a poor laborer, as to-morrow would certainly do as well, but he answered, 'Think what a blessing a good night's sleep is to a poor man. This may relieve some anxiety which would cause him a sleepless night. The command to God's ancient people is one which we should all remember: 'The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning.' So, you see, dear Katy, it was an act of justice, as well as kindness, to take the money to-night, instead of putting it off until another day." —[*Presbyterian*.

Life without some necessity for exertion must ever lack real interest. That state is capable of the greatest enjoyment where necessity urges, but not painfully, where effort is acquired, but as much as possible without anxiety; where the spring and summer of life are preparatory to the harvest of autumn, and the repose of winter. Then is every season sweet, and in a well spent life, the last is the best—the season of calm enjoyment, the richest in recollections, the brightest in hope. Good training and a fair start constitutes a more desirable patrimony than wealth; and those parents who study their children's welfare, rather than the gratification of their own avarice or vanity, would do well to think of this. Is it better to run a successful race, or to begin and end at the goal?

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

**THE FUTURE OF DULL BOYS.**—Parents should never despair because their children give little promise of eminence in early life. Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years old, he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon, in the earliest pieces did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Barrow is said to have exclaimed: "If it please God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family.

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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. IX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1873.

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—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
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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. D. B. Beach, 145 Alexander Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 23 Spring Street.

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For the Hospital Review.

### What Shall the End Be?

We strive to read the lesson  
That the new year will bring,  
Traced in the snows of winter,  
And in the buds of spring;  
And when the summer's roses  
Bloom upon graves so dear,  
And in the golden autumn,  
Shall we be *there* or *here*?

Will it be ours to answer  
The summons from on high,  
That come to every mortal.  
In "this year thou shalt die;"  
Or will our lives glide onward  
In smooth, unbroken flow,  
With scarce a ripple marking  
The channel where they go?

How idle are these questions!  
For who of us can tell,  
Which of our works shall prosper,  
What shall be ill or well?  
We know the night is coming,  
E'en now its shadows fall:  
But whether soon, or later,  
Is hidden from us all.

Oh! let our lamps be burning,  
That all may see their ray;  
And let us heed the order  
That bids us watch and pray.  
If thus we wisely labor  
Life will have much of cheer;  
While with new strength we enter  
Upon the untried year!

KATE CAMERON.

TABLE CONVERSATION.—A great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, sociable and cheering. Do not bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than in dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation with your company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence and refinement and the appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation are no small part of education.



"Isn't it Worse for a Man, Father?"

A gentleman who has recently given up the use of tobacco, says it is through the influence of his little son; and we give his story as he gave it to us:—

"I never chewed very much; but did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen most any morning with a cigar in my mouth, walking down Broadway in a most comfortable frame of mind.

"My little son, about six of years age, was always glad to walk down with me as far as his school; and I liked to have his company. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome; and he bounded along beside me, chatting as such dear little fellows only can.

"The city has in it many dirty, uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes, and, with their hands in their pockets, puff away in a very inelegant manner.

"One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became disgusted, and pointed them out to Edgar as awful warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the city authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

"A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, 'Isn't it worse for a man, father?' came to my ears.

"I looked down on the little fellow at my side. His eyes filled and the color mounted on his boyish cheek as if he had said something bold and unfitting.

"Do you think it worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, boys would not want to chew and smoke if they did not see men do it?"

"Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never used tobacco in any form since."—[*Temperance Banner.*]

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

For the Hospital Review.

My Books.

BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

I revel in the quaint and curious tracing  
Of some rare tale or epic brave in rhyme,  
Whose stately measures' sweep is like an army,  
With battle banners, and with pomp sublime.  
I lay and dream, when winter winds are piping  
Outside my pane, like rude Norse giants old,  
Because in some rapt tale of tropic languor  
My heart forgets the snow-drifts and the cold.

I win the field at Marathon; with Arthur  
I haunt Etrurian vales; or float at ease  
With Anthony and dusky Cleopatra,  
In odorous spice-gales, over purple seas.  
I tilt the lists with Ivanhoe, or weary  
Of deeds historic, with their arméd ring,  
I slip my hand in his whose tender loving  
Has made him our humanity's great king.

And wandering, roaming, dreaming thro' the hours  
I hold the hand of little Nell in mine,  
With Tiny Tim I keep the Christmas carol,  
And echo forth his child-wish grown divine.  
Beside the sea I watch with childish wonder,  
Where little Dombey listens to the shore,  
And hearken to the never ceasing rhythm  
Of waves that murmur, and of winds that roar.

I tread the Ghosts' Walk, when the night is darkest,  
And Chesney Wold is quiet and alone,  
And watch My Lady, shiver to the echo  
Of rain-drops dripping on the silent stone.  
With awe I stand within the darkened chamber  
Where ever points the Roman to the wall,  
And Tullinghorn, who kept the Peerage secrets,  
Now keeps his own, the very best of all.

And then, in slippèd ease, before my fire,  
The "Reveries of a Bachelor," I keep;  
And resurrect from out the glowing embers,  
Old memories in their hidden shrouds that sleep.  
But better, sweeter, tenderer than any,  
The story that I oftener read of all,  
The wondrous City, with its gates celestial,  
The splendor of its everlasting wall.

And sitting here, within the quiet even,  
I catch the gleam of its unfading light,  
The myriad host of its angelic singers,  
The trailing of their garments ever white. [ing  
And He now reigneth King, whose human tempt-  
I comprehend, in lesser pain and loss,  
And best of all, O marvel never olden,  
I hold the blessed Story of the Cross.

### Lord Macaulay's Literary Habits.

Macaulay never wrote in haste, and revised everything that he wrote with the greatest nicety. His first rough draft was absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections. It was written on official foolscap, with the lines full an inch apart. This, however, formed but the rough outline of the essay. When the keel had thus been laid down, Macaulay began the work of amplification and revision; and when that was complete, you could hardly find space on the page to stick a pin's point. Prescott saw two or three of these pages of the manuscript of his History. "You have no conception," he says, "of the amount of labor that one of these sheets of foolscap represents."

But this manuscript was never sent to the printer. It was copied out by Macaulay in a hand almost as bold and legible as pica. Of his habits and hours of work little is known. When in London he generally spent most of the morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and his evenings at his desk. His favorite hours of work, I believe, were those of the morning. But upon this point he "humored his disposition," like Grey. If the work palled him he took up his hat and stick and started off for a stroll, generally taking a book in his pocket when in the country. *Plautus* was his favorite, and in a note to one of his poems he tells us how he spent many an idle hour rambling on the beach with his book in his hand, turning the *Rudens* of the Roman poet into what he supposed to be the original Greek. In London he varied this diversion by visiting the book stalls, to pick up rare or original editions of old books, or by strolling through the Seven Dials in search of ballads. He was as fond of these as Sir Walter Scott, and spent the whole of one long vacation, it is said, in a stroll through the northern counties collecting a set.

When living alone in the Albany, Jeffrey tells us that Macaulay, like Charles Dickens, often threw down his pen at midnight, and strolled out into the silent streets, to walk about for two or three hours. He thought the silence and solitude of a great city favorable to meditation, and generally returned to his desk with a fresh stock of vivid and picturesque thoughts. A keen eye, in looking through Macaulay's essays, may, I think, trace

many images and illustrations struck out in the course of these rambles. Johnson, in his criticism on Grey, laughed at this habit of his and Macaulay's, of writing only when what Byron called "esprit" was on. But it is, I suspect, the habit of most men with whom writing is anything more than a mechanical employment. It was the habit of Byron, of Burns, and of Shelley; and it is a habit commended by one who understood the artistic temperament of all its moods. "When you begin to tire of your work," says Leslie, "leave off. You will certainly injure yourself."

From the Commercial Advertiser.

### One by One.

One by one, the years are rolling,  
Rolling downward toward the end—

Phantom bells ere softly tolling,  
As the years their stories send.

Story-telling of our pleasures,  
Telling of our troubles, too—

Hoarding up our record-treasures,  
But old Time tells always true.

One by one, Time prints his wrinkles,  
On the forehead, sometimes fair—  
And with dexterous hand, he sprinkles  
Threads of silver in the hair.

One by one, we meet our troubles,  
One by one, our pleasures come—  
Sometimes every burthen doubles—  
But we're always nearing home.

C. C., Jr.

### Forgetting the Commandments.

As a clergyman was one Sunday afternoon returning home after divine service, he was accosted in the street by a man who asked, "Pray, sir, did you meet a boy on the road driving a cart with rakes and pitchforks in it?" "I think I did. "A boy with a short memory—wasn't he?" "Short memory, sir," the man with surprise replied, "what makes you think he had a short memory?" "I think, too," added the clergyman, "he must belong to a family that have short memories." "What in the world can you mean?" asked the man, greatly puzzled. "Because," said the clergyman, in a serious tone, "God commanded, remember the Sabbath day; and that poor boy has forgotten all about it."

Masks and Faces.

A GERMAN FABLE.

A nobleman once gave a grand feast to some of his friends. While his visitors were sitting at table, there came into the room a little lady and gentleman most splendidly dressed, each wearing a mask, but no taller than children of five or six years old. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat, trimmed with gold lace, his large curly wig was powdered so as to look as white as snow, and in his hand he held a cocked hat. The lady had on a dress of brocaded satin, trimmed with silver spangles. She wore a beautiful little hat and feather, and held a fan in her hand. They began dancing very gracefully, and sprang about in such a charming way, that everybody was delighted with these pretty well-behaved children.

An old officer who was dining there, suddenly took a rosy apple from the table, and threw it between the pretty dancers. Then there did begin a scuffle and a to-do. They fell upon each other, and tore each other's clothes, scratching and scrambling, till off fell mask and head-dress, and instead of two pretty little children, two ugly monkeys stood before the company. Everybody was surprised yet laughed aloud; but the old officer said, "Monkeys and foolish people manage to look well for a time in fine clothes, but they soon show what they are."

"If sense and wisdom are not ours,  
In vain we dress as gay as flowers."

True Beauty.

Beautiful faces—they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit there—  
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do  
The work of the noble, good and true,  
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe  
Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,  
Who walk the pathways, sweet and pure,  
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

[Anon.]

English Ivy.

The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong they will live through any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the temperature over sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Take care and not enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art. Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor to be arched or curved, like those of the drawing-rooms of your richer neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene, are sometimes placed in, and screw them in the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful but costly pots the flower dealer will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprays of coliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen. The English ivy growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it, and it is mentioned as a fact in the *Paper-hanger's Companion* that in a certain room where damp had prevailed for a length of time the effected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite side. The close overhanging pendant leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall. Beauty and utility in this case go hand in hand—[*Journal of Horticulture*.

A Connecticut farmer has named a rooster Robinson, because Robinson Crusoe.

## Let us Bear with One Another.

Let us bear with one another,  
 Though we cannot always see  
 The causes that so oft offend us,  
 Whatsoever they may be;  
 Though the very friends we cherished  
 Cold or ungrateful prove,  
 Let us think of them with kindness,  
 Let us bear with them in love.

Let us bear with one another,  
 For we cannot always know  
 The sorrows of the hearts we love,  
 The depth of all their woe;  
 There's many a thorn we cannot find  
 And pang we may not share,  
 But we can pardon fretful tones,  
 And with them gently bear.

Let us bear with one another—  
 With the erring child of sin,  
 Redeeming grace alone prevents  
 Our steps where their's have been;  
 Not always that our sinful hearts  
 Would lead a purer way,  
 Only because Christ's righteousness  
 Saves us from day to day.

Let us bear with one another,  
 For our Saviour says the same,  
 And was it not for us He bore  
 The scorn, the cross, the shame?  
 And day by day with all our sin,  
 Neglect and carelessness,  
 He kindly bears with those He loves;  
 Oh! say, shall we do less?

[*Episcopal Recorder.*]

**HOW TO TREAT A CHALLENGE.** — The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat* by the following characteristic reply to his question:

"But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face, 'You lie?'"

"What could I do? Why I wouldn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to prove it: 'Prove it, I'd say. If he couldn't he'd been the liar, and there I should have him; but if he did prove that I'd lied, I must even pocket the affront, and there, I expect, the matter would end.'"

## The Art of Reticence.

But there is art, the most consummate art, in appearing absolutely frank, yet never telling anything which it is not wished should be known, in being pleasantly chatty and conversational, yet never committing oneself to a statement or an opinion which might be used against one afterward—*ars celare artem* in keeping one's own counsel as well as in other things. It is only after a long acquaintance with this kind of person that you find out he has been substantially reticent though apparently so frank. Caught by his easy manner, his genial talk, his ready sympathy you have confided to him not only all you have of your own, but all you have of other people's; and it is only long after, when you reflect quietly undisturbed by the magnetism of his presence, that you come to the knowledge of how reticent he has been in the midst of this seeming frankness, and how little reciprocity there has been in your confidences together. You know such people for years, and you never know really more of them at the end than you did in the beginning. You cannot lay your finger on a fact that would in any way place them in your power; and though you did not notice it at the time, and don't know how it has been done now, you feel that they have never trusted you, and have all along carefully avoided anything like confidence. But you are at their mercy by your own rashness, and if they do not destroy you it is because they are reticent for you as well as toward you; perhaps because they are good-natured, perhaps because they dispise you for your very frankness too much to hurt you; but above all things, not because they are unable. How you hate them when you think of the skill with which they took all that was offered to them, yet never let you see they gave nothing back for their own part—rather by the jugglery of manner made you believe that they were giving back as much as they were receiving! Perhaps it was a little ungenerous; but they had the right to argue that if they could not keep your own counsel you would not be likely to keep theirs, and it was only kind at the time to let you hoodwink yourself so that you might not be offended. In manner genial, frank, conversational, sympathetic—in substance absolutely secret, cautious,

never taken off their guard, never seduced into dangerous confidences, as careful for their friends as they are for themselves, and careful even with strangers to them—these people are the salvation as they are the charm of society; never making mischief, and by their habitual reticence, raising up barriers at which gossip halts and rumor dies.—[*Saturday Review*.]

### Wasted Time.

Alone in the dark and silent night,  
 With the heavy thought of a vanished year,  
 When evil deeds come back to sight,  
 And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;  
 Alone with the spectres of the past,  
 That come with the old year's dying chime,  
 There glooms one shadow dark and vast,  
 The shadow of wasted time.

The chances of happiness cast away,  
 The opportunities never sought,  
 The good resolves that every day  
 Have died in the impotence of thought;  
 The slow advance and the backward step  
 In the rugged path we have striven to climb;  
 How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,  
 When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? What had we been  
 Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,  
 Striving our need to win,  
 Through the summer's heat and the winter's  
 cold;  
 Shrinking from naught, the world could do,  
 Fearing naught but the touch of crime,  
 Laboring, struggling, all seasons through,  
 And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years?  
 Who shall hold back this ebbing tide  
 That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,  
 And washes away all things beside?  
 Who shall give us the strength e'en now  
 To leave forever this holiday rhyme;  
 To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,  
 And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,  
 The things that die no life renew;  
 But e'en from the rust of his caukering chain  
 A golden truth is glimmering through:  
 That to him who learns from errors past,  
 And turns away with strength sublime,  
 And makes each year outdo the last,  
 There is no Wasted Time.

My mother was one of those gentle, soft-spoken, quiet little women who, like oil, permeate every crack and joint of life with smoothness. With a noiseless step, an almost shadowy movement, her hand and eye were everywhere. Her house was a miracle of neatness and order—her children of all ages and sizes under her perfect control, and the accumulations of labor of all descriptions, which beset a great family where there are no servants, all melted away under her hands as if by enchantment. She had a divine magic, too, that mother of mine; if it be magic to commune daily with the supernatural. She had a little room all her own, where on a stand always stood the great family Bible, and when work pressed hard and children were untoward, when sickness threatened, when the skeins of life were all cross-ways and tangled, she went quietly to that room, and kneeling over that Bible, took hold of a warm, healing, invisible hand, that made the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.—*My Wife and I*, by Mrs. Stowe.

A BOY'S BUSINESS.—It exactly suits the temperament of a real boy to be very busy about nothing. If the power, for instance, that is expended in play by a boy between the ages of eight and fourteen, could be applied to some industry, we could see wonderful results. But a boy is like a galvanic battery that is not in connection with anything; he generates electricity and plays it off into air with the most reckless prodigality. And I, for one, wouldn't have it otherwise. It is as much a boy's business to play off his energies into space as it is for a flower to blow or a cat-bird to sing snatches of the tunes of all the other birds.

DO NOT RIDICULE CHILDREN.—Children often seem to say very absurd things, for which they are ridiculed or abashed. Nothing however, can be more cruel than this, for the child has merely done what many a philosopher has done before him—jumped to a wrong conclusion; and if, instead of being ridiculed and made to distrust himself, and avoid the venturing his little speculations before us in future, had we been at the trouble of examining his notions, we should have discovered how naturally, perhaps, the idea had arisen, or how ingeniously, through a lack of knowledge, the little mind had put together incongruous things.

### Scolding.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all, becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it.

It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding, always get something to scold about. If there were nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at.

It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, caterwaulings, or a hand organ under one's window would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time to affect all the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

Women contract the habit more by frequent use than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible, and the sensitiveness more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine; but a scolding woman never seems divine. But we will say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully upon his shaggy friend; "he always seems so pleased to mind, and I don't." What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of everything we love?—[*Good Words.*]

By experience we learn wisdom.

### Little Feet.

In castle halls, or cottage homes,  
 Wherever guileless childhood roams,  
 O, there is nothing half so sweet  
 As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,  
 The purling rill, the organ's power,  
 All stir the soul, but none so deep  
 As tiny tread of little feet.

When we go forth at early morn,  
 To meet the world and brave its scorn,  
 Adown the garden walk so neat  
 We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,  
 With aching limbs and brow of care,  
 The voices ring out clear and sweet—  
 Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,  
 The tools are spirited away,  
 And when we go the lost to seek,  
 We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death has come  
 And called the flow'rets from our home,  
 Oppressive silence reigns complete—  
 We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,  
 No doors go slamming all the day;  
 But O, 'twould give us pleasure sweet  
 To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night hath come; all are asleep,  
 Yes, all but me—I vigil keep;  
 Hush, hush, my heart, and cease to beat,  
 Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'tis the softened tread  
 Of him you miss and mourn as dead,  
 And often in your sweetest sleep  
 You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
 And you approach that blissful shore,  
 The first to run your soul to greet  
 Will be your darling's little feet.

[*The Bright Side.*]

Life may change, but it will not fly till the appointed hour; hope may vanish for a time, but it is deathless; truth may be veiled, but it endures; and love may be repulsed, but it returns.



BETTER THAN GOLD.—A parent may leave a patrimony to his son, but how soon may it be mortgaged! He may leave him money, but how soon may it be squandered! When he leaves him a sound constitution, an unblemished reputation, a good education, and an inward abhorrence of vice, in any shape or form, these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

What can we say more for ourselves in our prayers than He has said for us in His promises!

### Household Receipts.

#### CIDER JELLY.

Break three ounces of Cooper's isinglass (three sheets to an ounce), into small pieces, and let it soak one hour in cold water enough to cover it; pour off the water and put the isinglass into a kettle with one and a half pounds of sugar, peel and juice of two lemons, whites and shells of two eggs beaten together, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, two blades of mace, two sticks of cinnamon, one quart of cider and three pints of boiling water. Turn on the boiling water the last thing, and let the whole boil together twenty five minutes. Then set the kettle on the stove-hearth and turn in a cup of cold water; let it stand fifteen minutes, then strain through a flannel bag.

#### GROVE CAKE.

Two and a half cups of sugar, one and a half cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four and a half cups of flour, eight eggs, omitting the yolks of four; half a teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream tartar or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

#### COFFEE CAKE.

Two cups of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs, one cup of molasses, one cup of hot coffee, four and a half cups of flour, half a pound of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1873.

1872 and 1873.

LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI.

Toll the bells slowly and sadly to-night,  
The old year is dying, shrouded in white.

Ring out the glad tidings, all hail the new year  
With its legend of joy to the far and the near.

In the heyday of life, it is with mingled feelings of regret and joy, that "we speed the parting, welcome the coming" year. At such a time the future looks ever the brightest, and most of us soon forget in our ardor to entertain suitably the new guest, the many delightful days we have passed in the society of the old. Even when sorrow and suffering have embittered our thoughts of the days gone by, and all our experiences have been such as to lead us to look forward with distrust, it has been wisely and beneficently ordained that "Hope" should "spring eternal from the human breast," and we eagerly watch for to-morrow.

But we have other things to do in life than looking either backward or forward. We must "act, act in the living present." Around the necks of all of us, has been hung the iron chain of necessity, and happy is he, who by the alchemy of love for his fellow beings, can transmute the baser metal into a golden ornament.

How to live so that this may be accomplished, is of paramount importance to us all.

A few days since, we celebrated the birthday of Him "who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see." Let all who are his followers ask themselves, while the associations of that day are still fresh in their memories, "how near have I tried to imitate His example?" We fear that if this question is answered fairly, even to

the best of us the reply will not be consoling. As the ghosts of days past, rise before us, how many omissions of duty stare us in the face; how many neglected opportunities for doing good stand up to trouble us. We would sink in despair did we not catch a glimpse now and then of some bright spot in our own lives or in the lives of others, that cheer us with the thought that we have, and may do better.

The future opens before us resplendent in opportunity. Shall we improve it? Dear Readers, let us try, and in comforting the sick, assisting the afflicted, and raising the down-trodden, we may find that sphere "within whose circuit is Elysium and all that poets feign of bliss and joy."

### Christmas at the Hospital.

More than eighteen hundred years ago, in a way-side inn, Jesus Christ was born. Ever since, the Christian world has kept the day in happy commemoration of that event. It is the one day of all the year, which brings even to the heart of old age, the gladness of childhood. Sorrows which crush down many a heart, uplift themselves at this glad time, and old and young, grieved and glad alike, shout out joyous carols, that "Christ is born!" A few dear friends of our Hospital family, set about to see that Christmas was welcomed there with gladness.

A young friend, who always loves to do something for the sick, applied herself steadily to the pleasure of reminding others of the privilege in store for them, in giving something to induce Santa Claus to stop awhile at the large house, which has so many chimneys, ready for his welcome.

Ah! what man or woman lives, who has not enjoyed the faith in this most welcome Saint! On Christmas morning, by the generous gifts of a few friends, a goodly store of articles were ready for distribution at the Hospital.

About 10 A. M., the pleasure began, and we are sure no one could have more enjoyed any part of Christmas, than that brief hour which saw the sunbeams dancing about the different wards, while here and there and everywhere, gifts were distributed. All had something. To each one, a stocking of candy, an orange, an illuminated card or book-mark. Then, besides these, were, for many of those who needed, warm clothing, wrappers, stockings and the like. Now and then, a book, and in one instance an ecclesiastical puzzle, with which some hour of pain, may be beguiled of half its weariness.

The gifts were welcome, and brought joy to many a heart, which otherwise would have been thinking sadly, of Christmas times long years ago, when by their own fire-sides, each Christmas morn, saw a row of stockings well filled, for each one, from the baby, upward, to the dear old grandparent who sat in the arm-chair, in the chimney-corner, during the days of declining old age.

This Christmas, 1872, was a glorious day—cold, but clear and bright. The air was crisp, and the music of the Christmas bells rung out on it, clear and musical. What a chorus must that have been, which rung out on the silent night, more than eighteen hundred years ago? The blessing of that birth-night is with us still, "And on Earth, Peace."

We want to thank all who helped us to keep so satisfactorily, this Christmas day. To those who generously gave us money; to the generous heart which prompted the gift of a supply of stockings; to the loving generosity which doubled the allowance of those beautiful illuminated texts and cards, so as to bring within the *limited* means of purchase, one for each; to the old and oft repeated friendship which sent an ample supply of oranges; to others who sent candy; and, finally, we thank all, for books, pin-cushions, &c. &c., the many and varied little articles of taste and beauty, which found

their way to the scant stores of those who were thereby made glad.

No one doubts the fact that it is more "blessed to give than to receive," and each and all of us do surely find great joy, in giving "even a drop of cold water" in the name and for the sake of Him whose birth we so rejoice to celebrate. And just so near as we try to be like Him, who found the only joy of His earthly life, in giving Himself for us, shall we grow happier and happier, until in the fullness of eternal joy, we may be indeed like Him, and "see Him as He is." L.

### The Paper.

We would suggest to our friends and subscribers, the expediency of settling at this time, their accounts for the "Review." We were gratified that so many availed themselves of the opportunity given them at the Festival, to discharge their indebtedness and subscribe anew; but there are yet many unpaid subscriptions. We feel that this is caused in most instances, by our friends forgetting or overlooking the matter, and we ask them as a special favor, to add to their good resolutions for the new year, one which, carried into effect, will cancel their obligations to the "Hospital Review."

### A Worthy Example.

A notable instance of the good that can be accomplished by zealous efforts on the part of the quite young, is furnished by the record of our friends Belden and Mahlon Day. For the past two years or more, they have gratuitously distributed our paper to more than one hundred of our subscribers each month, and in this way have contributed about thirty dollars to our funds.

We have before felt great pleasure in publicly expressing our thanks to them, and we desire again to assure them of our warm appreciation of their efforts, and re-

turn to them our grateful acknowledgments. But we doubt not that the satisfaction they feel in what they have done, is their best reward. School duties now forbid their continuance in this good work. Are there none of our young friends who desire to emulate their example.

### Our Exchanges.

American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.  
 Home Messenger, Detroit, Michigan.  
 Our Record, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 The Helping Hand, N. Y.  
 The Sheltering Arms, New York.  
 The Orphan's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.  
 The Parish Guide, Erie, Penn.  
 Industrial School Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Journal of the Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
 The Church Record, Hudson, Mich.  
 The Parish Register, Adrian, Mich.  
 Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 The Young American, Searsboro, Iowa.  
 The Parish Guide, West Haven, Conn.  
 American Newspaper Reporter, New York.  
 Newark Manufacturer's Gazette, Newark, N. J.  
 Leisure Moments, Adams Basin, N. Y.  
 New York Observer, New York.  
 The Northwestern Union, Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Wine Dealer's Gazette, San Francisco, Cal.  
 American Farmer's Advocate, Jackson, Tenn.  
 The Beacon, Hulmeville, Penn.

We shall be pleased to add to this List.

### Notice.

The Publishing Committee of the "Review," are desirous of securing the services of some person to collect arrearages, and procure subscribers for the paper, for which service they will give a suitable remuneration.

Any person, either lady or gentleman, who is willing to undertake this work, will please apply immediately to Mrs. D. B. BEACH, 145 Alexander Street.

### 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.

### Superintendent's Report.

1872. Dec. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 73	
Received during month, . . . . .	38—111
Discharged, . . . . .	33
Died, . . . . .	4— 37
Remaining Jan. 1st, 1873,	74

## Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 7th, 1872, Mrs. Minnie Row, aged 22 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 9th, 1872, Harry Eyres, aged 21 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 25, 1872, Thomas Bennett, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 27, 1872, John Cramer, aged 51 years.

## Donations.

- A Friend—One pair Arctic Shoes.
- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Second-hand Clothing. Old Linen.
- John Abba, Baker—Cash, 10 Dollars.
- J. S. Caldwell, Baker—Cash, 5 Dollars.
- Washington Lodge, Good Templars—Two gallons Ice Cream.
- B. L. Huntington, and Miss Hattie and Minnie Briggs—One Quilt, pieced and made by them.
- Mrs. Morey—Old Linen.
- Wm. R. Loop—Cash, 2 Dollars, to help procure a New Years' Dinner.

## Subscriptions to the Review.

- Miss Tenny, 50 cents; Miss Sarah Bradford, Boston, 50 cents—Miss M. S. McFarlin, Framingham, Mass., 25 cents; Mrs. W. Bond, N. Bloomfield, 50 cents; Mrs. Redfield, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry Walzer, Irondequoit, 63 cents; Mrs. S. S. Forbes, 65 cents; Peter McEwin, 50 cents; Phebe Whitman, Scottsburg, 50 cents; Lucy Ann Starr, 50 cts.; Miss E. Hall, \$1.25; Frances Hibbard, City Hospital, Syracuse, \$1.00; O. A. Chilson, 62 cents—By Mrs. D. B. Beach... \$ 8 02
- Mrs. E. K. Converse, Conesus Center, 50 cents; Mrs. Benton Barnard, 50 cts.; Mrs. B. Bosley, 50 cents; Mrs. J. S. Beecher, 50c; Mrs. Sarah Pratt, 50c.; Mrs. W. H. Nelson, 50 cents; Mrs. G. Halleck, 50 cents; Mrs. E. R. Coy, 50 cents; Mrs. S. B. Fowler, 50 cents—By Mrs. S. B. Fowler, Livonia..... 4 50
- Mrs. Joshua Sharpe, Raritan, N. J., 50 c.; Mr. John Greenwood, 50 cts.—By Miss Van Everie..... 1 00
- Mr. S. Ives, Batavia—By Mrs. Strong... 50
- Mrs. Fanny Roderick, 50 cts.; Mrs. Parkhurst, 50 cents; Mrs. Frank Diver, 50 cents, (all of East Pembroke)—Mrs. A. F. Beers, 50 cents; Michael Sanford, 62 cents—By Mrs. Mathews..... 2 62
- Miss Amanda Green, 50 cents; Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, New York, 50 cents—By Miss Mathews..... 1 00
- Mrs. D. C. Hyde—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester 62

## Children's Department.

### How it Came to Snow.

BY ANNIE CLYDE.

"I wonder where all the snow has gone to this winter!" said little Kitty Kreen, half ready to cry. "There doesn't a bit come down at all; and there's my new sled!"

It did seem a pity; such a beautiful sled as Kitty had had for a Christmas present—a sled painted a gorgeous blue, with a picture of an elegant lady upon it. For Kitty's father—this is a secret, and you must never tell I told you—did so wish that Kitty had been a boy? Ever since he first saw her, rolled up like a cocoon, and making horrible faces at him out of a blanket, he had always thought to himself, "What a pity she wasn't a boy, girls are well enough, but a *boy!*" The very thought of such a superior being overcome him so he never got any farther in his meditations, but ended them with a sigh of admiration and regret.

"Yes, call her Kitty," said he, when they were holding a family council to decide what her name should be. "Kit is the short for Christopher, and I'll have a boy out of her yet."

I am sure he did his best to fulfill his prediction; for he bought her skates, a ball, a hoop, and promised her a boat to row upon the creek, when she was old enough, and now he had given her this pretty sled. People looked on and said, "Mr. Kreen will spoil that girl, she'll be nothing but a great tom-boy." But some way she didn't seem to be growing into a "tom-boy," after all. She was seven years old now, and, though her eyes might be a little brighter and her cheeks rosier, she could wipe dishes, and sew patchwork, and knit, as well as the most ladyfied little miss of them all. She had just begun a pair of stockings for her papa, and was knitting upon them as she sat by the window glancing out over the brown, bare fields, and naked trees, and wondering why the snow did not come down to cover them up, and give her a chance to try that new sled.

"Oh dear!" said she again, with a heavy sigh, "I do wish it would snow."  
 "Winter won't rot in the sky," said

grandma, nodding her head so that her spectacles nearly fell off.

"Why, grandma," said Kitty, "what a dreadful thing to say about the pretty white snow!"

"It was good enough to say when I was young, and I guess it's good enough to say now," said grandma, nodding this time so that her spectacles did fall off.

Poor, dear grandma! she was Kitty's great grandma, and so very, very old, that she had become like one of those people who are told about in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, "The keeper of the house trembled, and the strong men bowed themselves."

That night after Kitty had said "Our Father," and been tucked up warmly in her own little bed, she lay for a long time thinking about her new sled,—how she had found it tied to her chair, when she came down to her breakfast on Christmas morning, with a great card lying upon it, on which was printed in capital letters six inches long, "For Christopher." Then she began to wish again for the snow. "Its time for the snow," said she to herself. "It always comes when my fingers ache going to school, and they have ached now ever so long. I wonder if any one ever prays for snow. No, it doesn't say anything about it in 'Our Father.' What did grandma mean by that funny thing she said, I wonder. Well, never mind, I love her just as much, if she is so old she can't keep her spectacles on!"

Then Kitty drew a long breath, turned over, and thought she was just going to sleep, when suddenly something cold brushed against her cheek. She opened her eyes in a great hurry, and there, hovering over her bed, and fluttering about her head, was the strangest little being that ever was seen. A tiny creature, not much bigger than a bumble-bee, clothed in a glittering, feathery whiteness, with spark-like eyes, that shone so bright they quite illuminated the little room. Kitty stared you may be sure. She had lived out of doors, and followed her papa about the farm so much, that she knew and was friendly with many strange beautiful creatures which fly in the air. But she had never seen anything like this before. Never! Evidently the little being saw her astonishment, for it poised itself a moment on its gossamer wings, and, peeping into

her face with a queer knowing look, nodded, and began to sing.

"Pretty Blue-Eyes, can't you see?  
I'm a Snow-child, follow me!"

Then, all at once, Kitty felt herself rising out of her little, warm bed, and floating away, away after the strange creature that went flying on before singing, in such silvery tones,

"Pretty Blue-Eyes, can't you see?  
I'm a Snow-child, follow me!"

Right out at the unresisting window, and up through the frosty air, toward the beautiful stars that were winking and blinking as though they dazzled themselves with their own brightness, soared startled little Kitty, her long night-dress floating out behind her, and her golden hair streaming in the wind. A billowy pile of clouds lay in their path; then it opened and took them in and Kitty uttered a sudden cry. What glorious place was this? She seemed to be in the hall of a palace of light. High over her head was a wondrous roof, gleaming, and sparkling, and glowing with a thousand airy forms. Strange, glittering vines wreathed around it, coruscations and scintillations beamed from it—it was like sun-lighted frost-work sprinkled with diamonds. Kitty was wonder-stricken, and confused; so confused that she never noticed footsteps approaching, till she heard an odd little voice close beside her, and looking down beheld another wonder of this wonderful place. Such a tiny being! No more than an inch or two in height, and dressed in a mantle of hoar-frost, surely. His hair and beard were of icicles, fine as silk, and on his head he wore a crown that beamed in the white light that filled the place like frosted silver. By his side stood another little creature still smaller than himself, crowned likewise, and clad in those airy, gleaming robes, no human hands had ever spun.

"I am the Snow King, and this is my Queen," spoke the little monarch, in a voice so full of dignity and sweetness that poor Kitty was struck with awe. "So you are the earth-maiden, who longs so much for the snow!"

"I have got a new sled," said Kitty, apologetically, hanging down her head.

"Do you hear that, my dear?—she has got a new sled," said the little king turning to his wife, with a smile.

But the Queen did not smile. On the

contrary she cast down her eyes, and her tears began to fall like frozen dew-drops.

"I hear voices," she said sadly, "voices from the earth. They are calling my children."

Then the King lifted up his hand and there fell such a hush upon everything that Kitty distinctly heard the voices too—soft, sweet voices, calling up from the far-away earth.

"Come, dear snow-children, come to us!" said the violets that with blue, sunken eyes, and pale lips, were trying to hide themselves under the dead leaves. "We are perishing with cold, come and cover us with your wings!"

"Come to us!" cried the bare brown fields, "'Tis piercing wind is cutting us to the heart."

"Come to us!" wailed the stripped trees, holding up their arms beseechingly, "come, and clothe our nakedness."

"Come to us!" said the plowed fields where the winter wheat was sown. "Come and overspread our seed, that it may live and bring forth food for the hungry."

"Come!" cried the city-streets, "and cover our pollution. Come, show us by a sign sent down from heaven how beautiful are the pure!"

"Do you hear that," said the Snow-King eagerly, "do you hear that?"

But the poor Queen could only wring her hands and cry, "Oh, my children, my children!"

"Let them go," urged the King, "let them go, my darling; they will come to you again. In the beautiful resurrection morning of the Spring-time they will return, their mission accomplished, and the blessing of the All-Father gloryfying them."

Then he blew a whistle that rang thro' the fine tracery of the vaulted roof like a shriek of the wind, and instantly the hail hall was filled with the radiant, fluttering snow-children. In they flocked, flying everywhere, and hovering on invisible wings.

"Your hour is come, my children," said the Snow-King firmly. "Depart, at our Lord's desire, to bless the earth."

Then each one poised himself for a moment over the heads of the King and Queen, as if taking leave, and sped obediently away. Down through the vapors of the night, and the long reaches of the chilly

air, they crowded, and Kitty, drawn by an irresistible impulse, followed also. What a curious sensation it was to be falling, falling through the darkened air in that strange company! Then some sharp, sudden sounds startled her, and, all at once, she heard her father's voice, calling in familiar tones, "Where's Kit, where's my boy, Kit? Come, get up, sir, and try that new sled." Kitty opened her eyes, and stared about bewildered. There she was, in her old familiar chamber, sure enough, and in her own snug little bed. She jumped up suddenly, and ran to the window. Then she clasped her hands for joy. They were coming, swarming through the air, and piling themselves on the window-sill. The violet-bed was covered, and the meadows, and the trees had their arms full. Oh, how beautiful it was! She forgot her pretty frock, and even her shoes and stockings, and ran out, just as she was, into the sitting-room.

"Oh mamma!" she cried "they have come, the darling snow-children, to bless the earth, and I came with them."

"What on airth is the child talking about?" said grandma, from her corner.

Then Kitty jumped upon the lounge and cuddling her little bare toes under her night-dress, told all she had seen the night before.

"What a pretty dream!" said her mamma, kissing her. "Now dear, go and dress yourself for breakfast. Papa wants you to go out with him, when it stops snowing."

But it was hard for Kitty to believe that it was only a dream, and many times that winter she watched the snow-children coming down, and tried to catch a glimpse of their cunning little faces.

He that knows the heart, can recognise the unsyllabled thanksgiving and the penitence that expresses itself neither by sigh nor by tear. There are moods of the soul in which we prefer silence. But ordinarily expression, utterance is most natural. Even when none but God is near, it helps us to assume a reverent attitude, and gives audible expression to the feelings of our hearts.

A clergyman was asked whether the members of his church were united. He replied that they were perfectly united—frozen together.



**Hospital Notice.**

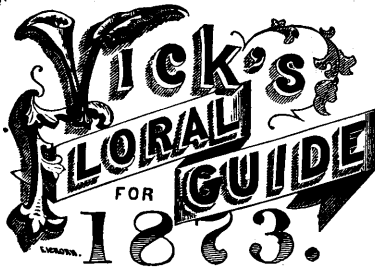
Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, 33 North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 7 Smith's Block; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.



some cause had gathered in her aged eyes and then, with a tremulous voice, related the promised story :

"There never was a more blithesome bridal than that of Ada R. None ever had higher hopes, or more blissful anticipations. Wedding the man of her choice, one of whom any woman might be proud, few, indeed, had a sunnier life in prospect than she.

"And for ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and rare comfort ; her husband the same kind, gentle, loving man as in the days of courtship : winning laurels every year in his profession, adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his fireside. And beside these blessings, God had given another ; a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden-haired baby boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer than aught else earth could offer.

"But I must not dwell on those happy days ; my story has to do with other ones. It was with them as it has often been with others ; just when the cup was sweetest it was dashed away, A series of misfortune and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them everything but love and the babe. Spared to one another and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began again to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home.

"But a little while it staid, and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened, and lay for many a month upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicines. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, until at length she who had worn a satin garment on her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. In a dreary winter, long before night, she would rise morning after morning and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home. Often she had to set off through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to kitchens, which were sometimes smoky and gloomy, and toil at rubbing, rinsing, starching, not unfrequently wading knee-deep in the drifts, to hang out the clothes that froze ere she had fastened them to the line. And when night came, with her scanty earning, she would again grope through the cold and snow to her

oftentimes lightless and fireless home ; for her husband was too sick, much of the time, even to tend the fire or strike a light. And oh, with what a shivering heart she would draw near, fearing she would be too late !

"It is a fact that for six weeks, at one time, she never saw the face of her husband or child, save by lamp-light, except only on the Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have had, once in a while, a small washing gathered for her !

"One dark winter morning, as she was preparing the frugal breakfast and getting everything ready before she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"Ada, said he, almost in a whisper, 'I want you to try to get home early to-night ; be home before the light goes ; do, Ada.'

"'I'll try,' answered she, with choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strange desire to see your face by daylight. To-day is Friday ; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look upon it once again.'

"Do you feel worse ?' asked she, anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"No, no, I think not, but I do want to see your face once more by daylight. I cannot wait till Sunday.'

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till sunlight had stolen through their little window ; but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played over her wan face as she assorted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock ; yes, and if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms, and five minutes after the clock struck one she hung the last garment on the line, and was just about emptying her tubs, when her mistress came in with a couple of bedquilts, saying :

"As you have so small a wash to-day, Ada, I think you may do these yet.'

"After the mistress had turned back, a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washerwoman's heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she set to again, and rubbed, and rinsed, and hung out. It was half-past three when she started for home, an hour too late !"

And the aged narrator sobbed.

"An hour too late, continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was dying; yes, almost gone! He had strength given him to whisper a few words to the half-frantic wife, to tell her how he had longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her then; he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart, and then—he was at rest!

"Mary, Mary, dear,"—and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words—"be kind to your washerwoman. Instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out washing daily unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way: and be sure, my niece, if she is constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman, laboring now so hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman. She has seen better days. She has passed through terrible trials, too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her; pay her what she asks, and let her go home as early as she can."

\* \* \* \* \*

"You have finished in good time to-day, Susan," said Mrs. M., as the washerwoman, with her cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room to get the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am, I have, and my heart is relieved of a heavy load, too; I was so afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed so at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said the old aunt, kindly.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered:

"Ah, ma'am, I left my baby most dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it. I have seen it so many times; and none but a child of nine years to attend him. Oh, I must go, and quickly!"

And grasping the money she had toiled for while her baby was dying, she hurried to her dreary home.

Shortly after, they followed her; the young wife who had never known sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble, followed her to her home, the home of the drunkard's babes. She was not too late. The little dying boy

knew its mother. At midnight he died, and then kind friends took from the sorrowing mother the breathless form, closed the bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud; yes, and they did more—they gave what the poor so seldom have, time to weep.

"Oh, aunt!" said Mrs. M., with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blesses you, how much must poor Susan's! Had it not been for you, she would have been too late. It has been a sad, yet holy lesson. I shall always now be kind to the poor washerwoman. But, aunt, was that story you told me a true one—all true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had been but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange that I should pity the poor washerwoman."—*Wesleyan Family Visitor.*

### Cometh a Blessing Down.

Not to the man of dollars,

Not to the man of credits,

Not to the man of cunning.

Not to the man of deeds;

Not to the one whose passion

Is for the world's renown,

Not in the form of fashion—

Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,

Not to the miser's chest,

Not to the princely mansion,

Not to the blazoned crest;

Not to the sordid worldling,

Not to the knavish clown,

Not to the haughty tyrant—

Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly-blinded,

Not to the steeped in shame,

Not to the carnal minded,

Not to unholy fame;

Not in neglect of duty,

Nor in the monarch's crown,

Not at a smile of beauty—

Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit

Yearns for the great and good;

Unto the one whose storehouse

Yieldeth the hungry food;

Unto the one who labors

Fearless of foe or frown;

Unto the kindly hearted—

Cometh a blessing down.



**Cheap Eating Houses.**

Some years ago, Mrs. James Field and other benevolent women of Boston, undertook to help the poor and laboring classes of that city, by opening what they called "Holly Tree Coffee Rooms." Premises were hired in convenient neighborhoods, and clean and attractive eating-houses were established, and placed in charge of competent and respectable persons.

At these places, workmen, mechanics, shop-girls and laborers were provided with an abundant and wholesome meal, served on a clean table-cloth, in a neat warm room, for ten or fifteen cents. A cup of coffee and bread could be had for five cents, and any one could live very well at one of these coffee rooms, for twenty-five cents a day. No liquors of any kind were allowed to be sold or drunk on the premises, and smoking was also forbidden.

The experiment proved successful; the laborers soon found that a good meal, with a cup of coffee, for fifteen cents, was worth more to them than a glass of bad whiskey at ten cents; and many of them also found it cheaper to get a hot dinner at the "Holly Tree," than to bring a cold one in a pail from home. Clerks and shop girls began to drop in, and their presence acted as a restraint upon the rougher customers, whose manners unconsciously grew less coarse. The system has worked well; indeed so well, that restaurant keepers have, in some instances, been obliged to lower their prices decidedly in order to retain customers.

To start a "Holly Tree" house, from \$500 to \$1,200 was necessary according to the locality. Once started, it soon became self-supporting, if the right person was installed as manager. The enormous profits charged at our decent city restaurants, due partly to extravagant management and partly to waste, help to make drunkards of many young men, and aid in starving the life out of others. Many a clerk, who ought to have a good meal at noon, drinks a glass of liquor, because he gets the needed refreshment in that way at less than a meal will cost; and many another goes fasting all day, because the little pittance that he can spare for his meals will not buy him any substantial food in the neighborhood of his work.

We are glad to see that the "Holly

Tree" plan has been put in operation in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Women's Temperance Association, and with the hearty sympathy of such men as Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Storrs and Duryea. They will teach many economy and decency, as well as temperance, and we hope soon to hear that such cheap, clean and respectable eating-houses are established in all our large cities.

For the Hospital Review.

**Thirteen, To-day.**

I am thirteen years old, to-day;  
Think of it, child, and pause in your play—  
Childhood is slipping so quickly away;  
Shipping away—forever and aye!

The past is a dream of sunshine and flowers,  
The life of a bird, unmindful of showers—  
A bird life, which never takes thought for the  
hours,  
The dear, brief hours!

Hours of my childhood, brightest and best,  
Always in motion—never at rest—  
The fact that I live, is sufficiently blest;  
Oh! yes, 'tis so blest.

And now, must I say to it all, a good bye;  
Adieu to the sun, the flowers and the sky;  
To the birds who sing out their last breath  
when they die—  
With a sigh, as they die!

Oh no! I'll look lovingly back at the years;  
And cling to them closely, though thick fall the  
tears,  
And love them the better for whispering fears—  
Of the on-coming years!

And I'll trust to the future, the life I now hold,  
To the care of my Father who always has told  
His children to love Him. He never grows  
Never grows old! [old—

So I'll not be afraid, but trust to His love,  
And keep to Him close, like the dear little dove,  
As she sings in her nest, in the tree-top above—  
So may I sing forever in Heaven above.

MONDAY EVENING, Mar. 11, 1872.

L. R. B.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but there is nothing on earth that will kill it.

Giving Like a Little Child.

Not long since a poor widow came into my study. She is over sixty years of age. Her home is one little room, about ten feet by twelve, and she supports herself by her needle, which, in these days of sewing machines, means the most miserable support. Imagine my surprise when she put into my hands three dollars, and said:

"There is my contribution to the church fund."

"But you are not able to give so much?"

"Oh! yes," she exclaimed, "I have learned how to give now."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon of three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that, if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts?"

"I do."

"Well, I went home and cried all night over that sermon. I said to myself: 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he would never have said that.' But from crying I at last got to praying. And when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all my tears."

"What was the answer?" I asked, deeply moved by her recital.

"Only this, 'If you cannot give as other people do, *give like a little child.*' And I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny change over from my sugar or a loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus: and so I have gathered this money all in pennies."

"But has it not embarrassed you to lay aside so much?"

"Oh! no," she responded eagerly, with beaming face. "Since I began to give to the Lord, I have always had money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in. So many are coming to see me that I never knew before."

"But didn't you always have money in the house?" I asked.

"Oh! no. Often when my rent came due I had to go and borrow it, not knowing how I ever should find means to pay it. But I don't have to do that any more—the dear Lord is so kind."

Of course I could not refuse such money.

Three months later she came with three dollars and eighty-five cents, saved in the same way. Then came the effort of our church in connection with the Memorial Fund; and in some five months she brought fifteen dollars, all saved in the little mite-box I had given her. This makes a total of \$21.85 from one poor widow in a single twelvemonth. I need hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church. Who can doubt that if in giving, as well as other graces, we could all thus become as little children, there would result such an increase in our gifts that there would not be room to contain them?

Snow.

Silently, silently, falls the snow,  
 Covering all below,  
 Hiding, as with a mantle white,  
 All that is bleak and bare from sight—  
 Beautiful, falling snow.

Dreamily, dreamily, falling low,  
 Carried or fast or slow,  
 Idly lost as a poet's thought,—  
 Proving that nothing is made for naught,—  
 Feathery, fleeting snow.

Steadily, steadily, falls the snow,  
 Heavenly messenger to go,  
 Carrying rest to a weary earth,  
 Hushing to sleep forest and turf—  
 Covering, shielding snow.

Peacefully, peacefully, still they flow—  
 Starlets of riven snow—  
 Flowers of winter, promise of spring,  
 Rich with the visions of bloom they bring,  
 Promising, peaceful snow.

Trustingly, trustingly, falls the snow,  
 Whither it does not know;  
 Saying to all throughout the land,  
 It too is held in God's own hand—  
 Confident, fearless snow.

Joyfully, joyfully, falls the snow,  
 Gladdening all below,  
 Telling us of a robe more white,  
 Worn by the pure in God's own sight,—  
 Gladdening, starry snow.

San Jose.

ELLIS YETTS.

## Celestial Feast of the Dead.

SOME POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS—HOW THE CHINESE TRY TO LAY UP TREASURES IN HELL—HEATHEN EXERCISES.

Though the Chinese are addicted to performing their acts of worship in a mechanical manner, and with a monotonous repetition, and seldom court public opinion they nevertheless excite an interest among Caucasians, and the recurrence of each feast or holy day affords food for fresh comment. Inquiry into their customs, for instance, brings out pertinent facts, and we learn that some of their barbarisms have actually been inaugurated among people who pride themselves on their civilization and affect to look with disdain upon the heathen. It is a common thing for the Chinese to hire mourners to follow the hearse or express wagon to the Cemetery, and the charges for such services are so light that a comparatively obscure individual, if not utterly bankrupt, can feel certain that the numerical strength of the turn-out at his funeral will be a source of satisfaction to his relatives at home. A gentleman who has served many years in the missionary field of China, says of the Chinese that instead of endeavoring to lay up treasures in heaven they imagine they can lay up treasures in hell. The manner of laying up treasures of money and of clothing in hell for the use of deceased relatives, or for one's own future use, is expeditious and very cheap. It consists simply of burning paper prepared in different ways, according to the object which it is supposed to represent, and which it is believed to become. Material for making clothing is represented by pieces of paper of various colors, each piece being some fifteen inches long, and eight or ten inches wide. These are done up in parcels, and are believed to become cloth, silk, etc., by or after the action of the fire, owing to the potency of the charm which is attached generally to each parcel. Sometimes the shapes of different kinds of clothing are stamped upon the pieces of paper and afterwards burned. These are believed to become ready-made clothing. The spirits of the dead are expected to manufacture their own clothing out of the material furnished them ready-made. Money is represented by square pieces of paper. If this popular notion among the Chinese had any founda-

tion in truth, the number of wealthy Celestial in their spirit world would be immense. Three times during the year the dead are treated to a grand feast, that is, the good things are spread about their resting places and then disposed of by their disconsolate friends and relatives. One of these feasts transpired at Lone Mountain recently, and was a marked success. Forty express wagons were used in the transportation of hogs, (the Celestials, to use an expressive vulgarism, go the whole hog on these occasions) chickens, rice and liquor to the cemetery, and more than one hundred carriages were in the procession. The firm of Hop Kee & Co. alone employed thirty carriages and several wagons. At the cemetery they propitiated various evil spirits, scattered their hogs and things around, jabbered a few hours among themselves and then returned to town.

## Prayer and Potatoes.

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"  
—James iii: 15-16.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,  
With wrinkled face and dishevell'd hair,  
And pale and hunger-worn features;  
For days and weeks her only fare,  
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,  
Had been nothing but potatoes.

And now they were gone; of bad or good  
Not one was left for the old lady's food,  
Of these her stock of potatoes;  
And she sigh'd and said, "What shall I do?  
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go  
To get some more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,  
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,  
Whose cellar was full of potatoes;  
And she said, "I will send for the deacon to come  
He'll not mind much to give me some  
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,  
Thinking to do the old lady some good,  
But never thought once of potatoes;  
He ask'd her directly to tell her *chief* want,  
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,  
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion went not that way,  
He was more accustom'd to preach and to pray,

Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;  
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,  
He rose to pray with uncover'd head;  
But *she* only thought of potatoes.

He pray'd for patience, for wisdom and grace,  
But when he pray'd, "O Lord, give her peace,"  
She audibly sigh'd, "Give potatoes;"  
And at the end of each prayer that he said,  
He heard or he thought that he heard, in its stead,  
The same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled—knew not what to do;  
'Twas embarrassing, very, to have her act so  
About "those carnal potatoes!"  
So ending his prayer, he started for home;  
As the door closed behind him he heard a deep  
groan,  
"Oh give to the hungry potatoes.

And that groan follow'd him all the way home;  
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,  
"Oh give to the hungry potatoes;"  
He could bear it no longer—arose and dress'd,  
From his well-fill'd cellar taking in haste  
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's loue hut,  
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut,  
But there she sat in her old arm chair,  
With the same wan features, the same sad air;  
So, entering in, he poured on the floor  
A bushel or more from his goodly store  
Of the very best potatoes.

The widow's heart leap'd up for joy,  
Her face was haggard and wan no more.  
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"  
"Yes," said the widow, "*now* you may;"  
And he kneel'd him down on the sanded floor,  
Where he had pour'd his goodly store;  
And such a prayer the deacon pray'd  
As never before his lips essay'd;  
No longer embarrass'd, but free and full,  
He pour'd out the voice of a liberal soul,  
And the widow responded aloud, "Amen!"  
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale  
Pray for the poor, and praying, "prevail?"  
Then preface your prayers with alms and good  
deeds;  
Search out the poor, with their cares and their  
needs;  
Pray for peace, and grace, and heavenly food,  
For wisdom, and guidance, for these are all good,  
But don't forget the *potatoes*.

THE FUTURE OF DULL BOYS.—Parents should never despair because their children give little promise of eminence in early life. Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years old, he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon, in the earliest pieces did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless for her sons. The father of Barrow is said to have exclaimed: "If it please God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family.

Said Thoreau, "If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right."

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### Household Receipts.

#### ORANGE CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, yolks of five eggs and whites of two, one half cup of cold water, two and a half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder, the juice and grated rind of one orange and a pinch of salt. Bake in jelly-cake tins. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add seven large tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the grated rind and juice of one orange, and spread between the layers.

#### GROVE CAKE.

Two and a half cups of sugar, one and a half cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four and a half cups of flour, eight eggs omitting the yolks of four, and two teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder.

#### SALAD FOR CHOPPED CABBAGE.

Stir half a cup of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of mixed mustard together. Add to this the yolks of two eggs well beaten together, and half a pint of vinegar. Set the pan containing the mixture on the stove and stir till the egg is cooked. When cold pour over the cabbage. This is also excellent for chicken salad.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

### Hospital Work.

The sick have been well named patients. As we walk through the wards of our Hospital, and stand by the bedside of of some suffering invalid, whose thin and palid cheeks and wan eyes betoken weeks of pain, and when in addition to that we reflect on the fact, that he is probably here because he is friendless and homeless, we wonder that he can possess such an attribute as resignation, and that he does not do as Job was advised, "Curse God and die." But a further acquaintance will lead us to better views.

We discover that the "Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and from a source we should least expect it, we are taught resignation and patience. This is a lesson that most of us need to learn, and we can find no better method than by doing some Hospital work.

"But what can I do in such a place?" we hear asked. Much for the patient, although it may seem but a slight thing to yourself; nothing brightens a sick room like a bright face, a cheerful manner and a kind word. The dull hours of the day pass wearily and drearily to the sufferers, and the regular attendants have too many other duties, to spend much of their time simply in cheering those in their care; this can best be done by volunteers.

If you will bring with you a cheerful face, a kind manner, and a good book, and will devote a few hours in a week to relieving the monotony of the sick, we guarantee that you will feel amply repaid, not only by the lessons you will have learned, and by the consciousness of having performed a good action, but also by the gratitude of him you have served.

### A First Visit to the Hospital.

It will seem incredible to many of our readers, that any Christian man or woman, living almost under the broad shadow of our Hospital, should have passed it day after day, for years, without ever entering therein. But it is even so. A gentleman of fifty years, had occasion to take his wife there not long since to see a woman of over seventy years, who had fallen on the ice and broken her thigh. After paying their visit of condolence and benevolence to the friend on whom in her old age, so great a calamity had fallen, they were invited to go about the house, and did so. Their inspection was thorough, and we never saw greater surprise than constantly changed expression in the play of their features.

The lady, of course, was interested most, in the sick and in the appointments for their comfort, as she expressed it, more ample than in her own well ordered and plentiful home. She lingered long by the bed of her own friend, who had nursed her through many long illnesses, and as she sat and talked with her, watched intently the scene around her.

Just opposite, on one of those white curtained beds, lay another woman of middle age, who had fallen in the same way, and had broken the same bone. Both were from home when the accidents occurred—and each one had started for the train which was to take them back to their own firesides.

It was pleasant to see how happy they were in their unexpected change of habitation.

On one side, and next the friend to whom the visit was being made, lay the sweet child whose lameness is we fear for life. This day she was in bed, an unusual thing, for ordinarily she is more active on her crutches, than are many who have the unfettered use of all their limbs. She waits on those who cannot move from their

beds, and we have seen her combing their hair, and doing many acts of kindness—but the one which touched the tenderest chord in our mother-heart, was to watch her as she held and amused a dear little baby, whose mother was in one of the beds, and paralyzed. The baby seemed to understand that she must cease her worrying, as if some intuition taught her that her nurse was but a child, and a disabled one at that, for she had fretted and cried, and the older patients had striven in vain to quiet her, when dear little lame F. asked some one to lay her in her arms. And almost at once the fretting ceased, and the tear which had started in a cry, changed to a smile as it went on its trackless way down the little cheek. There was magic in the touch of that hand! a power of soothing in the weakness of that lame child's fingers, which was lacking in the strength of all the others. The baby cooed as the child-nurse sang a low song, till by and by, a genuine crow broke out as clear and happy as ever gladdened a mother's ear. The poor paralyzed mother on her bed of trial, looked over at her baby, and the first smile we had ever seen on her wan face, came to it then.

It was a sight to make angels smile, and mortals weep. How little did that poor lame girl dream of the work for Christ, which she was then doing! A double work—bringing comfort and quiet to both child and mother, and preaching in most effective, albeit in silent, eloquence, from the text which fell so lovingly from the lips of our Divine Master, "She hath done *what she could*." We shall never forget that scene; the ward full of white-curtained beds, on which lay the sick and weary; the daylight fading and the shadows creeping in everywhere, lightened for a moment by the sunset, which streamed in direct rays, and gilded all the gloom, where the child and baby sat and sang.

Just across, the pale mother lay with

gratitude fixed on every lineament, as she watched the scene. We were all silent while the light kept fading, and we are certain that many prayers went up to heaven from that place, which we all felt to be blessed. As the darkness deepened and the gas was lighted, the spell was broken, but in the heart of one was kindled a fire, which by God's help, will never cease to burn.

Our friend, on leaving, kissed the baby, and we saw a tear drop on her little face, but it was a tear which held in its crystal heart, a pledge of fidelity to that work which has had from the beginning the blessing of heaven. She will give of her time and means hereafter, to help the Hospital. She *pledged herself to this*. As we joined her husband in the hall, we found him enthusiastic over the perfect working of all the domestic machinery. He had been through the house, from cellar to attic, and we never saw a man more surprised. He had no conception that here in Rochester was such a splendid combination for the care of the sick. In talking with him some days after, we found his enthusiasm in no degree abated, but on the contrary it seemed more ardent than at first, and he said earnestly and with honest intention of fulfilling his word, that he would do all he could from this time on, as the Lord should prosper him, to help the Hospital.

No doubt this is but one of the many cases, where men and women who are Christians, and who do much for Christ, have never yet entered the door of our Hospital. It is not from indifference, but simply because nothing has happened to take them there, just as in our own case, we have never been at the House of Refuge, &c.

But a Hospital is unlike any other charity. Here, the very ones of whom our Saviour spoke often and lovingly, are gathered: the sick and the poor. We wish every one would go just once, for we know



they would go again. True, not the poor alone are there. There are private wards, fitted up with all possible comfort and elegance, where any one can go, and for a very reasonable sum, have the perfection of care and nursing. We have often heard one of our oldest and best physicians say, that in case of severe and dangerous illness, he should prefer going there for cure, although he was sure of having in his own home, all that private skill could give.

But there can never be in any private house the regularity and safety in taking care of the sick, which is *always* manifested here.

No emergency can arise (humanly speaking) for which all needed help is not on hand at once. In going from ward to ward and witnessing the varied forms of suffering, we have been impressed with this one thought, more than any other, that for the dangerous and sudden and unexpected emergencies, which must be constantly occurring, there is always prompt and reliable aid. We are not complaining of our citizens that they have not interest here, for they show it in every way. And we know that throughout the entire community it is loved and cherished almost above any other charity, unless it be the Orphan Asylum, (and we never have a fear for that, for the Lord has given His promise, that He will always care for the orphans.) But we want every one to visit the Hospital and see for themselves what a *home* it gives to the needy sick.

There was a time, when we ourselves knew but little of its workings, and now that we are here often, and are familiar with all its details, and know nearly all the family, sick and well—we feel sorry that there was a time when we knew less, and we wish every one to know how much of this work is a pure “labor of love” from the generous gifts which maintain it—gifts not only in money, but in little deeds—in prayers—in encouragements, in a thousand

ways—which cheer and encourage all who labor there, from the generous and faithful physicians who labor daily from year to year, to the weakest servant whose fealty has the same motive, and to whose work is promised the same reward.

L. R. B.

For the Hospital Review.

### The Poor Old Man.

We doubt if there be a city in the State where the Poor are so carefully looked after, and so judiciously and liberally provided for, as in Rochester. With two splendid Hospitals, an elegant and spacious County Asylum, the Home for the Friendless, and the Church Home, and several other institutions of like character, the necessity of every class, from the street pauper to the genteel indigent—the sick, the halt and the blind—are provided for. But there is another class that scarcely comes under either of the above heads: the *aged and infirm*. A visit to the wards of the City Hospital, will furnish a partial answer to any desire for information on this subject. A visitor to Ward “C,” will find a large airy, pleasant room, kept as neat, clean and orderly as a Connecticut housekeeper’s “square room,” and occupied by a dozen or more patients, on most of whose heads the frost of age has set a silvery crown. An examination of “cards” will explain the fact that the class mentioned has not been ignored, as the following list will show :

Name.	Age.	Name.	Age.
Wm. Stafford,	86,	L. Blackman,	64
Peter Ward,	81,	Wm. Winsor,	64
H. Hall,	75,	A. Mathews,	58
John O'Grady,	75,	O. Doyle,	57
E. B. Wheeler,	73,	S. Lockwood,	53
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total for 5,	390	Total for 5,	296

These, with one exception, that of Wm. Winsor, the competent and faithful ward master, are the recipients of the City's bounty, and the benevolence of the friends

and supporters of this splendid monument of their liberality.

Old, indigent and helpless, here they are provided with a home and all the comforts necessary, to their closing days; and no one with the least spark of sympathy in his nature can look upon this scene and not feel proud if they have an interest in this noble charity.

It is not to be understood that this ward contains all the aged in the Hospital. There are, in the several wards, nearly one hundred patients, male and female and this is but a sample; and neither should it be inferred that old age is the only cause of their resting here. Poverty may, and no doubt does, have a pressure, but in most instances the battle of life has not been fought without leaving its ills, its scars and wounds to be ministered to and healed by the efficient corps of surgeons and physicians ever ready at their call.

A RECIPIENT.

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan 4th, 1873  
 Infant of Catharine Callon, aged 5 months.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 10th, 1873,  
 Lena Benson, aged 19 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 6th, 1872,  
 Mrs. Anna Doyle, aged 70 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 17, 1873,  
 Mrs. Caroline Emminger, aged 30 years.

**Donations.**

- Messrs. A. F. & G. P. Wolcott—\$10 cash.
- Mrs. J. W. Bissell—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mr. Lorenzo Ely—Fifteen bush. Potatoes.
- Mrs. Edward Ray—Harpers' Weeklies.
- Mrs. N. T. Rochester—People's Magazines.
- Schroth Brothers, Butchers—\$25 cash.
- Mrs. N. W. Benedict—Commode for Baptist Church Room.
- Mrs. Geo. D. Lord—Books and Magazines.
- Mrs. T. A. Newton—Raspberry Vinegar, Pickles, &c.

**Superintendent's Report.**

1873. Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	74
Received during month, . . . . .	42—116
Discharged, . . . . .	25
Died, . . . . .	4—29
Remaining Feb. 1st, 1873,	87

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- Mrs. Henry Cox, Scottsville, 50 cents; Mrs. Renouf, 50 cents; Mr. W. G. Baker, 62 cents; Henry F. Stowell, 60 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Zeeveld, 50 cents; Willie H. Tholens, Syracuse, 50 cents—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews . . . . . \$ 3 22
- Mrs. Charles Strowbridge, Penn Yan—By Mrs. Oscar Craig . . . . . 50
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**Notice.**

The Publishing Committee of the "Review," are desirous of securing the services of some person to collect arrearages, and procure subscribers for the paper, for which service they will give a suitable remuneration.

Any person, either lady or gentleman, who is willing to undertake this work, will please apply immediately to Mrs. D. B. BEACH, 145 Alexander Street.

**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 ELIJA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "
- Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

### Our Exchanges.

American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.  
Home Messenger, Detroit, Michigan.  
Our Record, Buffalo, N. Y.  
The Helping Hand, N. Y.  
The Sheltering Arms, New York.  
The Orphan's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.  
The Parish Guide, Erie, Penn.  
Industrial School Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.  
Journal of the Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
The Church Record, Hudson, Mich.  
The Parish Register, Adrian, Mich.  
Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.  
The Young American, Searshoro, Iowa.  
The Parish Guide, West Haven, Conn.  
American Newspaper Reporter, New York.  
Newark Manufacturer's Gazette, Newark, N. J.  
Leisure Moments, Adams Basin, N. Y.  
New York Observer, New York.  
The Northwestern Union, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Wine Dealer's Gazette, San Francisco, Cal.  
American Farmer's Advocate, Jackson, Tenn.  
The Beacon, Hulmeville, Penn.  
The Brooklyn Society Magazine, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
The Bugle, Stanton, Neb.  
Lady Elgin, Elgin, Ill.  
Aurora Borealis, Red Hook, N. Y.  
We shall be pleased to add to this List.

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### Children's Department.

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#### The Little Boy with a Black Jacket.

"Come, Bennie," called sister Susie, "breakfast is ready."

Bennie looked up from the garden bed of radishes he was weeding, and wondered if any other boy had such a nice, pretty sister, and thought "how glad he was that the scarlet runner beans he had planted under the window had run up and all around it; they made the window so much nicer for Susie to look out of when she called him to breakfast."

Then he went and washed his hands at the pump, and took his seat at the table, where his mother, Susie and little Pet were already sitting.

"We is got eggs cos for your burfday," lisped little Pet, when grace was said.

"Yes, and something else, too, I should think," said Bennie, as Susie handed him a big package tied up in a newspaper. "Oh my! Hurrah! three cheers for mother and sister Sue and George Washington, and everybody! I've got a new black 'acket with brass buttons and a blue necktie? Ain't it jolly?"

"Susie made it," said mother, "and it

isn't new, my son, for she made it of a coat of your father's."

"Never mind, its jolly as can be; and I wish father was here to see it. He'll be home to-day, won't he mother!"

"I hope so, Bennie."

"That's good. I'll try and have the weeding all done before he comes."

So they chatted till breakfast was over, and Bennie went to finish the weeding. "How nice the garden looks," he said to himself. "But then it's so little. I know I could do weeding in a bigger garden; I wish father could buy the next lot of Mr. Wilson, and raise things to sell. Maybe Mother and Susie wouldn't have to sew so much, and father wouldn't have to stay over the river working."

Bennie worked away an hour longer before the work was all finished. He sat down on a hoe handle to think for a while, and then climbed to the top of the gate post to finish thinking. Bennie had a plan in his head. He made up his mind that the plan could not stay in his head, it must come out; so he scrambled down from his perch and ran into the house for permission to visit Ned Allen.

"Certainly, Bennie, you may go, but come home in time for dinner."

As Bennie went down the garden walk, Pet called after him, "Good bye, Bennie, oo is the boy wid a black jacket."

"Good bye, Pet," and with a merry whistle the boy with a black jacket danced out of sight, and he danced on through the sunshiny pathway, springing over the gates instead of opening them, till he came to Ned Allen's house.

This was Ned's home, surely, but Ned was not at home; he had gone to pick gooseberries for Mr. Wilson.

Bennie could hardly wait to bid Mrs. Allen "good morning;" "this was splendid; he would go to see Ned at Mr. Wilson himself; it was jolly!"

I don't really think it was quite ten minutes after, when the little boy in the black jacket made his appearance in Mr. Wilson's beautiful garden, and yet when he had reached it, and it was too late to go back, he began to feel weak in the knees, and something in his throat seemed to choke him till Ned's familiar voice called from behind the gooseberry bushes.

"Hollo Ben, what's the matter. My stars! how smart you look; got a bran new jacket, I declare!"

"Is that you, Ned? Yes, I think this is a—well, Ned, I think this jacket is bunkum; and only think, sister Susie made it of one of father's old coats."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Ned, holding his sides. "O my! I didn't think you were such a goose, Ben; what made you tell what the dud was made of? Nobody would have thought if—"

"Ned," said Bennie solemnly, "did you mean my jacket by a dud?" "I wouldn't have believed it, Ned. Don't you know I would rather have something my father has worn, if its all worn out, than anything else!"

"Well, well, old fellow," said Ned, "I didn't mean anything; where now?" for Bennie had turned around.

"I'll be back pretty soon," said Bennie starting up the gravel walk to the elegant house belonging to the great Mr. Wilson.

But somehow the words he had ready to say seemed slipping away from him very fast, and he took a turn up and down by the roses to try to bring them back to mind, but they wouldn't be brought, and when quite suddenly a servant from the house appeared, he lost them altogether.

"You're to come into the house right off," said the man, who wore a white cap and apron, and looked very funny indeed.

Bennie was terribly frightened. He was afraid he had done wrong in coming into the garden; but the servant took him by the shoulder and hurried in without any more words, straight into the grand house which Bennie had always thought the most wonderful place in the world; straight on through the hall with its marble floor, and into a room where sat a white haired old gentleman in a red leather chair, and this white haired old gentleman was Mr. Wilson himself.

"Mind," he said to the servant, "I wanted the little boy in the black jacket, not the gooseberry boy. Ah, this is the one; now you can go."

The servant went out in a great hurry, though he wanted to hear very much what his master wanted with the little boy in the black jacket, and I wouldn't be sure but he listened at the key hole.

"Well, my boy," said the old gentleman, so kindly that it called back Bennie's scattered wits, "what were you doing in my garden?"

Away went the wits and back came the fright, so it was no wonder that Mr. Wil-

son had some trouble in understanding Bennie when he said:

"Please sir, Ned's gooseberry. said he was picking mother's in your garden, and I came because I thought she would be willing, and the jacket had sewed—Susie for my birthday."

Mr. Wilson looked rather astonished at this, and called "Florence, come here, my dear; this little fellow is afraid I am going to eat him, I think."

At this, a pretty little girl about Bennie's own age, came into the room, saying with a merry laugh: "Don't be afraid o' grandpa, he never scolds anybody. Now sit down and tell him all he wants to know."

Bennie sat down on the soft velvet sofa, and Florence sat down beside him. She looked so pretty in her white dress that she quite charmed Bennie's fright away.

"Now, what is your name, my boy?" said Mr. Wilson in the same pleasant voice; "or are we to call you the little boy in the black jacket?"

"No, sir, if you please, my name is Bennie Blossom."

"And you came here to see my gooseberry boy?"

"N—no sir," said Bennie in great confusion, "I came to see you."

"To see me? Well! well! what did you want with me?"

Bennie never knew how he told his story, but he finally made it plain that he "wanted work because they were so poor, and his father had to go away across the river to work piling stones, and he did not earn much money, and—and oh, Mr. Wilson, if you only knew how much I want to help because my mother and Susie have to work all the time, and there's all I can say about it."

"Well, well, my boy, we'll see. My gardener went away this morning, and if you send your father here to day or tomorrow, we'll see what will happen."

Bennie had no words to thank Mr. Wilson with. He followed Florence out of the room, and asked her to please thank her grandpa for him; then he ran all the way home with his wonderful story, and his father being sent for at once, was engaged next day as Mr. Wilson's gardener.

It was not till this was settled that Mrs. Blossom remembered a question that had been in mind,—

"Bennie," she said, "why did the kind gentleman send for you that day?"

"I don't know, I am sure, mother, I had forgotten all about it."

"I know the reason," said Mr. Blossom, much delighted. "He told me that he was in the garden and heard what you were saying about your new black jacket made out of my old coat, and he thought he would like to employ the man who was so dear to his son. Bless my precious child!"

"No, no, bless Susie, father; she made it for me, or I should not have been 'The Little Boy in the Black Jacket.'"

COUSIN MILLY.

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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. IX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1873.

No. 8

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. W. M. H. PERKINS,  
 " N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
 By Mail, " " ..... 50

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," No. 10 South Washington Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. D. B. Beach, 145 Alexander Street.

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

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For the Hospital Review.

### Dead Flowers.

O, thou passion of color, aflame  
 With the full bliss of being, say why  
 Must thou bloom from the shadows of pain  
 That all our red sweets underlie?

O, my marvel of lilies, say why  
 Can thy purity only be made  
 From the union of earth and of sky,  
 The embrace of the sun and the shade?

All athrill with the laughter of light,  
 Athrob with the beat of a cry,  
 O, thou child of the night,  
 Thou spirit of beauty, say why?

There's a glory that goes but to stay,  
 A beauty that never has fled;  
 There's a night that is brighter day  
 O, my flowers, did I say you were dead?

There's a life that is dead in its living,  
 There's a death that liveth for aye;  
 There's a frail seed that dies into being  
 And a blossom that bloometh alway.  
 MYTH.

### American Hospitalities.

Most of us, having arrived at years of house-keeping or discretion, hate visiting, and dread visitors. Yet are we not therefore misanthropists. Rather, we love our kind, and our favorite reading is doubtless biography, table-talk, and the personal column in the newspapers. But visitors and visiting commonly imply a temporary sequestration of old garments, and of the ample wardrobe of these investitures which every man hath, none fit so comfortably and are so sorrowfully banished as old habits. If, therefore, Wednesday's corned-beef and cabbage must be suppressed, as not fit for company; if Thursday's beef-steak and onions, and Friday's humble fish-ball must be translated into unfamiliar birds and beasts which Bridget, illy cooks and queerly serves; if the dear house-mother must move on restless feet from dawn to dark, lest some imperceptible pin should drop from the household machinery; if all things must be a little finer than their wont and their capacity, it is not strange that the ordinary householder shrinks from the perturbations which, as host, he undergoes in his own house, or, as guest, introduces to another.

Pity 'tis, however, that we are not more social, because, in the long run, men and women are a more interesting and a more valuable study than books, and no subtlest discovery of science nor progress of invention has yet found in the world anything

better than human affection. Each of us is the poorer by every lofty friendship that he neglects to take from opportunity. Women, especially, whose cares are pettier and far more absorbing than men's, need the illumination of fresh ideas, witty talk, and friendly propinquity. Yet it is chiefly they who hinder this pleasure, and in whose hands it rests to make visiting the most brilliant and enticing of occupations. First, however, the whole theory of hospitality needs revision. It was very well for Hebrew gentlemen to kill the fatted calf in honor of their guest. It involved little trouble and no expense, and if one had an appetite for warm veal, nothing could be more agreeable to all concerned—except the calf. But we follow the precedent by spending half our substance at the butcher's stall for the festive joint, and half the remaining moiety in cooking and serving it, trembling, meanwhile, lest the stranger that is within our gates be not satisfied with our bounty. Than this painful feasting, better to leave the fatted calf afield, and to dine on a cracker and careless cheerfulness.

The whole trouble is, that the hostess arranges her household not as it shall best forward the business of life, but as it shall make the most effective spectacle. She orders affairs not as she prefers, but as she fancies that her guest expects. It is a specious misapplication of the golden rule. After Africus and Galba, it is really quite impossible to be distinguished as private caterers. After Crassus and Lucullus, no table-service can be remarkable. After Paulina, making her morning calls in two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, the richest toilet seems to fall a little short of its high possibilities. And after Helio-gabalus, there is certainly very feeble incentive to the pursuit of distinction in furniture. We might wisely, therefore, abandon the striving after these goods, strengthened in that renunciation by the recollection that the only people who were pre-eminent in their possession, sacrificed everything else to get them. After all, freedom and self-culture are the costliest objects ever offered to the acquisition of man, and if he takes them he must be content to forego much else.

We confess that we have more than once fancied that we saw the soul of good in that thing evil—the modern servant. We have never found fault with her insta-

bility. Master and mistress spend their days and nights in the effort to "better themselves," to get more money for the same work, or more distinguished society for the same social servitude. Bridget and Dinah are of the same blood, as we remember on Sundays and forget through the week, and afar off, they follow us. But this very frugality, and thriftlessness, and want of ductility, are possibly the limit that heaven sets to our dishonest house-keeping. We would like to have it supposed that we were born to the purple, and should not be in the least discomposed on being bidden to dine at Chatsworth, having the elegance, though not the vastness of Chatsworth under our own roof. And in comes blundering, candid Bridget, with a wrecked ambition in shape of an *omelette soufflé*, and unwittingly reveals to the visitor that we never had one before. It is our deep hope, as it is our conviction, that these rough-shod ministers of truth and simplicity will never cease to plague us with the pictorial exhibition of our small sins against those divinities until every household in the land is willing to lead a life no more showy than it can easily afford, and to attempt no difficult and unfamiliar pretences to impress visitors. So shall we gain profit by losing of our prayers.

The air is full of rumors of public and private corruption and disgraceful getting and keeping of gold. We must purify our legislation, it is said. We must winnow our civil service. We must insist on virtue in high places. But reform must begin far back—at the firesides. By example our boys and girls must learn that money is not the supreme good of life. They must grow up in homes so simply and finely ordered, that, not furniture, and not viands, but the quality of master and mistress, draws many noble guests thereto, contact with whom is the children's best education. "The ornament of a home is the friends who frequent it." And as we learn simplicity, we shall have love and leisure for the highest friendships. It is this home life, and only this, cheap, possible to all, the source of robust manhood and sincere culture, that will keep the Republic sweet. Without it, though we pile up our millions, and double our territory, and open our gates to all nations, we shall bring up, at last, whether we seem to be tending, in a general alms-house for souls.

[The Christian Union.

## Endurance.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break;  
 How much the flesh may suffer and not die;  
 How question much if any pain or ache,  
 How soul or body brings our end more nigh,  
 How each chooses his own time; till that is worn,  
 All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife—  
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,  
 Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;  
 But to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,  
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,  
 This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising on our way,  
 And try to flee from the approaching ill,  
 We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—  
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,  
 Of that the pain is of its sharpness shorn—  
 But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—  
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own—  
 And soon it faints and falls in deadly strife,  
 Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone,  
 Ah! we do not die with those we mourn—  
 This also can be borne.

Behold we live through all things—famine, thirst,  
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,  
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
 On soul and body—but we cannot die,  
 Though we be sick, and tired and faint and worn,  
 Lo! all things can be borne.

## Luxury is Not Charity.

Paying our pew rents is not in any sense a matter of Christian benevolence. Our pews are contrivances for our personal comfort, and our pastors are selected for their education. If we must have beautiful architecture, luxurious cushions, frescoed walls, costly organs, and scientific musicians, we must pay for them as for other luxuries; and we should try to do it ungrudgingly, and yet at the same time without supposing that a high pew rent may be subtracted from our allowance for charities.

The salaries of pastor and sexton, and the cost of Sunday schools, music, gas, fuel, etc., are *our own private expenses*; as such so as stopping leaks in our roofs at home, repairing our own broken windows, and paying our own house rent. I cannot

point you to any blessings specifically promised for doing these particular things. In the days of Peter and Paul church mortgages as well as gas, organs, and Sunday school libraries were unknown, and anthracite furnaces were not required in Palestine; but nevertheless, I am sure, from general gospel principles, that blessings always follow duties performed, and I can easily find a denunciation if we neglect them. "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is an infidel." I take it to be strictly true that paying our due share of the necessary expenses of our place of worship is a most important way of providing for our own house.  
 [Protestant Churchman.]

## A Pleasant Anecdote.

Rev. Thomas Alexander, of the Presbyterian Church in Chelsea, recently died of apoplexy. A London correspondent of the *Presbyterian* vouches for the truth of the following anecdote:

This winter Mr. Alexander observed a curate frequently passing his window in the cold mornings without a great coat, cold and uncomfortable, with that look of genteel penury which too often attaches to the poorly-paid curates of the English Church. He went out to his tailor: "Can you make a coat without seeing the man who is to wear it?"

That was doubtful.

"Can you make the coat if you see the man, without measuring him?"

The tailor thought he might.

"Then be ready when I call for you."

The next day, accordingly, when the curate was seen approaching, Mr. Alexander hurried out to the tailor, and the two walked for some distance behind the unsuspecting man.

"Now take a good look; make sure of your measure. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Mr. Alexander, "make that poor fellow a coat of good cloth at once. Ascertain his home and send it to him; but mind you, if you give him the slightest inkling that I sent it, you shall never do me another stitch."

So the two parted. Mr. Alexander lived to see the curate often go by his house with the great coat on, an excellent fit, and well buttoned up in welcome warmth.

After.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;  
After the snow, the emerald leaves;  
Silver stars when the day is done;  
After the harvest golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;  
After the tempest, the lull of waves;  
Quiet woods when the winds go by;  
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;  
After the bud, the radiant rose;  
Joyful greetings, from sad farewells;  
After our weeping sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;  
After the flight, the downy nest;  
After the furrow, the waking seed;  
After the shadowy river—rest!

—Round Table.

True Politeness.

A poor Arab, going through the desert, met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet spring in the wilderness seemed, to his simple mind, a present to offer the caliph. So he filled his leather bottle, and after a weary tramp, laid his humble gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with the magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, and filled it, drank freely; and with a smile, thanked the Arab, and presented him with a reward. The courties pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water, which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple hearted giver left the royal presence with a new spring of joy swelling up in his heart, the monarch explained the motive of his prohibition: "During this last journey the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such, I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore, it was for that I forbade you to partake lest the poor man should have been wounded."

He who has no mind to trade with the Devil, should be so wise as to keep away from his shop.—South.

House Plants in Winter.

MR. JAMES VICK says:

"Few plants can endure the high temperature and dry atmosphere of most of our living rooms. The temperature should not be allowed to go above sixty-five the day time, and not above forty in the night. As much air and light as possible should be given, while the leaves should be sprinkled every morning. A spare room or parlor, or extra bedroom is better for plants than a living-room. A bay window connected with a warm room, especially facing the south or east, makes an excellent place for keeping plants in winter. It should have glass doors on the inside which can be closed a part of the time especially when sweeping and dusting. The main thing in keeping house-plants in health is to secure an even temperature, moist atmosphere, and freedom from dust. Sprinkle the leaves occasionally, and when they need water use it freely. If the green fly or aphid appear, wash with soap and water frequently, and occasionally with a little tobacco water or a decoction of quassia chips. If the red spider comes, it shows the plants are in too dry an atmosphere. Burn a little sulphur under the plants, the fumes of which will kill the spider, and afterwards keep the stems and leaves well moistened. Occasionally, but not often, worms appear in the pots. This can be avoided in a great measure by careful potting. A little weak lime-water is sometimes of benefit in such cases, also five drops of liquid ammonia to a gallon of water; though perhaps the better way is to repot, removing the earth carefully, so as not to injure the growth of the plant."

One of the saints asked a monk to teach him a psalm. He began with this; I said I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue." Having learned the first verse, he asked to have it explained and having heard the explanation, said he would not learn any more until he had done what his verse commanded, and would afterwards learn the rest. He did not return for several years, and the monk meeting him, asked why he did not learn the rest of the psalm; he replied, he had not yet done what was contained in the first.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1873.

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### Old Cotton.

Because it seems of so little value, ladies forget how much we prize it.—There are doubtless numberless rolls of it in this city, and if these rolls could only find their way to the Hospital, they would do vast amount of good. It is one of the things we feel bold in asking for because all that is required, is to call the attention of the ladies, who never tire in giving, to this need.

We are sure that this hint will be readily taken, and that immediately search will be made in trunks and bags, for this much desired article.

“We would not wish to dictate, Oh, Lord, but simply advise,” was the astonishing commencement of a prayer made by a good brother. We can with truth say the same, adding, we merely suggest that while our friends are looking for old cotton, will they kindly include pickles in their search—either in brine or vinegar? To invalids, who are compelled to lie in bed for weary months, a pickle is most appetizing. We are sure that, somewhere, we have read that vinegar more nearly resembles gastric juice than any other substance. Pickles, as we have said, are appetizing; and, we will add, canned fruits are refreshing. So cool to the taste, so summer-like to the imagination. Now that the raw March days have come, bringing with them the dreariness of winter, without its bracing qualities, anything that can make June days seem real, will be a blessing—canned strawberries, for instance.

Giving, like “Mercy, is twice blessed.” We would not limit our friends in their generosity, to strawberries. Oh no; any kind of canned fruits or canned vegetables,

as tomatoes or sweet-corn or lima beans—all are gratefully received. Dried fruit is very acceptable; cherries, plums, peaches, currants especially; and berries. Every good housekeeper has, we know, a large store of these delightful fruits, which they cannot possibly dispose of—at least we hope they can’t—except they give some of them away.

Why, in less than one hundred days, we shall be eating fresh strawberries, and if then we remember that we denied ourselves a little for the sake of sending to the sick and suffering, surely our summer fruits will have an added flavor.

We trust that this appeal will not remind any of our readers of the beggar’s comprehensive petition: “Please, ma’m, will you give me a glass of water, for I’m so hungry that I don’t know where I shall stay to-night.”

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### Visit to the Hospital.

We visited the Hospital to-day, and it was so clean and bright, with the warm sunshine streaming in through the wards, that it seemed like a large home. Sometimes we come away feeling exhausted and depressed, so much sickness, so much pain to bear, and in many cases so much hard trouble do we see, that our hearts ache for the suffering patients. But to-day it was all so cheery and cheerful, that we felt we had been out visiting.

Since our last visit an old lady had been brought in with a broken leg and a dislocated hip; but the other two who are suffering from the same trouble are much better, and can turn themselves a little in their beds; for six weeks they have been obliged to keep in one position. The young widow who two weeks ago was suffering with erysipelas in her foot, and with rheumatism in her hands, we found so much better, that in reply to our “How do you get on?” said, “Oh, I’m better, I’m as strong as a lion, I’ll soon be out.”



The poor sufferer in the bed beyond could, not give us a "good morning."

We found the babies well, one of them certainly has splendid lungs, for long before we reached him, we heard his voice lifted up in a loud wail, protesting against his bath. Poor little speck of humanity, he had to submit to inexorable fate. But why did he scowl at us? we were not washing him; but he certainly held us responsible for the outrage.

Dr. — was just as cheerful as ever—"Don't you get dreadfully depressed?" we asked: "Oh yes, I do sometimes, but then I scold myself, and feel better. The fact is we make half our troubles." Such a temperament would "make sunshine in a shady place." We met Mr.— in the hall carrying in his hand a jar of canned fruit. Some good friend had remembered him. He suffers terribly from dyspepsia, but bye-and-bye, when he can live out under the trees, he will be better.

Up another flight, and we met dear Mrs. —, bright as the morning itself; but her face changed when we asked how her husband was. He was feeling much worse than usual, and he has been ill so long. Sunny little Mrs. —, who takes her aches and pains in such a smiling way, was better. She does not talk of her burdens but cheerily chats of the progress she is making, and of her good fortune in the way of loving friends and kind care.

Yes, to-day we left the Hospital, feeling neither tired or depressed; also feeling quite sure that it would be well for us to go visiting again.

"Blessed," says Sancho Panza, "be the man who invented sleep." We cannot say blessed be the man who invented Hospitals, for they are not of man's invention, but the direct outgrowth of the Christian religion. It was not until the Christian era, that they were known. At first, they were not exclusively for the benefit of the sick, but places of refuge for all persons in distress; in time they grew to be of their

present character; and now, wherever religion of Christ is established, we find also homes where the sick are taken care of.

### Just a Word.

Have we not had nearly enough of this kind of reading, and has not the following the merit of change?

"A TWO-MINUTES' SERMON TO YOU LADIES.—Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditch, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty go home with an appetite acquired, healthy enjoyment. The beautiful blooming young lady—rosy cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk cows, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, screwed up, waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-moragaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strips and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.—[*San Francisco News Letter*]

A TWO-MINUTES' SERMON TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—Worn victims of billiard and card rooms, who vegetate during the day in the close air of banks and stores. Why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your

steps, and vigor to your frames? Don't run up hills on a wager, and down again for fun; or roam the fields, or climb the fences, or wade the brooks, but keep your strength, so that you may rise with the sun or before it. Clean the horses, milk the cows, feed the pigs, get in the coal, saw and split the wood, command a regiment of rakes, hoes and pitchforks, and be a gentleman when required. Don't let your sister "roam" the barn-yard with—let us express it delicately—pails of food for the pigs. Feed them yourself, make the kitchen fire, fill the tea-kettle, then call your sister to get the breakfast.

I don't advise you to try your skill in cooking. A very agreeable gentleman and a good lawyer too, says, that if he wants an excellent cup of coffee, or a beefsteak cooked in a superior manner, *he* makes the coffee and cooks the beefsteak. Perhaps he is successful, we don't know, as we have never been asked to partake of the fruits of his skill—and we trust we never shall be, for once when Bacchus led the cook away, and led her so far that she did not return for twenty-four hours—the Patriarch of the house embraced the opportunity to illustrate his theories concerning "Hash." We have little to say about that dish, but if a few spoonful of minced meat floating in a boundless sea of melted butter and hot vinegar constitute suitable food for the human stomach, we have yet to learn the fact. Don't be weak if the storm is a north-wester and dinner time has come, face the weather and walk home, let the street cars pass. If dinner should be somewhat late, don't dawdle, pound the clothes, iron the towels and socks, do the duty that lies nearest you. Where there are cows to milk, churning must be done. Why, you can churn, tie on a big apron and pump the dasher up and down; it is a good exercise and teaches patience.

The truth is, my dear boys, you want bigger hearts and smaller shoulder pads, larger boots and less extravagance, fewer cigars

and more newspapers, more cultivation of mind and less of mustache.

The big-hearted, healthy, cheerful, genial generous, manly man is the kind of man that women trust.

### Editorial Notices.

It is well to have a Barmecide feast sometimes, if it is impossible to get a real one. On this principle we often go to Sunderlin & McAllister's ostensibly to regulate our watch, but in reality to look at all the lovely things there displayed. Except New York city, it is doubtful if any city in the State has one house that contains such a variety of beautiful goods. As for the proprietors, everybody knows how inexhaustible their patience and politeness are, and what reasonable prices they ask.

"The maddest, merriest days of all the new year," are coming—those days when all but the "mistress" are maddest. We refer to house-cleaning time, when old carpets are looked over, and the best of them selected for back chambers; old furniture sent to the auction rooms; and when, with smiling faces, the heads of the house set out to "prospect" for new supplies. In this connection we would call attention to our advertisement of Hunn, Smith & Spencer. Everything that a reasonable being can desire in their line, will be found at their warerooms, combined with reasonable prices and polite attention.

The fairest lady in the land cannot sometimes help worrying about the way to "do" her hair. Those who go to Mrs. Wilbur Griffin escape trouble of this kind, keep their serenity, and are satisfied with their appearance; for she knows just what is becoming, and also what is the fashion. Mrs. Wilbur Griffin has a wonderful amount of patience, and takes time to explain to the most inexperienced what is needed to improve the hair, and how it should be put up.

We have just finished "Ralph Possession." It is a thousand dollar prize story, suitable for Sunday Schools, as it is religious in its teachings. It is the story of a lovely worldly character, becoming a lovely Christian character. It is a marked fault of the book that so much of it is italicised. For sale at Darrow's.

The noblest book that we have read in a long time, is "California for Health, Pleasure and Residence." A book for travelers and settlers. By Charles Nordhoff. The fine, Christian, manly spirit that is shown in almost every line of this excellent book adds to its charm. The description of scenery are delightful; and a great deal of information concerning the country, is new to most of us. To invalids the work is almost invaluable, as a detailed account is given of the different places resorted to by this class. We have room for only one extract, but wish we could give a dozen. In allusion to Los Angeles, he says, "twenty-one different kinds of flowers were blooming in a friend's garden in the town this January day; among them, the tuberosa, the jessamine, and the fragrant stock or gillyflower, which has here a woody stock, often four inches in diameter, and is of course a perennial. The heliotrope is trained over the piazzas to the height of twenty feet; the vegetable gardens are as green as with us in June; and men and boys are gathering the orange crop." For sale at Dewey's.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

We invite attention to our list of new advertisements, viz:

- Osgood & Farley—Paints, Glass and Oils.
- Hunn, Smith & Spencer—Furniture, &c.
- Mrs. Wilbur Griffin—Fancy Hair Work.
- Sunderlin & McAllister—Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry.
- D. M. Dewey—Newspapers, Periodicals, &c.
- E. Darrow—Books, Periodicals, &c.
- Geo. L. Stratton & Co—Blank Books, Stationery, &c.
- Newell & Turpin—Looking Glasses, Picture Frames &c.
- S. B. Roby & Co—Saddlery, Coach Hardware, &c.
- A. R. & T. H. Pritchard—Trunks and Traveling Bags.
- Wisner & Palmer—China, Crockery, Glass & Plated Ware.
- Wilcox & Gibbs—Sewing Machines.
- Anthony Brothers—Aerated Bread and Crackers.

**Officers of Rochester City Hospital for 1873.**

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| Maj. GEORGE BRECK, Superintendent, |                  |
| Miss FRANCES E. HIBBARD, Matron.   |                  |

**Superintendent's Report.**

1873. Feb. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	87
Received during month, ..	43—130
Discharged, .....	38
Died, .....	1—39
Remaining Mar. 1st, 1873, ..	
91	

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 28, 1873,  
Catharine Ryan, aged 33 years.

**Subscriptions to the Review.**

- H. F. Atkinson, \$1.25, General Powers, 62 cents; M. D. Rowley, 62 cents; A. N. Whiting, \$1.25; John Williams, 62 cents; O. H. Stevens, 62 cents; Mrs. Cutler, 65 cents; A. J. Warner, 62 cts.; J. S. Garlock, 62 cents; Mrs. G. P. McLean, \$1.25; W. J. McPherson, 62c.; O. L. Sheldon, 62 cents; O. G. Burleigh, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. Munger, 62 cents; Mr. M. Munger, 62 cents; Mrs. Abbie Hunn, 62 cts.; Mrs Thomas, 62 cents; Geo. S. Riley, 62 cents; Miss E. S. Vanderbeck 62 cents; C. E. Dunohue, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, \$1.25; Mrs. W. M. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. R. A. Sibley, \$1.25; Frank Van Dorn, 62 cts.; B. R. Clark, 62 c.; Cash, 22 cts.; Advertisement, Osgood & Farley, \$5—By Miss Munger..... 23 90
- Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva—By Miss Minnie Montgomery..... 50
- Mrs. Mumford—By Miss Ella Spencer, Niagara Falls..... 50
- Mrs. R. Gorsline, 62 cents; Mrs. S. G. Beach, 62 cents; Mrs. Rob't Johnston, \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, \$2.00; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, \$1.25; Mrs. Susan B. Prentis, Norwich, 50 cents; Miss M. Teasdale, Mineral Point, Wis., \$1.00—By Mrs. Beach..... 6 99
- Mrs. O. Sackett, 50 cents; Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, 50 cents; Mrs. M. E. Dow, 50 cents; Orange Sackett, 50 cents—By Orange Sackett, Fowlerville..... 2 00

**Our Exchanges.**

- American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.  
Home Messenger, Detroit, Michigan.  
Our Record, Buffalo, N. Y.  
The Helping Hand, N. Y.  
The Sheltering Arms, New York.  
The Orphan's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.  
The Parish Guide, Erie, Penn.  
Industrial School Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.  
Journal of the Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
The Church Record, Hudson, Mich.  
The Parish Register, Adrian, Mich.  
Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.  
The Young American, Searshoro, Iowa.  
The Parish Guide, West Haven, Conn.  
American Newspaper Reporter, New York.  
Newark Manufacturer's Gazette, Newark, N. J.  
Leisure Moments, Adams Basin, N. Y.  
New York Observer, New York.  
The Northwestern Union, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Wine Dealer's Gazette, San Francisco, Cal.  
American Farmer's Advocate, Jackson, Tenn.  
The Beacon, Hulmeville, Penn.  
The Brooklyn Society Magazine, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
The Bugle, Stanton, Neb.  
Lady Elgin, Elgin, Ill.  
Aurora Borealis, Red Hook, N. Y
- We shall be pleased to add to this List.

**Donations.**

- Mrs. Fuller—One roll Linen,  
Mrs. Geo. Whitney—One large package Linen,  
and Second-hand Clothing.  
Mrs. D. Clark—Delicacies,  
Mrs. Isaac Butts—Magazines,  
Mrs. Dr. Hazelden—One roll Linen, and one  
bottle Raspberry Vinegar.

**Children's Department.**

**Bonfires.**

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

It was a wild, wet evening, the wind blowing a gale, and torrents of rain falling at intervals, dark and dreary everywhere, and especially so up there in the narrow valley among the mountains.

Little Phebe stood at the door looking anxiously out into the gloom, wondering why father did not come, and listening to the rush and roar of the river that came tumbling down the rocky ravine from the hills beyond.

It sounded so loud that Phebe threw on an old shawl and ran down to the bridge to look at it, for she loved to watch the wild stream fret and foam between its prison walls.

Her mother lay asleep after a sick day, and, longing for a breath of fresh air, the child slipped away into the stormy twilight, for she was a hardy little mountaineer, and feared neither wind nor rain.

The house stood alone on the slope of a great hill, with the forest all around it, and no sign of civilization but a small garden patch and the railroad that wound through the valley. A steep foot-path led to a town some miles away, and not a neighbor was in sight.

Phebe's father was a charcoal-burner, and was often away for days together with his men at their camp piling and burning the trees they felled.

Little Phebe led a very lonely but a happy life, with no playmates but the wood creatures round her, no books but earth and sky, no friends but father and mother, and few glimpses of the world beyond the hills.

One of her favorite amusements was to sit on the bank near the bridge that spanned the noisy river and watch the long trains that swept swiftly round the curve, thundered over the little bridge, and vanished in the woods beyond.

All sorts of sights amused and interested the curious child. Sometimes the cars were loaded with stones or lumber, coal or cattle, and she loved to see the great loads rumble by, especially the cattle trains, with sheep bleating plaintively, patient cows peering through the bars, or wild-eyed horses tossing their beautiful heads as they rolled swiftly by.

But the passenger trains were best of all, and gave her glimpses of things that seemed as lovely and strange as any fairy tale. Sometimes pretty children nodded and smiled at her, coming from or going to enjoy happy holidays among the healthful hills. Fine ladies, looking like queens to the country child, amazed and delighted her with passing views of gay hats and wonderful heads of hair. Gentlemen audibly admired the lovely scenery as they passed, and friendly engineers sometimes tossed out a paper for her father, or some odd trifle to please the child so often to be seen peering down with round blue eyes and little freckled face full of interest and delight.

It had rained for several days, and the river had risen higher than Phebe ever remembered seeing it, except during a spring freshet. Now it raged, and roared, and beat against the piers of the bridge as if it longed to tear it down. Fallen trees dashed by, timbers from broken fences, and once a dead sheep swept past, making the child's heart ache with pity for the poor lost thing.

"I wish father would come. It's so stormy and dismal, with mother sick and me all alone," she said to herself, holding fast to a birch as the wind rudely ruffled its green petticoat, and blew Phebe's hair all over her face.

But father was far away, finishing up his week's work, knowing nothing of mother's illness, and little dreaming how bravely his small daughter was to fill his place that night.

As Phebe turned to go in, she was startled by a sound like distant thunder, far up the valley; then, with a wild rush, a great torrent of water came pouring down the ravine, sweeping all before it. Trees snapped, earth caved in, rocks fell, and, with a crash, the little railroad bridge was swept away like a handful of chips.

Terrified half out of her wits, Phebe clung to her tree far up on the green bank, too startled for a moment to think of any thing but the wild sight before her.

"The dam must have broke up by the mill. I hope no one is hurt. We are all safe, but its awful down there," said the child to herself as the first tumult subsided, and she looked down on the ruin it had made.

All of sudden she began to tremble, and clasped her hands together, saying aloud, with a face full of dismay—

"O, the train! the train! The folks won't know about the bridge, and they'll all be killed!"

Sure enough, the late express train would come rushing by at half-past eight, and who was to warn the engineer of the danger?"

"O, if father would *only* come!" cried Phebe, feeling how helpless she was.

But she had not lived all the twelve years of her life in the woods without learning courage, self-reliance, and many helpful things that stood her in good stead now.

There was no time to run to town for help, and no neighbor within two miles, unless the draggle-tailed squirrel scolding in the hemlock might be called one, and he was of no use.

It would not do to wait for father, for he was often late on Saturday night. Mother was threatened with a fever, and the doctor said she must be kept perfectly quiet. Yet something should be done at once, for it was eight o'clock now. The storm had shortened the summer twilight, and it would soon be dark, so it was of no use to stand and wave a red flannel petticoat at the train. The wind would drown her childish voice if she tried to call and warn them. There was no station near, no break, no any thing to stop the doomed train but one lonely little girl.

So many thoughts rushed through her head for a few minutes that she felt quite dizzy, and at first could see no way out of the trouble. Then, as her eyes turned toward the house as if for help, and saw the ruddy shimmer of a fire dancing on the window-panes, a bright idea flashed into her mind, and, clapping her hands, she cried out so suddenly that Bunny gave a skip and dived into his hole.

"A bonfire! a bonfire! I'll make a big one by the road, and they'll see it and stop!"

Away she ran, and finding mother still asleep, got matches, chips and paper in a basket, as many sticks as she could carry,

and the old lantern. Fortunately the train would approach on her side of the river, so, choosing the most sheltered place she could find beside the railroad, Phebe laid her fire as her father had taught her, then lighted it, and screened the little blaze with her hands and dress till it caught the dry wood and flamed up through the deepening dusk.

It took both time and patience, but, as if they knew what charitable work the child was about, the rain ceased to fall, and the wind seemed to try to help her with gentler gusts. At last it blazed up finely, that bonfire, at the foot of the rock, and beside stood Phebe, hot and tired, wet and torn, for she had struggled stoutly with the elements and won the victory in the end.

"It's most time for them to come. They can't help seeing my fire, and I'll shout, and wave my bonnet, and make 'em stop," she said to herself, getting the faded little cape-bonnet all ready to swing briskly.

Just then a new fear came into her head. The train was a fast one, and might come round the curve at a speed that could not be checked in time. She had forgotten that, and had built her fire to near the broken bridge.

"I must make another. O dear, I'm afraid I can't be quick enough!" and, catching up two brands and some chips, she ran off as fast as her tired legs would carry her. Round the curve she went, and there made another fire with infinite trouble. The wind blew the smoke in her face, the brands wouldn't burn, a little shower nearly put it out, and many times did the patient child run to and fro, feeding her fires, watching and waiting, with her little heart full of anxiety and fear.

The train was late, delayed by an accident, and the far-off clocks struck nine before any sign of it appeared. Phebe usually went to bed with the birds, and this seemed like the middle of the night to her, so lonely, dark and wild out there, with only the fire to bear her company. When the wind roared in the pines, and the mad river thundered by, when the sky lowered blacker and blacker, and the lights died out from the village on the hill, little Phebe was afraid and hid her face, longing for father to come as she had never longed before.

She said her prayers, and thought of all

the pleasant things she could recall. She imagined the little children in the cars coming nearer and nearer, and how glad they would be to have her save them from a dreadful fall into the gulf just round the corner. This was such a comfortable thought that she forgot her fears, and, having fed her fires till the red blaze rose clear and strong, she went back to sit on a wet stone, and wait, and watch, and cheer herself with the little songs her mother taught her.

So tired was poor Phebe that her head began to nod, and right in the middle of "Cherries are ripe," she dropped asleep and dreamed that she was a runaway engine.

How long she slept she did not know, but she was just trying to tell her playmate Bunny to clear the track, when a shrill whistle made her spring up wide awake, to hear the rumbling of the approaching train, and to see its red eye gleaming through the darkness.

Stirring up her fire till the sparks rose in a glittering shower, she began to dance up and down in the light, waving her arms, pointing toward the bridge, and shouting with all her might,—

"Stop! stop! stop!"

The other accident had made the engineer cautious; he was not going at full speed, and the fire in that lonely place at once suggested danger. He remembered the bridge, guessed what had happened, and stopped in time, half way between the two bonfires.

Out popped heads from all the windows. Off leaped engineer and conductor, and every one asked wildly, "What's the matter?" "Anything broken?", "Where's the danger?"

Nothing could be seen but two big fires burning splendidly, and one small chubby girl with a pale face, who stood in the midst of the excited crowd, saying in a happy little voice,—

"The bridge got swept away. There was no one but me to tell you in time, so I tried to do it, and I'm so glad! so glad!"

The story flew from mouth to mouth, and Phebe found herself kissed by grateful mothers, hugged by old ladies, patted and praised by gentleman, of all sorts, and, best of all, cuddled by many boys and girls, who regarded her as a strange and



wonderful creature, who beat their story-book pets out and out.

People shudder-d and said, "Thank God for the child's warning!" as they looked into the dark ravine where the swollen river foamed among the jagged rocks as if angry at being disappointed of its prey.

"She's a brave child. What shall we do for her?" said one fatherly gentleman, holding his own rosy little daughter close, and thinking what might have happened but for Phebe.

"I guess she's poor; her gown's all torn and she's barefooted. Give her lots of money, papa," whispered back little Maud, and set the example by pulling off her new locket to throw it around Phebe's neck, with a hearty kiss, as she said, in her sweet child way,—

"You must keep it to 'member me by. It was so good of you to save us from being smashed, with your nice bonfires."

Others followed, and, like one in a dream Phebe let all sorts of treasures fall into her torn apron, only saying, with a grateful, tired, face,—

"Thanky, ma'ma. I'm obliged, sir. I didn't want any reward; I liked to do it, please."

There was no going on that night; so, with warm good-bys, the people swarmed into the cars again, and were backed away to town, where they could take another train an hour later by a different road.

Dozens of handkerchiefs were waved from the windows as the train went slowly off; many little voices cried,—

"Good-by, Phebe." "Come and see me some day." "I won't forget you, Phebe." And the dirty-faced fireman led off three rousing cheers for "Little Phebe and her Bonfires!"—[*Youth's Companion*].

### Just for Fun.

It was rather a favorite excuse for Willie Goodwin, whenever he was deep in mischief or had to plead guilty when accused of some boyish scrape; that it was done "just for fun."

Many a time he resolved to try to be more orderly, and let boyish pranks alone, but the next prospect of fun would banish all his good resolutions, until the penalty recalled him again. He was nearly fifteen when the tragedy I am about to tell you, sobered him for life. He was a middle-

aged man when he told me the story, but even then he could not speak without emotion of his last piece of "fun."

"We had been out for a walk," he told me; "Frankie Ford, Tom Lee, and I, were coming home at twilight, when we met Sammy Willets, who was rather a favorite but, for teasing, with all the boys. He was a very timid, rather sickly boy of about fourteen, peevish and easily irritated, and the rougher, stronger boys said, a coward. As soon as we saw him coming, the spirit of mischief seemed to possess us all, and each one planned how to tease the poor, timid boy.

"'Let's hide and jump at him,' one suggested.

"'Let's tell him his house is on fire, and see him run,' cried another.

"'I'll tell you what we'll do,' I said. 'We'll coax him down to Rutland's barn for a game of romps, and shut him up!'"

"Rutland's barn was a large barn standing alone, at some distance from any other building. The farm-house to which it had belonged had been destroyed by fire, and the great barn had been left standing when Rutland deserted the place and went West. It was a favorite play-room for all the village boys, who spent long Saturday afternoons in it, making it a gymnasium and recitation-hall, as occasion required.

"Although it was twilight, the summer evenings were long, and Sammy was not surprised to be told we were going to Rutland's barn for an hour of play before bedtime. He was quite willing to join us, and we were soon in the barn, making it ring with our shouts of laughter.

"The hour passed rapidly, and it was getting quite dark when we sent Sammy into the hay-loft on some errand, ran out ourselves, and drew the big doors after us. It was hard work to fasten them with the rusty iron latch, but we accomplished this, too, and then ran off.

"Just as we were at the edge of the field, we heard one fearful scream; but we only hurried on, laughing at the thought of Sammy's discomfiture.

"I must say in our defence that passing one night in the old barn would have been no great misfortune to any of us. We were all hardy country boys, full of life and health, free from superstition or morbid fears, and we none of us could realize what the dark loneliness was to a timid, sickly boy with rather a weak mind.

"It must have been midnight when we were aroused at my home by a violent knocking at the door. My father spoke from the window, asking what was wanted, and I heard our neighbor, Mr. Willets, asking anxiously:—

"Is Sammy here?"

"No. Is he not at home?"

"He has not been home since sunset. I am very much worried, because he is not well."

"I'll ask Willie if he has seen him."

"In another moment father was by my bed, and I told him where they would find Sammy. Never shall I forget the father's cry of horror:

"It will kill him! My poor, timid boy. He is afraid of the dark, and the doctor has told us we must humor him, because he is not strong enough to bear fright. Will you come with me, Mr. Goodwin?"

"I was dressing as rapidly as I could, and was by my father's side when he lighted a lantern and joined Mr. Willets.

"Let me go," I begged, I never meant to hurt him. I wouldn't mind staying there all night a bit, and I did not think it would really hurt him. Oh! sir, do you think it will kill him? It was all a joke, just for fun."

"God forgive you boy," he answered me in a choked voice. "I am afraid it will be dear fun for us all. Sammy, my poor boy! Who will tell his mother if harm has come to him? Our only one, our poor, sickly boy!"

"So he lamented as we hurried across the fields, every word increasing my terror and remorse. It was my proposal, and I felt myself the only guilty one, though the others had helped me carry out the cruel joke that seemed anything but fun now. We reached the barn at last, and undid the heavy fastings of the door. Mr. Willets called his boy by name every moment, but no answer came. It seemed to be hours before the heavy doors swung back. One of them would not open wide, and looking for the cause, we found poor Sammy, white and senseless, lying on the floor behind it. His father lifted him.

"He is not dead!" he said. "Can we get water?"

"I hurried to the well and brought water, but the boy was to far gone for that. Oh! the long distance it seemed to Mr. Willets', and beyond that the doctor's where I ran at once. Never shall I forget

the face of Sammy's mother as she took the boy's face in her hands and looked into it. It was so white and still I dared scarcely believe he really lived as I hurried to the doctor's. He did live, recovering his health after a long, dangerous illness; but his mind was gone forever. Some fright in those lonely hours of darkness gave a shock to the weak mind that was never cured, and he lived only to be an idiot.

"It is some years now since we laid him in his quiet grave, the victim of a boyish prank. I tell you it was the last piece of mischief I ever did 'just for fun.'"—*The Methodist.*

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ALL Books in the market furnished, and every article in line of BUSINESS and SCHOOL STATIONERY at wholesale and retail. Catalogues sent on application. Printing and Binding, to order.

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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.

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Ladies, buying Black Silks of us, can rely upon getting a full equivalent for their money.

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Nov. 1867. 1y

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**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

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

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1866.

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





and possibly not the triumphant artist, although the latter is pretty sure to have the praise-thirsty temperament; but these favored individuals make but a minority of the human race. All around and below them through the mass of the undistinguished, the plain, the tired, the timid, the doubtful, the ailing, the disappointed. A few of these people are satisfied with earthly affection, fewer still realize a divine affection, and only one in very many is endowed with that most happy temperament which is by nature self-oblivious and objective. Now it would undoubtedly be better for them, one and all, if they could be made content with themselves. Self-content is the first and indispensable condition of general content, and genuine self-content is exceedingly rare. Much of that which most annoys us in our fellow-sinners, and which we resist in society and deride out of it as vanity and egotism, is only the more or less uneasy or, may be, frantic attempt to win from others an assurance of what one sorely doubts one's self. Yet everybody has some ground of honest self-gratulation, and we hold it to be one of the first of merely social duties to discover what that ground is in each of our associates, and, directly or indirectly, to make them clearly conscious of it. Say sometimes to your sister, who is plain and clever, that wit gives her face a passing illumination that eclipses beauty. Remind her, if she be fair and dull, how rare and refreshing to the æsthetic exile in this prosperous land is the sight of a sweet face in repose. And, if she have neither talent nor beauty to speak of, suggest that grace is a great deal rarer than either, and ready courtesy may be compassed by all. Make that gauche and sly genius, your brother, comprehend that it does not in the least matter how he looks; but that his meditations on men and things are sometimes fit to electrify the world. Nor need you always dissemble to his hair-brained junior the fact that his foolish fun is a most persuasive passport to favor in some quarters, by means of its very folly, and that there is nothing which some rather weighty people admire so much as abundant animal spirits. Remember how old and young, wise and foolish, gentle and simple read and re-read extolled, refuted, and presented "Tom Brown at Rugby." Remember, too, what Thackeray says to account for Clive Newcome's popularity: "I do not know that he

was very witty; but he was *pleasant*." One need but consider the average college boy to perceive how lavish Nature has been of the temperament thus indicated; for these considerations are all true, and the fact that you have to look on many sides to see them all does not make them mutually inconsistent. Quietly urged home, where they are severally most re-assuring, they will have a wonderful effect in dissipating the mist of uneasy and often sorrowful self-consciousness (which makes many gatherings oppressive,) brightening the social atmosphere, and so indirectly raising the tone of manners. Having done this—particularly if you are by chance a host or hostess, and every full-grown man and woman ought sometimes to occupy this position—you will unwittingly have done the utmost for yourself, and all social gratitude and consideration will be added unto you. Do you say that direct, specific praise is difficult and not to your taste? Ah! well, a look will sometimes suffice to convey your approbation, provided your friend be your patient, is quick of apprehension, and not short-sighted; but speech is, after all, the most natural and convenient mode of communication. And, if you find such speech intolerably irksome, shut yourself up for a while and study French Memoirs. You have a whole literature to guide you, and a most fascinating one. And be sure you will not have pursued your researches far before you will be visited by the conviction that your reluctance to tell your fellow-creatures how well you think of them was, at best, only *mauvaise honte*, and may have been something worse.

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The King, being informed of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but, finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, His Majesty asked "how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached." This question coming by surprise, the Archbishop replied, "About eight." "Well," answered the King, "I find there is no getting the better of your scruples therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep—that's four below your consecrated ground—and let him be buried there."

For the Hospital Review.

## An Easter Lily.

BY BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

## I.

Pale, pale as any fair Annunciation lily,  
 With head drooped on her breast,  
 As flow'r that 'neath the night, dew, trembling,  
 cold and stilly,  
 Leans upon earth for rest ;  
 Thus, smiling, passed she unto God's great re-  
 surrection,  
 A lily in her hand.  
 No more to feel life's woe ; its pain and its cor-  
 rection,  
 No more to understand.

## II.

For her there dawneth ever one white Easter  
 morning,  
 That knows not noon, nor night.  
 No pleading litanies, no tapers for adorning,  
 The Lamb is there the Light.  
 For us, the surpliced priests, the choir's thrilling  
 vesper,  
 The solemn tolling bell ;  
 "Is it well with the child ?" they ask us, and we  
 whisper  
 For answer, "It is well."

## How Frugal the Germans are.

Millions of dollars can be made if people will help each other *save it*—for saving money is making it. A correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* tells us how it is that people of small incomes can live as well as they do in Germany :

One part of it is this, that frugality has been wonderfully systematized here. Everybody helps every other to make small means to go far. A German town is, so to speak, in a perpetual unconscious conspiracy to keep prices at a low average, and to reduce at once the labor and the expense of housekeeping. One kitchen fire, with perhaps a single cook, serves for thirty or more families ; one housemaid for half-a-dozen ; bread is not made in private houses ; cooked meats, cold, are offered for sale all over the city. The scale of profits is very low, and the rate the same whether one buys an ounce or ten pounds. But it may be best to take an example of household economy.

Here is a widow lady, with a bright

little son, who goes to school. Her means are very small. She hires a flat of six rooms and a kitchen, on the fourth floor, in a well-built, handsome house, situated upon a fine street, and lets three rooms to lodgers. A servant comes in for an hour or two a day to do the chamber work, run of errands, mop the floors of a Saturday, etc.

In the morning she makes a cup of coffee over a spirit lamp, and with bread from the baker—good, honest bread—has a light breakfast after the German fashion. At noon she procures a dinner ready cooked and hot from an establishment in the same building which makes a business of supplying families in that way.

At this place just *one* dinner, but large enough to be divided among many families, is prepared each day. All who purchase there on a given day have the same fare, but something different the next day, and so on. In this way the business is simplified to the utmost ; the least amount of labor is required ; there is no waste of food, prepared for all supposable wishes, and left uncalled for.

At supper our widow may enjoy herself with bread and butter, a slice or two of cold meat, a tart or the like, at a very small expense. And thus she lives respectably, in clean, well-kept rooms: has no fire in the kitchen for a week ; enjoys much leisure each day, and pays for all with but a bit of money.

Now, in our beloved Boston, she would have much more work to do, though employing a servant constantly ; and besides, her means would not pay the servant's wages. It is to be observed, too, that she is not banished to some obscure, disagreeable part of the town, but lives in a handsome street, elevated and airy, among the healthiest and pleasanter in the whole city.

It is this kind of thing which renders German civilization possible. The fact is not merely that the art of household economy has been studied, but no one is left to practice it alone ; the whole community is one great alliance to render housekeeping easy and inexpensive, and thereby to enhance the practical value of small means. And, perhaps, this is one of the chief reasons why, to judge from my observation thus far, there is less of crushing poverty in all the cities of Germany put together than in a single ward of London or New York.

### Good Stuff for Emigrants.

If all Western boys were like the one described by the correspondent of an exchange, the new States would soon outstrip the old :

This Dr. Wierd, by the way, is a genius such as you seldom meet. At the age of ten years he was taken as cabin boy on board of his father's vessel. At the age of sixteen he was captain of a little schooner, that made more trips and paid less regard to storms than any other vessel on the lakes. His experience as a ship-master for five or six years, would, if written, be more strange and interesting than romance.

At the age of twenty-two he quit the lakes, and became a successful steamboat builder and captain on the Mississippi. While thus employed he went on one occasion with a little yacht to participate in a regatta. On reaching the place two days before the race, he learned that the prize was to be awarded to the successful oar, and not as he supposed, to the successful sail. He returned at once to his home, took his lumber from the yard built a scull, collected his crew, and on the morning of the regatta appeared in line and easily took the silver goblet. When the president of the day presented the goblet in presence of assembled thousands, it was respectfully declined by the young oarsman because it had been filled with brandy. In a little speech of two minutes he told the story of his life as a sailor boy, its struggles and temptations, and then said,—

"I have lived thus long, and no drop of intoxicating liquor has ever passed my lips. I have never smoked a cigar nor tasted of tobacco. I do not propose to begin now. I shall be glad to accept the empty goblet, if it can be offered in that way, and will appreciate the honor ; but if I must receive the contents in order to possess the cup, I can not accept it at your hand."

It was one of the most effective temperance lectures ever uttered on that lovely river. The goblet was emptied of its poisonous contents, the young oarsman received it, and now shows it with some pride to his friends. He is to-day one of the most successful physicians in Vernon County. We wish he would give, his autobiography to the youth of America.

From the New York Observer.

### "Tarry with Me, O My Saviour."

Many of our readers are familiar, doubtless, with the hymn, "Tarry with Me," &c., found in several of our recent hymn books. It will gratify them to learn something of the origin of this favorite effusion. Through the kindness of a valued friend and brother in the ministry, I have been made acquainted with the facts, and had the pleasure of communicating directly, with the accomplished authoress. I give you her own words :

"About twenty-one years since I heard the Rev. Dr. Dexter, of Boston, preach a sermon on '*The Adaptedness of Religion to the Wants of the Aged.*' I went home and embodied the thought in the hymn. I sent it to Mr. Hallock, for *The Messenger*. He returned it as 'not adapted to the readers of the paper.' Years after, I sent it, without any signature, to the little Andover paper."

So writes the authoress, Mrs. Caroline L. Smith, (the wife of the Rev. Charles Smith, pastor of the South Church, Andover, Mass.,) formerly Caroline L. Sprague, of Salem, Mass.

### THE OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

[Suggested by a sermon from Luke xxiv. 29; "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."]

Tarry with me, O, my Saviour,  
For the day is passing by;  
See, the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh;  
Tarry with me—tarry with me!  
Pass me not unheeded by!

Many friends were gathered round me,  
In the bright days of the past;  
But the grave has closed above them,  
And I linger here the last!  
I am lonely; tarry with me  
Till this dreary night is past.

Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;  
Yet the spirit's eye would fain  
Rest upon thy lovely features:  
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?  
Tarry with me, O my Saviour }  
Let me see thy smile again.

Dull my ear to earth-born music:  
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer!  
Feeble, tottering my footstep,

Sinks my heart with sudden fear :  
 Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me—  
 Let me feel thy presence near.

Faithful memory paints before me  
 Every deed of thought and sin :  
 Open thou the blood-filled fountain,—  
 Cleanse my guilty soul within :  
 Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour !  
 Wash me wholly from my sin.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows ;  
 Paler now the glowing west ;  
 Swift the night of death advances,—  
 Shall it be a night of rest ?  
 Tarry with me, O, my Saviour !  
 Lay my head upon thy breast.

Feeble, trembling, panting, dying,  
 Lord ! I cast myself on thee :  
 Tarry with me through the darkness.  
 While I sleep, still watch by me,  
 Till the morning,—then awake me,  
 Dearest Lord ! to dwell with thee.

C. L. S.

As it now appears in our hymn books, much of the original has been omitted, and the stanza has been changed from six lines to four, and eight. As a hymn it first appeared in the "Plymouth Collection," in five stanzas of four lines each, taken from the first, second, sixth and seventh of the original. "The Sabbath Hymn Book" copied the version of the "Plymouth Collection," omitting its second stanza. "The Songs of the Church" copied "The Sabbath Hymn Book," and introduced two other stanzas of four lines each, an expansion of the fourth stanza of the original. In this form it appears also in the "The Church Hymn Book."

Yours truly,

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

Nearly thirty years ago, when Morse had achieved his wonderful triumph between Washington and Baltimore, a Yankee schoolboy, in western Massachusetts, was, one day, on the occasion of a school examination, illustrating the working of the telegraph. Said he ; "Imagine a striped snake, long enough to reach from here to Boston, with his head in Boston and his tail here. Tread on his tail, and he would instantly dart out his tongue in Boston."

## Family News.

A little girl came here last night .  
 They say, "the Doctor brought her,"  
 Mamma is glad ; Papa, quite proud,  
 To have a little daughter.

The Doctor says, "she's quite a girl—  
 An honor to Mamma,"  
 The nurse confirms the Doctor's word,  
 And adds, "she's like Papa."

She sleeps and wakes, and wakes and sleeps ;  
 And now and then she cries,  
 She doubles up her small pink fists,  
 And pokes them in her eyes.

She winks and blinks like some small owl,  
 I mean she looks quite wise,  
 As if she *could* tell wondrous things,  
 But then she never tries.

I have a thought within my heart :  
 I think the angels brought her,  
 Because they thought no home complete,  
 Without one little daughter.

MRS. N. M. HOWLAND.

## Unaired Chambers.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* has his word to say about the importance of fresh air to health and decency :

I pass some houses whose windows might as well be sealed in with walls for any purpose they have but to let in the light. They are never opened, summer or winter. In winter it is too cold ; in summer the flies stray in, or if they are netted, the dust sifts through the nets. Now I can tell a person who inhabits such chambers when I pass him in the streets—there is such a smell about his clothing.

I always wish for a sniff of cologne, or hartshorn, or burnt feathers, or something of the sort to "take the taste out." A house that is never aired has every nook and corner filled with stale odors of cooked meat, boiled vegetables, especially cabbage and onions, which as the weeks go by, literally reek in their hiding places.

Who has not wished sometimes to hang a new servant's clothing out of doors some frosty night until it should be thoroughly aired ? But I have seen fine ladies come sweeping into church with their velvets and silks, when said silks and velvets gave unmistakable evidence of having been housed in just these shut-up chambers.

O what a tale that cabbage and pork tells about the style of that lady's house-keeping! The very garments of the children tell the same story of uncleanness. It is bad to have unwashed clothes, but there may be an excuse for it. But what excuse can there be for unaired ones, when air is so cheap and free? There is death in such unaired rooms. Better a swarm of flies and a cloud of dust, better frost and snow, than these intolerable smells.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 16, 1873.

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### Going to the Hospital.

We went yesterday. It was not a pleasant, sunshiny morning like that of a month ago, but a cold, raw, disagreeable one—"above all, was mist and darkness, and below, all was mire and clay." We pitied the horses, also the bashful young man who pulled the check-string at the wrong place, also the young woman who wore thin cloth boots and elaborate earrings. "But let us be genteel or die," or rather, let us be genteel and die.

Hurry as much as we can, we have never been able yet to reach the Hospital in time to see its disorder. Now we begin to have doubts about the possibility of such a state of things; however, we live in hopes. We had nothing to take but newspapers and books, but the patients were glad to get them. Shut up as they are, with little to interest them, reading matter is welcomed "like the flowers in May." Our readers will bear us witness that an inclination to beg is not a vice of ours. Oh no, far from it, but if books and papers were laid aside for Hospital reading, many weary hours would be shortened.

In going through the wards we were glad to learn that one of the patients suffering from a broken limb and dislocated hip, had recovered, and was able to go to her own home; the other ones were still

in bed, although one of them could move around with the help of a chair.

Up-stairs, we found a widowed mother, with three darling little ones, who were recovering from the measles; the fourth, a lad of fourteen, was in the male ward. One little fellow was still in bed; the little daughter was standing by the mother, who had the baby in her lap. We wish that people who find the trials of life hard to bear, could have the brave heart and trusting faith of this poor woman. If she had owned fifty thousand dollars in United States bonds, she could not have shown more cheerful courage. Up another flight and we reach the patients in the "Mansard." The little lady, so cheerful a month since, is in even better spirits, for the doctor tells her that in three or four weeks she may go home.

In the hall we met the sister of the gentleman who was so cruelly hurt, falling from the unfinished bridge in Washington street. She was very sad, but we trust as the days go by, her brother will get better. Poor Mr. —, was suffering dreadfully, and dear Mrs. —, could not raise her head from her pillow. She said in her weak, patient voice, "Our Father knows best."

In the male ward, we found Mr. —, in his wheeled chair, looking, in spite of his headache, as comfortable as if his chair was as delightful as a coach and four. One poor old man was in bed, fast passing away, suffering no pain, but dying of old age; his speech was gone, and he did not seem conscious. A blind man was pacing the ward; a sick German lay in bed, well enough to read, but as we had no papers in his language, and, as he could not read ours, we were unable to supply his wants. Will some of our German friends take this hint?

Here we were obliged to cut short our visit as dinner was brought in; and two hungry people had yet a long walk before them. The discontented one said, "You

may be sure that we shall be obliged to walk, for who ever knew a car to come when one wanted it?" when lo! in the distance was heard the tinkle of the bell on the horses neck. Never was the sight of two horses more welcome.

#### A Word to Gentlemen.

A few days ago, a gentleman said to us that "the *Review* was only read by women and children." We felt both chilled and disappointed; and the more we thought of the fact—if it is a fact—the worse we felt; because we know that gentlemen have at this time of the year, so much clothing that they would like to give away; and if they do not read our paper, they never can know that they are more than welcome to send it to the Hospital.

But when we reflect that children have fathers, and that, as we live in the blessed State of New York, and not in the benighted darkness of Indiana, wives have husbands, we emerged from the gloom consequent on our rebuff, and brightened up. For free speech is one of the privileges of this free and happy land. Mothers and children will talk, and fathers will listen. In this way our needs will be known. So we will have given us dressing gowns partly worn, underwear, out-of-fashion coats, pantaloons and vests, besides slippers somewhat faded, too much so to look well on a bright hearth rug. We don't say this from a spirit of prophecy, we only judge the future by the past. Gentlemen always have given and always will give. They like to do it—and we like to have them.

A great many poor men come to the Hospital really very destitute, and for their comfort and cleanliness we make this appeal.

To the friends who so kindly send communications to the "*Hospital Review*," we must say, that it is against our rules to print anything unless the name and address are sent with the article.

At the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the "*Rochester City Hospital*," Monday, February 3d, 1873, the resignation of Miss Mathews, as Editress of the *Hospital Review*, was presented by the President, Mrs. Dr. Strong.

On motion, it was

*Resolved*, that her resignation be accepted.

*Resolved*, that a vote of thanks be tendered her, for her faithfulness to the *Review*.

*Resolved*, that the Corresponding Secretary prepare and forward the same to her.

Those, who have had during the past year, the privilege of reading the *Hospital Review*, will, we are sure, join with us in regret that we must lose our able and accomplished Editress. She has during the past year given time and care to this Paper, making it both pleasing and instructive, besides giving detailed and interesting accounts of the Hospital and its Patients.

Miss Mathews received this *Review* from the hands of Mrs Arner, a lady who had much experience in literary matters, and a lady who was a favorite with the readers of this Paper. It is greatly to her credit, that taking the *Review* from such an Editress, it has proved so successful in her hands.

We sincerely wish for her, in her future life, as much cheerfulness and sunshine as she has given to others during the year gone by, through the medium of the *Hospital Review*.

Subscribers to the "*Hospital Review*," will find in the present number, the amount due for their subscription. We earnestly invite their attention to these bills, and hope that they will send the money to Mrs. D. B. BEACH, 145 Alexander street; or, if more convenient, to Mrs. Dr. STRONG, 10 South Washington street.



The most entertaining, fascinating, delightful book, that we have read in a long time, is, "Never Again." It is a story of New York society, told in a genially satirical way. Of course the hero and heroine are nearly perfect, but we admire clever — "clever in both the English and American acceptation of the word." Mrs. Ledgeral, the woman of tact and good manners, who, "if she could not obey the impossible injunction of loving her enemies, still, hated her friends as little as she could." Uncle Shippen, with his calipers, and his theories of longevity. Mr. Whoppers, with his puns and his consciousness of his importance as editor of the "Universe." Captain. Combings, as perfect a gentleman as Col. Newcomb. Mrs. Stitchin with her extravagance, her ignorance, but with her real womanliness. Her husband, a kind manly man, and superficial. Mr. Boggs, who was always criticising ladies' conversation, but not in any way superior to them in this respect; and fast Miss Yadkins, who, if she sometimes used slang, had the happy faculty of snubbing the pretensions of foreigners. All these characters help to form a 'charming and original book. We could not be so inconsiderate as to tell the plot of the story, even if we had room, but will leave our readers the opportunity of reading the book with the charm of novelty and expectation. For Sale at SCRANTON & WETMORE'S.

### An Apology.

We don't see how we were so remiss. Probably in our self-conceit, we thought we could remember everything unaided, so we neglected our usual practice of tying strings tight on our fingers, as helps to memory.

There are people in this world who feel it too great a humiliation to say, "I am sorry!" but far be it from us to belong to this proud race. If we offend seventy times, we mean to acknowledge seventy

times our fault. A "person" at our elbow suggests that Uriah Heep was humble; but we scorn the inference. All that we can do is to repair our mistakes, and promise to do so no more. If strings on our fingers won't help us, then we shall try that last resort of the forgetful, and pin scraps of paper on the front breadth of our gown. Surely, we will never, never again forget "Old Linen!" for that is just what we did forget.

We have in our mind's eye numberless rolls of this much-desired article, that our friends have passed by while looking up old cotton—we wish that we had it in the Hospital—and we feel dreadfully. Our only comfort in the rayless gloom is, that house-cleaning is near; then, in the universal upsetting, our friends will find these rolls, and remembering the pathetic account of our blunder, will in pity and kindness dispatch these same bundles to the Hospital.

We here give our solemn promise that if strings and scraps of paper are of any avail, we will in future remember everything.

### Editorial Notices.

We invite attention to Mrs. Phelan's advertisement. Her stock of spring millinery is extensive, in excellent taste, and her prices are very reasonable. Little girls, possessing dolls, can find at Mrs. Phelan's, the most exquisite hats for dollies ever seen. Charming Florida hats, trimmed with feathers and grasses, so lovely that really no doll's wardrobe would be complete without one. And the greatest charm is, they cost so little. Just go and see them.

Some years ago there was supposed to be no piano like Chickering's. Then Steinway's became the fashion, whose chief merit was supposed to lie in a certain crispness and brilliancy of tone. All of these qualities are excelled in Gibbons & Stone's pianos, besides many others ad-

ded. One is—to us a prime quality—a quick response to the touch; and ladies with slender fingers know that this is a great desideratum. To those about to indulge in the luxury of a new piano, we recommend this make. Gibbons & Stone, 86 State street.

When our out-of-town subscribers come to Rochester shopping, of course “boots” will be on their list. We can speak in the highest praise of “Burt’s boots,” found only at L. A. Pratt’s, 54 State street. Their chief fault is, they never wear out; but their exceeding virtue is, they always keep their shape. We have not thought it necessary to call the attention of our town subscribers to this advertisement, for of course they all go to 54 State street.

A charming little book for children and grown people too, is “Miriam Rosenbaum.” It is the story of a Jewish family, converted to Christianity; but aside from its religious character, it is interesting from its description of Jewish character. The grandmother and her grandchildren, Anshel and Levi, are three lovely people. For sale at Darrow’s.

We regret that those cedar trunks at Pritchards’, did not arrive in time for us to call the attention of our subscribers to them in our last number. They are exactly the thing for velvets and furs to be sheltered in during the summer months, as they are safe from the attacks of moths. Next month, ladies will be laying off their furs, and the best and safest place to put them, is in trunks made of cedar, as they are the only places safe from the attacks of these miserable phalæna.

Because Paul said that “women should adorn themselves with modest apparel, not with gold or pearls, or costly array,” he did not mean that women should not wear gold or pearls, or costly array, but that they should not make them their chief orna-

ments. Now, if any one can afford these beautiful things, there is surely no sin in wearing them. E. B. Booth & Son have a most inviting list of all kinds of goods found in jewelers’ stores, and at most reasonable prices. Their chains are especially beautiful.

We do not use sewing machines ourselves, for a very good reason. Fact is, we don’t own one. But many of our friends do, and to a dispassionate listener, it is highly instructive to hear them discuss the respective merits of the different machines. From all that we hear, we have come to the conclusion that the “Wilcox and Gibbs” machine equals in simplicity of construction, ease of running and almost entire noiselessness. For family use they are unsurpassed.

We have bought the greatest quantity of paper, and at the most reasonable price, from Geo. Stratton & Co. It is refreshing to be able to buy so much for so little money; besides one feels it to be no extravagance to scribble unceasingly. Every kind of paper can be found there, from the exquisitely tinted note to the cheap thin kind that housekeepers like, to bake cake on.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

- We invite attention to our list of new advertisements, viz:
- M. A. Phelan & Co—Millinery and Fancy Goods.
  - Reese, Higby & Haskin—Druggists.
  - E. B. Booth & Son—Jewelers.
  - A. B. Mann & Co—Summer Silks.
  - Brewster, Goss & Co—Upholsterers and Dealers in Furniture
  - Dibble & Dutton—Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machines.
  - Serantom & Whetmore—Booksellers and Stationers.
  - Sherlock & Sloan—Gas and Steam Fitting.
  - H. & D. Rosenberg—Jewelers
  - J. Faby & Co—Ribbons, Silks and Millenary Goods.
  - E. S. Ettenheimer & Co—Jewelers.
  - Gibbons & Stone—Music Store.
  - S. Rosenblatt & Co—Millinery Goods.
  - Moore, Cole & Co—Canned and Dried Fruits.

Superintendent’s Report.

1873. Mar. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	91
Received during month, . . .	55—126
Discharged, . . . . .	34
Died, . . . . .	2— 36
Remaining Apl. 1st, 1873,	90

### Donations

- Mrs. James Vick—Three jars Preserves and 1 barrel Apples.  
 Mrs. A. F. Smith—Five dozen Oranges.  
 Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Quantity of Pickels and old  
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—Old Linen. [Cotton.  
 Mrs. E. N. Buell—Pickles, 4 cans Berries and old Cotton.  
 Mrs. Isaac Butts—Six cans fresh Fruit.  
 Miss Julia Hamilton—New and 2d hand Clothing,  
 Mrs. Wm. C. Bush—Quantity nice Clothing, large crock Preserved Plums.  
 Mrs. Charles Smith—Second hand Clothing.  
 Mrs. Wm. F. Cogswell—Second hand Clothing.

### Subscriptions to the Review.

- Mrs. Fred. Turpin, 62 cts; Mrs. M. Cross, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Phelan, \$1.25; J. Farley, Jr., 65 cents; J. Van Vorhis, 66 cents; B. W. Tone, 62 cts.; Dr. French, 67 cents; W. S. Osgood, 62 cents; N. G. Carter, 50 cents; I. W. Knapp, 50 cents; Advertisement, Hunn, Smith & Spencer, \$5—By Miss Munger, . . . . . \$16 75  
 Miss Mary Bishop. \$1 50; Mrs. Edward Wray, 63 cents; Mrs. M. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., \$1.00; Mrs. A. R. Conant, Fairport, 50 cents; Mrs. N. Dann, Avon, 50 cents—By Mrs. Strong, . . . . . 4 13  
 Mrs. E. Loop, 62 cents; Walter B. Brown, New York, 75 cents—By Mrs. Mathews 1 37  
 Mrs. Barton, 50 cents; Miss Barton, 50 cents; Mrs. Button, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Knowles, 63 cents—By Mrs. Hall, . . . 2 25  
 Mrs. Mowatt, Toronto—By Mrs. E. T. Smith, . . . . . 50  
 Mrs. C. D. Miller, Geneva—By Miss Florence Montgomery, . . . . . 50

### Our Exchanges.

- American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.  
 Home Messenger, Detroit, Michigan.  
 Our Record, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 The Helping Hand, N. Y.  
 The Sheltering Arms, New York.  
 The Orphan's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.  
 The Parish Guide, Erie, Penn.  
 Industrial School Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Journal of the Home, Rochester, N. Y.  
 The Church Record, Hudson, Mich.  
 The Parish Register, Adrian, Mich.  
 Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 The Young American, Searshoro, Iowa.  
 The Parish Guide, West Haven, Conn.  
 American Newspaper Reporter, New York.  
 Newark Manufacturer's Gazette, Newark, N. J.  
 Leisure Moments, Adams Basin, N. Y.  
 New York Observer, New York.  
 The Northwestern Union, Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Wine Dealer's Gazette, San Francisco, Cal.  
 American Farmer's Advocate, Jackson, Tenn.  
 The Beacon, Hulmeville, Penn.  
 The Brooklyn Society Magazine, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 The Bugle, Stanton, Neb.  
 Lady Elgin, Elgin, Ill.  
 Aurora Borealis, Red Hook, N. Y.  
 We shall be pleased to add to this List.

### Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 8, 1873,  
 Mrs. L. R. Goodrich, aged 39 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, March 15, 1873,  
 Thomas Massolena, aged 51 years.

### Children's Department.

#### A Strange Guest.

BY RUTH CHESTERFIELD.

The Drakes lived three miles from the village, and at least one mile of the distance was over a cross-road, which in winter was apt to be so drifted as to be almost impassable; but then Mr. Curtis was to lecture in the town-hall that evening, and that Mr. and Mrs. Drake considered a privilege not to be slighted, so, taking the shovel into the sleigh; they set forth, leaving Abel and Gertie to keep house in their absence.

They had not been gone half an hour when a party of boys came to ask Abel to go out coasting with them.

"Where you going?" asked Abel.

"Over to Bragg's Hill. Come, don't keep us waiting," was the reply.

"It's too far off—don't believe I can go," said Abel.

"Why, are you lame?" answered the boy, with a laugh.

"No; but father and mother have gone off, and I can't leave Gertie alone."

"Is she afraid? There's nothing to be afraid of; and the coasting's splendid. Jim and Si were over this morning, and they say you can go from the top of the hill to Turtle Pond without stopping. Besides, we came over so much out of our way to call for you."

"I should like to go,—wish I could. I'll see what Gertie says." So stepping back into the house he asked, "Should you mind being left alone a little while? We shall be back by nine o'clock, sure. And there isn't any real danger, you know."

Now Gertie did mind very much, but she had heard all the boys said, and hated to disappoint her brother.

"Can't you go to-morrow night just as well?" asked she hesitatingly.

"Who knows what the weather'll be to-morrow night? There may be a snow-

storm and spoil every thing. Come, you're willing, ar'n't you? Say yes, there's a good girl; and Gertie, I've got fifteen cents in my bank, and I'll spend it all in peanuts and candy for you, if you'll let me go."

Now Gertie was not insensible to the seductions of flattery, nor to the attractions of peanuts and candy, and these influences, combined with the amiable wish to please her brother, drew from her a reluctant consent almost before she had uttered it. Abel had hurried on his coat, cap and mittens, and was darting out the door. He merely looked back to say, "If there was any real danger I wouldn't have asked you, you know." And then Gertie was left alone.

"Of course there's no danger, and it's very silly to be afraid," said she to herself. "I'll read my book and think nothing about it;" but notwithstanding this brave resolution she could not help listening nervously to every sound.

Sometimes a nail started from the clapboards with a sudden report which sounded to her as loud as a gun. She knew it was a nail—her father had once explained the phenomenon to her, but it startled her, nevertheless. As to the rats, they seemed to be holding high carnival. Now they were scampering across the garret floor, then, in a twinkling, they were down cellar disporting themselves on the loose boards that covered the apple barrels, then back, right up through the side of the house, to the garret again.

"They're noisy fellows, but they won't hurt me, so why should I care for their noise?" said Gertie to herself, and resolutely taking up her pretty story book, she began to read, and soon became so interested that she forgot she was alone.

Scarcely had she reached this point, however, when she heard a sound which was due neither to the frosty nails nor the lively rats; it was a low rap at the door.

I must confess that Gertie's first impulse was to run and hide, but after all she was a brave little woman; so when the rap was repeated she took her lamp and went boldly to the door.

At first she saw no one, but as she was about to close the door again a strange figure stepped forth from the shadow of the house—she could scarcely tell whether it was a man or woman.

"Are you alone?" asked the person, almost in a whisper.

"All alone," said Gertie. "My father and mother have gone to lecture, and Abel is out coasting."

"Will they be home soon?" in the same low voice.

"I'm afraid not," said Gertie; "but if you would like to leave any message for them, I'll deliver it."

"No, I've no message, but I'm hungry; almost starved. Can't you give me something to eat?"

"O yes, just as much as you want. I've heard my mother say no one should ever go away from her door hungry. Will you please to walk in?"

"No, bring something to the door—any thing—quick. Stop a minute, are you sure they won't come just yet?"

"Yes, sure; but that needn't make any difference, for I can put things on the table very nicely."

"I shall freeze to death if I stay out here, and I may as well die one way as another," muttered the stranger, following Gertie to the cosy little sitting-room.

She now saw that her visitor was a man, and that the garment which had at first looked like a woman's dress, was a horse-blanket, which he held closely about him, and when he removed his slouched and battered hat she saw that his hair was cropped close to his head. He crouched before the fire like some half-frozen animal, while she was putting his food on the table, nor did he speak a word excepting that once or twice he started, exclaiming,—

"Hark! what was that?"

"Only the rats," replied Gertie, with a smile.

When his supper was ready, he sat down to the table and ate voraciously, but Gertie observed that he kept looking over his shoulder as if he thought some one was behind him.

"Hadh't you better drop that curtain?" he asked. "Travellers can look right in."

"We don't have many travellers on this road," said Gertie, at the same time dropping the curtain; "but mother keeps the curtain open because she says if any one should be riding by on a dark night, so far from the town, our light must look very cheerful to them."

"Your mother's a very nice woman, I guess," said the man.

"I think so," said Gertie, enthusiastically. "I just wish you could see her."

"Well, I don't know about that. Maybe she wouldn't like me, you know."

"O, yes, she would. She likes people that look a great deal worse than you do," said honest Gertie.

"Then you think I'm a pretty bad looking fellow," said he laughing.

"Beauty isn't any thing, you know, if you're only good," said Gertie.

"If I'm *good*; if that's all, very good;" and the man laughed again, but in a manner she did not like at all. "You see, my dear, clothes make the difference in folks. Now I dare say your father wouldn't look handsome wrapped up in this old blanket."

"I don't think he would," said Gertie. "I suppose you came off in a hurry and forgot your over-coat."

"In a great hurry," said the man, apparently much amused at the suggestion.

"In such a hurry, in fact that nobody knew I was coming. As to the coat, my child, I must own that I haven't one. But it's no disgrace to be poor, is it?"

"No, indeed. Mother says nothing is disgraceful but sin."

"Very true. Nothing disgraceful but sin. Your mother and I should get on charmingly together."

"If she was here I think she'd find you something to keep you warm."

"I need it badly enough, Heavens knows! Just look here." And the man threw open his blanket, showing that he had on no other clothing than a shirt and pantaloons. The latter, Gertie was puzzled to see, were of two colors, green and grey.

Gertie reflected a minute, and then she said,—

"Mother has some things put away on purpose to give to poor people, and I'm sure she'd be willing I should give you some of them, Mr. —, but you haven't told me your name yet."

"They call me No. 121," said the man, with another of his unpleasant laughs.

"I suppose you're making fun of me," said Gertie, looking distressed.

"I was only joking, my dear. Call me Alick. My mother used to call me Alick. And your name?"

"My name is Gertie."

"Well, Gertie, give me the clothes, and you'll be doing more good than you'll ever have a chance to do again in your life, perhaps."

Gertie went up stairs, and returned in a few minutes with a bundle of clothing, from which Alick selected such as he most needed. "And now, Gertie, I must bid you good-by. Many thanks for all your kindness. You little know what you've done, my child. By-and-by you'll hear bad things said about me, but you bid them this: There was a gold watch hanging within reach all the time he was here"—pointing to Mr. Drake's watch over the mantel-piece—"and he did not take it. There were silver spoons on the table; he did not take those. And doubtless there were a great many other valuable things in the house, and only a little girl to guard them. He left them all behind. You'll tell them this, won't you, Gertie?"

"Yes, Alick."

"I am going off into a strange country, now, to begin over again; that is, if I'm not prevented. But be sure and tell them when they come for me that Alick wasn't so bad as he might have been." And with these words the strange guest disappeared.

When Gertie related her adventure to her friends, there were several opinions expressed as to who the man might be, but all agreed that he had behaved very well, who ever he was.

"It is always right to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, my dear," said her mother, approvingly.

The next day there appeared in all the local papers the following notice:

"Escaped from prison last Tuesday night, a convict named Alexander Pike. He was of medium height, had blue eyes and light brown hair. Age thirty-one. Is supposed to be lurking about the woods in the vicinity. \$500 reward to any one who will return him, dead or alive."

But no one was ever able to claim the reward, for the only trace of the prisoner ever found was a portion of his clothing wrapped in a horse-blanket, which was discovered in the woods behind Mr. Drake's barn.

When years had passed away, and Gertie had grown to be a young lady, she received a letter from Australia, in a strange handwriting, enclosing a photograph of a blue-eyed child.

"This is my little daughter Gertie," the letter said. "It will not disgrace you for my child to bear your name, for I have led a correct life ever since the night I saw

you, and, as you said then, 'there is nothing disgraceful but sin.'"

The letter was signed "Alick."

A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A cardinal having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked, "Is it under any circumstances lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask, Is it lawful to baptize in soup in general? I say 'No!' If you ask, Is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup? I say 'Yes!' for there is really no difference between it and water."

There is a station on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad, called Hanna, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head in the door and called out loudly: "Hannah." A young lady, endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her and, shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-cloud, and retorted: "You shut your mouth!"

A little girl was sent to the pasture to drive home the cow. While thus engaged she treated herself to climbing an unnecessary fence, from which she fell and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. 'Why no!' she replied; 'what would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me!'

### 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; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

### 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 FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "
- Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

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recognition in America, but socially and commercially it is a wonderful power. Inside our homes it blends every hour of the day with the music or discord of our life; and when we leave the house, then from street cars and stages, from carts and counters, from schools and factories, from banks and offices, comes the well-known resonant sound of bell metal.

If we go a journey, then railway bells or wharf-bells keep up an officious and often mystifying intelligence; if we go to sea, then all our life is ordered to their dictation. There, indeed, they acquire a new dignity, and are made the interpreters of the sun. "Eight bells, captain," is the sailor's report to his commander. "Make it so, then," and far over the silent ocean rings out the chiming bell.

To write the history of small bells would be to write the social history of nearly forty centuries; but church bells are one of the consecrated afterthoughts of Christianity. The first Christian congregations met with as little observation as possible, and in Egypt and Palestine, when this was no longer necessary, trumpets were used as means of convocation. For 300 years after Constantine no mention is made of church bells, nor is there any authentic proof of their use until the popedom of Sabinius, A. D. 604.

But after this they rung themselves speedily into enthusiastic favor. Before the end of the seventh century Bede alludes to their use in English churches, and in the tenth century St. Dunstan made himself famous for the number of bells that he baptized and hung, since which the church-bell has "spoken for itself." In the middle ages, when congregations were widely scattered, and clocks and watches almost unknown, the church bell was a beautiful answer to a real necessity.

All Christian communities adopted it, except the *un-Russian* portion of the Greek church; but the passion of the Russian church for large bells almost counterbalanced the want of them in the other Greek congregations, a want which was doubtless the result of Turkish influence, as this people would never tolerate the use of bells in their own faith. To this day the voice of the muezzin from the lofty minaret calls the people to prayer, and their festival of Beiram and fast of Ramadan are announced by the firing of cannon.

But though Russia exceeds in large bells, England for the exquisite rhythm and music of her peals has no approachable rival. Nowhere else can the chiming of bells—music which Charles Lamb says is "highest bordering on heaven"—be heard in such rich and perfect beauty. And as it is very likely many of my readers will go to England next summer, I will briefly designate those most likely to conveniently attract their attention.

The great bell of St. Paul's was cast in the reign of Edward I., and baptized "Edward of Westminster." It was then hung in Westminster Hall to notify the hour to the judges, but William III. gave it as a New Year's gift to St. Paul's Cathedral. It has been twice recast, and now measures ten feet in diameter. The metal is ten inches thick, and the clapper weighs 180 pounds. When a monarch, the Archbishop, Bishop, or Mayor of London dies, this clapper, muffled, tolls with a dull booming tone—the monotonous power of which is said to be awful—the "minute-bell." The peculiarity of this deadened knell was perhaps never so obvious as in the rejoicings for the victory of Trafalgar. At once there leapt from every spire a joyous deafening peal, then a sudden pause, and the solemn minute bell tolled for the dead hero. Again the joyous peal, the pause, and the knell. These contrasts of sound are described as beyond expression striking and overpowering.

"Great Tom" of Oxford was giving to Christ Church College about A. D. 1545, by the last Abbot of Osney.

At nine o'clock at night it used to be customary (and may be yet) to strike 101 strokes, to commemorate the magnificent charities which had founded there 101 scholarships. "Great Peter" of York Minster, "Great Tom" of Lincoln, and "Dunstan" of Canterbury Cathedral, are all famous bells. But it is the chimes in almost every spire that gives to England the sobriquet of the "ringing island," and which are really the most worthy of notice.

From twelve to twenty bells are sometimes used to form a chime, but the sweetest and most perfect number is eight.

I have mentioned the baptism of bells: this was a very important ceremony in the middle ages. Monarchs were often the sponsors, and archbishops and cardinals the officiators. Indeed, Pope John XIII.

himself baptized the bell for the Lateran Church, naming it "John;" and within the last century the Bishop of Chalons baptized a whole peal, calling it a "happy and holy family." Bells are still "christened" in England, but the ceremony has lost its religious character, and aquavitæ is more in demand than holy water.

The blessing and baptizing of bells arose probably in the heathen idea of their power to drive away evil spirits. Hence, until Henry VIII. ordered the discontinuance of the custom, bells were rung all night long on Allhallow's eve. The touching and beautiful custom of "the passing bell" had popularly the same power attached to it. This ceremony, now so rapidly disappearing, was very common in my own youth. The sixty-seventh canon of the English Church still enjoins that "whenever any one is passing out of this life, a bell shall be tolled, and the minister shall not then slack to do his duty." All who heard this solemn and never to be misunderstood tolling were expected to say a prayer for the departing soul. "Prayers," says Doun,

"Ascend to heaven in troops at a good man's  
passing bell."

The "Sanctus bell" has also almost, if not altogether, been abandoned. It was rung at the words: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts," and all within hearing of it were expected to prostrate themselves.

Indeed, though the bell is becoming every day more prominent in our social and commercial life, it is somewhat losing its religious prominence. I think it is a pity. Amid the stillness which falls on even large cities on the Sabbath, nothing is so touching and elevating as the pealing chimes from numerous church towers; and in the country the effect is still more beautiful. Our dumb, empty spires are mockeries since the steeple was first added to churches to accommodate the bells; and I would rejoice to hear from all of them that clear, exultant melody which nothing but chiming bells can make.

No other music expresses such glad, enthusiastic exultation, and I think there is a most exquisite propriety in Tennyson's "Invocation to Bells."

If you are out in a driving storm, don't attempt to hold the rains.

## Cascassonne.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.

How old I am! I'm eighty years!  
I've worked both hard and long,  
Yet patient as my life has been,  
One dearest sight I have not seen—  
It almost seems a wrong!  
A dream I had when life was new,  
Blas, our dreams! they come not true  
I thought to see fair Cascassonne;  
That lovely city—Cascassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height  
Beyond the mountains blue.  
Fain could I walk five weary leagues—  
I do not mind the road's fatigues—  
Through morn and evening's dew,  
But bitter frosts would fall at night  
And on the *grapes*—that yellow blight—  
I could not go to Cascassonne;  
I never went to Cascassonne—

They say it is as gay all times  
As holidays at home!  
The gentles ride in gay attire,  
And in the sun each gilded spire  
Shoots up like those at Rome.  
The Bishop the procession leads—  
The Generals curb their prancing steeds.  
Alas! I know not Cascassonne;  
Alas! I saw not Cascassonne.

Our vicar's right! he preaches loud,  
And bids us to beware;  
He says, "O! guard the weakest part,  
But most the traitor in the heart  
Against Ambition's snare;"  
Perhaps in autumn I can find  
Two sunny days with gentle wind,  
I then could go to Cascassonne;  
I still could go to Cascassonne.

My God and father! pardon me  
If this, my wish, offends!  
One sees some hope, more high than he,  
In age, as in his infancy,  
To which his heart ascends,  
My wife, my son, has seen Nardonne,  
My grandson went to Ospignan—  
But I have not seen Cascassonne;  
But I have not seen Cascassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age,  
Half-dreaming in his chair:  
I said, "My friend, come go with me,  
To-morrow there thine eyes shall see  
Those streets that seem so fair."



That night there came for passing soul,  
The church bell's low and solemn toll.  
He never saw gay Cascassonne ;  
*Who has not known a Cascassonne ?*

### The Legend of St. Christopher.

Among all the beautiful legends of the middle ages, none is more pathetic and suggestive than the story of St. Christopher.

Colossal in stature, unequalled in strength, there dwelt in the land of Canaan a giant, named Offero. Feeling in his heart the want that comes in time to all hearts, he traveled far and wide, seeking to find the mightiest Prince on earth, that he might serve him. From one to another potentate he went, ever finding, after a short period of labor, that his new master stood in fear of some other and stronger. Enlisting at last in the service of the devil, he worked for him faithfully, till he discovered that the sight of a cross by the wayside caused him to tremble with fear. So he left him, and marched on, seeking but not finding the Christ, scorning to follow the bidding of a hermit, who desired him to fast and pray, saying, "I will not fast, for surely if I were to fast, my strength would leave me," and "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not so be bound." Then the hermit bethought him doubtless that in Christ's economy there is scope for all natures, and to this man, who did not comprehend fasting and prayer, nor the gentle aspects of religion, it might be that hard work might become the chosen means of grace. So he told him of a perilous river, in fording which many pilgrims perished, saying: "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee!" To which Offero replied, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well!"

Patiently then by the side of the river, by day and by night, the strong man waited, aiding the weak, carrying the helpless, and steadying those who were in danger of going down with the current, till one day our Lord, looking on him well-pleased, said, "Behold this strong man,

who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, but hath found the way to serve me."

So the legend goes on, telling of quiet and faithful service, willingly paid, till there comes a dark and stormy night, when the winds moan drearily, and the drenching rains fall. To the giant, resting in his hut, comes faint and tremulous the cry of a child: "Carry me over, carry me over this night!" Twice and thrice came the piteous call ere the weary Offero answered, when going forth from shelter into the tempest, he found a little child who, borne upon his shoulder, grew heavier and heavier till, almost fainting, he reached the other side. "Henceforth shall thy name be Christopher," then said the child, "for thou hast carried Christ."

### A Contemptible Son.

It is bad enough to be mean in dealing with the public, but a man who is mean to his mother is several degrees worse. An exchange gives the following instance:

While residing in Norway, Me., I sat one day in the office of Gen. Virgin, when two men entered upon a matter of business. I would have departed, but the General bade me keep my seat. The newcomers were father and son, from the adjoining town of Oxford.

The son was a stout, round-shouldered, pig-faced, shock-headed man of about five-and-twenty. The father was decrepit, spare and bent, quaking with palsy, and evidently about worn out. The business was soon unfolded. The old man was going to give this, his youngest son, a deed of the homestead; and the son, in turn, was to give a bond for the maintenance of his parents — they were both living—during their lifetime.

The warranty deed had been made out previously, and had been signed by the mother, with a witness. The old man wrote his name upon the instrument, the General guiding his palsied hand, and I witnessed the signature. When the deed of conveyance had been duly executed, the lawyer set about preparing the bond for the signature of the son. At this point the young man addressed the sire as follows:

"Look here, father, haint you got a leetle money laid up?"

"No," replied the old man, his voice trembling as did his limbs, "I haint got

none—you haven't let me have any for a long time."

"Then the old woman's got some?"

"Ye-e-e-s, she's got a little that she's made by spinnin' an' weavin'."

"How much?"

"Per'aps—thirty dollars."

"And," suggested the keen-witted son, "t'would be jest like her to go and give Dolly that money, who haint got no claim anyway."

I afterwards learned that Dolly was the orphan child of an elder brother.

"Look here, squire," continued the thoughtful son, "can't ye fix it in some way in that 'ere bond so 'twhen the old folks died, *their funeral expenses can be paid out of that money 'at mother's got laid up?*"

Virgin looked up to the shock-headed, pig-faced man, as only Wirt Virgin can look, and readily replied:

"I can't make a bond run beyond the grave. But don't be troubled, my friend; if Fate is just you'll die before they do."

I have often thought if it be true, that there was ever a human soul so small as to be able to dance a horn-pipe within the shell of a mustard seed, that thoughtful son from Oxford must have been the owner.

### The End of the World.

When it is to come, has for years—centuries, indeed—caused much speculation and prophecy, all of which thus far seems useless. Now we are decidedly tired of the various set times for the end of the world, and therefore have had our "Foreign Correspondent" look into the matter, and the result is that he finds in the British Museum certain "Prophecies of Mother Shipton," which we herewith give to our readers. This good old lady lived and flourished as long ago as 1041, and the Museum contains several editions of her "Prophecies"—one made in 1663, another in 1667, still a later one printed at Newcastle in 1775, and the last one a reprint dated 1870, and from which we copy the following prophecy. Will the reader read it carefully, mark many of the prophecies that have already come to pass and then note those that are yet to be fulfilled. We think mother Shipton is much nearer right than any of the Millerites who have so often prophesied the end of all earth-

ly things. But here is Mother Shipton's prophecy, word for word, as copied from the records of the British Museum:

A house of glass shall come to pass  
 In England—but alas!

War will follow with the work

In the land of the Pagan and Turk;

And state and state, in fierce strife,

Will seek each others' life.

But when the North shall divide the South,

An eagle shall be built in the lion's mouth.

Carriages without horses shall go,

And accidents fill the world with woe;

Primrose Hill in London shall be,

And in its center a Bishop's See.

Round the world thoughts shall fly,

In the twinkling of an eye.

Water shall yet more wonders do,

Now strange, shall yet be true.

The world upside down shall be;

And gold found at the root of a tree.

Through hills man shall ride,

And no horse or ass walk by his side.

Under water men shall walk,

Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,

In the air men shall be seen,

In white and black and green.

Iron in the water shall float,

As easy as a wooden boat,

Gold shall be found, and found

In a land that's not now known.

Fire and water shall more wonders do.

England shall at last admit a Jew.

The Jew that was held in scorn

Shall of a christian be born, and born.

Three times three shall lovely France

Be led to dance a bloody dance,

Before her people shall be free,

Three tyrant rulers shall she see;

Three times the people rule alone;

Three times the people's hope is gone;

Three rulers in succession see,

Each spring from different dynasty.

Then shall the worse fight be done;

England and France shall be as one.

All England's sons that plough the land

Shall be seen book in hand.

Learning shall so ebb and flow,

The poor shall more wisdom know.

The world to an end shall come

In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

It is a great mistake to have a passion for anything or anybody. Passion means downright earnestness; downright earnestness means no end of feeling; no end of feeling means expression; expression frequently means fighting, and when you roll up your sleeves and begin to fight, where are you? The indifferent world looks on in wonderment that any one should be fool enough to risk a broken head for aught in heaven or earth. If you are victorious, you are an enthusiast, and enthusiasm is a crime against society. If you are beaten, you deserve to be for startling people's nerves and making an idiot of yourself. I think that earnest people ought to be strangled in their cradles. Then there would be peace. Things would go to the "demnition bow-wows" without fear and without reproach, and this is what all who vote the regular ticket sigh for. Where there is passion, there is always danger of earthquakes. Earthquakes are unpleasant to have in the family, or out of it. They smash things, and every gentleman's library is complete without them. Earnest people make a religion of everything. This is reprehensible. Everybody who is anybody knows that to make a religion even of religion is preposterous. As delightful Margery Fleming says of the multiplication table in general, and of eight times eight in particular—"It's what human nature can't endure." Society flirts with religion precisely as it does with the opera. One day in the week men and women put on their very best clothes, go to church with their very best Bibles, while praying contemplate the names of their hatters, or bury their faces in perfumed embroidery, think about business or neighbors, during the sermon, and having patronized the Creator, return home by way of the Fifth-ave., feeling morally superior to those pagans who worship at no public shrine.

Consider what our Master taught us. He was, in himself, the perfect pattern of all moral strength and lovetiness. In him virtue took its highest form—an ardent passion for the good of others. Read his words; they open springs of moral energy and enthusiasm in the heart. His face is wholly set towards goodness; self-conquest, purity, ideal justice and truth and love; toward these qualities not alone

as his individual possession, but to be developed in the whole human race. In his companionship we breathe the air of a divine enthusiasm. If he made his own person central in his teachings, it was as the embodiment and source of this moral ardor. There is, indeed, an aspect of heavenly tranquillity to his work; there is a record of communion with his friends that is full of the peace and rest of perfect love. But in that communion they entered most deeply into his spirit—the spirit that toils, and suffers, and dies for the sake of others. And when he left them, they went forth to carry on his work with an ardor in which their lives were consumed and the world was conquered.

This was God's revelation of himself to us. In Christ he translated his mysterious divine nature into the language that we understand. Through Christ we get near to him, and know what he is like, and recognize his spirit when it stirs within us. And all our religious knowledge, and faith, and experience have their right outcome in this, that we become like Christ. To solemnly consecrate ourselves to him is well; to publicly join ourselves to his cause is well; to have the inward assurance of his fellowship is a blessed privilege. But the great necessity, the great business of life for every man, is to be habitually Christlike in act, and word, and thought. Compared to this, church membership is nothing, doctrines are nothing, emotional experience is nothing. Character, in its highest sense, is every thing.

Robert Collyer, in a speech on the Sunday law, at Chicago, said that he wished every whisky shop was down in hell, chained up in the bottomless pit for a thousand years, and a new chain ready for them at the expiration of that time.

But unless the men who run them bear them company, or are saved from their wickedness, every banished shop would be replaced as soon as the materials could be contracted for. Who doubts that a good many whisky shops were annihilated by the Chicago fire? Will there be any fewer there a year hence?

A wag, in speaking of a blind wood sawyer, says that "while none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1873.

### Religious Services at the Hospital.

It was decided at the Ministers' meeting a few weeks ago, in accordance with a request made by the Lady Managers, that religious services should be held at the Hospital every Sunday, and that some minister in the city would take charge of the meeting. This very excellent plan has as yet not been carried into effect, but we trust it soon will be. As there are so many churches represented in these meetings, we feel it will not be—at least we hope it will not be—too great a tax upon them. For the past few Sabbaths, Mr. — has taken charge of the religious exercises, and it was our privilege yesterday afternoon to be there. The chapel is in the second story of the centre building; it is a large, cheerful, well lighted and well warmed room, carpeted and furnished in excellent taste, and has two handsome lounges for the benefit of those who are obliged to recline. Yesterday the room was more than full, many being obliged to sit in the hall. Except that we think it would not be pleasant to Mr. — to know that his remarks were reported in the 'Hospital Review,' we would give our readers the benefit of them. We can but feel that all he said partook more of the nature of an earnest, friendly Christian conversation than of a sermon, and that he meant it as such. The strictest attention was paid, indeed many a minister would be glad to have so wide awake and so earnest an audience. We learned, after the services were over, that Mr. — was very much liked in the Hospital, and we were not at all surprised. We are sure that a real interest was felt, and we wish that Mr. — could occasionally find time to visit some of the sick people whom he address-

ed. His Christian conversation, his magnetic manner, and his genial countenance, would cheer many a sad heart, and some poor sinner could, through his help, be led to a purer and a holier life.

Miss — played upon the cabinet organ—a gift from the ladies in the Third Ward—and led in singing two beautiful hymns: one, "He leadeth me;" the other, "Shall we gather at the river." Nearly all joined in the singing.

Although it is against the rules to receive visitors on the Sabbath, Mr. Breck not only allowed us to go through the wards but went with us. We were glad that none were very sick. Our readers will perhaps remember that last December a man was taken to the Hospital, with his hands and feet frozen. We have seen him often during the past few months. He has lost his fingers and one thumb, and half of both feet; however, he has so far recovered as to be able to go home. We often see Mr. —, an old blind man, in one of the wards. Yesterday, we saw him rocking in a chair at the rate of sixty miles an hour at least, eating soda crackers, and singing, "He leadeth me," at the top of his voice. Clearly he was enjoying his Sabbath.

Of the three in the Female Ward, who were injured by falling on the ice, only one remains. When this one told us the story of her fall, and that her hip was dislocated and her limb broken, we asked, "when it was broken?" As she did not seem to understand us, we said, "where was it broken—above or below the knee?" She moved her hand up and down the injured leg, and said, "Sure and I don't know." She is a very cheerful old lady, and takes her troubles uncomplainingly.

We had a delightful time, and felt that our Sabbath afternoon had been spent both pleasantly and profitably.

Pride becomes not an imperfect being.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

It is our pleasant duty and also our privilege, this lovely May morning, to write, that Mr. James H. Kelly, after visiting the City Hospital a few weeks ago, gave to it the munificent sum of one hundred dollars. We think that "Go thou and do likewise," is here the most suggestive thought. We are sure that Mr. Kelly would cheerfully see his example followed; if he will establish such a precedent, he must expect to see other one hundred dollars noted, and it would give him great pleasure.

Mr. M. Greentree, after furnishing one of the rooms in the "Mansard," in the most elegant style and at great expense, a few days since gave the City Hospital twenty-five dollars. Well, if gentlemen will persist in such a course, we see no help for it. The wonder now is, what names shall we add to these next month?

### Aerated Bread.

A "person" came in one day, full of enthusiasm. This "person" had been to Anthony Brothers' Aerated Bread Establishment and had seen the process of bread making and baking. The account as given to us was in this wise: "They put flour and water with some salt in something and then they pump carbonic acid gas into it, that makes it light; then it is put into pans and baked right off. It comes out light bread, such as we eat." Now we had in times past made too many loaves of bread to be deluded with this kind of description. We believed in just one fashion of making bread. Set a sponge at night, mix it in the morning, knead it until it would "cleave from the board"; put it back to rise again, and when it was light as a puff, knead lightly, put it in pans, let it remain in a warm place a little time, then bake. And very good bread it was, too, although there was danger that with so much fermentation the bread might be sour, then soda must be used. However, we intend never to be too old to learn, and if there was a better way, we wanted to

know it; so we put on our bonnet and started out to visit Mr. Anthony. He told us to come some morning at nine o'clock, and we could see the whole process. He must have said nine o'clock, else how could the idea have got into our head?

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?" said the judge.

"No, my lord, only Nathaniel — not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir!" replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?"

We went at nine, but the bread was mixed and in the oven. However, we had the good fortune to meet a very intelligent young man, who kindly told us all about the process, Mr. Anthony being out. In the centre of a large room is a cylindrical iron vessel, holding two barrels of flour, seven pounds of table salt, and two hundred and fifty pounds of water. Of course the quantity of water used varies, some flour requiring more, and some requiring less. Within this iron vessel, which, inside, is a perfect globe, are four revolving arms; above, is a hopper into which the flour is sifted; this descends through a tube into the cylinder, the water and salt are added, and the arms do the work of mixing. The atmospheric air is then exhausted and carbonic acid gas is pumped in with a pressure of one hundred and seventy pounds to the square inch. This gas being heavier than air, remains in the dough, until heat is applied, then it expands, and finally leaves the loaf, but in going it takes the bread up with it. Thus the bread is made light without fermentation, and without the least possibility of becoming sour, and with no necessity of using that bane of bread—soda.

The gas used is the same as in produc-

ing the effervescence of soda water: but in the latter it remains, and we drink it, while in the former it is wholly expelled. Each loaf is weighed before going into the oven. For the comfort of our readers, we will add, river water is not used.

We are very sorry to read that the Commissioners from the United States to the Vienna Exposition are doing, or rather have done, something scandalous. We confess we did not care until Mr. Steiger asked for a number of the "*Hospital Review*," to send there with the other papers printed in this country. However, we sent the "*Review*" of last month, and if it is received we can easily imagine the avidity with which it will be read by all Viennese who are so fortunate as to understand the English language.

#### Book Notices.

The mystery of Metropolisville, written by Edward Eggleston, author of the "Hoosier School-master," needs no better notice than the author's name. Any one who has read the latter book will be glad to read this mystery. We do think a happier title might have been found for it. The mystery is, Why did Albert Charlton go to State prison for ten years, when he was entirely innocent, and when he knew who was guilty of the crime with which he was charged? We will let the reader find out. It is easy to discover faults we know, but why did not the author give Katy a few more brains? Isa is a noble character and has the rare faculty of saying a great deal in a few words. Mr. Plausaby is delightfully Pecksniffian, and we are gratified with the termination of Westcott's career. It is very exciting when we read that the articles of marriage are ready for signing by David Sawney and M. Perritaut's daughter; we are so afraid that he is selling himself for mere money, but no, thanks to his religious scruples, he escapes the perils that seemed to environ

him. In these days of trash we are glad to find such a book. For sale at Darrow's.

We have no intention of asking Gentle Spring, ethereal mildness to come. We can't flatter ourselves that we have any influence with this untoward maid; besides we are not at all in love with her, not even as much as we were before we read "Palmetto Leaves." Think of sailing on the river, sitting on the verandas, walking in the woods without wraps, seeing calla lilies in blossom, all in January; while we, in April and May, are glad to sit by stoves and wear furs; and as for sailing on the river, who in their senses would think of such a fool-hardy undertaking. "Palmetto Leaves," written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, appeared first in the *Christian Union* in a series of letters, but now they are in book form. The opening chapter gives us a ludicrously pathetic account of a masterless seasick dog; but after that, we turn green with envy to read, that while we are suffering the rigors of a northern winter, yes, and of a northern spring, the inhabitants of Florida are basking in perpetual sunshine. A great deal of useful information is contained in this book, given in the charming way that Mrs. Stowe alone writes. For sale at Darrow's.

#### Editorial Notices.

Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, having enlarged and refitted their store, have now an extensive assortment of silks of all grades and colors, poplins, alpacas, cambrics, pongees, serges and all other kinds of dress goods for sale. Their shawls, sacks and wraps, are of all descriptions, with prices to suit. This house is especially convenient for ladies shopping from out of town, as they keep all kinds of underwear, elaborately made. Their entire suits, comprising dresses, overskirts and sacks, polonaises, are very handsome, many of them being imported. 69, 71, 73 East Main Street.



It is very agreeable to walk into Moore, Cole & Co's large house and see the abundance there. Nothing is wanting; the coffees are real; the sugars, are unadulterated; the teas, delight the hearts of all good housekeepers; and as for fancy goods, why, just look at their advertisement. No reasonable being could ask for more than they there see. Quoting from them we will say, "Best of Goods and reasonable Prices." It gives us great pleasure to call the attention of our readers to their advertisement, as they have patronized the *Review* for the past eight years. We rejoice in their prosperity, and although modesty would forbid our connecting their good fortune with their advertisement in this paper, we think the inference will occur to all fair minded business men.

One of the most exquisite cake baskets we have seen in a long time came from H. & D. Rosenburg's. It was so perfect that except we saw it on a friend's table we would describe it. Their chains and watches, their ear-rings and pins, are all very exquisite; but their silver ware is lovely beyond description. The patterns are so elegant and the varieties are infinite. No. 11 Powers' Block, State street.

We believe the definition of Margaret is both earl and daisy. Very suitable names they are, too, for a beautiful hat found at Rosenblatt's. Their hats are of all the fashionable shaps, and each lovelier than the other. It is really distracting to go there; but their prices are so reasonable, it is also very comforting. The variety of parasols is unequaled in Rochester. 40 and 42 State street.

We wish to call attention to our advertisement of J. Fahy & Co. It is a most remarkable house for finding everything. One can match almost any shade and buy everything desirable, that is in their line. The attention is polite, the prices are rea-

sonable, and the styles fashionable. 64 State street.

**Died.**

- At the Rochester City Hospital, April 14, 1873, John S. Crandall, aged 33 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, April 23, 1873, Elta Wilmot, aged 23 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, April 24, 1873, Jennie E. Miller, aged 21 years.

**Cash Donations to Rochester City Hospital.**

Mr. M. Greentree—by Mrs. Strong.....	\$25 00
Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Brockport—by Mrs. Beach.....	9 00
Alderman Jas. H. Kelly—by Mr. Ereck.....	100 00
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr,—by Miss Mungér.....	10 00

**Donations.**

- Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Three gallons Pickles, 1 jar Peaches and other delicacies.
- Mrs. Azel Backus—Quantity of Infant's Clothing.
- Mrs. T. A. Clark—Two jars Fresh Fruit, 2 glasses Jelly and Old Linen.
- Miss Jones—Old Cotton.
- Miss Fox and Miss Storrs—Jelly, Fresh Fruit and Periodicals
- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Second-hand Clothing, Fish, Pickles and Old Linen.
- D. M. Dewey—Japan Tray.
- Mrs. Edward Ray—Old Cotton.
- Mrs. Mathews and Mrs. Craig — Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. A. D. Smith—Six glasses Jelly, Oranges, Lemons, large quantity of new and second-hand Clothing, Papers, Old Cotton, etc.
- Mrs. James G. Cutler—One Dressing Gown and jar Strawberries.
- Mrs. Ives, Batavia—Illustrated Papers.
- Old 13th Regiment—Quantity of Cake, Biscuits, etc.
- Mrs. Smith—Preserved Fruit, Dressing Gown, Old Cotton, etc.
- Mrs. Caroline M. Thompson—Quantity of nice Underclothing, Socks, etc., Papers and Periodicals.
- W. H. Moore—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Quantity Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Job Whipple, Brockport—Bundle Old Cotton.
- Mrs. Hiram Sibley—Two handsome Engravings, (framed.)
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Quantity of Second-hand Clothing, 2 bottles Raspberry Vinegar, quantity of Syrup.
- Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Five Bowls Jelly, Oranges.

**Superintendent's Report**

1873. Apr. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 90	
Received during month, . . .	43—133
Discharged, . . . . .	44
Died, . . . . .	3— 47
Remaining May 1st, 1873,	86

**Subscriptions to the Review**

Mrs. Hervey Ely, Bricksburg, N.J., \$1.00;  
 Mrs. O. Carlton, Salem, Mass., \$1.00;  
 Mrs. Maria Whipple, Brockport, 50 cts.;  
 Mrs. S. W. Howard, Brockport, 50 cts.;  
 Mrs. S. Moody, New York, 75 cts.: Mrs.  
 Bryan, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Siddons, 62 cts.;  
 Mr. Myer Greentree, 70 cts.: Mrs. Dr.  
 Armstrong, 63 cts.; Mrs. C. J. Hayden,  
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 M. Strong, \$1.00—By Mrs. M. Strong, \$10 94  
 Miss Amelia Willard, Hemlock Lake, 50  
 cents; Mrs. Sarah Southwell, Hemlock  
 Lake, 50 cents—By Mrs. S. B. Fowler 1 00  
 Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport, \$1.00;  
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 J. Croft, 50 cts.; Mrs. Clinton McVean,  
 50 cents; Mrs. Joseph Brown, 50 cents;  
 Mrs. J. Budlong, 50 cents—all of Scotts-  
 ville; Mrs. Mary Niles, Pittsford, 50c.;  
 Mrs. G. W. Farnham, Pittsford, \$1.00;  
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 Libbie Hitchcock, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H.  
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 E. M. Price, Avon, \$1.50; Mrs. M. Y.  
 Andrews, Avon, 65 cents; M. A. Root,  
 York, 50 cents; Mrs. J. B. Parmelee,  
 Spencerport, 50 cents. — *For Advertise-  
 ments*: Woodbury, Morse and Co., \$5.00;  
 M. V. Beemer, \$1.00; C. B. Woodworth  
 and Son, \$5.00; A. S. Mann and Co.,  
 \$15.00; E. F. Hyde, \$5.00; Smith, Per-  
 kins and Co., \$5.00; A. S. Hamilton and  
 Co., \$5.00; E. and A. Wayte, \$5.00; J.  
 Schlier, \$5.00; Moore and Cole, \$10.00;  
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 C. Spencer and Co., \$5.00; John T. Fox,  
 \$5.00; J. B. Sweeting, \$5.00; Reese,  
 Higbie and Haskins, \$5.00; H. H. Bab-  
 cock, \$5.00—By Mrs. Beach..... \$129 14  
 Newell and Turpin, for Advertisement,  
 —By Miss Munger..... 5 00  
 Mrs. George Cummings—By Miss Van  
 Evrie,..... 62

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

We invite attention to our list of new advertisements

- Viz*:  
 Kenyon & Hunt—Hats, Caps and Furs.  
 W. H. Battelle & Co—Drugs and Perfumery.  
 K. P. Shedd—Fine Groceries.  
 A. V. Smith—Harness, Trunks, &c.

**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 FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "  
 Miss MARY WATSON, "  
 Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

**Children's Department.**

**The Trial of Ghosts.**

"Hollo, Tom! what do you say to a  
 lark? Will Banks, Jake Stokes and I  
 have thought of one that'll be the richest  
 you've heard of for many a day."

"A good deal you have! What is it?"  
 "Come over to the barn and we'll talk  
 about it. It is capital, no mistake."

The two boys, Tom Laxcomb and Eph  
 Thompson, passed across the street to the  
 home of the former, and entered the spa-  
 cious barn, where they frequently talked  
 over their plays and their plans. Finding  
 luxuriant seats in the fragrant hay, Eph  
 commenced.

"You know Granny Fulsom?"

"To be sure I do. She's that queer  
 woman, who cures felons, and such things,  
 and folks say that she is half a witch.  
 Dot Johnson had seven big warts on his  
 left hand, and he screwed up all the cour-  
 age he had, and went to see her by moon-  
 light. He said she muttered something  
 that sounded like a prayer, and in less  
 than no time every wart was gone."

"Nonsense! Who believes it?"

"Well, at any rate, his hands are fair,  
 now, and Sanders says that years ago,  
 when you and I were babies, he had them  
 on every finger."

"You don't think she's a witch, do  
 you?"

"Of course not! Who believes in  
 witches now-a-days! But she looks like  
 one, any way. She walks along mutter-  
 ing and giving side glances, and seldom  
 speaks to people. Nobody likes her, and  
 I guess a good many folks are afraid of  
 her."

"Pshaw!" muttered Eph, but he moved  
 uneasily.

"But come," said Tom, "what's your  
 lark?"

"Why, you see there are to be four of  
 us,—you and I, Will Banks and Jake  
 Stokes. Old Mother Goosey, as we boys  
 call her, cures people by the help of  
 spirits; and we are all to dress up as  
 ghosts."

"O, but how can we?"

"Easily enough. Each one of us can  
 get a sheet. Jake Stokes has got a piece  
 of phosphorus, that we can rub on our faces.

The old lady hasn't a single fastening to her house, and any body can go in, day or night. We shall give three hollow knocks apiece on the door and the windows, and then enter together."

"But it might frighten her, — might frighten her to death, you know."

"Nonsense, she's tough! And besides, if she makes other people think she sees ghosts, it's no more than fair to let her have a taste of her own medicine."

"It seems mean, any way," said Tom uneasily.

"Pugh! what's the use of fun if you can't get it out of other people? I don't believe she'll scare one bit."

"Shall you wear masks?"

"No; only chalk our faces and rub phosphorus on our foreheads, and cheeks, and under the mouth; that's all. Come, you won't spoil the fun; you join us?"

"Well—yes—I guess so," said Tom, rather reluctantly.

"It will be the greatest sport you ever saw," laughed Eph. "I've done nothing but think of it since we boys suggested the plan."

They neither of them saw the golden head of Alice, Tom's sister, who sat reading in a nook of her own, considerably above them. The sweet, roomy barn was her favorite place of resort with a new book. She had laid the volume aside, now, and was intently listening.

"About what time are we to do ghost business?" asked Tom, as the boys rose to go.

"O any hour after dark. They say the old lady goes to roost with the chickens. I guess eight would be a good time. Thursday evening, we're thinking of now;" and then they conferred together how and when they should meet, and presently left the place.

"The mean, cruel, wicked things!" ejaculated Alice, as she tried in vain to fix her attention upon the book. "To think Tom should join these young ruffians. I'll go tell the poor old creature, and put her on her guard. At her age such a heartless prank might be the death of her. I'll tell her this very day—but O, that's a good thought!" and she dropped the book to clap her hands. "We girls will have some fun, too, if only I can get Nanny and Lizzie to join; and I am sure I can, and even little Tiney."

Full of the new idea, Alice put aside

her book and went into the house, thoughtful but radiant. After tea she called upon a few of her friends, and it was evident from the peculiar brightness of her face, as she left them, that she had been successful in her desires.

It was not dark as she walked with quick step toward the poor little cabin of Mother Goosey, as the harmless old woman was called.

The lonely creature had just put by her Bible and her steel spectacles, which had been clumsily mended with black thread in two or three places. Alice had several talks with this quiet, isolated body, and felt toward her affection as well as friendliness, for Mother Goosey had told her the sad story of her life—a life so full of suffering, that it was no wonder she said it seemed sometimes as if the Lord had clean forgotten her. To those who liked her, and were not prejudiced by the many untruthful stories told against her, she was simply Aunt Ann.

"I'm very glad to see you, child," said the old woman.

"And I'm glad to see you, aunty, and I've come to put you on your guard."

"And what shall I do, child?" queried the old lady, after she had listened to the girl's statement.

"I'll tell you," replied Alice. "Of course you will be very brave, and not appear in the least astonished. They won't know what to make of that. Then you are to say, in a loud voice, holding a stick or something, and pointing to the door,—

"Avenging spirits! enter and destroy these false ones!

"Perhaps you had better have both windows open, for there'll be a scampering when the spirits enter at your call;" and Alice, foreseeing the sport, laughed heartily.

"Yes, yes, deary; yes, yes, I see;" and the old woman laughed, too; "the spirits will come?"

"Just as many as there are ghosts. O, they think it will be such a grand scare, and I know it will."

The boys had entered heartily, meanwhile, into the spirit of the sport. Every thing, was fully arranged. They met on the appointed night in a dark corner of the patch of woods near the old lady's dwelling, and dressed themselves in sheets, with many a fluttering streamer, and chalked each other's faces, and used phosphorus in a manner that was frightful to behold.

Then they marched in procession to the little old but, knocked, groaned and entered. To their astonishment the old woman received them quite as if she were used to such unearthly company. She frowned, and they felt uncomfortable as they stood looking at her, uncertain what to do next.

"Ye be false ghosts," she said, in a hollow voice. The boys began to question as to the fun of the thing. Very deliberately she rose and put out the light. The moonbeams illuminated her silvery hair and wild, grey eyes, as she lifted her long, thine forefinger, and in a sepulchral voice exclaimed,—

"Avenging spirits! I bid you enter and destroy these false ones!"

The door opened glidingly, and in came—how many? The boys could not have told for their lives; for, to their frightened gaze, the things they saw were veritable specters, so thin and unsubstantial in the moonlight, so spirit-like, that the hair rose on their heads, and as Alice advanced toward them, trembling with inward laughter, they turned and rushed for the windows and doors, their sheets tangling their feet so that they rolled in piteous white bundles on the other side of the house. Once up, they never stopped to look behind them, but flew as on the wings of the wind, till they were clear of the woods, and on towards home, never thinking of their attire till they felt the protecting shadow of their own domiciles.

Many a story was told, next day, of strange figures with fiery faces flitting along the silent village streets, but the real thing, the solution of the puzzle, never transpired till the boys were men grown.

But be sure they never attempted to scare Granny Fulson again.

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AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1873.

No. 11.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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[For the Hospital Review.]

### Footsteps on the Other Side.

How many weary pilgrims lie,  
And watching wait and waiting sigh,  
For steps that never wander nigh,  
But pass upon the other side.  
For steps that trampled heart and brain  
And made their lives a lingering pain,  
And passed and never came again,  
Lost footsteps on the other side.

How many walk with bleeding feet,  
Seeking the loved and lost to meet,  
While the dear visions flit and fleet,  
And vanish on the other side.  
While life's fresh love and youth's sweet trust  
Those Eden blooms in earthly dust,  
Lie banished and broken, strained and crushed  
Neath footsteps on the other side.

And so they watch and watching sigh  
While youth and faith and hope go by,  
While life and love and gladness die  
Neath footsteps on the other side.  
And so they wait with ear and eye,  
For one dear echo floating by,  
A grief, a woe, a wandering sigh,  
A footstep on the other side.

O heavy hearts that ache and break,  
O heavy eyes that droop and sleep,  
Why must ye ever wake and weep  
At footsteps on the other side.  
Why must ye ever lie forlorn,  
And ache and wake and weep so long,  
Because one footstep has gone wrong,  
And passed upon the other side.

### Training Schools for Nurses.

No training school for nurses was found by Mr. Stanley of Ujiji. Such an institution is a fruit of the Gospel, and will be searched for in vain outside the area of civilization. Ever since the Lord Jesus uttered those words which make attendance upon the sick one of the duties of religion and one of the marks of discipleship, that holy service has been rendered by not a few devoted ones, who, if they lack skill have not lacked disposition, to administer relief to the diseased and the suffering; but it has been left to the enlightened spirit of this nineteenth Christian century to discover the deficiencies which have so far attended this ministry of compassion, and to devise measures to remedy the same.

In a certain degree, doubtless, the nurse, like the poet, is born and not made. There are essential qualifications which are a part of nature and not a product of education. A pitying heart, a self-denying spirit, un-

weariness, patience, fortitude, a delicate touch, these are some of the traits which are hardly to be created in a school of practice, though they may be developed there. But there are other qualifications of which the best natures may be destitute, yet which the least apt may by diligence acquire. The management of the physically helpless, the dressing of wounds and sores, the application of splints and bandages, the preparation of food, the studying of symptoms, the regulation of temperature and ventilation, the care of convalescents—these constitute a fair field for study, proficiency in which is largely a matter of proper instruction and actual experience. The nurse is the physician's executive, and an incompetent one may completely defeat or greatly hinder the treatment prescribed by the superior officer. It is strange that the world has been so long in finding out its need of trained nurses.

For a dozen years a training school and home for nurses, founded by Florence Nightingale with the sum subscribed for her in recognition of her services in the Crimean War, has been in successful operation in connection with St. Thomas' Hospital, London, and similar institutions have since grown up at the side of nearly all the larger hospitals throughout England. These schools train nurses for service not only in the hospitals, but in private families and furnish a home to the nurses as well as train them. Each has its lady superintendent and its training-nurses, and under these are placed the "probationers," as the young women are called who avail themselves of this method of study, and practice in their chosen profession. The probationers receive their board and lodging, and are paid a slight sum in addition by way of pocket money, until they can earn for themselves.

Catching the spirit of their English sisters, a permanent organization of New York gentlemen and ladies, act in co-operation with the Commissioners of Public Charities, has taken steps to establish a like school and home in connection with Bellevue Hospital in that city. Such a school has already existed for several months at the new hospital for women in Roxbury, and we believe one is projected at the Massachusetts General Hospital, if the approbation of the physicians and surgeons thereof is not withheld, but the par-

ticulars of the New York plan only are now before us. With it the gentlemen of Bellevue Hospital are in the heartiest sympathy. A house has already been purchased to serve as a Home, negotiations are now making with a view to the appointment of a competent superintendent, and six wards of the hospital will be placed under the control of the members of the school, so far as the nursing is concerned. Religious women of all denominations, who seem to be properly qualified for the work will be received as probationers upon conditions and terms which will shortly be made public, and it is believed that the services of graduates will be in instant demand at remunerative rates of compensation.

We heartily rejoice in the movement. It is something to have a new avenue of honorable, lucrative usefulness opened to women; but it is more to see in the immediate future the prospect of being able to obtain skilled and competent nurses for the sick, instead of being shut up to the irregular, insufficient, and otherwise unsatisfactory provision which has hitherto alone been at hand.

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### Sleeping Flowers.

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Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that they close their leaves during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The goat's beard wakes at three in the morning and shuts at five or six in the evening. The English daisy shuts up its blossoms in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours toward the evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes forever at four in the afternoon. The night-flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight; it is full-blown at midnight, and closes, never to open again, with the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till after sunrise. Those plants which seem to be awake all night have been called "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

## Mr. Spurgeon on Art.

In lecturing on his observations in his last foreign tour, Mr. Spurgeon supplied an omission for which he was criticised on occasion of a previously described tour :

The last time he lectured on his tour, he received rather a severe rebuke from a learned writer for not remarking more upon pictures and statuary, which it was assumed must always be a great attraction to any educated person. He must confess he took very little interest in them. After about twenty miles of picture galleries, one did not want to see any more; and when you have seen the portrait of a man 20,000 times, it began to get somewhat stale. He had been heartily sick during his last journey of these repetitions in the pictures and statuary. He was quite unable to form any conception of what the Virgin Mary was like. If he had been left alone, and had never seen a portrait of her, he might have formed some idea; but he had seen her as a French, German, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian woman; and, last of all, as black as soot. He therefore was quite unable to tell what she was like, and the manner in which the artists had dealt with their Holy Families and Virgins, led him to think more of their pencils than of their brains. (Laughter.) Susannah and the Elders—a pretty subject truly for an artist—he had seen twenty times, and should know those two elders wherever he met them. St. Sebastian and St. Bartholomew he had also seen very often. Some of the works of Gustave Dore, which was really magnificent, were said by the wise men of this generation to be in bad taste; but what of St. Bartholomew depicted with his skin half torn off and all his veins exposed? St. Sebastian he saw stuck all over with arrows in a variety of ways, sometimes like a pincushion, and sometimes turned into a porcupine. (Laughter.) At length he and his friends came to St. Sebastian dead, and very thankful he was for it, thinking they should now have no more pictures of him; but by-and-by another confronted them in church, and his friend exclaimed, "Hallo! here is our old friend Sebastian again." (Laughter.) There was not only a monotony in the art of the old masters, but often an utter waste of talent. He had visited a French gallery in Brussels, which

he defied any man to forget. The gallery was the production of one man, who went over acres of canvass. Some of the pictures were terrible. He should never forget the picture of the "Coming Man," with a crowned head—a right royal-looking man, who was taking into his hands riches, eagles, mitres, tiaras, and all that stuff. There was an awful picture of the Great Napoleon in Hell—one of the most fearful pictures he had ever seen. But he respected the artist's motive, which was to set forth the detestable character of war. He very much admired one celebrated picture, which had a prominent place in a noted gallery; it was an excellent picture of a red cabbage, and he wondered why an artist of so much ability and power should so spend his time; but, no doubt, three out of four of all the paintings which you saw in journeying about might as well be upon red cabbages for any instruction or use they were. These remarks of his were, of course in dreadfully bad taste; but he had already been found guilty of the crime, and meant to continue his enormities. There were some pictures, however, such as Paul Potter's Bull, at the Hague, upon which one might gaze and yet find them inexhaustible. He saw three pictures in Rome of the penitent Magdalene. The first was a figure clad in sackcloth, with ashes on her head—that he considered theatrical. The second represented an abundance of tears, but so as to make the woman more lovely than ever; dress and hair were evidently arranged with a view to the display of her beauty, even while her eyes were red with weeping. This he considered proof of a divided heart. In the third picture the penitent was absorbed with grief, so that she was but one living tear; she lived but to sorrow, because she had lived to sin. So much for pictures; nobody could now say he had neglected them. (Laughter.)

Children are not taught to love one another by being compared with one another. It has been well said, as a word of counsel to both the parent and the teacher :

"Never in the presence of your child make invidious comparisons of its behavior with that of other children; nor present to it any human example to follow, only so far as that model follows Christ, the perfect example."

**How They are Schooled in Prussia.**

Nothing more forcibly strikes the foreign sojourner in Berlin than the universal intelligence of the lower classes of that city. Your cabman speaks to you—if you can but comprehend him—in perfectly correct and grammatical German; your washerwoman's bill is a model of neat and handsome penmanship and correct spelling; your wife's seamstress is able to discuss the latest publications, the views in the political and fashionable world, and examines the books on the table with a critically-experienced eye. To be sure, this universal intelligence has a tendency to make the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" somewhat arrogant; and, by the law of compensation, the cabby and the washerwoman make up for the absence of ignorance by a pertness and independence of manner which are to be met with, to an equal degree, in no other European capital. Yet the fact that they can all read, write, and cipher, brings the results of the Prussian educational system more vividly to the mind than any other fact could—unless it were the effect of it seen in the army. The Prussian State has long made equality of intelligence—as far as schooling can effect it—a compulsory matter. All children, as soon as they get out of their frocks, must go to school; and the State prescribes when that shall be. The failure of any child to attend school is punished vicariously in the person of the parent, who is fined by an ascending scale of penalties, and if he or she proves still obdurate, is incontinently thrown into prison. Indeed, Fatherland assumes a rather more than patriarchal authority over its children from the moment that they are able to lisp its guttural alphabet until they are in the forties; for, taking them at the tender age of dawning intelligence, it makes them submit to the pedagogue's rule till they are large enough to become a certain numerical figure in a certain numerical regiment; and in this vague identity a man may be compelled to remain if Fatherland so chooses, from seventeen to forty-two. A recent report of the Berlin schools for 1871 gives some interesting figures, and betrays the fact that one-ninth of the total population of Berlin attends school with military regularity. Over ninety-three thousand scholars were reported for that year, the number of schools being two hundred and eighteen,

and under the supervision of sixty-one male and one hundred and thirty-seven female teachers, and five hundred and sixty-six ushers, or sub-teachers. The salaries of these instructors, who are official personages, would amaze the young gentleman and ladies who undertake schools during the winter season in our own rural districts. The highest pay for head-masters is about seven hundred dollars a year; the salaries range from this figure to three hundred dollars, which is the amount received by the junior ushers; while the female teachers receive stipends ranging from three hundred to two hundred and twenty-five. The Berlin schools are furthermore provided with two hundred sewing-teachers, having salaries of fifty-five dollars a year, and fifteen assistants at forty-five dollars. It costs Berlin about half a million dollars a year to support her schools, which is cheap, especially when it is considered how thorough and substantial an education is thus imparted. It is interesting to be told that the parents of Berlin contributed, during 1871, about seven thousand dollars to the public treasury in the way of fines, while over fifteen hundred papas and mammas were imprisoned for not compelling Fritz and Gretchen to go to school, and keeping them there.—*Appletons' Journal.*

Owing to a heavy embezzlement in a certain corporation, an effort was made to place its affairs in the hands of a receiver, and old Blinks was waited on to accept this position. To the surprise of his friends, however, he refused. "Stole a good lot of money, did he?" said Blinks. "Yes, and we want you now to act as receiver till we get things straightened out." "No, sir. Can't make no receiver out of me." "Why not, sir? You will be paid for your services, besides the honor of acting for the company." "Honor!" said Blinks, "Well, I guess it's no honor, for I've always heard the receiver was as bad as the thief."

Music has charms, but it does not seem to be very particular as to how their siren influence shall be exerted. The cabinet organ of the Congregational church at South Wellfleet was stolen from the church some time last week, and it is rumored that the cavern of the bandits now resounds with the gentle strains of "I love to steal."



The Bread of St. Jodokus.

Translated from the German by T. B. Holland.

To prove his servant's faithfulness,  
Came once the Lord to St. Jodokus' door  
In miserable garb, and begged for bread.

"Give," said Jodokus, "my good steward, give to him!"

"Sir," said the man, "only one loaf is left;  
What then remains for thee and me, and for our dog?"

"Give always," answered the good man, "the Lord he will provide."

The steward took the knife, measured with care,  
In four exactly equal shares, the loaf then cut,  
One to the beggar gave, and said in no too friendly tone:

"One thine, one mine, the Abbot's one, and one the dog's;"

Jodokus smiled; the beggar went his way.

Not long, and in still poorer garb arrayed,  
Came once again the Lord and begged for bread.

"Give," said Jodokus, "my piece give to him;  
The Lord he will provide;" and it was given.

Soon after, and with still more famished mien,  
The third time came the Lord and asked for bread  
"Give," said Jodokus, "give to him thy piece.  
The Lord he will provide;" and it was given.

Not long, and lame, blind, naked and forlorn,  
The Lord the fourth time came, and prayed for bread.

Jodokus said, "the dog's share give to him;  
The Lord, who feeds the ravens, will provide."

The steward gave; and as away he went,  
There sounded forth a voice: "Great is thy faith;  
Thou, too, thy master's loyal servant, great;  
As thou hast believed, so to thee shall it be."

To the narrow window stepped the steward then,  
and lo!

There landed in the river near, four little ships,  
Laden with bread, fruit, oil and wine, a rich sup-  
ply.

The steward hastened joyful to the shore.  
He found no men were there, but saw instead,  
Waving upon the strand a pure white flag,  
Whereon in golden letters flamed bright the words:

"Four ships sends He who gives the ravens food;  
To the Abbot who, to-day, Him four times has  
relieved;

One, his shall be, the steward's one, and one is  
for the dog; [sees.]

Poor kindred of the senter, may the fourth pos-

Wings.

It was a beautiful summer morning.  
The sun shone down in royal splendor on  
the dancing waters, and the breeze came  
fresh and bracing from the west, while the  
white ferry-boat, like some huge sea-bird,  
sped her way to and fro between the  
shores of New York and Jersey City.

On board moved the swiftly-changing  
tide of human life, with its countless diversi-  
ties and strong contrasts mirthful and sad,  
earnest and idle, kind and selfish, pure-  
hearted and evil. In one corner of the  
deck was a small wagon, whose occupant  
attracted the attention of all and the  
sympathy of every true heart. Judging  
by his face, he might have seen nineteen  
years, but the man's body was poorly sup-  
ported by the shrunken limbs, not larger  
than those of a child. Yet the pale, tired  
face wore a look of patience, and his clear,  
honest eyes neither shunned nor courted  
the pitying glances bent upon him. He  
was selling books, counting change quickly,  
and passing it with a slight bow and pleas-  
ant "Thank you."

A lady came up, bought two or three  
books, and withdrew to a little distance.  
Tears filled her eyes as she watched the  
busy, dwarfed figure, and she said in a low  
tone to the gentleman beside her:

"What can that poor boy have to look  
forward to?"

She did not think he would overhear  
her, but her words reached his quick ear,  
and with a swift, beautiful smile lighting  
his wan face, he answered hopefully.

"Wings—some day!"

What You Cannot Afford.

A man cannot afford to be unfaithful  
under any circumstances. A man cannot  
afford to be mean at any time. A man  
cannot afford to do less than his best at all  
times and under all circumstances. No  
matter how wrongfully you are placed,  
and no matter how unjustly you are treat-  
ed you cannot for your own sake, afford  
to use anything but your better self, nor  
to render anything but your better service.  
And certainly you cannot, when you con-  
sider that it is to the Lord you are acting.  
Still further, the apostle goes on to com-  
mand that slaves shall obey their masters  
"in singleness of heart"—with simplicity,  
honesty, directness—"fearing God. And  
whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, [putting



your heart in it] as to the Lord, and not unto man." A grinding old fellow he is that you are bound out to. He stints you in your bread and your meat. He clothes you in the worst possible manner. He gets you up at the earliest hour, and keeps you up to the latest. He drives you out to your labor. He overworks you through the weary passage of life. He is a penurious old hunk, coining your very blood. And you say, "It serves him right if I do cheat him." Yes, it serves him right, but it serves you wrong, and it serves God wrong. You cannot afford to cheat a cheater. You cannot afford to lie to a liar. You cannot afford to be mean to a mean man. You cannot afford to do other than deal uprightly with any man, no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be anything but a true man, living in his higher nature, and acting from the noblest considerations.—[*Plymouth Pulpit*.

### Household Recipes.

#### JELLY PUDDING.

Mix one quart milk, one pint fine bread crumbs, one cup sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, yolks of five eggs, and bake. After it comes from the oven, spread over it jelly. Beat one cup white sugar, the juice of a lemon, whites of five eggs, and lay over the pudding, and return to the oven to brown.

#### SOUTHERN CORN CAKE.

One and one-half cups corn meal, one cup of wheat flour, one-half cup white sugar, one pint of milk, one-half tablespoon of butter, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one egg, pinch of salt. Mix all the dry ingredients, sift them, and add the milk and egg.

#### STUFFED VEAL.

Three pounds lean veal chopped fine, two slices of fat salt pork, six Boston crackers rolled, two raw eggs beaten, one tablespoon of salt, one tablespoon of pepper, one of nutmeg, well mixed in the meat. Roll in form of a loaf, put melted butter over it, also oyster crackers rolled

not very fine. Put in the dripping pan with water, baste three times with cracker crumbs. Bake two hours. This makes a fine relish for tea.

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## The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1873.

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### At the Hospital.

May twenty-fifth was the day of days. Here, something about "fit bridal of the earth and sky," would be the correct thing to quote, but unfortunately the lines will not come to our remembrance; still, it is safe to fall back on Sam Lawson. It was on such a day that he saw Aunt Lois and Aunt Keturah, on the river bank, cutting cowslip greens; the birds were singing, the frogs were peeping, and all nature was so inviting that he could not refrain from uttering a most astonishing aspiration, which we trust Hepsy never heard of. The spirit of fine writing wishes to get possession of our mind and make us say that "we wended our way," but we say, "get thee behind me," and go on to tell the truth. We crossed three bridges and walked on hot pavements, until we reached the Hospital grounds. It is not only a Hospital but it is hospitable, for no detestable wooden signs are placed at intervals, telling us to "Keep off the grass!" Here we wish to put a question in a spirit of humble inquiry. Why does grass grow on the ground if it must not be stepped on? We can't walk in the air, can we? Of course not. Very well, then, let us see no more of these wooden signs anywhere, for we shall walk on the grass whenever we can, and have no fears that one hundred and twenty-five pounds of humanity stepping on the turf will ruin the coming hay crop of the country. But this is a digression.

As has been the practice since the Hos

pital was opened, religious services were held this Sabbath afternoon, Mr. — again taking charge. We can already see the fruits of his labors there, and the friends of the Hospital and its inmates have reason to feel grateful to him. He doesn't stop his work in the chapel, but visits the patients in the wards. Several hope that they have found the Saviour; and to many the new life they are trying to lead, may be difficult after they leave the Hospital; but Christians will earnestly pray that strength may be given them.

We were very much interested in one young woman, quite ill with congestion of the lungs. She has always taken care of herself, being careful and economical, and now when she needs care and rest, is able to have both. She said, "Last week I prayed all the time that somebody would be a friend to me;" and when she was brought to the Hospital, she was put into the care of Mrs. —, an old friend and one who had taken care of her during an illness in the Hospital in Buffalo. A warmer friend than Mrs. W——, she could hardly find; she seemed as glad to have her under her wing as if she had been her own child. We often wonder if the nurses ever get tired and wish people would stop being sick; they always seem cheerful, but then, nurses like poets, are born so. We know hundreds of men and women, well, perhaps not hundreds, but a great many who are no more fitted for nurses than they are for preachers.

Up stairs, in the "Green Room," we found C——. She has been lame for some time, and from a cause that at first seemed slight, but which has proved to be quite serious. She was sitting by the window, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and a bunch of lilies of the valley that some thoughtful friend had given her. The prettiest bouquet we have seen this spring, we saw in the next room. It was made entirely of apple blossoms and green leaves, but the arrangement was perfect.

Nearly all of the patients belonging to the male ward, who were able to get out of doors, after the services were over in the chapel, went out in the pleasant sunshine, walking on the grass, or sat in the shade under the trees.

#### In Memoriam.

Mr. Clement, who died in the Hospital, May 18th, had been an invalid for six years, three of which had been spent in Hospitals, as his sufferings were of such a terrible nature, that it would have been impossible for him to have been taken care of in a private home. His disease was of such a complicated character, or rather he had one sickness and another, in such quick succession, that his life was a martyrdom. He was prepared to go whenever his Father should call him; and so on that lovely spring morning, he fell asleep in Jesus, as gently as a tired child sleeps in its mother's arms. The summons was, as it often is, even when we are looking for it, unexpected. His wife, who has always been with him, leaning over him, said, "Do you find your Saviour precious?" He replied, "Yes." She then asked, "Wouldn't you love to go home, this pleasant morning?" Again he signified "Yes," and passed away. Surely "Jesus hath now many lovers of His heavenly kingdom, but few bearers of His cross. He hath many desirous of consolation but few of tribulation." "But in Mr. Clement, He had a disciple who bore the cross, and suffered the tribulation, with the Christian meekness and patience which is surely awarded in the everlasting home.

#### 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.

**Kate Cameron.**

The readers of the "Review," who so often had the pleasure of seeing this signature attached to the sweet and simple verses from her pen, will read with sorrow the announcement of her death,

Suddenly, in Chicago, May 19th, 1873, Mrs. K. B. W. BARNES, wife of Dr. Norman S. Barnes, and daughter of the late John G. Williams, of Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Barnes, for such was her name, ("Kate Cameron," being her nom de plume,) went to Chicago but a few months since to reside. An acquaintance of years only confirmed the first impressions of her sweet simplicity of manner, her gentle, winning Christian character.

Her submissive, cheerful acquiescence to the will of her heavenly Father, who smites but comforts His smitten children when He calls them to the bitterness of earthly partings, might well be an example to those who knew her. Submissive and cheerful, though the road to the sepulchre she often trod, and sorrow was hers, such as mothers only know, who are called again and again, to leave to the silence of the grave, their darling little ones, the precious gifts of God.

A letter from a mutual friend, pays the following tribute to her memory :

"I esteemed Mrs. Barnes very highly. I became acquainted with her as a contributor to the papers of which I held the managing editorship, and our necessary correspondence in that way led to personal friendship, which was not in the least diminished when I afterward met her. Her poems breathed so heavenly a spirit and I had so many evidences that their inspiration was from a deeper source than the mere imagination, that the voice of her singing seemed to me to approach more nearly to the angelic, than anything else I had ever met with ; and in my correspondence with her, I always felt myself under the influence of a heavenly messenger. And yet, while a vein of deep piety and

solemnity pervaded all she wrote, there was not unfrequently a pretty playfulness in her letters that added greatly to their charm. If her poems did not contain the great outpouring of original thought demanded by the rapacity of modern criticism, they none the less attracted and influenced the serious reader by their depth of feeling, their simplicity of expression, and the sweet and flowing measure in which they were written." C. E. M.

The Hospital has received so many donations within the past few weeks, that it is not deemed necessary to ask for anything in the present issue. Not that any kindly disposed person, anxious to give oranges or lemons, or fruit, will be hindered in this disposition. Oh no! On the contrary, everything will be thankfully received and carefully used. But so much has been given that it is much more gracious and grateful, to give thanks than to beg for more. This number of the paper will be out the 15th of June, provided nothing happens to prevent, and strawberries cannot be plenty at that date, owing to the lateness of the season ; but before the July number appears they will be gone. In the meantime, how will the friends know that the sick, confined in the wards, who have not money to buy fruits, will be refreshed if strawberries are sent them? This is not a conundrum, but a puzzling question, for we are determined not to ask, How then shall we receive? In one way, the difficulty can be solved. Supposing that when strawberries are very plenty, simultaneously, several people should buy several quarts and send them to the Hospital ; and that in a few days, several others should do the same thing. In this way the patients would have a treat, and nobody would have been a beggar. It does seem to the, perhaps, unreflecting mind, a delightful way to solve a troublesome question. At any rate, the July number will tell if this is a wise plan. .

We are very much gratified that so many subscribers have paid their subscriptions so soon, and that they have only been waiting, to know the amount of their indebtedness. We have several hundred dollars still due us, and it is a solemn fact that these hundreds are made up mostly of sixty-two cents—in spite of the well known axiom that one hundred cents make a dollar. If our subscribers, either in town or out, will send these small sums to the treasurer, Mrs. D. B. Beach, 145 Alexander street, or to Mrs. Dr. Strong, 10 South Washington street, we shall take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the money in the "Review."

Some of our subscribers complain that they do not receive their "Hospital Review." These complaints are brought to us by their friends, but if they only would give their address, in case they have "moved" within two years; or, if they live out of town, they would send us the name of their town and county—this last is quite important—we think there would be no further trouble. Several towns have duplicate names, and when we send papers to these places, not knowing the county, we are no more sure of their reaching their proper destination than Mr. Dick was sure of the place where his facts would light.

#### Book Notices.

Those who have read "Our Wedding Journey," by "Howells," will be glad to read "Chance Acquaintance," by the same author. In the first book, "Our Wedding Journey," it will be remembered, were three people, to whom we were merely introduced—Col. Ellison, his wife, and a charming young cousin, Kate. This book tells us the story of their adventures for a month, while traveling in Canada. At Montreal, they met a polished Boston icicle, who determines to keep aloof from them, but falls desperately in love with Kate. And this is all that will be told of

this delightful book in this paper. For sale at Darrow's.

"Ups and Downs," by "Hale," is the story of James Rising, a graduate of Harvard, and a manly young man he is. A delightful contrast to that exceedingly milk-and-water young gentleman, with his eternal egotism—Arthur Bonycastle.—However, we need not speak ill of him, because we live in hopes that if he comes to an end in no other way, a railroad accident will take him off. James Rising is the nephew of a rich lumber owner in the West. A fire takes off the lumber, the uncle steps off a roof, never speaks again, and soon dies. After he is buried, the nephew hears of all these calamities—it is before the days of telegraphing—and goes home to find nothing left but an invalid aunt. When one has reached the foot of the hill, if he moves at all, he must go up. The first step up for the hero of this book is cleaning mud from the cars. From this start he steadily goes on until he reaches the Heights. This very slight sketch doesn't touch upon the story of Bertha, Oscar, Ruth, or the delightful (?) Mrs. Rosenstein. And, as our French neighbors say, we are desolated to think that there is a vast difference in the way it is told by Hale and ourselves. For sale at Darrow's

We have been looking over a new singing book for Sunday Schools. We have had time to try only a few airs, and among them we found "Only a Little Sparrow," and "Vespers," exceedingly sweet. The tunes are written in a key easy for children to sing without straining their voices or singing beyond their power. There are so many singing books for children, poorly adapted for them, that we take great pleasure in recommending "Sunshine." It is edited by P. B. Bliss of Chicago, a name sufficient in itself to assure us of the value of the book. For sale at E. Darrow's.

We told the truth when we said that we did not own a sewing machine, and if the present state of the money market continues, we don't see our way clear to buying one unless the agents are very trusting; but we are thankful that times are not so hard yet that we are unable to borrow. Several friends own Wheeler & Wilson machines, and we have learned to work them—the machines. At first, "we did not keep time;" the work wasn't under the needle when our feet were ready to start—then we would forget the tension—then we would cut the thread the wrong side of the needle, necessitating a re-threading. Sometimes, when all things were ready, we would work with such fervor that we and the machine went, as dear Mrs. Grimes died, "all over." But in a little while things grew right, and, like the woman who found a penny while walking over London Bridge, and bought a kid, which kid proving refractory, she called in the aid of the dog, the stick, the fire, the water, the butcher, and finally reached home; so we, with a little patience, soon managed the "machine." And such lovely stitching it makes! A Wheeler & Wilson machine, besides doing work beautifully, is very simple in its construction, unlike many that, in the intricacy of their working, are as mysterious as a steam engine. For sale at 57 State street, by S. W. Dibble & Dutton.

The best memory is that which forgets nothing but injuries. Write injuries in the dust, and kindness in marble.

**Died.**

- At the Rochester City Hospital, May 8, 1873, Rudolph Reichner, aged 50 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, May 14, 1873, Elizabeth Capon, aged 56 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, May 15, 1873, Dr. Charles Vaill, aged 69 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, May 18, 1873, Harris Clement, aged 72 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, May 20, 1873, Nettie E. Stanton, aged 21 years.

**Donations.**

- Mrs. S. Stettheimer—Nice Second-hand Clothing and old Linen.
- Mrs. M. Strong—Eight cans Preserved Fruit.
- Mrs. C. J. Strong—Second-hand Clothing, old Linen and Periodicals.
- Mrs. Brockwell—Dried Fruit.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Quantity Lettuce and 7 dozen Eggs; also, 4 Handsome Framed Engravings.
- Geo. H. Lane, Assistant Editor Daily Union—7 bound volumes Atlantic Magazines and other Books.
- T. A. Clark & Co.—Strawberries.
- A Friend—Godey's Magazines.

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- C. J. B. Mount, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, \$1.25; Mrs. Dutton, 62 cents; Mrs. Myron Adams, 62 cents; D. Parmely, \$1.25; Mrs. L. Hayward, \$1.25; Mrs. J. P. Bissell, 62 cents; Miss Emily Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. Peter V. Stoothoff, \$1.25; Mrs. A. De Vos, \$1.00; Mrs. H. M. Gormly, 63 cts.; Mrs. W. Sidey, \$2.50; Mrs. Henry Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, \$1.25; C. R. Babbitt, 75 cts.; Mrs. W. W. Carr, 62 cents; Mrs. John H. Brewster, \$1.25; B. Summers, Livonia Station, 50 cents; Joseph Penney, Grand Rapids, Mich., 75 cts.; Mrs. Andrew Rowley, Victor, 50 cents; Miss M. McJannett, 50 cts; E. D. Swain, \$1.10; Mrs. J. Bemis, Mt. Read, 50 cents; Mrs. J. M. Beach, Titusville, Pa., 50 cents—By Mrs. D. B. Beach, ..... \$21 07
- Mrs. Martha Gregory, Millville—By Mr. Breck, ..... 50
- Clinton Rogers, 62 cents; Miss F. Whitteley, 50 cents; Miss M. A. Nelton, 50 cents; Miss C. L. Mentor, 62 cents; Mrs. Calvin Waite, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Fenn, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Brooks, \$1.25; Mrs. De Forest, 65 cents; Postage, 12 cts.; Mrs. W. Loughborough, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Thompson, 75 cents; Mrs. M. Strong, 62 cts.—By Mrs. Dr. M. Strong, 7 49
- Mrs. Chester Dewey—By Mrs. E. T. Smith 65
- Mrs. Barry, \$1.25; Mrs. Ellwanger, \$1.25; Mrs. Dagge, \$1.25; Mrs. Sproat, 62 cts.; Miss Shaw, 62 cents; Miss M. Peck, 63 cents; Miss M. Watson, 63 cents—By Miss M. Watson, ..... 6 25

The Treasurer of the "Review" desires to make the following explanation, which she hopes will be satisfactory to all concerned:

It was thought best by the publishing committee, to place the amount of indebtedness, due from each subscriber, upon the margin of the April No. of the "Review," thus saving the great labor of a personal application to subscribers living in the city, or

of writing to those residing in other places. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to use as a guide the book containing the names of the subscribers and the time to which they have paid. Considerable time was required to accomplish this—during which the book, of necessity, was away from the Treasurer—who received from time to time, from individuals, the sums which they supposed were due.

It was impossible to transfer them all to the large book in time for the April No., and hence a few who were notified of indebtedness, for which they had already paid, wondered somewhat at the notice.

The Treasurer replied to many letters of inquiry, until the number received was so great, as to require more time in answering than she could give. Hence she has taken this way of explaining to all, which she hopes will prove satisfactory.

It is not surprising, in going through so great a number of names and dates, that some mistakes should occur—but the work was done with so great care as to cause in our own mind, surprise at the very few inaccuracies. We desire to express our thanks to the many who have responded promptly and to remind those who have not—that we hope they will do so—soon.

### Superintendent's Report.

1873. May 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	86
Received during month...	27—113
Discharged, .....	39
Died, .....	5— 44
Remaining June 1st, 1873,	69

### 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; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

## Children's Department.

### Taken Captive.

BY RUTH CHESTERFIELD.

Whether she had blue eyes or brown, whether her hair hung in ringlets or lay smoothly on her pretty head, I cannot tell you, but this much I know, for history has vouchsafed to tell us, that she was "a remarkably fine child," and at the time of which I speak she was seven years old.

She had in her hand a small basket of fruit, and, was walking through the shady lane that led to her grandfather's house.

"Dear little thing! I almost wish I had not consented to let her go," said Mrs. Gerrish, looking fondly after her. "What if any thing should happen to her!"

"What can happen to her between here and your father's in broad daylight?" said her husband.

"But she is to pass the night, you know, and the more I think of it the more uneasy I feel."

Just then the child looked back with a bright smile, and kissed her hand to her parents.

"Darling! I have a great mind to call her back now," said Mrs. Gerrish.

"Nonsense, my dear; you are nervous, that's all the trouble. In case of any real danger Sarah would be far safer at the garrison than at home."

"The safest place for the little bird is under its mother's wing," said Mrs. Gerrish, smiling. "However, it's too late to think about it now, and I believe I am nervous, after all."

Meanwhile the child trudged on, as careless of evil as the little bird to which her mother had likened her, and soon reached the gates of the garrison, which were opened by her grandfather himself—a hale old man in military undress.

"Ah, here's my pet," he cried, kissing her, "but where are papa and mamma?"

"They couldn't come, because the men are there mowing the meadow to-day, so I came all by myself, and, grandpa, I saw a devil's darning-needle and a toad, and I wasn't a bit afraid!"

"That's my brave little woman; she shall be a soldier's wife one of these days," said her grandfather, laughing; "how should you like that?"



"I should like it very much if he was just like you."

"A trifle younger, perhaps," said the major.

"No, indeed, you are just right; and I shall want him to have nice white hair and beard like yours, too."

"Perhaps you will change your mind when the time comes, but I'm glad I suit you now. What have we in the basket, a pot of honey and a pound of butter?"

"Cherries, grandpa, and plums—only look!" raising the cover of her basket.

Thus chatting, the two went to the house, and the day passed all too rapidly for Sarah, to whom a visit at the garrison was always a thing to be eagerly looked forward to, and long remembered. How long this particular visit was to be remembered, she little knew.

While the family were at supper that night, a servant came in and informed Maj. Waldron that two old squaws were at the gate, asking permission to lodge there till morning.

As this was not an uncommon occurrence in times of peace it awakened no suspicion, and Major Waldron not only gave orders to have them admitted, but invited them to sit at his table. He even extended his hospitality so far as to show them how to open the doors in case they should wish to leave before the family were stirring in the morning.

The dress of the old women was an odd mixture of barbarism and civilization, which added much to the weirdness and uncouthness of their appearance. They refused to sit at the table, but squatted before the kitchen fire to take their repast. One of them was very silent, but had an unpleasant way of looking under her eyebrows as if she were slyly watching and taking notes of all that passed. The other, whose name was Mioma, laughed and talked a great deal, and when Sarah came into the room she asked her to sit down by her, called her many pet names, and gave her some pretty sea-shells strung on a piece of birch-bark. The child was delighted to listen to her stories of Indian life, and particularly of the happy times before the white man came over the "great water" to molest and drive them from their homes. But by-and-by, when she was telling her about the famous chief, Winnicomet, who won a hundred scalps in one battle, Sarah said,—

"Scalps? what are they?"

"Doesn't the little white kid understand?" said the old woman. "Why, when the red men captures an enemy, he does so," and seizing Sarah's hair, she raised the knife with which she had been eating, and made a motion as if she would have scalped her. Sarah was not at all pleased with this practical illustration, and in a few minutes went back to the hall where the family were sitting. Her grandfather assured her that the squaw had meant no harm, but she could not quite get over her fright.

"Who knows but the savages will come upon us in the night?" she said.

"The worse for them if they do," said her grandfather, "for have I not a hundred men within call? So now run to bed, my pet, and think no more of the bloody barbarians. I'd fight the whole tribe, single-handed, before they should harm a hair of your head."

And Sarah, trusting in him with that entire confidence which only childhood knows, went quietly to bed, and was soon in a sound sleep.

By-and-by she was awakened by shouts and yells, and the sound of tramping feet. The Indians were in the house!

Springing from her bed, she ran to her grandfather's room, but he was not there, nor could she see him nor hear his voice, while every passage seemed blocked up with the terrible savages. Not daring to show herself among them, she crept into her grandfather's bed, and covered herself with the clothes.

Presently the clamor abated somewhat, and she began to hope they would leave the house without discovering her, when she heard a voice say,—

"Here's where the little white kid nested," and she knew it was old Mioma, to whose stories she had listened the evening before, and that she was the "little white kid" for whom they were searching.

A moment more, and they had found her hiding-place, the clothes were stripped from her face, and she would have learned in good earnest what scalping meant, but the old woman laid her hand on her companion's arm—a stalwart warrior, terrible to behold—and said something, of which Sarah only comprehended the one word "money;" but it changed his purpose, and sheathing his knife, he seized her in his arms and bore her away with him.

As they passed through the hall, Sarah saw that the floor was covered with the mangled bodies of the slain, but she recognized only one, it was that of her grandfather, his long, white beard stained with blood, and his breast covered with wounds.

"Grandpa, O, grandpa; let me go to him," she cried struggling in the arms of her captor; but he hurried on till he came to the border of a wood, where there were several other captives guarded by fierce-looking Indians. Then he left her and went back to the house, and it was not long before she saw the flames bursting from it in every direction—a sight which was greeted by the savages with a yell of triumph.

Not till years afterward did she fully comprehend all that happened that night; how the two squaws were spies sent to ascertain the state of the garrison; how her grandfather had incurred their enmity long before, and how, notwithstanding his fourscore years, he fought valiantly to the last. The word money which Mioma had used, she then understood to mean the money which her friends would pay for her release, and which would be more valuable to the tribe than her death could be, though she could not help believing that in this appeal to mercenary motives, the old woman was really moved by pity.

She remained with the tribe many months, suffering not only untold longings for the home and friends she had left behind, but enduring actual privations and hardships, which must have been doubly terrible to one so young and so tenderly reared. At last she was carried to Canada, where she was bought by a benevolent lady who sent her to a nunnery for education.

But if the sufferings of the child were great, who shall describe the anguish of the bereaved parents, not knowing whether she was cruelly murdered, or burned alive in her grandfather's house, or the captive of a cruel enemy.

But they were not doomed, as many have been, to endure this suspense for a lifetime, for not many years elapsed before they received their daughter back again, not the little maiden whom they watched going up the lane that summer morning, but another, older, wiser and more staid, but their daughter still.

## Summer Silks,

At \$1.35 and \$1.50 a yard—a better assortment than at any time last season. We are selling these goods about 15 to 25 cents a yard lower than same qualities last year. Later, with a more active trade, they will most likely be higher.

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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 1827. 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.



# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

· Vol. IX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1873.

No. 12.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.  
By Mail, " " ..... 50

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," No. 10 South Washington Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. D. B. Beach, 145 Alexander 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.

### Conductor Bradley.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY (always may his name  
Be said with reverence!) as the swift doom came,  
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he  
stood

To do the utmost that a brave man could,  
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their  
tears

On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,  
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,  
Dead to all thought save duty's moved again:  
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began  
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran.  
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah, me! how poor and noteless seem to this  
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,  
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh! grand, supreme endeavor! Not in vain  
That last brave act of falling tongue and brain!  
Freighted with life, the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,  
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.  
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead  
Who in his record still the earth shall tread  
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride  
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.  
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

### Charity and Public Charities.

BY STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.  
HEALTH COMMISSIONER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

We have recently been taught that the rays of the sun are composed of two elements, light and heat; that they are transmitted as waves with variable facility through different media, so that we may have light without heat and heat without light; but that the combined influence of these forces is essential to healthy development and growth in the organic world.

Nearly contemporaneous with this discovery, one of England's noblest women illustrated an analogous law in the moral world, of far greater importance to mankind. She showed that true charity is composed of two elements, truth and love;

that they may be intercepted by different media, so that we may have truth without love and love without truth; but that when these two forces are transmitted through a proper medium they will stimulate to healthy development and growth the most lowly and degraded forms of humanity.

When Elizabeth Fry penetrated like a sunbeam the dark and forbidding recesses of Newgate, with the Bible in her hand and her heart aglow with love, the most benighted mind received a new illumination and the hardest heart melted when smitten by the pulsations of human sympathy. Light these outcasts and outlaws had often had, when the precepts of the Bible were proclaimed in the cold formalities of the chaplain's service; but light shining through such a medium was to them darkness. Sympathy they had experienced from those who stood afar off and said, "Be ye clothed," "Be ye fed," but never before had love and truth been focalized upon their hearts and consciences by that medium which transmits these elements of true charity with all their power and intensity—woman.

When this great philanthropist proposed to organize reformatory measures among the women of Newgate, the jailer, the sheriff, the aldermen, the lord mayor, and even her own friends protested against such a rash and fanatical scheme. And when her friends followed her to the barred and grated door, through which no official ever passed alone and unarmed, and heard her, as she entered, command the turnkey to lock the door behind her, they were paralyzed with fear. The governor begged her to leave her purse and watch outside. "I thank thee," was her heroic reply. "I am not afraid." Within she was confronted by 160 of the most degraded women of London. They gazed upon her in blank amazement. The very novelty of a woman of respectability thus coming voluntarily into familiar contact with them awed them into silence. They listened attentively as she read and explained the Scriptures and were deeply affected by her expressions of genuine sympathy. "The pure and tranquil expression of her countenance," says her biographer, "had more than a magic influence and speedily softened their ferocity." She concluded her visit by proposing to organize among them a society for labor and instruction. They

joyfully entered into her plans, and thus was established the famous "Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners of Newgate." This was the parent association for the improvement of the pauper and criminal classes; and it led to the establishment of the most beneficent charities of England, and, indeed, of Europe. It was a school also for training laborers; and from its influence and inspiration has sprung the greatest of living organizers and administrators of charity, Florence Nightingale; the ablest student of the problems which pauperism, crime, and criminals present, Mary Carpenter; and the noblest martyr in the service of charity, Agnes Jones.

That visit illustrated three important principles: 1. That the elements of true charity are truth and love. 2. That the medium which transmits them with the greatest intensity is woman. 3. That these forces when thus transmitted are capable of stimulating into healthy activity the most confirmed paupers and of reforming the most depraved criminals.

In this country we have entered into the labors of Mrs. Fry, and are reaping some of the fruits of her great discovery. The first important inquiry into the condition of the pauper and criminal classes of this state was made by a woman, under the inspiration of Mrs. Fry's example. A quarter of a century ago Miss Dix visited the public charities of the state. The revelations which she made were of the most startling character and excited universal interest: It was proved that our public charities and corrections were at that time modern Newgates of the worst types. The poor victims of poverty, disease, and crime were herded together—men, women, and children—like brutes. Scenes of wretchedness were reported so harrowing that they were disbelieved on account of their very enormity. Maniacs, in a state of nudity, were found chained in cages, where they had remained for a score of years. Vices of the lowest and most degraded kind everywhere existed.

A recent visit to the alms-houses of interior counties discovered the same outrageous abuses and inhumanities which Miss Dix reported a score of years ago. There are to-day in the alms-houses of this state naked maniacs, confined in dark cells, from which they have not been removed in ten years. There are women, young

and old, sane and insane, tied by ropes to posts like brutes by male keepers, who plead ignorance of any better method of controlling them. In the jails of this state old offenders and young children are confined together for months, and the confession of many a criminal proves that by this impure contact he learned how to perpetrate the crime which afterward sent him to the state prison.

A most important step has recently been taken in the organization of the "State Charities Aid Association." In that organization woman, the true minister of charity, has made the first effort to bring her power and influence to bear upon the pauper and criminal classes in the public institutions. This association seeks "to promote an active public interest in the public charities, with a view to the physical, mental, and moral improvement of their pauper inmates; to make the present pauper system more efficient; and to bring about such reforms in it as may be in accordance with the most enlightened views of Christianity, science, and philanthropy."

Such motives as these led Elizabeth Fry to Newgate and laid the foundation of a new order of charities. Important as is the organization of the State Charities Aid Association, a far more important step remains to be taken before this management can be placed upon the substantial basis which Christian philanthropy demands. Instead of forming associations to aid man—the weaker sex in works of charity—woman must herself become a constituent member of these governing boards. The old plea of unfitness and of being out of her sphere can never apply here. She might not prove a success in Congress, as success in that body is now construed; but as a successful administrator of charity man is not and in the nature of things never can be her peer. Illustrations of this statement are abundant. The charities which Elizabeth Fry organized and controlled are among the best and most successful in England. When, during the Crimean War, the English nation was thrown into a fever of excitement by the tales of suffering and misery due to inefficient hospital management, Lord Herbert wrote Florence Nightingale as follows:

"There is but one person in England that I know of who would be capable of

organizing and superintending such a scheme" (the introduction of trained nurses into military hospitals.) Her special qualifications he declared to be her "*knowledge and her power of administration.*" She went, obedient to the call; and, though opposed by army officers, and even by male nurses, as one out of her sphere, she brought order out of chaos and thoroughly reorganized the whole system of hospital management.

Though rejected by officials, "the men," writes an eye-witness, "knew from what source their comforts flowed and appreciated her kindness. They felt that she was the medium through which all benefits reached them, and their occasional hearty demonstrations of good-will and gratitude toward her must have helped her to persevere in doing good in their behalf."

For this great public service the English Government and people justly held her in the highest esteem. She is now summoned before royal commissions of inquiry into public charities or sanitary subjects, and her opinion is regarded as that of an expert.

The most successfully managed charities of this city, whether we have regard to economy or usefulness, are under the sole management of women, with perhaps an advisory board of men, which is generally a useless appendage.

There is no hospital in the United States conducted by a board of gentlemen that can compare in efficiency and economy of administration with those conducted by women.

Of the duties which devolve upon the governing board of public charities fully one-third, or more nearly perhaps one half, fall within the sphere of woman's special work and entirely without the sphere of man's work. That woman is far better adapted to take proper care of her own sex and of children than men no one can deny, and statistics prove that not far from one-half of the inmates of the public charities of this state are of that class.

It may be said that woman can accomplish more in unofficial than in official positions. But Lord Herbert thought otherwise when he pressed a commission upon Miss Nightingale, as she was about to leave on her mission to the Crimea, in the following truthful and statesmanlike words: "Deriving your authority from the government, your position would insure the re-

spect and consideration of every one, especially in a service where official rank carries so much weight. This would secure a complete submission to your orders."

Considering, then, the important reforms which the women of the State Charities Aid Association have effected in less than one year in the management of our largest public charity, how much greater would be their power and influence for good if they derived their authority from the government. Her position would insure the respect and consideration of every one, "especially in a service where official rank carries so much weight." But, what is of far more importance, her position would secure a complete submission to her orders.

In no way can these great charitable institutions of the state be rescued from the mire of politics and placed upon a proper basis than by committing them to the management, in large part, of women.

For the Hospital Review.

**In Memoriam.**

JUNE, 1872, SUSAN, WIFE OF S. A. YERKES.

I.

One year in heaven amid the countless throng  
That tread the golden streets—and press the gates  
ajar—  
That outlook, from thy home afar—  
Where thou hast tarried long.

II.

One year in heaven, and this earth's bridal tulle,  
Rose-crowned and jeweled with the royal wealth  
of flowers—  
But they must fade, these gems of ours,  
Not so thy blessed clime.

III.

There flowers, and fruits, in rich abundance grow,  
Emitting fragrance sweet, upon the heavenly sea  
That murmurs with the mystery—  
Of heaven and earth below.

IV.

One year in heaven, exempt from pain or care,  
While we, heart-sore, have toiled the rugged  
steeps, to win  
The rest that thou hast entered in—  
The robes that thou dost wear.

V.

One year in heaven, how can we longer wait,  
To see thy face, or hear the music of thy voice—  
That ever made our hearts rejoice,  
This side the pearly gate.

VI.

Help us, O Christ, that we the cross may bear,  
Until, as her we mourn, like ripened sheaves we  
stand,  
Waiting our summons to that land  
Where we the crown may wear. J. E. Y. B.  
ROCHESTER, June, 1873.

*The Hospital Review.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1873.

**The Hospital.**

It is a lamentable fact there are in Rochester no famous picture galleries or museums of art, to which strangers visiting this beautiful city can be invited. But it would seem that people interested in human wants and woes, and in institutions for their alleviation, could find much here that would interest them. If we have not the wonderful collection that has recently arrived in New York, we have that which is of infinitely greater importance, as it concerns the welfare of humanity.—And not only one charitable institution do we possess, but many, although as this paper represents the interests of the Hospital, we shall write more particularly of it. The spirit of benevolence which we daily witness, is something wonderful—so many of these institutions are sustained by the generosity of individuals, the wonder grows, and it seems as if none need be uncared for. We are so frequently asked questions concerning the Hospital, that we think it will be perhaps interesting to our readers to know more particularly about it. The Hospital is in the west part of the city, situated in the centre of a fine park, which extends from West

Avenue to Troup street. Our prevailing winds being from the North and West, an abundance of pure fresh air is secured as it comes, with 'but little interruption, direct from the lake and the open country. The grounds are comfortably shaded, and have seats on the lawn. A broad gravel walk leads from West Avenue to the main entrance on the north, and a circular drive on the south side leads from the main entrance to Troup street. The centre building and the west wing are four stories in height; the east wing has but three stories. In the basement are the cellars, the kitchen, the laundry, and the morgue. In the next story, the parlor, the Superintendent's private room, his office, the dispensary, the sleeping room of the assistants, and four wards. From the centre of the building, two wards lead right and left, then two other and smaller wards, at right angles with these. On the floor above is the chapel, the matron's rooms, the linen room and the family dining room, with wards corresponding with those on the floor below. Continuing upwards, we find the beautiful "Blue Room," the Baptist, the Brick (Presbyterian) Church, and the Hebrew Wards, so named because they were furnished by the ladies belonging to these churches. In the "Mansard," are some beautiful rooms, furnished by the ladies of the different churches in the city, and others furnished by private individuals, to which we have referred in a former paper. These rooms are kept with an exquisite neatness, and command a fine view of Rochester and the adjoining country. Going back to the wards, we find them furnished with beds quite wide enough for comfort, but not so wide that it is difficult for a nurse to handle a patient with ease. Any one who has taken care of a sick person, will quickly see the advantage of these narrow beds if they remember the effort that it is necessary to make in order to reach a patient while bathing, dressing and feeding. At the side of each bed is a strip

of pretty carpet, reaching to the aisle, through which is laid a matting; at the head of each bed is a dressing bureau. There are in the wards running east and west—the long wards—two rows of beds, and between each bed a window, that extends from the floor to nearly the height of the ceiling. These windows open like double doors, thereby insuring perfect ventilation. Around the beds in the female wards are iron frames, about four feet above the sides of the beds; on these frames white curtains are hung, so that a patient, by drawing them together, can isolate herself if she wishes, and still, as the windows are much higher than the tops of the curtains, the air keeps pure. These curtains and counterpanes give to the wards an appearance of homeiness very delightful to the patient and inviting to the visitor. The male wards have neither the curtains or counterpanes, but in other respects are similar to the female wards. Adjoining the wards are dining rooms for patients well enough to go to them; also bath-rooms. There are very many friends of the Hospital who give cheerfully and abundantly, very many who are interested in it and who work for it, and yet they have never visited it. This is an institution which it seems every one in Rochester should take an interest in and be proud of. Surely we cannot begin to calculate the good it does, and ought not its friends to visit it and its inmates? "I was sick and ye visited me." If the friends, some of these pleasant summer days, would go to the Hospital and see its workings, its neatness, its good order, how well the patients are cared for, and how quiet it is—they would not only find themselves doubly repaid for their trouble, but, we are sure, would be glad to give to this noble charity more than ever. The Hospital is in fine working condition; all those connected with it will be glad to welcome its visitors, and visitors may well be proud of the place, which they by their generous dona-

tions help to sustain. The Hospital presents a fine appearance, as seen from either street, although the east wing, unlike the west one, rather mars the effect. It needs a Mansard roof, to correspond with the one built a little time ago, and the additional room it would give, is a necessity. The great want of the Hospital is a new building containing a laundry, rooms for the servants, and wards for a class of patients that at present it is an impossibility to accommodate.

### Wants.

The Hospital needs in this time of abundance, many things. Everything we eat, it eats—or rather, its patients eat. Lettuce, for example, and greens, and onions, and potatoes, and straw——. No; we promised not to ask for them; but we did not say we would not ask for cherries, did we? Besides, strawberries are very sour this summer. Cherries are plenty, and we think they will be sweet. Radishes are an excellent relish, with bread and butter, for tea, provided one hasn't strawberries: and what is nicer than beet greens, with vinegar, for dinner? In the summer we require acids, to keep us cool and to give us an appetite. Who cares, this warm weather, for a huge roast of meat, hot from the kitchen, unless accompanied by tender green peas and other summer vegetables, and then we are very apt to let the meat alone! Well, if we who are healthy and hearty, find it rather difficult to get along without these appetizing fruits and vegetables, how will sick people succeed in the effort? We hope they will not be obliged to make it, but that quantities, yes, loads even, of peas and lettuce and beets and onions—never mind if they are so very odorous—and beans and corn, when the season for them comes, and squashes and tomatoes, and all the good things that we have so freely given to us, will be given to them. We hope that owners of fine gardens, in which grow a-

bundantly all of the things named, will kindly remember the Hospital. It is easy of access, and it has not any garden, neither any fruits, unless we except one tree on which grow uneatable apples. We have often spoken of canned fruits. Housekeepers have many cans of cherries and strawberries now, that are useless, because the fresh fruits have come. Don't throw them away. "Waste makes want." That is, the waste of them causes a want of them at the Hospital, and in lieu of fresh fruits, these are very acceptable. If, through inadvertence, we have neglected to ask for any thing, we are sure that some thoughtful person or persons will supply the omission—not in asking but in giving.

Do any of our readers know the pleasant sensation of swinging in a hammock? In a strongly fastened hammock, aided by a powerful imagination, one can fancy oneself on the roaring main, or in the sunny lands where "spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle." It is the generally received opinion among all enlightened nations, that the inhabitants of those favored regions do nothing but swing in hammocks, while their slaves fan them, allowing them occasionally to vary their labors by performing a war dance, which the orator at the late highly moral and instructive show assured us was one of their social pastimes. We are somewhat suspicious that our geography is becoming confused. The war dancers, we think, did not come from Ceylon but from the Cannibal Islands. However, our present intention is to talk of hammocks. We saw any number of them at Kenyon & Hunt's, made of the best material and at very reasonable prices. If we owned a tree; no, two trees, and they were within ten feet of each other, we would surely buy a hammock. A hammock and a set of croquet, would make the grounds of a cabin attractive. Next winter we shall take great pleasure in speaking of their beautiful furs, for we are sure they will have them, but not now. Puff! just at present, we think and speak of ice-water and fans and soda water.



We once heard of a man who was not especially good, but was, if we may be allowed the expression, strongly addicted to religion. No matter what subject was started, all led to his favorite topic, on the principle, we suppose, that all roads lead to Rome. If the topic was the war, or the price of coal, or the best way to manage a farm, he would at the first pause say, "Wal, now, speakin' of 'ligion," then proceed. We, quoting his words, will say, "speaking" of soda water, go to W. H. Battelle & Co., for it. It is very excellent, and you will think so if you have shopped all the morning and are a long way from home. And, while waiting for it, you can look at such lovely toilet articles, and after drinking, you can buy the nicest soaps you ever bought.

We are obliged to repeat a notice which we gave sometime ago. We cannot publish anonymous articles. We often receive poem and prose communications, written with care and evincing both taste and feeling, which we are obliged to omit from the "Review," simply because they are anonymous. If it is from shyness that these articles are unaccompanied with the full name and address, the shyness is uncalled for; but we cannot break this rule. All communications sent to this paper, even with the names of the writers, may not be published sometimes for want of room, and sometimes because they are more appropriate for purely literary papers; but friends sending us articles will please bear in mind that we must have their names also.

### 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.

### Book Notices.

"WHAT TO WEAR."—There are three very remarkable women in this country at present; perhaps they are as remarkable as was Mr. Pogram, "who was the most remarkable man in the country." It is not necessary to say that we allude to "Gail Hamilton," Anna Dickinson and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. But why, we ask, do they scold us and teach us our duty? As a general thing, ordinary women don't like to be scolded, and we know our duty. But these three, whom we cheerfully acknowledge to be the most wonderful three ever known, unless we except Adino the Eznite, Eleazer the Aho-hite, and Shammah the Hararite, continually do cry about our inferiority and inefficiency. Won't they stop? No; and now Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written another book against us, or rather against our dress. In this book she declares that we have bad taste, and in consequence of it, bad health and bad morals. Her idea of taste, health and morals, is a short dress, six or eight inches from the floor, and Turkish trousers. We ask Miss Phelps what kind of taste Mrs. Todgers, who was "lean and lank," would show if she should wear such a dress? Or, how would it benefit Mrs. Jack Spratt's morals—she wouldn't eat lean meat and was fat in consequence—by wearing the dress of a ballet dancer. It is a mistake for Miss Phelps to suppose that because a dress is reasonably long, wet ankles, sore throats and consumption necessarily follow walking one, two, three or four miles in the rain. We trust that we are too humble, and have read enough of their writings, and heard enough of their speeches, of one of them at least, not to know our place, but we meekly write this fact. We have a personal acquaintanceship with a lady who often walks in storms, and goes to her home warm, clean and rosy. Any tidy girl that has a faculty can do it. An untidy girl

will be untidy if her dresses were as short as the "strong woman's." Of course the pitiful picture of the woman going up stairs with a baby in one hand—poor baby—and his bowl of bread and milk in the other, while the long dress is disposed of in some mysterious fashion, is brought up. Still our hard heart doesn't break, for the reason that a woman with a "faculty" would not go up stairs in that senseless way. Then follow the strangest questions:—Could our fathers and brothers work in our clothes? Could they wear our shoes? What folly! Of course they can't. But does it prove that because a man five feet ten inches high and weighing one hundred and seventy or eighty pounds, cannot wear a dress that fits a woman five feet two inches in height and weighing one hundred and five or ten pounds, that the dress is unhealthy? Not at all. It only proves that the man is too large for the dress. Before we grow too earnest about this matter we would like to know if Miss Phelps is acquainted with any gentleman who covets our fashion of dress, because if there is such a person, we feel it our duty to ask him, before he puts on this attire, to read Deuteronomy, the twenty-second chapter and fifth verse? It is quite safe for young and pretty girls to wear the short dress, provided they are at Dr. Dio Lewis', for all the girls at that institution dress so, but for mature ladies, draperies and well-fitting garments are much more becoming. Our creed in dress is just this: We believe in corsets, in moderately long dresses, in well-fitting gloves and shoes. We don't wish them to fit gentlemen. We would be sorry if they did. And if hair is not abundant, buy some, taking great care that it matches in color one's own.

There are some good things in the book, but we were so taken up with its queer-ness, when we read it, that its goodness, we must confess, we have forgotten.—For sale at Darrow's.

"WORK," by Louisa Alcott, is a hearty, healthy, passible book, refreshing, as everything she writes is. She takes a clear-headed, strong-hearted Yankee girl, and sends her into the world with her hands and her brains. She bears all the trials and temptations that befall lonely girls in large cities, but keeps the commandments, retains her purity, bears her burdens and of course marries happily. The fault of the book is that David dies. If we ever write a book—and in these days, one is not sure what folly one may not be guilty of until one has been tried—we will have no dying in it. It is doubtful if any reader of the book will be surprised to meet Mrs. Stuart, the queenly female, who was, to speak as mildly as possible, hardly equal to the effort of being continually majestic. She is an every-day character. We have a personal acquaintance with her. If Louisa Alcott excels even herself, it is when she is describing children. We are morally sure that she has told some little trots the story of the Deluge, or how could she have described the clear-starcher's children taking the clothes-basket for the ark, climbing into it, and waving imaginary farewells to their friends on the shore? It is a delightful book to read. For sale at Darrow's.

The following marriage notice we take from the *Democrat & Chronicle*. Our readers will remember that the lady was a former Editress of this paper:

MATHEWS — MATHEWS — In St. Luke's Church, Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday, June 17th, 1873, by the Rev. Henry Anstice, Robert Mathews and Elizabeth Gibson, only daughter of the late Dr. M. M. and Mrs. Catherine Mathews.

How much pain the evils have cost that never happened!

---

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 10, 1873, George Erackley, aged 50 years.

**Donations.**

- Mrs. Paul Goddard. Lima—Four jars Fruit, 3 dishes Jelly.
- Miss Mill—Books and Magazines.
- Mrs. Redfield—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. C. B. Smith—Old Linen.
- Mrs. Chester Dewey—Flannel Dressing Gown.
- Mrs. Gitman Perkins—Second-hand Clothing and Miss King—Reading Matter. [Silk Quilt.
- Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Magazines, &c.
- Mrs. M. F. Reynolds—Green Peas.
- Aaron Erickson—Two baskets Rhubarb Plant, 1 Dressing Gown.
- Rev. Dr. Van Ingen—Lettuce.
- Mrs. Geo. Boardman—Papers and Old Linen.
- Mrs. Lopp—Six boxes Strawberries and Cherries.
- Mrs. Azel Bachus—Second-hand Clothing, Shirts, &c.
- Mrs. Guildersleeve—Quantity of Strawberries.

**Subscriptions to the Review.**

- Mrs. O. H. Robinson, 62 cents; Miss Fannie Hooker, 75 cents—By Mrs. Strong, \$1 37
- Mrs. Charles C. Wells, Stratford, Ct.,—By Mrs. E. T. Smith,..... 50
- G. T. Palmer, East Rome, 50 cents; Miss Mary M. Titus, Auburn, 50 cents; Mrs. Jas. Wooster, Middlebury, \$1.00; Franc Fletcher, Lockport, 60 cents; Miss Clara L. Richman, Saginaw City, Mich., 50 cts; Mrs. J. H. Clement, Barnet, Vt., 50 cts.; Mrs. E. M. Lay, 65 cents; Mrs. W. D. Oviatt, \$1.00; Mrs. J. T. Stewart, 70 cents; Mrs. Myron Adams, 62 cents; Miss Minnie Sloan, 62 cents; Mrs. Ira B. Wheeler, Elizabeth, New Jersey, 50 cents; S. Rogers, Lockport, 50 cents; Seth Lovell, Lockport, 50 cents—By Mrs. Beach..... 8 69

**Our Exchanges**

- American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.
- Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.
- Home Messenger, Detroit, Michigan.
- Our Record, Buffalo, N. Y.
- The Helping Hand, N. Y.
- The Sheltering Arms, New York.
- The Orphan's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.
- The Parish Guide, Erie, Penn.
- Industrial School Advocate, Rochester, N. Y.
- Journal of the Home, Rochester, N. Y.
- The Church Record, Hudson, Mich.
- The Parish Register, Adrian, Mich.
- Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.
- The Young American, Searshoro, Iowa.
- The Parish Guide, West Haven, Conn.
- American Newspaper Reporter, New York.
- Newark Manufacturer's Gazette, Newark, N. J.
- Leisure Moments, Adams Basin, N. Y.
- New York Observer, New York.
- The Northwestern Union, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Wine Dealer's Gazette, San Francisco, Cal.
- American Farmer's Advocate, Jackson, Tenn.
- The Beacon, Hulmeville, Penn.
- The Brooklyn Society Magazine, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The Bugle, Stanton, Neb.
- Lady Elgin, Elgin, Ill.
- Aurora Borealis, Red Hook, N. Y.

We shall be pleased to add to this List.

**Superintendent's Report.**

1873. June 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 69	
Received during month,...	35—104
Discharged,.....	32
Died,.....	1— 33
<hr/>	
Remaining July 1st, 1873,	71

**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 FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "
- Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

**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; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

**Children's Department.**

**My Little Gentleman.**

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

For a year the great house rising on the summit of Prospect Hill had been an object of interest and observation, and a chief subject for talk to the quiet country neighborhood surrounding it. Hillsdale was an old town—a still, steady-going farming place—where the young men ploughed the unwilling fields, and coaxed reluctant crops out of the hard-hearted New England soil, as fathers and grandfathers had done before them. But in all the generations since the town was settled, no one had ever thought of building on Prospect Hill. It had been used as pasture ground, until now, when a man from Boston had bought it, and had a road made to its top, and a house built on its very brow.

This house was a wonder of architectural beauty.

"With its battlements high in the hush of the air,  
' And the turrets thereon."

It was built of a kind of mixed stone ;

so that its variegated coloring had an air of brightness and gayety very unusual. The farmers about were exercised in mind over the amount of ox-flesh and patience required to drag stone enough for the great building up the high hill; but that did not trouble the architect, who gave his orders composedly, and went on with his business, quite unheeding comment. The house, itself, puzzled the neighbors, with its superb, arched dining-hall, its lovely frescoed drawing-room, its wide passages, its little music-room, and its great library all lined with carven oak. Then, why there should be so many chambers, unless, indeed, Mr. Shaftsbury had a very large family.

But it was when the furniture began to come in that wonder reached its height. Such plenishings had never been seen before in Hillsdale. The carpet on the drawing-room must have been woven in some loom of unheard-of size; for it seemed to be all in one piece, with a medallion in the center, a border round the edge, and all over its soft velvet—into which your feet sank as into woodland moss—the daintiest flowers that ever grew. Marble statues gleamed in front of the great mirrors; and pictures of lovely landscapes and radiant sunsets, and handsome men, and fair women, hung upon the walls. In the music-room were placed a grand piano, a harp and a guitar. The shelves which ran round the library on all sides, half way from floor to ceiling, were filled with substantially bound books; and above them were busts of great men by whom immortal words had been written. It was a dream of beauty all through—and when it was finished, and a troop of servants, men and women, came to make all things ready, expectation reached its height.

A presidential progress could hardly have excited more interest than did the arrival of a quiet, gentlemanly looking man, dressed in gray, with iron-gray hair and beard, at the little railroad station, where a carriage had been sent down from Prospect Hill to meet him. This, of course, was Mr. Shaftsbury. He was accompanied, in spite of the many chambers, by a family of only two—a lady much younger than himself, dressed with elegant simplicity, with a face full of all womanly sweetness, and a boy, about twelve or thirteen, apparently—a high-bred little fellow in his appearance, but somewhat pale and

delicate, and, in need of the bracing air of Prospect Hill.

They drove home in the sunset—this little family of three—and looked for the first time on their new abode. Mr. Shaftsbury had selected the location, and bought the land, somewhat more than a year before; and then had put the whole matter into the hands of a competent architect, while he took his family to Europe, so that the new residence had as entirely the charm of novelty for him as for the others.

For a month after that he was to be seen busily superintending matters about his place in the forenoon, while his wife and boy sauntered along, never far away from him, or driving with them in the pleasant May afternoons—always these three only, and always together.

The first of June, the summer term of the district school began. It was an intense surprise to the scholars to find, first of all in his place, young Shaftsbury, from the hill. "Robert Shaftsbury, thirteen years old," he replied to the teacher, who asked his name and age. He studied quietly till recess, and even then lingered in his seat, with evident shyness, though he watched the others with a look of interest on his face. They stood apart, and talked of him among themselves, instead of rushing out at once to play, as was their wont.

At last, after a good deal of wonderment and talk, one boy, bolder or more reckless than the rest, marched up to him.

"I say, Velvet Jacket, how came you here?" was his salutation. "Seems to me you're too much of a gentleman for our folks."

A slight flush warmed young Shaftsbury's pale cheeks; but he answered, with frankness as absolute as his courtesy was perfect,—

"I have been taught at home, up to now, but my father wants me to be with other boys of my own age; and he says a true gentleman belongs everywhere."

The boys all heard what he said; and, in spite of their boyish rudeness, it inspired them with a certain respect. That was the beginning of the title which they gave him, among themselves, of "little gentleman"—*only* among themselves, at first; though afterwards, when they grew more familiar with him, they used to address him by it, more often than by his name.

If there had been a philosophical observer to take note of it, it would have been curious to watch how unconsciously the boys were influenced by my little gentleman—how their manners grew more gentle—how they avoided coarse, or unclean, or profane words in his presence, as if he had been a woman. He led his classes, easily, in their studies. The teacher had never to reprove him for carelessness in his duties, or for broken rules. His father had said, "A true gentleman belongs everywhere;" and he was quietly proving it.

The scholars liked him—they could not help it, for his manner was as courteous as his nature was unselfish and kindly; and yet in their feeling for him there was a little stream of envy—a slight disposition to blame him for the luxury and elegance to which he was born; and, because of his very courtesy, to underrate his courage and the real manliness of his character.

But there was one, in whose eyes he was, from first to last, a hero. Jamie Strong was yet more delicate than young Shaftsbury. He had something the matter with one of his ankles, and could not join in the rough sports of the others.

He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Her husband and her other three children had all died of typhoid fever, and been, one after another, carried out of the little, lonesome cottage at the foot of the hill, where the sun seldom came, and now Jamie was the last.

He would never be strong enough to do hard work. Sowing, ploughing, mowing, harvesting—he could never manage any of these; so for his weak limbs his quick brain must make up; and Widow Strong had determined that he should be a scholar—a minister, if it pleased the Lord to call him to that—if not, a teacher.

So she quietly struggled on to keep him at school, and to earn money to provide for future years of academy and college. She sewed, she washed, she picked berries—she did any thing by which she could add a dollar to her hoard.

Jamie understood and shared her ambition, and studied with might and main. He was used to harshness and rudeness from stronger boys, and he had grown shy and shrunk into himself. To him the coming of my little gentleman was as grace from Heaven. Here was one who never mocked at his feebleness, or his

poverty—who was always kind, always friendly, and who did many a little thing to make him happy. Young Shaftsbury on his part was quick to perceive the tender and loyal admiration of the other; and there grew between them the tie of an interest which had never been put into words.

It had been a damp and strange summer, intensely warm, even in that hilly region. It had rained continually, but the rains, which kept the fields green and made vegetation so unusually lush and ripe, had seemed scarcely to cool at all the fervid heat of the air. Wiseacres predicted much sickness. Indeed, several cases of slow fever were in the town already.

One day my little gentleman looked about in vain for his friend Jamie, and finally asked for him, anxiously, and found that the boy was ill with typhoid fever. At recess he heard the boys talking of it.

"He'll never get well," one said. "His father died just that way, and his three brothers. You see it's damp, down in that hollow, and the sun hardly ever touches the house. I heard Dr. Simonds say it was ten to one against anybody who was sick there."

When school was over Robert Shaftsbury hurried home. He found his mother sitting, dressed all in white, in the music-room, playing a symphony on the piano, while his father sat a little distance off, listening with half-closed eyes. He waited until the piece was over, and then he told his story and preferred his request.

The doctor had said it was ten to one against any one who was sick in that little damp house in the hollow; and he wanted Jamie brought up the hill to their home. He watched the faces of his father and mother as he spoke; and it seemed to him that a refusal was hovering upon their lips, and he said earnestly,—

"Don't speak, just yet. Remember that he is his mother's only son, as I am yours. If I lay sick where there was no hope for me, and some one else might, perhaps save me by taking me in, would you think they ought to try it, or to let me die?"

Mr. Shaftsbury looked into his wife's eyes. "Robert is right," she said, with the sudden, sweet smile which always seemed to make the day brighter when it came to her lips. "If the poor boy can be helped by being brought here we must bring him."



"I will go and see," Mr. Shaftsbury answered, at once.

"And I, too, papa," said my little gentleman.

"Not you, I think. I fear contagion for you."

"I think there is no danger for me, living on this bright hill-top, in these great, airy rooms—but even if there were, I am sure you would let me go if you knew how much Jamie loves me. I can't go through life and do my duty, and never run any risks."

"Come, then," his father said, quietly. He had been, all his son's life, preaching to him of heroism, and self-sacrifice, and devotion. He dared not interfere with almost his first opportunity for any real exercise of them. So the two went down the hill together.

It chanced that they met Dr. Simonds coming away from the house, and proposed to him the question of the removal. It would not do, the doctor declared at once—the disease had made too much progress. To remove him now would be more dangerous than to leave him where he was.

"Then I must go and see him," Robert said, resolutely. "You know he has only his mother, and I must spend all the time I can spare from school with him."

"But I will send an excellent nurse, my son. Do you not see that I cannot have you expose yourself?"

"Send the nurse, too, please papa; but do not keep me from going. He will not care for the nurse, and he does care very much for me. I do not believe in the danger, and I know how glad he will be to see me."

Mr. Shaftsbury hesitated. This boy was as the apple of his eye. Must he indeed begin so soon to look danger in the face, for the sake of others? But dared he withhold him, when the boy felt that honor and duty called? It ended by his walking in with him quietly.

It was something to see how Jamie's face brightened. He had been very dull and stupid all day, his mother said, and some of the time his mind had been wandering. But now a glad, eager light came into his eyes, and a smile curved his parched lips. He put out his hot hands.

"O, is it you, my little gentleman?" he said. "I had rather see you than any thing else in the world."

"Well, then, I will come every day as

soon as I am through school," Robert Shaftsbury answered.

"Do you know what you have done?" his father asked, when, at last, they stood outside the house together.

"Yes, papa. I have promised that poor, sick, helpless little fellow all the comfort I can give him. I have promised to do by him as I should want him to do by me if I were Jamie Strong, and he was Robert Shaftsbury."

Mr. Shaftsbury was silenced. This, indeed, was the rule of living he had taught. Should he venture to interfere with its observance?"

So my little gentleman had his way. He took every precaution which his mother's anxiety suggested, such as going home to lunch before he went to the little cottage where the sick boy lay and longed for him. But he went regularly. And no matter how wild Jamie might be, his presence would bring calmness. The dim eyes would kindle, the poor, parched lips would smile, and Mrs. Strong said the visit did Jamie more good than his medicines.

At school the boys looked upon my little gentleman with a sort of wondering reverence. They all knew of his daily visits to the fever-haunted place, which they themselves shunned, and they marvelled at his courage. This was the boy they had fancied to be lacking in manliness, because he was slight and fair—because he was carefully dressed and tenderly nurtured! They said nothing; but in a hundred subtle ways they showed their changed estimate.

The days went on, and with them Jamie Strong's life went toward its end. The doom of his house had come upon him; and love, and prayers, and watching were all, it seemed, of no avail. One night the fever reached its crisis, and the doctor, who watched him through it, knew that the end was near. Jamie knew it, also. When the morning dawned he whispered faintly to his mother,—

"I shall never see another morning; but O if I can only live till night, and see my little gentleman!"

She proposed to send for him; but that was not what the boy wished.

"No," he said, feebly, "I want to see him coming in, at the old time, with some flowers in his hand, 'And make a sunshine in a shady place.'

Somebody said that, mother, I forget who;



I forget every thing, now ; but that's what he does, he makes sunshine in this shady place."

A dozen times that day it seemed as if the breath coming so faintly must be his last ; but he clung to life with a strange, silent tenacity. At last, just a few moments before it was time for the accustomed visit, he said,—

" Kiss me, good-by, mother. I want to save the rest of my strength for him."

She kissed him, with her bitter tears falling fast. He put up a hand so thin that you could almost see through it, and brushed the tears away.

" Don't cry," he said ; " it hurts me. Life here was hard, and up above Christ says it will be all made easy."

Then he was silent, and presently Robert came with a great bunch of white lilies in his hand.

" The lilies of heaven," murmured Jamie, in a low, strange tone. Then into his eyes broke once more the light which never failed to respond to Robert's coming, and a wan smile fluttered over his lips, as a soul might flutter before it flies away.

" I am going, now," he said. " I waited to say good-by, my little gentleman. Do you think they are all gentlemen up there?"

With this question his life went out, and voices we could not hear made answer.

This was the beginning of Robert Shaftsbury's career. No harm came to him through his presence in the fever-tainted house—but he had learned a lesson there. The one thing for which he has striven in life is to be a gentleman ; and his interpretation of that much-abused phrase he finds in the Book which tells us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

[The Companion.

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