

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

" I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. X.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1873.

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Mattapoisett.

BY CAROLINE L. SMITH.

Hail Mattapoisett, quiet "place of rest!"
Here may the weary waves upon thy breast
Forget the turmoil of the outer sea,
And dingle to light ripples lovingly,
Breaking in whispers on thy dreamy shore,
Where the tired Indian rested in the days of yore!

The ebbing tide is low upon the sand:
Rock-weed and green moss on the pebbly strand,
Uncovered, droop beneath the light of day,
Yet still the willing water finds a way,
By stony barriers checked upon its track,
To loiter till once more the welcome tide gains
back.

A meagre, unhoused kitten, left at large,
Brushes with timid paw the foamy marge,

Hoping 'gainst hope some dainty bit to trap,
While the dull clam indulges in a nap:
Then, disappointed, mews and runs away,
Tries vainly to forget her hunger in her play.

"Come, little kitty, scramble to my knee,
Were my home nearer, it should shelter thee!"
With supple grace, caressing neck and cheek,
She purs the gratitude she cannot speak;
Then turns again, her hunger-pain to kill,
For love is sweet to kit, but clams are sweeter
still.

A little blue-eyed girl, whose flaxen hair,
In curly tangles, floats upon the air,
Basket in hand, with eager, searching eyes,
And tireless feet, hither and thither hies;
Her sea-side treasures running o'er and o'er,
Each fluted scallop-shell still adding to her store.

Upon the rocks, seated, at easy reach,
Mother and aunt, with Whittier, "On the Beach,"
From nature mirrored in poetic guise,
To nature's self, turning, with charmed eyes,
Watching the "low-bent sails in tack and flaw,"
Marvel how skillfully the artist's hand can draw.

Behind us, "high and dry" upon the strand,
Tenantless, windowless, and doorless stand
The gray stone walls, where erst the smithy's fire
Beamed brightly as he shaped the glowing tire,
His right arm dealing blows with lusty might,
Or forged the bolts that made the good ship
stanch and tight.

The wharves stretch idle arms out to the Bay:
Not many years since, in their shelter, lay
Huge whale-ships, wafted from the Northern
main,
Against whose hulls old Boreas, in vain,
Had hung his icicles and blown his breath,
To the brave tar off bearing messages of death.

Then rows of dingy oil-casks crowned their sides,
Packed in dull sea-weed, drifted by the tides,
A hidden treasure, through whose latent light,
Full many a distant home should be made bright.
Such meetings and such partings have they seen,
Those empty wharves could tell heart-stirring
tales, I ween.

For, in God's acre, where His angels keep
Watch by the lowly beds of dreamless sleep,
Inscribed on many a monumental stone
Is, "Lost at Sea;" and with an inward moan,
Brave Rounseville, o'er thy bitter woes we weep,
Thy Phoebe and her babes snatched by the angry
deep.

We strolled one day where the long sand-beach
bends,

And water from the herring-weir descends,
A deepened current. Thickly there were strewn
The scallop-shells, and closely overgrown,
The rounded point, with plants ne'er seen before,
That mourning colors in their purple petals wore.

For thither came, in darkest hour of night,
A mother, whose fond heart had felt the blight
Of sorrow, and with crazed and flying feet,
Chased by what phantom through the village
street,

Ask those who, waking, heard a shriek of woe
Afar, and wondered long why they should trem-
ble so!

The tide is *in*. Upon the heated sand
Two maidens and a youth have joined our band,
From college and from classic halls set free,
And shouts and laughter ring out merrily
As, quaintly clad, we plash the waters blue,
And greet our daily bath with pleasures ever new.

Sometimes with Skipper Friedhoff, in his boat,
Out past the light-house quietly we float,
Where, on the beach, a fresh spring, bubbling up,
Into the salt sea pours its healing cup;
Past Strawberry Point, and past Angelico,
The sparkling waters wider, deeper, as we go.

Upon the south, blue Naushon shadowy trends,
Eastward Cap Cod her long bent arm extends,
Elbowed at Chatham, while her finger-tips
In cold Atlantic waves she heedless dips.
The red buoy to the left the skipper leaves,
Then closely furls his sail, and forth the anchor
heaves.

Then, to each ready hand, the fishing line
The Skipper yields, and down into the brine,
Silent we drop the cruel, baited hook:
The shiny scup one tempting moment look,

Then, rainbow-tinted, dangle in the air,
Erect their fins, and pant, and flounder in despair.

On land again, a happy group we rove,
Culling rare blossoms in the dark oak grove:
Their names unknown, their beauty will abide:
There Golden-thread her yellow web spreads
wide,

O'er shrub and viue the shining meshes flung,
With tiny satin buds, like pearly clusters, strung.

Farewell to thee, thou peaceful "place of rest!"
Oft shall thy memory within the breast
Wake streams of joy, and, many a sultry day,
Weary and heated by life's dusty way,
We'll sit in fancy on thy rocks once more,
And hear the cool waves plash upon thy dreamy
shore.

How a Cyclopedia is Made.

A New York correspondent gives an interesting account of the corps of workers engaged on the revised edition of *Appleton's American Cyclopedia*, and the manner in which they perform the task:

The corps of literary gentlemen who have been for a year past engaged in what is called "the cyclopedia room," of the Messrs. Appleton's great Broadway establishment, upon the new revised edition of "*The New American Cyclopedia*," have so far progressed with the work that three volumes are now ready for the press, and the publication of the work is announced to begin in numbers, some time early in January. Very few, I fancy, even the best posted in literary works, are now aware how thoroughly this work is going on, or what a job it is to make a cyclopedia worthy of the name. The manuscript of the "*old*" *Cyclopedia*—that is, the first "*New American*," went through a most severe process before it came out a library of books, but the manuscript of this revised edition is going through a more severe trial. The manner in which the "*old*" was produced was this:

The usual proof-reading was done at one of the best printing offices in the city, employing a corps of most excellent proof-readers. When the proofs had passed under the eyes of these readers, they were subjected to the careful examination of Mr. George Ripley, of the *Tribune*; then they passed to Mr. Charles A. Dana, then of the *Tribune*, now of the *Sun*, who revised them critically; then to Mr. Heil-

prin, a native of Poland, who is not only thoroughly acquainted with all the "ordinary" languages, but is one of the best of Hebrew scholars, and is perfectly versed in such language as the Polish, Hungarian, Russian and Arabic; and more than this, is remarkable for his practical knowledge of geography and history. In his revision he took particular pains to make the article on foreign countries and topics correct, to verify dates and examine statements. Then the much corrected proofs passed into the hands of Mr. Robert Carter, who read them with the utmost care; then to one of the best proof-readers in the city, Mr. Teall, who worked upon them very diligently, as if they had never been read at all; and lastly, in the form of pages, to Mr. Welford, of the house of Scribner, Welford & Company, who has a prodigious knowledge of modern books and book-keeping. The work began in 1857, and was concluded in 1863.

In the work on the new edition all the gentlemen engaged on the old are employed, and with them several others of established reputations. Great pains are now taken with the copy. The pages of the old cyclopedia are first cut out, pasted on large sheets of paper, and given to various persons to revise. Among these are young Edward Burlingame, son of the late Anson Burlingame, and three or four very capable and educated gentlemen. Their work is passed over to Dr. Guernsey, for many years editor of *Harper's Magazine*, a good critic, who first revises it; then it goes into the hands of Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, of the *Tribune*, who further revises it; then to Mr. Chas. A. Dana, then to Mr. Robert Carter, and then to the printers. The proofs, after being read by the printing office readers, go first to Mr. Heilprin, who examines them critically, then again to Mr. Carter, then to Mr. Teall, and then back again to the printing office, where the mass of correction which all these gentlemen are sure to note are made, and the material is locked into pages. Then in this shape, Mr. Ripley sees it, and very critically examines.

No pains are spared to make the work absolutely perfect. Every date is verified as far as possible, every statement considered and weighed. In the cyclopedia room, within reach of all the workers, is a library of from two thousand to three thousand volumes, containing books of refer-

ence in every modern language; French, German and English cyclopedias, and historical works of every kind, which have the least value of reputation for accuracy. The general idea of the work is to have the articles on special subjects prepared by experts. Those on chemistry, for instance, are written by Professor Joy, professor of chemistry in Columbia College; on natural history by acknowledged authorities; and on medicine by an eminent physician of this city. The articles, too, on different countries are given out to men specially acquainted with them. That on Japan has been sent to our minister-resident of Japan for examination.

In finish, the new will be precisely like the old. But within the covers it will present quite a different appearance, as it is to be profusely illustrated. Illustrations of the principal buildings in our cities and historical places abroad are to be given; some portraits, I believe, and illustrations to the articles on natural history, chemistry, and the like. The work will not be so full as some of the foreign cyclopedias, but it will be as trustworthy as imperfect man, working with imperfect tools, can make it, containing every subject that one could reasonably expect in an American cyclopedia. The first step taken, before the labor of revision was begun, was to carefully read over all existing cyclopedias and mark such articles of topics as were thought necessary or proper for a complete American work.

The work is now progressing at the rate of a hundred pages a week.

The cyclopedia room, which is at the top of the Appletons on Broadway, and is reached only by the elevator, resembles a well-ordered private school; every one has a schoolastic look, and no visitor dares to speak—and certainly I did not—above a whisper, feeling that if he did he would sadly interrupt the solving of some difficult problem or tread violently upon some strict rule of the place. It is well to note the thoroughness with which this work is going on, for it speaks well of hasty, hurried, driving Americans. The picture presented in the cyclopedia room is worthy of the plodding, learned, careful Germans.

The most striking difference between a foolish person and a looking-glass is that the one speaks without reflecting and the other reflects without speaking.

Hospitable Homes.

"Madam," said a pitying neighbor to a clergyman's wife, "they make your house such a hotel that you must be worn out with so much company. It is a shame that ministers should be so imposed upon."

"I don't quite view it so," replied she; "for, although our household cares have always been great, for the reason you mention, we have been abundantly repaid in the pleasures we have received from so many intelligent guests, and especially in the unconscious education which our children have received by the table-talk. No possible education of ours, either through books or our own family conversation alone, could ever have given them this valuable culture."

Here was an intelligent woman's insight and good sense. What is the use of money, pictures, furniture, spare rooms, darkened parlors, serving their highest use when visitors and flies are excluded, or when made mere occasional reception rooms for stiffly ceremonious calls of etiquette? Let us live all over the house, and have something cheerful and inviting in every room. Why not have the table always neatly spread, and ready enough for an extra plate without any question of fuss, cake or no cake? Let us bring up our children, not with one set of every-day manners and another for company, but in a daily atmosphere of hospitality.

One of our "self made" men, who occupies an eminent position in social and political life, revealed his good judgment and at the same time one secret of success, in the remark that he never permitted any respectable and intelligent stranger to come into town, whose conversation might add to his own stock of knowledge, or sharpen any of his faculties, or give pleasure and information to his family, whom he did not, if possible, invite to his house. He well understands that such hospitality is a good investment, while he undoubtedly makes his guests feel themselves his grateful debtors.

"But this man is rich—he has the means. He has the cake always ready." Yes, and so have we all the means, cake or no cake. The poorest American citizen ought to have a home, and one that mortgages him to self-respect and good citizenship. And this always may and should include hospitality.—[*Springfield Repub.*]

Darwinism in the Kitchen.

I was takin' off my bonnet
One arternoon, at three,
When a hinseck jumped upon it
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it;
But I hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I: "Surely, my senses
Is a-gettin' in a fog!"
So to drown it I commences,
When it hatters to a frog.

Here my heart began to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog, with one big jump,
Leaped hisself into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed, with great surprise,
That that monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor,
Just as missus, with a light,
Came inside the kitching door.

Then, beginning to abuse me,
She says: "Sarah, you've been drinkin'!"
I says: "No, mum, you'll excuse me;
But I've merely been a-thinkin'."

"But, as sure as I'm a cinder,
That party what you see
A-gettin' out o' winder
Have developed from a flea."

Michigan has just enacted a law to inflict upon women the same penalties for liquor selling that are imposed upon male grog-dealers. The champions of the liquor traffic, in opposing the enactment, displayed a regard for the rights and feelings of the female sex that was almost romantic; but the Legislature showed a proper appreciation of the equality of the sexes in declining to exempt women from punishment for an offense already declared criminal when committed by a man.

Our former "Boss" is cautioned not to seek shelter in the British Isles. Recent advices state that anglers have been unusually active in whipping the Tweed with their rods.

Boy Lost.

He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt." But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbled-down card-houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging and kites a-making. I want to see crumbs on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen-table. I want to see the chairs and the tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say, "How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains, and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra-la-la; for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes, and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once. A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock-coat, a bosomed shirt, and a cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and the name on the stern, *Lucy Lowe*, a little girl of our neighbor, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the name on the boat! O! I see it all as plain as if it was written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. O, I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown,

lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing. If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who have not yet lost their little. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.—[*Home Magazine*.

A Cat with a Character.

I saw none there outrivaling "Our Jake," at home in America. Jake is a Maltese, huge, and generally lazy. He was educated by a sea-captain, and by him left with our family several years ago. Jumping through your arms is his chief accomplishment. He shirks that now whenever possible. He deems it beneath the dignity of middle age. He sleeps on the bed with our folks. On very cold nights, he burrows under the blankets. His hour for retiring is half past nine. He signifies his readiness for rest by going to the bedroom door and looking anxiously around. He likes to arise by daylight. If our folks do not respond, he makes three separate demonstrations. First, he gets up; stretches himself; then sits upon our folks, and looks gravely in their faces. Sometimes he touches one of their eyes with his paw. This is his gentle way of saying, "It's time to get up." But if our folks say, with Solomon's sluggard, "A little more slumber; a little more folding of the hands, etc.," Jake jumps off the bed, and makes himself very disagreeable and noisy by scratching at the door. If there is then no movement, he jumps on the bed again, and trots all over our folks. This is a more determined way of saying, "Come, come! Well, I never! Ain't you going to get up to-day?"

Jake is heavy; he is aldermanic. His trot generally brings our folks to terms. When he sees them down stairs and the kitchen-fire kindled, he seems better satisfied. He smells his own breakfast not far off. But he troubles none with the demands of his stomach until the rest are

satisfied. He is a cat of order, regularity and etiquette. When he sees the chairs drawn back, and the knives and forks laid down, he indicates that his time for being served has come, by a slight, well-bred "mew." He knows his place in the family. He knows he is ornamental, useful and amusing. He asks but for justice and the warmest corner by the fire-place. For that, in winter, he has a weakness which sometimes fills the house with the smell of burnt fur.

His hatred of other cats is intense. He allows none on the premises. The sight of one in the back-yard overturns his whole mental equilibrium. He spends hours at the window on the lookout for invaders. He seems to have discarded all fellowship for his own race. Sometimes there comes a terrible outcry, spitting, and scratching from the cellar. Jake has found therein a strange cat. He is routing the enemy. He comes up stairs in his war-paint, bristles still raised, tail enlarged, eyes glaring. Vengeance has been done. The territory has been cleared of intruders. Somebody's cat has gone home to die.

But he has a cowardly dread of boys. He knows instinctively that boys' inhumanity to cats has caused countless thousands to mourn. He knows that most boys are savages, who would delight in putting him to any prolonged torture. When he sees a gang of boys prowling about the neighborhood, he retires into the innermost chamber. Had he his way, there should be no boys. He would like to have been king Herod's cat.—[*Lippincott's Magazine.*]

His Word is at Stake.

Grandly did the old Scottish believer, of whom Dr. Brown tell us in his "Høræ Subsecivæ," respond to the challenge of her pastor regarding the ground of her confidence.

"Janet," said the minister, "what would you say if, after all he has done for you, God should let you drop into hell?"

"E'en's (even as) he likes," answered Janet. "If he does, he'll lose mair than I'll do."

At first sight Janet's reply looks irrelevant, if not something worse. As we contemplate it, however, its sublimity grows upon us. Like the Psalmist, she could say, "I on thy word rely," (Psalm cxix., 114, metrical version.) If his word were

broken, if his faithfulness should fail, if that foundation could be destroyed, truly he would lose more than his trusting child. But that could never be. "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Thy faithfulness is unto all generations." Well, then, might Janet encourage herself in the Lord her God, and say, "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice."

All the promises of God are absolutely sure and certain in Christ Jesus, who is freely offered to all in the gospel. Embracing Christ in the promises, or the promises in Christ, we hold the Almighty by an indissoluble bond. The two immutable things, God's oath confirming God's promise, are pledged to us; and if God has thus spoken, should not believers rejoice? How confidently men can rely on the word of each other! And if sinful men can be thus trusted, O how much more should we firmly embrace, and hopefully expect the fulfilment of the promises of God's loving kindness!

"He has power, and can fulfil;
He is truth, and therefore will."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1873.

The Anniversary.

Nine years ago, on the 15th of August, 1864, was issued the first number of the "Hospital Review." We wish that we had room to publish the whole of the first article, but failing that, we give the opening sentence: "The Ladies associated with the Hospital, have long felt the need of some means of direct communication with their friends and donors—some way of thanking them for their repeated and generous donations and of acknowledging the receipt of them—some way of making known to them their wants and aims—of acquainting them with what they are doing for the sick and suffering, and with what they hope to do." What was then the object of the "Review," is now the object. In looking over the list of those

who then gave jellies, fruits, clothing and books, we see many names which appear in almost every number that has been issued within the past year, clearly showing that although the Hospital has the happy art of making new friends, it has the greater art of keeping old ones. An agreeable smile and a few pleasant words will win almost any one for a few moments, but a friendship which lasts for nine years, will, we are sure, hold for a life time—that is, if it is formed for the Hospital. History repeats itself. In looking over the events of nine years ago, we find them very like those of to-day, and although one and another may ask, still the burden of their asking has been, is, and in all human probability, always will be—for everything. Nine years ago there were, the first of August, one hundred and fifty soldiers in the Hospital. Our patriotism then was appealed to as well as our benevolence. We find that forty-five ladies sent in an abundance of fruits, vegetables, dried fruit, and so forth. One public school gave wine, liniment, cherries, bandages, lint, and flowers. Two young ladies sent six bottles of wine. Then, friends from the country: Mendon, Riga, Wheatland, Hartland, Johnson's Creek, Livonia, and Henrietta—we read, sent socks, flannel shirts, honey, cakes, crackers, butter, sugar, pillow-cases, handkerchiefs, Cologne water, pickles. "A class of Pilgrims," Grace Church, gave a basket of oranges and lemons. "And what shall I say more? for time would fail me to tell of" all the good gifts sent in those times when our hearts were so stirred. One lady went without a new bonnet, and gave the money to the Hospital. Little girls formed potato societies, and little boys saved up their fire-cracker money to give to the sick. We hope it was made up to them, July the fourth, eighteen hundred and sixty-five. The treasurer's report of July, 1864, was \$866,76! Little children held bazaars, and brought the money to the

Hospital. We all rejoice that long ago the soldiers went to their own homes, but the needs of the Hospital are almost as urgent now as then. The object for which the "Review" was started, has been yearly accomplished. The friends of the Hospital have known of its wants and aims. They have been able from reading its needs to nobly respond to them; and they have learned the condition of its inmates, the care they receive, and the general success of the undertaking, which was not a slight one.

Visit at the Hospital.

We never like to give our readers an account of our visit to the Hospital the day that we make it, for we see so much sickness that our heart is heavy. We went there to-day, and saw two or three so very sick, so "near the bounds of life, where they lay their burdens down," that the pleasant world outside, the waving leaves, the shining sun, and all the beauty that lay stretched out before our eyes, seemed almost a mockery.

One young wife is dying. A year ago she had a stroke of paralysis, which has induced softening of the brain. She lies quite motionless, almost unconscious, although she recognises her mother, who has the blessed privilege of taking care of her. Her little child was playing on the floor, the mother hardly knowing that it was hers. She knows that her end is near, and is ready and willing to go home.

Almost the sickest person we ever saw, replied, when we asked, "What was her sickness?" "Everything!" and feebly beat the air with one poor emaciated hand. The nurse was out of the ward then, and we could learn nothing of her circumstances, but we hardly ever saw such indications of suffering.

Two months ago we saw a patient who looked very sick, but at the time she had no thought her sickness was alarming. To-day, she said in a sad but perfectly

calm manner, "that all that could be done for her was to ease her pain."

However it has not all been gloom. Two or three patients that have been in the Hospital for some months, suffering from dislocations or from broken limbs, are getting on nicely. Some new patients were very cheerful, seeming perfectly at home in their pleasant wards; some, were sewing; others, reading; and a few, were visiting.

We were sorry that we had not a larger supply of papers, but those we had, we left, and the patients were glad to get them.

Out in the park, was a tent containing beds for some who are suffering from wounds. The sides are open, and the heavenly air blew through it, keeping it pure and fresh. The experience of army surgeons, has proved that tents are better for wounded men than brick walls; besides, camping out is decidedly the custom now. Living in the Hospital tent gives the lucky ones a foretaste of the delights of camp life, either on the lake, at the Thousand Islands, or any other place.

The Male Wards were nearly empty. All the patients who were able to get out, were on the grounds, enjoying the balmy air and the invigorating sun.

Our Appeal.

There! the strawberries were given, after all our doubts—and we said that they were sour this year. So the fox said the grapes were sour. More than eighteen hundred years ago, a blind man had his sight given him just because he asked for it; and not a day passes but we see that begging receives its own exceeding great reward. And with renewed vigor we ask for everything eatable, drinkable and wearable. Old clothes of all kinds and descriptions, for man and woman. Coats, pantaloons, vests, shirts, socks and slippers. Dresses, sacks, skirts, underwear, stockings, shoes, and handkerchiefs. Then, lemons for lemon-

ade. Orange juice and raspberries, lemon juice, sugar and water combined, make a very delightful drink, these warm days, and there are some patients who are feverish. As for vegetables and fruits, the market is overflowing; and if these are so freely offered for sale, of course the gardens are loaded. Well, if the surplus alone is given, the supply will be abundant. We think the way seems clear to generous giving; and there is not the shadow of a shade of doubt about the reception that will be accorded to all these donations.

Though we may be slow in coming to the point, we are coming, and let none have misgivings. The point is, "Old Cotton" and "Old Linen." Never, so long as patients suffer from wounds, will we forget these two important items; and so long as our lead pencil lasts, just so long will we ask for them—and lead pencils will last until the mines fail. One lady—she was not acquainted with the wants of the Hospital—said, "Why do they want any more old linen or cotton? Have they used all that up?" Used it up! The Hospital buys linen and cotton for bandages—and when so much could be given! Just to think how they fill trunks and drawers, besides the bundles that are thrown on the top shelves in closets, or tucked away up garret—it is to a patient spirit a sorrow—the thinking—and to an impatient one, exasperating.

We only ask for these things—food, drink, and covering. We don't even ask for shelter, and surely when we ask for so few things, we shall receive them.

We are sure that our readers will be very glad to learn that their accomplished former Editress, Mrs. Arner, has consented to occasionally—her health permitting—write for the "Review." It will give a new interest to the paper, that it receives communications from her pen, and our subscribers will read it with increased zest.

Will some of the friends who take newspapers containing Spurgeon's sermons, send them to the Editress, 10 South Washington street, and she will take them to the Hospital! Almost every visit that she makes there, she is asked for "Spurgeon's sermons." Of course, everyone likes to read religious papers connected with their own denomination; and if the "Churchman" or the "Gospel Messenger," could be sent to the Editress, or direct to the Hospital, they would be very gratefully received.

Forster's Life of Dickens.

It ought to be a law, fixed as those of the Medes and Persians, that when a man dies, his private letters should be burned. We have come to this conclusion from reading "Forster's Life of Dickens." The first volume enchanted us, it was so like David Copperfield; we learned then who Mr. and Mrs. Micawber were, also the originals of many of his characters. We mean we were enchanted for a time, but when we read his letters to Mr. Forster, written from America, we were not at all enchanted. Indeed, quite the contrary. With all our admiration for his genius, we must say that he was an inordinately vain man. It is very probable that he met many rude and vulgar people, but it was neither honorable or truthful to represent Americans as saying, "You may have a pretty con-sid-erable good part of a notion that it don't fit nohow; and that it a'n't calculated to make you smart, overmuch; and that you don't feel 'special bright; and by no means first-rate; and not at all 'tougney." The easiest thing in the world is to ridicule, and the hardest task any human being can perform, is to tell the truth and be honest. Still, if Mr. Forster had been wise, or, lacking wisdom, had been lucky enough to have his house, or wherever he keeps his letters, burn up, we should have liked his life of Dickens a thousand times better. However, when

we think of Sam Weller, of our dear Mrs. Gamp, of the wise and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired Mrs. Nickelby, and of Micawber, we feel that we can read Dickens' letters to Forster with patience, for Dickens is dead, and in this generation we will make no more such charming acquaintances as little Nell, Kate Nickleby, Agnes and honorable Aunt Betsey Trotwood.—For sale at Darrow's.

Hero Carthew by Louisa Parr, is one of the leisure hour series. Hero isn't majestic or queenly, or even beautiful, but we love her, just because she is so thoroughly honest. She doesn't do anything very wonderful, not even making flannel petticoats for the poor as is the custom, if we may believe English books, of all goody English girls. But she walks and talks in a human manner, loves her father, would love her lover, Leo Despard, if he was worth it, and likes everybody. She goes boating and to dull tea parties, enjoying them both, and she does not marry Leo Despard. She has more character than "Dorothy Fox," by the same author; and although this notice describes her in somewhat of a negative fashion, she was a very positive, warmhearted and altogether delightful girl. If anyone has doubts on the subject, the best way to solve them is to read the book; it is just the kind of reading for this warm weather—partly because one would enjoy Hero's society and partly because the scene of the story is laid—well, upon reflection, we should say, on an island; at any rate, it is by the sea.—For sale at Darrow's.

Mrs. Beach having resigned the office of Treasurer of the "Review," Miss Mumford has been appointed in her place. Miss Mumford's address is "Corner of Troup and Eagle streets." Subscribers will please bear in mind the change, so that in paying their indebtedness to the paper there will be no confusion.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 18, 1873,
Loren C. Cushman, aged 34 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 28, 1873,
Geo. W. Foster, aged 63 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 29, 1873,
Infant of Mrs. Bond, aged 7 months.

Donations.

- Mrs. D. K. Robinson—Three gall. crock of Butter.
- Mrs. Dr. Strong—One bushel Cherries.
- F. W. Leonard—Quantity Cherries.
- Mr. Hone—Quantity of Cherries.
- Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Quantity of Cherries and second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Two bushels Cherries.
- Mrs. McFarlin—Cherries.
- Mrs. Chas. Shepard, Dansville—Copies of Christian Union.
- Mrs. Geo. Nickolson—Christian Weeklies.
- Mrs. Ezra Parsons—Raspberries.
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- Mrs. Thos. B. Yale, Brighton—Two crocks Pickles.
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- Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Illustrated Papers.
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- Mrs. A. T. Fisk—Old Cotton.

Subscriptions to the Review.

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- M. A. Hamilton, Esq., Livonia Station, \$1.00 ;
- H. L. Churchill, Esq., 50 cents ;
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- By Miss Munger..... 5 86
- Mr. D. Leary (Advertisement) \$10 00 ;
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- Scrantom and Wetmore, \$5 ;
- S. Rosenblatt and Co., \$5 ;
- (all for Advertisements)—O. L. Sheldon, (Cash Donation). \$5—By Miss Munger..... 110 00

Superintendent's Report.

1873. July 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 71	
Received during month... 39—110	
Discharged,..... 32	
Died,..... 3— 35	
Remaining Aug. 1st, 1873,	75

Children's Department.

From the Companion.

The Little Housekeeper.

Fannie was left to keep the house ;
(A little girl of ten ;)
So very grand Miss Fannie Lee
Will never feel again !

O'er Ned, and Frank, and little Nell,
She watched with jealous care ;
You would have laughed could you have seen
Her consequential air.

At dinner she presided well
In mamma's vacant seat ;
She served the vegetables out,
And proudly carved the meat.

The first course passed off quietly ;
But when the pie came round,
From little Nellie's scarlet lips
Came forth a doleful sound.

The slices varied like their years ;
And Fan, the cunning elf,
To nearly half the toothsome pie
Had coolly helped herself.

Next, Frank and Ned, then, lastly Nell
Received her portion small ;
Which she in indignation threw
'Gainst the fresh-papered wall.

Fannie arose at once, and took
The Bible off the stand,
And to the "Record" added what
None might misunderstand :

"November 9th mamma went off
To visit Mrs. Nye.
Nell had a very ugly fit,
And *threw* her custard pie."

In black and white the record stood
For half a score of years ;
And many a merry laugh they had
O'er what had cost such tears.

Mabel's Parrot.

Mabel Hoyt's grown-up brother had a genuine attack of the gold fever, and only found relief by making a journey to California in search of the glittering dust. After staying there a long time he came home, making his welcome doubly certain by some token of remembrance for each of the dear ones there.

One of the treasures for Mabel was a young parrot which he brought from Central America. Birdie parrot was so young that her dress of green was quite imperfect when she came to her new mistress; but unlike our dresses, the older it grew the better it looked; and at last, as the bright yellow feathers came out on her head and the red ones tipped each wing, and the green ones became so smooth and glossy, Mabel thought nothing could surpass her parrot's beauty.

Well, young-as birdie was, she had a name, and it was not Poll at all. I never could see why all parrots should be named Poll, any more than all boys should be named John, and all girls named Jane. I suppose the Spanish girl who named this parrot Laureta, after herself, thought just as I do about it, or else she was fortunate enough never to have heard so ugly a name as Poll, in her own musical Spanish language. But just think of calling a bird by the long dressed-up name of Laureta every time you speak to it. Mabel found it too much of an effort, and very soon birdie was known only as Reta.

For many weeks Reta was the most quiet, orderly bird you can imagine, eating and sleeping, and sleeping and eating. It was all in vain that little Mabel stationed herself directly in front of Reta once a day, and with a hand on either side, and a would-be dignified look on her round face, attempted to teach by the word method. Reta would stand on one foot and squint first one eye at Mabel and then the other, but not a word came from her crooked bill. All who watched Mabel's efforts began to be discouraged. It was evident that Mabel would never be known as one of the very best teachers of the day, or that Reta was a very dull scholar.

But what love and patience could not do for Reta, fear at last accomplished. Reta was demurely standing on the top of her new cage, looking as a bird could, when suddenly a violent thunder storm came up.

The terrible peals of thunder and the sharp lightning were enough to frighten those who could reason, and they frightened Reta so that her tongue was calling "mother! mother!" just as little Mabel often called mother when she was in trouble. Mabel's astonishment and delight were beyond description. For a time, I think, she would have been glad of a continual storm, for the sake of hearing Reta speak. But Reta was never dumb again; her next effort was to imitate Bridget's hearty laugh so perfectly that poor Biddy's laugh died out in open-mouthed wonder. Then our neighbor's baby came in for a share of attention, and Reta would cry as hard and as long as the baby could.

After a little Reta began to call each of our names, and so perfectly that it seemed one continued April fool day with us all. "Mother! mother!" would ring through the house, in such urgent tones that mother would think it was surely one of the children calling this time, and come hurrying down the stairs to be greeted by the mocking laugh of Reta, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the cheat. Mabel would think that mother was calling her, and come running in from the garden, to find that mother's call came from none other than Reta herself. It was quite remarkable to see with what good nature each one endured the cheat — simply because a bird could do the cheating.

Talking was not all Reta could do, she could imitate in more ways than with her tongue. There was a corner of one room, in which grandpa's chair always stood, and and near it (as this is a true story I must confess all) a little box of tobacco and pipes could always be found on a bracket shelf. Reta's especial delight was to perch on the back of this chair, and with one foot hold a pipe in her mouth to imitate grandpa smoking. If Mabel ran to take the pipe from her, Reta would throw it spitefully on the floor. Many a clay pipe ended its usefulness in this way.

Nor was Reta lacking in other mischievous tricks, as Trippie the dog, and Tabby the cat, could testify if they were only living now. Many a time when this worthy cat and dog have stretched themselves out in a warm bit of sunshine for a nice nap, Reta has crept down from the top of her cage, and running slyly up to them, given each one a sharp bite, and then run back

to her perch, there to indulge for a long time in a low amused chuckle.

Then, too, Reta was a very fine singer. She enjoyed quick, lively airs best, but she did not sing the words with any tune, excepting the chorus of "Lily Dale," which she sang sweetly, using her name like this:

"Oh, Reta, dear Reta,
Sweet Laureta Hoyt."

With all the good things I can say about this remarkable bird, I must admit that she was sometimes decidedly independent and saucy, as the following must convince any one. By the gate near the street grew a fine peach tree in which a swing made of a round hoop was hung. As Reta was seldom a prisoner in her cage, this tree with its swing was one of her favorite resorts. When among the leaves, so near her own color, she could not be seen, and from this place she would call out to all the passers-by, usually saying, "Good-by, good-by." If it happened to be a stranger passing, he was sure to stop and look in all directions to discover the voice that had so rudely accosted him. At this Reta would laugh heartily, and sing out, "Go on, go on." Many and many a time the good mother in the house, ever watchful for the good name of her household, has stepped to the door and explained to the indignant passer-by the source from which his greeting came. And it always proved in such a case that "the hearing of the ear was not sufficient." Reta must be coaxed down from the tree and show herself. This she did with the air of a spoiled child, who feels that it has done something remarkably cute.

But birdie parrot's spirit of mischief overcame her prudence at last, and brought her to an untimely death. Indeed, if this knowing bird had been blessed with more discretion, I believe she would now be considered the most wonderful bird in existence, for you know parrots live to a very great age. Some have been said to live more than a hundred years. I will tell you how Reta came to her death. Old dog Trippie was in the wood-room enjoying the best bone he had tasted in a long time, and like all dogs particularly sensitive over an interruption at such a time, when Reta spied him through the open kitchen-door, and at once crept noiselessly out and bit one of his hind legs cruelly.

Trippie, in the heat of anger, caught Reta by her head, but instantly dropped her and ran away loaded with shame, for he well knew that Reta was the pet of the household. In an instant Reta was in Mabel's arms, and Mabel (as thoughtful as some older persons are in times of danger) was wildly running through the orchard, without the least idea of what she was doing. The good mother's voice finally brought Mabel back to the house. Upon careful examination of Reta's head it was found that the skin was broken only on one side, and it was confidently believed by all the family that Reta would soon be well again. Indeed, for two days it did seem that she was to recover, but on the third day her head was swollen, and the morning of the fourth day found poor Reta dead in her cage.

Her grave was made under the very tree in which she used to swing; and a white frame was built around the little grave. This was years ago, and since then dearer graves have cast their dark shadows on Mabel's life, but she has never forgotten her parrot Reta, and if she were to visit the old farm now she would look first of all for the little grave of her pet bird.
[*Christian Union.*]

The night of the late terrible thunder storm, Mrs. L's little daughter was permitted to stay up later than her usual bed time, but the storm not abating, her mother told her to say her prayers and go to bed. Kneeling at her mother's knee, she commenced, but stopped during a loud peal of thunder. Her mother spoke to her, when she said, "Mamma, do you suppose that God can hear me, when He is making such a racket up there?"

Special Notice to Subscribers.

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folly. Prudence and economy have attended its management in the past, and should not be laid aside now. I firmly believe, however, that what is really demanded to properly improve the institution, and render it in all its appointments admirably adapted for the reception and treatment of the sick and suffering, can be had of a generous and appreciative public, if energetic effort be directed to obtain it.

GOOD RESULTS ACHIEVED BY THE INSTITUTION.

The Rochester City Hospital is an institution that the citizens of Rochester have just reason to be proud of. For nine years, its wide reaching beneficence has extended not only over our own community, but over other communities also, some quite remote. Its doors have been open not to those only laboring under acute illness, and to the recoverably sick, but to the poor and needy, oppressed by infirmities and disabled by chronic diseases. Like the broad and noble charity from which it mainly emanated, whose child it really is—the *Rochester Female Charitable Society*—it has afforded succor and relief to the poor incurable, to the aged, bowed down with years and sickness, to many classes and conditions, who, in the strictest sense, could not correctly be denominated “proper subjects for hospital treatment.”

Shall such an institution, in this favored and wealthy community, fail of its beneficent and useful designs for the want of a reasonable, liberal support? From small, very small beginnings, it has grown to be scarcely second in size and importance to any similar institution in the State. It has admitted and treated over 3,000 patients since it was opened, and with the best results. Its medical and surgical corps has always been composed of gentlemen of eminent skill in their profession, and their services have won for it a high reputation. It is young, however, and has but just commenced, let us hope, the great and good work it is destined to achieve.

WITHDRAWAL OF STATE AND OTHER AID.

Now that our State has introduced the policy of withholding any further aid to hospitals and other private charitable institutions, this source of income to the hospital is cut off, as is also that which was derived from the United States govern-

ment for the support and treatment of soldiers, invalid soldiers being provided with special homes and asylums. The annual summary of receipts and expenditures, as herewith presented, shows that a large part of the income of the hospital has come from the above two sources; and this summary also informs us that the expenses for the support and treatment of patients of all classes exceed about one-third of the receipts. By receipts, I mean pay received from the patients themselves, or from the city, county or otherwise, for their support, exclusive of donations and subscriptions.

THE LIBERALITY OF THE HOSPITAL TO THE CITY AND COUNTY.

From the exhibit presented of the average cost of each patient per week, it will be seen that \$4.00 per week, the most received for general ward patients, does not cover the cost of keeping them. The city, as before observed of the county, pays two dollars only per week for each patient it sends to the hospital. This, it is needless to remark, is poor pay from so rich and prosperous a community as Rochester, for the excellent care, treatment and support rendered its sick poor by this institution. The Hospital has actually *given* the city, and county, two, *thousands of dollars* in clean money for taking care of and treating their sick. Surely, there is no good reason why the Hospital should not receive back, at least, from the city and county, what it really pays out for their benefit in dollars and cents.

The General Hospital, in Buffalo, receives from that city five dollars per week for every patient it sends to the hospital. Shall Rochester be less appreciative, just and generous?

MAINTENANCE OF THE HOSPITAL IN FUTURE.

The question as to how the Hospital is to maintain itself in the future, make what additions and improvements are needed, and keep from debt, and still exercise the widest possible charity—the main object for which it was founded—presents itself for consideration. Hospitals are necessarily costly charities. Sickness always increases the expenses of the private household. But it can be truly said of this “house of mercy,” that it never has been a burden to its patrons and friends. Once a year, under the auspices of the Lady

Managers, ever its warm and devoted friends, the institution has come before the public, and asked remembrance at its Donation or Thanksgiving Festivals; but here it has often given a full equivalent for gifts received.

In view of what has been said in relation to the city's meagre pay for the support and treatment of city patients, would it not be well to bring the subject before the city authorities and endeavor to secure an increase of pay in this respect? If a full return cannot be obtained for actual cost expended, something more approximating to it than what is now received, ought certainly to be granted.

St. Luke's Hospital, to which allusion has been made, has a species of beneficence, known as "Charity Beds," which afford that institution a large source of income. There are some fifty such beds made permanent by endowment, three thousand dollars constituting such endowment for each bed. In addition, that hospital has beds supported by annual subscription at a cost of from \$200 to \$300 each.

AN APPEAL TO A GENEROUS PUBLIC FOR AID.

Are there no citizens in Rochester who have the heart and the means to do, in some measure, what is done in the metropolis of our great State? The Hospital has two endowed beds, one at \$1,500, the gift of the Fireman's Benevolent Association, and the other at \$1,200, the donation of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, both to be maintained for their respective benefit, free from further charge. Shall these continue to be the only ones? Can money be permanently invested in a better way by those who have it to spare, than in making provision for some sick and suffering child of humanity, to whom is denied the conveniences and comforts of a home and the means of nourishment? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

But if beds cannot be endowed and supported, cannot and will not the beautiful charity of the friends of St. Luke's Hospital, called "THE CENTURY," whereby one hundred men, with generous hearts, have each contributed one hundred dollars for one, two or three years, to keep that hospital free from debt, be imitated? Are

there not in this beautiful city one hundred individuals who will esteem it a privilege to help the sick and suffering in a similar manner? Or, if not a hundred, are there not fifty who will do likewise? In this way, such subscribers, friends of the Hospital, would prevent the accumulation of debt by the insufficiency of income to meet the current expenditures of the institution, they agreeing yearly to supply the amount of such deficiency by dividing it in equal shares for any one year not exceeding one hundred dollars each.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In conclusion, I would not forget to mention in a special manner the services of the Staff of Physicians and Surgeons who attend the Hospital. Their services are given *gratuitously*, and it is not infrequently the case that the attending physician or surgeon, at the cost of much time and convenience, comes to the institution twice and even three times a day, in the cold of winter and heat of summer. The reputation of the Hospital in its main function is due to them, and this free bestowment of their time, skill and labor is the exercise of that benevolence which generally characterizes the legitimate members of their profession.

To the Board of Lady Managers, grateful and appreciative mention would be made for their continued interest in affairs and prosperity of the Hospital, and for their unwearied activity in everything pertaining to its good and advancement. To their absent and esteemed Treasurer, whose place I am temporarily filling in connection with my office, I am indebted for the material which has enabled me to prepare the Annual Financial Summary for past years, contained in this Report.

To the proprietors of the three papers, the *Union*, *Democrat and Chronicle*, and *Express*, thanks are expressed for a copy, daily, of each of these papers. Also, to the publishers and proprietors of the Rochester *Times* for copies, weekly, of that paper.

For all the generous donations and subscriptions of the past year, and particularly of the one thousand dollar tribute in memory of one of Rochester's best and esteemed departed citizens, from the father of the deceased, Mr. Abelard Rey-

nolds, grateful acknowledgment would again be made in this Report.

To the Clergymen, students of the University, and others, who have kindly conducted the Sunday services, grateful acknowledgment is due.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE BRECK,
Superintendent.

How our Ancestors Lived.

We hear often of the good times of "Queen Bess," when England began to be a great nation. But even romantic people would hardly be willing to go back to the rude customs of that age, and live as Englishmen then lived.

The meats were brought in on spits just as they were cooked, and in that way passed round by the servants to the guests, who, in the more barbarous times, tore off a portion as best they could. Afterward, when they had advanced a little in their ideas, there was a carver who held the meat with one hand while he cut with the other; and the guests helped themselves, using their hands, and after they had devoured what they wished, threw the bones to the dogs and cats that waited under the table and scrambled for their share among the rushes.

Naturally enough, every one was expected to wash his hands before coming to the "board," and certainly it was needful afterward.

A few had knives shaped like a razor, but forks were unknown. Even the great Elizabeth ate with her fingers. In her reign, however, commerce was extended and luxuries began to appear—porcelain and glasses instead of pewter mugs to drink from, and in her bath-room she had mirrors, and this was considered a great extravagance. Her immense and lofty rooms were meagre and cheerless enough with their scant furniture; and her table, in spite of many pieces of plate, was not altogether removed from the rudeness of manners of the early Saxons. At first, two persons ate from one "trencher," as it was called. There were no plates, and these trenchers were made to answer the purpose. They were, in fact, large slices of bread, placed before each one (or two), to accommodate the meat. There were two qualities of bread; one fine, to be eaten; the other, of the coarse, inferior

flour, was made into large loaves, then the outer crust was removed and laid aside for the poor, and the rest was cut into very thick and substantial slices, and thus used instead of plates.

In the course of time, some ingenious person conceived the happy idea of having real plates; the wealthy furnished themselves with valuable ones of silver, and eventually the common people were provided with such as their circumstances admitted, made of wood or pewter, and finally earthenware came into use.

But in those days they were well content with the primitive arrangement of the trenchers. The bread thus used soaked up the gravy, and became quite savory in consequence; and when the meal was ended, each one ate his plate, if he chose; otherwise, it was put into the alms-basket, which was always kept ready, and into which all the leavings were gathered, and sent out to the poor waiting at the gate. The poor were never forgotten in those old Saxon households.

The Interviewer Nuisance.

The *Nation* says: The interviews, whether real or imaginary, between newspaper correspondents and the most distinguished persons of modern times, on both continents, recently reported at considerable length by several of our daily contemporaries, are sufficiently farcical in their character to warrant the belief that "interviewing," as a means of attracting attention, is rapidly becoming as inefficacious as the revelations of spiritual mediums. As soon as people found out, which they did very rapidly, that the greatest men of ancient and mediæval times talked in their interviews with mediums as foolishly and pointlessly as foolish school girls, communications from the other world lost all their interest, even for those who believed in them. The devoutest Spiritualist cannot now deny that a half-hour with Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or Descartes, is one of the dullest and most unprofitable experiences a man can have, and that nobody can pass through it without wondering that a sage can be such an ass. The newspaper correspondents, we regret to say, are slowly driving the public into a similar state of mind with regard to the great men of our own day. Either, it begins to say, interviewers are false knaves

or the King of Sweden, the Shah of Persia, M. Lesseps, M. Thiers, Marshal MacMahon and Don Carlos are all but born naturals. The alternative is not, as a general rule, faced with aesolution or definiteness. Most people content themselves in lowering their opinion both of the "interviewer" and of the "distinguished personage," without making up their minds fully as to the merits of either, but the general result is a greatly increased indifference as to what the newspapers say, whether by way of news or comment.

The Worst Blunder.

Among the most ludicrous blunders of the present day is the following, related by Max Adeler :

It devolved upon a certain newspaper reporter to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold headed cane to Rev. Dr. James, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a patent hog-killing and sausage-making machine, which had just gone into operation. When the foreman of the composing-room received the two locals, he cut them into small pieces, as usual, for distribution among the type-setters. A mistake must have been made in numbering the "copy," for when the paper went to press the two reports were mixed in such a frightful manner that the following, or something like it, was the result:—"Several of Dr. James' friends called upon him yesterday, and, after a brief conversation, the unsuspecting hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along the beam until he reached the water-tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him around, slit his throat from ear to ear, and less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said that there were times the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The Doctor concluded his remarks when the machine seized him; and in less time than it takes to write it the hog was cut into pieces and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the Doctor's friends as one of the most delight-

ful of their lives. The best piece can be procured at fifteen cents per pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely." The entire congregation of Dr. James' church stopped that paper immediately.

[*Morning Star.*]

Anecdote of Two Arabs.

Lamartine, the French poet, relates the following anecdote:—"There was a horse the name of which was spread far and near in the tribe of Nagdeh; and a Bedouin of another, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. In vain having offered for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, and to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. So equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way.

"When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, 'I am a poor stranger: for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you?' The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, 'I cannot rise: I have no strength left.' Naber, touched with his distress, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, 'It is I, Daher! I have got the horse, and am off with him!'

"Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. 'You have taken my horse,' said the latter. 'Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any man how you obtained it.' 'And why not?' said Daher. 'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been.'

"Daher, struck with shame at these words, was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, and embraced him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life."

"That's Me!"

Mr. Spurgeon tells the following touching anecdote of a visit to one of his pet institutions.

Sitting down in the Orphanage grounds upon one of the seats, we were talking with one of our brother trustees, when a little fellow, we should think about eight years of age, left the other boys who were playing around us, and came deliberately up to us. He opened fire upon us thus:

"Please, Mr. Spurgeon, I want to come and sit down on that seat between you two gentlemen."

"Come along, Bob, and tell us what you want."

"Please, Mr. Spurgeon, suppose there was a little boy who had no father, who lived in an Orphanage with a lot of other little boys who had no fathers, and suppose those little boys had mothers and aunts who came once a month and brought them apples and oranges, and gave them pennies; and suppose this little boy had no mother and aunt, and so nobody come to bring him nice things—don't you think somebody ought to give him a penny? 'Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me."

Somebody felt something wet in his eye, and Bob got a sixpence, and went off in a great state of delight. Poor little soul, he had seized the opportunity to pour out a bitterness which had rankled in his little heart and made him miserable when the monthly visiting day came round, and, as he said, "nobody never came to bring him nice things."

Not a Bad Rule.

The subject of giving was up in a church in the vicinity of Boston, lately, and elicited a new rule, which, we presume, has not yet been adopted to any wide extent. A brother, well known for his generous benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury. "I do not know"

said the brother; "I do very much as the woman did who was famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in as much sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves, and then add a handful without counting it." A few more such men would accelerate the coming of the Millennium.

The Christianity of one age, of one social state, not only of one form of religious creed, but of one phase of religious interest and emotion, is not entirely and absolutely the Christianity of another, certainly not of all ages.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1873.

Asking.

We are sorry for it! No one of our readers can regret it as much as we do, and we have tried our best. We refer to our want of original poetry for the "Review." There are other wants of which we shall speak presently. Having been taught from our earliest youth to believe proverbs, we never until recently, doubted but that "what man has done, man can do;" also, "what woman has done, woman can do." Remembering Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Felicia Hemans, Phebe Cary, and hosts of others, we essayed to supply the want already alluded to. "He who aims at the sun shoots higher than he who aims at the earth."—We hope that our readers are not reminded of the immortal Sancho Panza,—so we aimed high. First, we commenced an ode to the sun, but when we thought what a dreadful flame and fury he was in, and that some doleful mathematicians or astronomers, upon reflection, we think they are astronomers,—prophecy that pretty soon, in six or seven millions of years, we—the earth—will be served up as fuel, we decline to immortal-

ize such a monster—besides, we can't think of a word that will rhyme with sun but run, which is undignified. The moon, we had thought of. Indeed, we succeeded in making the first line, which we really thought read well. We said that it floated in blue ether, and thought that it would be more poetical, sound as if we really possessed the divine afflatus, if reversed the order of the words, and put it ether blue. We will leave it to any fair minded person if it is not an improvement. But, it is not worth while to discuss this, as we never went farther with that poem than the first line. We wish we could remember the name of the man who, being beaten in battle, retired to a secluded spot where there were spiders—else he couldn't have learned such a lesson in determination—to think. One of these spiders tried to walk up a wall with a kernel of corn—yes, a kernel of corn. We quote from memory, but we are very sure that is the way the story reads—and failed sixty-nine times, but succeeded the seventieth time. And the result of that performance was, that the beaten and discouraged man went straight to wherever he come from, fought another battle, beat the enemy and became a great monarch. The spider tried sixty-nine times: Well, we are not afraid to say we have tried six hundred and ninety times for only the second line, and we will try no more. "What some men and women have done, others can't do," is the correct proverb; and "he who aims at the earth, stands a fair chance of hitting something, while he who aims at the sun will probably be blind," is the correct reading of the other. But, if we can't write poetry, and we cheerfully acknowledge that we can't, we can do that which is quite as useful, if not as elegant; we can beg. And here we are, with our list of wants. Perhaps it will not be thought necessary to particularize, still it may be as well to mention two or three little items which otherwise would be overlooked. Blackberries, huc-

kleberries, apples, pears—we don't wish to appear grasping, so we will not allude to peaches, tomatoes, corn—oh, everything!

Seriously, dear friends, the sick poor at the Hospital—and many of them are very sick; alas! and many, very poor—have need of all that you can give them. Shut up as they are, week after week, trifles that you will not miss, are to them great benefits. It is for their comfort and peace of mind, that reading should be provided for them, and they should have something cheerful to think of. We know that the friends are constantly giving, but will not many who never have given, begin to give now.

Notice to Subscribers.

Hardly a week passes but we hear complaints concerning the nonreception of the "Review." The "Review" is sent to the address given at the time of subscribing, and if the subscriber moves away without notifying us it is not our fault that the paper is not received. If, when any subscriber fails to receive the paper, they will send a postal card directed to the "Editress of the Hospital Review," with name and address, telling her of the omission, she will send the paper. When anyone wishes to have the paper stopped, the correct way to stop it is, to pay what is owing on the subscription, with the word "Discontinue," instead of refusing to take it from the post office, with no word of explanation, and—without sending to the treasurer the amount due.

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Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

SALEM, MASS., SEPT., 1873.

My Dear Review:—My thoughts have reverted, many times, since my return home, to your charming city and the pleasures which were given me while with you. And now, as I take up my daily routine of duties, I feel a vain regret that Hospital visiting may not be one of them. To be a resident of your city, with time to visit often that monument of Christian kindness and beneficence, would be to me, I feel assured, an incalculable blessing. I wonder if your citizens realize what a privilege it is, and what a blessing to them to have such an Institution in their midst. Pardon me, if I refer briefly to my impressions on visiting the Hospital for the first time.

The smooth, velvety lawn in front, dotted here and there with patients, who were breathing with increasing vigor the life-giving *fresh* air, attracted my attention at once; and then the tent where the wounded lay, so neatly and tenderly cared for, with the gentle summer zephyrs tossing the hair from the marble suffering brows of those whose patient, uncomplaining countenances were turned toward me, touched and thrilled my heart alike with sorrow and sympathy for their agony, and with gratitude, that they were so cared for.

Within, the neatness of the building struck me as astonishing. We found a dining table laid in one of the halls, as the dining-room was undergoing repairs; it was so inviting I felt half tempted to seat myself. It seemed more like a home than a hospital. The women's department was rendered very attractive by the neat white curtains which surrounded each bed, and the patients were so friendly (those who can sit up.) The nurse, Mrs. —, was so kind, cheerful and benevolent, that I felt it would be a pleasure, almost, to be sick, if taken care of by her.

Among the very sick was Mrs. —, in consumption, who is one of the most exquisitely neat persons I ever saw. Her day's dress had not been changed, the

nurse told me, for a fortnight, and it was so immaculate and unwrinkled, I could scarcely believe that it was not fresh from the drawer—it filled me with admiration. Just before leaving, we passed an old paralytic, who greeted us very warmly, and spoke gratefully of some young ladies who had visited her and read to her, saying, "they promised to come again, and they will, they will, they were so kind." A bright, winsome baby was laughing and crowing in a young girl's arms; its mother, she told us, "had been hurt and brought there, and the baby of course came with her." It was a very healthy looking little creature.

In the Men's Ward, we were met by a most gentlemanly young Doctor, who was very kind and assiduous in his endeavor to show us the various departments and interesting cases; being an enthusiast, he explained, showed, answered questions and entertained us delightfully. In this department we met a young man, quite healthy looking, who had lost his arm at the shoulder; he was recovering, and was wonderfully cheerful and pleasant. I hope he will be able soon to earn for himself a comfortable competency with his good *left* hand. We saw also a boy, who, on the 17th of June, jumped between the cars and their striking together crushed his foot. By the skillful management of the physicians, his ankle joint was saved him, and as he had been a good boy, neither a smoker, chewer, or drinker, it was healing finely. Another boy, I noticed who, fourth of July, shot his third finger off with a pistol, and the surgeons had brought the hand together and so contrived that when healed, one will be obliged to look sharp at it to discover the loss. Our escort, the young Doctor, now showed us the laundry, kitchens, public and private; the morgue, the operating room, and the cases of instruments which, while looking so murderous to some, are in reality so merciful to many.

The rooms furnished by the generosity of Churches and private persons, were regal in their accoutrements. In one of the latter, furnished by a very benevolent gentleman, Mr. —, I found an aged woman, who had lived for many years in one of the families of Rochester, surrounded by luxury. She was bearing patiently, even cheerfully, pain and suffering. Seated on a reclining chair, near a window which commanded a fine view of the lawn, wounded tent, convalescents, and surrounding scenery, with the clear air of heaven entering the open casement, I felt she was blessed indeed; and as she, turning with that pleasant smile on her aged countenance, said, "it is a good place; every one is so kind." I felt like calling upon Heaven to bless, in unlimited measure, all who had ever had any share in the rearing, establishing or conducting such an institution.

May He who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me," hear and answer this prayer, is the desire of your friend,

ELISE.

Book Notices.

When we read some of the so-called Sunday School books, we rejoice in our inmost heart that our Sunday School days are things of the remote past, for it is a sorrowful fact that many of these books are nothing but silly love stories. Not that we have one word to say against love stories, but silly ones—well, they are too intolerable. We have just finished reading a charming story for children, "The Adopted Child." It is the story of a little French girl, whose mother, dying in England, leaves the little one friendless. She is adopted by a Christian lady, and we do not know which is the more charming, the mother or child who, poor little thing, has to struggle against a jealous and passionate temper for five years, at which period she is ten years old, and there we leave her.

It is an excellent book for children to read, and we hold it an axiom that that which interests children will grown people.—For sale at Darrow's.

"Margaret," is a religious novel, designed to show the use and beauty of self-sacrifice; and although written in an agreeable manner, we doubt the utility of throwing away youth, health and freedom for the sake of a selfish brother, who certainly is not improved by the process. It is hardly a natural task, at least we never saw such a Margaret. But it is not fair to judge her because we do not love her selfish brother.—For sale at Darrow's.

"Fleurange, by Mme. Craven," is another of the leisure hour series. We don't know that we can better describe it than by saying, it has the kind of charm for the reader that "Old Mamselle's Secret" has. We believe in such girls as Fleurange. All the members of the "Dornthal" family are delightful people to meet, except Felix, and before we finish the book we are sorry for him. We advise everybody to read this book and every one of the "Leisure Hour" series.—For sale at Darrow's.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 5, 1873, Sabina J. Burns, aged 26 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 7, 1873, Martha Beebe, aged 36 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 14, 1873, Thomas Long, aged 15 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 21, 1873, Bridget Hughes, aged 40 years.

Donations.

Mrs. S. A. Ellis—Jar Preserved Fruit.

Mrs. J. H. Lovcraft—Jelly, Preserves and Cloth.

Mrs. E. J. Holland—Papers, "Examiner & Chronicle," Atlantic Monthlies.

Mrs. Charles C. Barton—Eight bowls Jelly.

Mrs. A. G. Bristol—Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—One basket Lettuce.

Theodore Yawman—German Periodicals and Magazines.

Mrs. Edward P. Gould—Old Linen.

Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth—One basket Apples.

T. A. Clark & Co.—One basket Pears.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Mrs. P. M. Ackerman, 50 cents; Eliza Witherell, 50 cts.—By Maj. Breck, . . .	1 00
Mrs. John M. Sly, Cameron Mills, N. Y., 50 cents; George Blakeley, Rockford, Mich., 50 cts.; Mary Finley, East Pembroke, N. Y., \$1—By Miss Mumford, . .	2 00
Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62 cents; Mrs. E. C. Baker, \$1.25; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cts.; Mrs. I. E. Sheldon, N. Y. City, 50 cents; Mrs. E. N. Goodridge, Adams Basin, 50 cents; Mrs. D. Dana, San Francisco, Cal. 50 cents; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 63 cts., Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. E. E. Hammett, 62 cents; Mrs. Clara Eason, 62 cents; Drs. Walter & Line, for advertisement, \$5—By Mrs. Strong, . . .	11 48
Mrs. Scouten, 25 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Mathews, 62 cents—By Mrs. Mathews,	87
Hon. John VanAllen, 50 cents; Miss Gullick, Watkins, 50 cents—By Miss Munger,	1 00

Superintendent's Report.

1873. Aug. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 75	
Received during month, . . .	34—109
Discharged,	31
Died,	4— 35
Remaining Sept. 1st, 1873.	74

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
- Miss ELI A SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss 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, 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.
- The Brooklyn Society Magazine, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The Bugle, Stanton, Neb.

We shall be pleased to add to this List.

Children's Department.

An Old Story Newly Told.

Tommy, prowling on the lawn,
Spied a sparrow just at dawn
Up and at her labors,
Secure and sweet she hopped along,
Or flying westward sang a song
That roused her sleepy neighbors.

But Tommy meant to break his fast,
"That tune, song sparrow, is your last,
Whatever you intended.

Just light down on the grass again,
I'll eat you up in seconds ten,
And so your story's ended."

The sparrow is a little chit
And plain of dress, but full of wit;
So, when upon the grass she lit,
And Tommy at a bound
Had whisked her off behind a tree.
And growled, "I'll make a meal of thee,"
She plucked up courage, "Tom," said she,
"Just set me on the ground,
And do, I pray you, have the grace,
Before you eat to wash your face."

Tom was a cat of high degree
And used to good society;
"Your words are wise, you bird," said he,
"Though you're a silly creature;"
Knowing that manners make the man,
He set her down and slow began,
With dignity (cats only can)
To wash each solemn feature.

Scarce was his paw across his nose,
Before aloft the sparrow rose.
From tallest tree the garden grows,
She sends him down a song.
"O Tommy, don't you wish you could
For breakfast have a sparrow good?
Birds are such dainty, tender food,
And all to cats belong."

Tom eyed her with a rueful grin;
"I must say, bird, you took me in;
But long as I've to stay
Upon this earth so full of cheat,
Of artful birds and all deceit,
My breakfast when it's caught I'll eat,
My face wash when I may."

And so,
You know,
Do all the race of cats
Until this day.

Robert's Advice.

One sunny Saturday morning not long ago, Robert Somers sat on the bench in his tool-house busily at work. Presently his little sister Bessie came in. "I've done something dreadful, Rob, though it wasn't my fault, either. You won't tell, will you?" she asked, looking up doubtfully.

"No, honest, I won't," he replied promptly, interested at the prospect of sharing a secret.

"Well," and Bessie drew a long breath "I went to get a drink of water, and there was one of these thin fancy tumblers, you know, on the table, and I wanted to drink out of it awfully, 'cause mother's so 'fraid of them she never lets me, and I was just as careful as anything, but when I was just going to put it back on the table, somebody opened the door, and I thought it was mother, and I never noticed where it went, and it dropped on the floor, and"—Bessie stopped to choke back a sob.

"Went all to smash, did it?" inquired Rob sympathetically. Bessie nodded, ruefully.

"Whew!" whistled Rob. "What did mother say?"

"Oh, it wasn't mother at all. It was only Bridget, and she threw away the pieces and said the blessed Virgin would forgive me, since it was only an accident, and I told her I didn't want the blessed Virgin to forgive me, and then she got mad and said I shouldn't stay in the kitchen. Oh, Rob! *Do* you think I'll *have* to tell mother? It would only make her feel bad if she knew one of 'em was broken, and if I don't tell her, p'raps she won't never miss it, and won't never have to feel bad about it. I'm sure *I* don't want to make her feel bad."

This was quite a tempting view of the matter, and Bessie longed to have Robert approve of it. At last he said, "Do you want my advice, Bess?"

"Yes, what should you do?"

"Well, if *I* was in *your* place, Bess, I'd tell her. You know that's the only honest, square thing to do, really. There are several reasons why it's better to be honest about anything of that kind. One is, p'raps she'll forgive you, like George Washington's father;" and Robert took up his boat again, feeling that the minister himself couldn't have given Bessie better

advice. As for poor Bessie, she rather resented Robert's tone of superiority, and said quickly, "I don't much b'lieve you *would* tell, after all, Rob. It ain't half as easy as you think."

"P'raps it ain't easy. Who said it was? But I hope I should be honest enough for that," and self-righteous Rob brought down the hammer with all his might on the knife with which he was splitting a piece of wood. Alas for him! It struck on an unseen nail, snapping off the slender point in a trice. He quickly drew out the pointless, blunted blade, and gazed at it in dismay, while Bessie, in spite of her trouble, couldn't help laughing a little at the sudden change in his face.

This was anything but soothing to Robert's feelings, and he muttered that he "didn't see what business that old nail had to be there," and other amiable remarks to the same effect.

"Why Rob?" exclaimed Bessie, suddenly, "isn't that father's new knife—the one he told us not to touch?"

"He meant you," replied Robert promptly, "but *I* know how to use a knife. I never hurt a knife before in my life; and *this* wasn't *my* fault. It was all on account of that nail, and I don't know who put *that* there. *I* didn't." Robert was about as reasonable as unfortunate people are apt to be.

"Well, Robert," said Bessie at length, "we've both done something now. Let's go and confess together."

"Confess," repeated Robert slowly, "why I—I guess—I don't believe—that is"—and without finishing his sentence he carefully shut the knife, and going to his father's tool-chest, put it away exactly where he had found it. Bessie's blue eyes opened very wide at this proceeding, and Robert could not meet their look, as he explained: "You see, Bess, John's going to leave next week, and if father don't find it out before then, why he'll—he'll think John did it, you see, and it won't hurt John, 'cause he won't be here."

As soon as Bessie could say anything for amazement, she began: "But Rob, I thought you said, if you was in my place"—but Robert rushed off to the garden, not caring to hear his own words repeated just then.

Bessie still stood on the barn floor, looking thoughtfully towards the door where Robert had disappeared. A single streak

of sunlight edged its way in through a crack, making a perfect glory of her wavy, flaxen hair, so that she formed quite a pretty little picture, as she did nothing but think for full ten minutes. At last a light flashed into her eyes, and she ran out to find Robert. She came upon him, gloomily pulling up weeds in his garden.

"Rob," she said, "I've just this second thought of that verse I learned for prayers this very morning, and I'm going to do it!"

"What was it?" asked Robert, without looking up.

"I don't remember *exactly*, but it's something about 'confessteth his sins, and he shall have mercy,' and so I'm going to confess my sin to mother, 'cause 'mercy' means she won't care much."

To this lucid explanation Robert only replied, "tell, her, then," still keeping his eyes on the weeds.

Robert didn't see Bessie again till dinner-time, and then he knew by her lively chatter that the burden was off of *her* mind at least. How he envied her! If he could only have the same peace of mind. But no, he hadn't courage enough to pay the price—confession; so Robert ate his dinner silently enough, never opening his mouth except to put his food into it.

As they rose from the table Mrs. Somers said to her husband, "I wish you would fix this window so that it won't rattle at night."

"Oh yes, I will," he answered. "It needs a wedge, doesn't it? Robert, run to the barn and get my knife, which you'll find in the upper drawer of the tool-chest."

Poor, conscience-struck Robert! He did as he was bidden, and handed the knife to his father hoping fervently that he wouldn't open *that* blade. He did, though, and when questioned Robert had to tell the whole story. When he had finished his father said sternly, "Now let us look over what you have done. You have wilfully disobeyed me, and besides that, you have concealed your guilt as long as possible, in the hope of throwing the blame on some one else. You may go to your room and stay till I give you leave to come down."

All the afternoon Robert spent alone in his room, and when every now and then ringing peals of laughter reached his ears from the room below, where Bessie and Laura Mason were having a good time together, he thought bitterly that Bessie had

forgotten him in his trouble and disgrace. But he was mistaken, for when Laura had gone home, and it began to grow dark, Bessie went to her father's study, and pleaded his cause in the paternal ear. "Poor Rob! He'll get so lonely, "I'm 'fraid he'll throw himself out of the window, or something dreadful."

Robert was sitting by the window in his room when Bessie softly opened the door and said, "Are you here, Rob? It's so dark I can't see."

She drew a breath of relief at his dismal "Yes, of course."

"I'm so glad. Well, father says you can come down now."

Robert jumped up eagerly. "Did you ask him to let me?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're a real jolly, good girl, you are," said Rob chokingly, and after a pause added, "I'll take it all back, Bess, what I said this morning. You're twice as honest as I am."

"Oh no, Rob, but you did give me some real good advice," said Bessie, mischievously.

"Don't, Bessie," pleaded Rob; "I'm so ashamed of myself."

"Well, I won't ever say a word about it," she answered, and she kept her word, but Rob never forgot that Saturday's lesson.—[*Congregationalist*.]

Parents must be cautious as to the amount of disciplinary chastisement they award to their children who have arrived at years of discretion. A Chicago father has been fined \$5 for beating his son. The fact that the parent was 105 and son only 80 was held to be no mitigation of the error.

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of verdure planted with magnificent old trees, which cover with their melancholy shade a vast portico in the front of which you read this inscription: "Hospital for Aged Women." This is the famous Hospital of La Salpetriere,* founded more than two hundred years ago—in 1632—by one of the greatest benefactors of humanity, and which alone would immortalize the name of St. Vincent of Paul. It is on a scale surpassed by no institution of the kind in Europe, covering some acres of ground, and surrounded by walls like a fortress. Within, the vast enclosure is laid out in spacious courts, green lawns shaded with trees, and overlooked by lofty buildings—in which five thousand suffering beings—without protection and without resource—find a refuge against utter misery.

It is many years since, that I was taken by the Inspector-General of the Hospitals of Paris to see this great establishment in all its details. But admirable as was the internal economy and the discipline which reigned in every department, that which impressed me most was the strange character of this feminine population—mélange of misfortune bravely endured, with vice suffering its retribution, any carrying even to the grave its hideous cynicism and its brutal impudence.

This institution, designed as a retreat for aged women, is open to all. In this last appeal of suffering womanhood, Charity knows no distinctions. The good and the bad, the poor widow and the outcast of the street—those who suffer from their own fault, and those who suffer from causes over which they had no control—come side by side in the sad procession pouring incessantly into this last Refuge of Misery, where the anguish of a broken heart and the reckless insensibility of vice are equally buried in a silence like that of grave.

Among the magnificent charities of Paris, providing for every form and degree of suffering or destitution; this Asylum has always been reserved to the most hopeless poverty and to the very lowest class in the social scale; and this makes it a haunting horror to the honest poor, who enter it only on the direst necessity.

Here come the vilest of their sex, in the last extreme of destitution, who seek only a shelter to die. Into this vast receptacle of misery, Paris, the city of pleasure, casts

every day the victims of its mad intoxication. Here they come to finish their existence, begun in the seductions of pleasure and of idleness—ended in the horrors of vice and despair—too happy when the hospital saves them from prison or from suicide!

These women, whose sharp voices startle you, in whose misery there is nothing touching, whose white hairs inspire no respect, have many of them in their day, enjoyed a shameful celebrity. Impudent Laises, they have for a few hours cast a vain glare upon the scene, ever changing of the great world, and then descending the inevitable ladder of shame and misery which conducts them all to their ruin, they come at last to invade the Asylum opened by charity for honest poverty.

My guide pointed out by name some of these wretched celebrities: then stopping before an old hag, more dirty and more hideous than the others, but preserving still some traces of early beauty in her withered face—though of a beauty without intelligence and without nobleness—he whispered to me that that was the famous "Goddess of Reason"—the woman who was selected in the mad days of the French Revolution to personify Reason (the only object worthy of human worship), and was actually enthroned on the altars of Notre Dame, to receive the homage of her idolaters. Those were the days when Religion was banished from the world. Reason reigned—and this was her goddess! "Will you speak to her?" I endeavored to awaken some remembrance of the terrible past in which she had such a part, in asking the old woman a few questions; but the facts were confused in her memory, and she was incapable of comprehending the full meaning of this page of her life. When I wished to sound her religious disposition—"Ah," she said to me, "I am too old to believe in your God. When I was young and beautiful, they put me in His place upon the altar—the one is worth perhaps as much as the other! Don't preach to me, but give me some money to buy me some snuff." I threw her a few sous, and left her with disgust.

"But do not suppose," said my friend, "that such degradation, which justifies too well the horror this place inspires to the honest and hard-working poor, is unrelieved by a better side of human nature. Many of the inmates of this sad abode are

of a very different type; and if stern necessity brings them at last into contact with the vice they have shunned in their humble lives with such brave determination, their superiority of character asserts itself, and even here commands respect; and there," said he, "is an example of it," pointing to a group fit for the pencil of an artist.

An aged woman, dressed with irreproachable neatness, although her worn and patched garments showed her extreme poverty, with her spectacles on her nose, was teaching a little boy of four or five years the first lessons of the alphabet. At her side a young woman in mourning, and wearing also the livery of poverty, was giving nurse to an infant child. The physiognomy of these two women bore the impress of so much grief, mingled with such pious resignation, that I was touched with a feeling of respect as well as of sympathy.

"There," continued my friend, "are the victims of our political dissensions. The husband of this young woman, sole support of the family, died upon the barricades. Our doors are open to the aged mother, but her daughter, far yet from the age of admission, has but her own work to depend upon for herself and for her children. Every day that is open to visitors, she is the first to arrive, and the last to obey the signal to retire. Her visits are the sole happiness of her poor mother-in-law, and as by a tacit understanding, out of respect to their grief, the women of this court have left to them this shaded bench upon which they are now seated." As we passed the family group, he saluted the two women with a respect which seemed to cast a ray of light into their pale faces; and taking the little boy in his arms, he offered his white head to my kisses, and his little hand to my token of sympathy.

*So called from the fact that it stands on the site of an old manufactory of salt petre, as the Tuileries takes its names from the "tiles" made on that spot centuries ago. What was in the early days of Paris a yard for making tiles, a kind of brick kiln, became in time the site for the palace of the kings of France.

A certain editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says, "Ireland's cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and seems to be *not yet full*."

The Limits of Science.

Scientific men sometimes forget that the discovery of law is not an adequate solution of the problem of causes.

When all the motions of the heavenly bodies have been reduced to the dominion of gravitation, gravitation itself still remains an insoluble problem. Why it is that matter attracts matter, we do not know—perhaps never shall know. Science can throw much light upon the laws that preside over the development of life; but what life is, and what its ultimate cause, we are utterly unable to say. The mind of man, which can track the course of the comet, and measure the velocity of light; has hitherto proved incapable of explaining the existence of the minutest insect, or the growth of the most humble plant.

In grouping phenomena, in ascertaining their sequences and their analogies, its achievements have been marvellous. In discovering ultimate causes, it has absolutely failed.

An impenetrable mystery lies at the root of every existing thing. The first principle, the dynamic force, the vivifying power, the efficient causes of those successions which we term natural laws, elude the utmost efforts of our research. The scalpel of the anatomist and the analysis of the chemist are here at fault. The microscope, which reveals the traces of all-pervading, all-ordaining intelligence in the minutest globule, supplies no solution of the problem. We know nothing or next to nothing of the relations of mind to matter, either in our own persons or in the world around us. And to suppose that the professor of natural science eliminates the conception of a first cause from creation, by supplying natural explanations, is completely to ignore the sphere and limits to which it is confined.—*Lecky's Hist. of Rationalism.*

"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, sir," said the peat dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet."

The American "palace cars" are getting into rapid consumption abroad; probably because they're Pullman-airy vehicles.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

(Newly Translated by the Rev. John Monsell, LL.D.)

Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
By the Cross her vigil keeping,
While her Jesus hung thereon:
Through her heart, in sorrow moaning,
With Him grieving, for Him groaning,
Through that heart the sword hath gone.

O how sad and sore distressed
Was she—the forever blessed
Mother of the Undeiled!
She who wept and mourn'd and trembled,
When she saw such pains assembled
Round about the Holy Child.

Who that sees Christ's Mother bending
'Neath His load of sorrow, reading
Her sad soul in woe so deep;
Who that sees that Pious Mother
With Him weeping, could do other
Than, himself afflicted, weep?

For the sins of each offender,
Sinless Soul, and Body tender
Sees she 'neath the cruel rod:
Sees her own Sweet Son, her only
Dying, desolate, and lonely,
Pouring out His Soul to God.

Jesu! Fount of Love! Thee loving,
And my Soul Thy Sorrow moving,
Make me watch and weep with Thee:
As my God and Christ Thee knowing,
Let my loving heart be glowing
With a Holy Sympathy.

Holy Father! let affliction
For Thy dear Son's crucifixion
Pierce my heart: and grant this prayer,
That while He for me was wounded,
With indignities surrounded,
I His cup of Grief may share.

Make me truly weep, and never
From the Crucified me sever,
Long as I on earth shall live:
By the Cross of Jesus weeping,
Vigil with His Mother keeping,
To my prayer this answer give.

God of Saints! Thou King most Holy!
Comforter of Spirits only!
Fill me with my Saviour's grief;
That, His Death devoutly bearing,
And His bitter Passion sharing,
I may bring him some relief.

Make me with His stripes be stricken,
With the Cross my Spirit quicken,
For the Love of Christ I pray:
That with Love inflamed, attended,
I by Love may be defended
In the awful Judgment Day.

By the Cross forever guarded,
And through Christ's dear dying warded
By the Grace that never dies;
When my mortal Body, dying,
In the quiet grave is lying,
Take my Soul to Paradise.

To adore
Thee, my God, forevermore!
Amen.

Dr. Nelaton, the eminent French surgeon, lately deceased, came prominently before the public in connection with his attendance on Garibaldi, after the latter had been wounded in the foot by a rifle bullet at the battle of Aspromonte. In the consultation held on the case, at which the most eminent surgeons of England and France attended, Dr. Nelaton stood almost alone in the opinion that the bullet was still embedded in the foot; the other surgeons maintaining that it had passed out, as their most careful probings had failed to discover its whereabouts. To ascertain its location, Dr. Nelaton constructed a delicate probe, consisting of a small rod, working by a screw in an outer tube. To the end of the rod a piece of soft porcelain was attached, on which a leaden substance like a bullet would make a black mark. With this instrument, Dr. Nelaton discovered the place where the ball had lodged in his patient's foot, and then extracted it. The probe is now used exclusively in cases of gun-shot wounds, and is known as the Nelaton probe.

The man who answered an advertisement to the following effect, says his curiosity is satisfied:

"If you would learn how to make home happy, send a postage stamp and twenty-five cents to P. O. Box, No. —, Cincinnati."

He did send the necessary cash, and soon received the answer:—

"If you are as big a fool as we think you must be for giving us your money, you can make home happy by leaving it and going West by yourself."—*Hearth and Home.*

Modern Egypt.

The land of the Khedive is likely soon to rival in greatness the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. Modern Egypt cannot, it is true, compare with ancient Egypt in the number of its inhabitants, for Diodorus tells us that the latter contained 30,000 towns and villages, while Herodotus says that in the reign of Amasis there were in Egypt 20,000 cities. What successive sovereigns, however, from Sesostris to the caliphs failed to effect, or accomplish only in part, has been completely achieved under the rule of the Khedive by the opening of the Suez Canal, while Alexandria and Cairo are fast becoming cities of palaces, and the wealth of the country is every day increasing.

Western prejudice attributes the present ignorance of the Mussulman population of Turkey to Islamism, and concludes that the religion of Mohammed is a bar to all human progress. Any one, however, who visited Egypt ten years ago, and could now see the vast improvements that have been and are still being made by the Khedive, would at once have his prejudices very much modified, if not altogether removed. He would see the harbor of Alexandria, the finest, probably, in the world, crowded with the shipping of all nations, with a new breakwater and new docks in course of completion, warehouses filled with cotton, grain and other agricultural produce ready for export, railways in operation or in course of construction—everywhere, in fact, the signs of increasing civilization and prosperity. He would see Alexandria itself more like a European than an Eastern city, with its magnificent buildings and its "Place des Consuls," that exceeds in size and beauty any square to be found in Europe. He would see the land, irrigated by the Nile's overflow or by means of machinery, everywhere teeming with rich crops of wheat, maize, barley, beans and peas, clover and flax, rice, sugarcane, tobacco and cotton, coffee, indigo and madder; the gardens producing apricots in May; peaches, plums, apples, pears and carobs in June; grapes, figs and prickly pears in July; pomegranates, lemons and dates in August; oranges in October, sweet lemons and bananas in November, and the mulberry and Seville oranges in January. In old times we know there was "corn in Egypt;" now there is also "cot-

ton in Egypt," and cotton, too, of the best description. Even six years ago there were not less two hundred steam-plows at work in cotton cultivation. Every mechanical aid to production has, in fact, been made use of, and the result is an enormous increase of wealth both to the people and their ruler.

The romance of travel in Egypt is fast disappearing. A new bridge has recently been built by the Khedive over the Nile, so that travelers can now go direct in carriages from their hotel to the pyramids without being obliged, as formerly, to cross the river in boats and finish the excursion on camels or donkeys. The old "dahabeh," or Nile boat, is giving way to the comparatively luxurious Nile steamer, and the charms of that dreamy Epicurean life, floating up and down the great river, will soon become a memory of the past. No more encampments beneath the myriad stars and the wondrous sky of an Egyptian night, amidst the labyrinth of pillars, obelisks and fallen temples of Luxor or Karnak. Instead of, as heretofore, passing the night on land under tent, the traveler now sleeps in his comfortable berth on board the Khedive's steamer, and "does" the Nile in three weeks, instead of three months, as in the palmy days of the dahabehs. During the winter of 1871, before the steamers began to ply, the price asked for a first-class boat was from \$450 to \$600 a month for three or four months; while now the voyage,—585 miles—from Cairo to Philæ, a few miles above the first cataract and back again, can be made by the passenger steamers on the Nile belonging to the Khedive administration at a cost to \$220, including steamer, living, guides, and all other necessary expense.—*N. J. Meadhanic.*

The following shows how the color of flowers may be made to vary: An amateur (M. Hughe) had some primroses which he transplanted into a better soil, and the result was, that from yellow the flowers became an intense purple. By a similar modification, and by mingling with the soil certain substances, one may vary the color of plants. Charcoal deepens the tints of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias; carbonate reddens hyacinths, and the phosphate of soda changes in various ways the hues of some plants.

New York.

• **VANITY FAIR.**—On my way up the Hudson river, a day or two ago, I made the acquaintance of a reporter connected with one of the daily journals, who informed me he was on his way to Saratoga, on special duty. His objective point was the — hotel, at that place, and unless he could reach there by 9 o'clock that evening, he was afraid the purpose of his journey would miscarry.

Thinking it must be a matter of life and death, I sympathizingly inquired what was the business in hand, and whether I could be of any assistance?

"Oh, no," he replied, "it is only to report a children's party, which comes off this evening at the —. It has been the talk among our best society for a fortnight past, and the desire is so strong on the part of those who are getting it up to have the names of the little ones in print, that I am despatched specially to report them."

"As it is a mere matter of cataloguing a certain number of juvenile names, then," I suggested, "you need not be so very particular about the hour of your arrival. Any time this side of midnight will do. If I were you, I would take the matter easy."

"Ah, my friend," rejoined the gentleman of the press, "it is something more than merely cataloguing the names. Fond mothers and fathers would no more be satisfied with only that than a reader of the Iliad would be with Homer's catalogue of the ships, if the combats of the gods and other things were omitted. We must describe the toilettes of the little creatures, with all the minutiae of a court ball—and not only that, but must go into rhetorical raptures occasionally over the personal accomplishments of the juvenile beauties—informing the public who were the belles, and who were the beaux, *et cetera, et cetera.*"

To an inquiry whether fathers and mothers were really willing that their little ones should thus be dealt with, as if they were actors and actresses, the man of letters gave me to understand that it was by virtue of a special solicitation on their parts that he had been sent on his mission. They not only desire it, but had covenanted to pay for it at so much per line!

We parted at the next station; the reporter to go on his way to Vanity Fair, your correspondent to reflect upon the

strange moral perversity which thus prompts many who were "sponsors in baptism" to initiate Christ's lambs into the ways of the world, even before their immortal minds can comprehend what it all means. No wonder the race is deteriorating under a hot-house culture like this. No wonder the average young American, masculine or feminine, arrives at maturity with a feeble physique, and with all the powers of the intellect parched, if not paralyzed; and no wonder, either, that the domestic affections, and the love of home and quiet ways, are all gradually coming to be things of the past. We leave out of the account, altogether, the higher considerations of the moral and religious responsibility, which parents and guardians thus deliberately shuffle off, in familiarizing their offspring with the pomps and vanities of modern society, and simply present the supreme folly of the thing from the matter-of-fact, common-sense standpoint, say of social economy. In common parlance, *it does not pay* to make our boys and girls, men and women before their time. Unseasonable hours, crowded ball-rooms, a fetid atmosphere, with late suppers, and their various vicious accompaniments, are excellent purveyors for the family physician, the sexton, and the undertaker. And if the little victims are fortunate enough to survive the ordeal with bodily health unimpaired, in what condition are their mental and moral faculties? We put the question to parents who profess and call themselves Christians. Thoughtlessness, we know, has much to do with it, but thoughtlessness often becomes a sin and a crime. The age is thoughtless, and society is thoughtless; but Christian men and Christian women cannot afford to follow in their footsteps. It is time to pause.

The remarks of the London *Globe*, in regard to cheap literature, have their application here. It says that the amount of mischief done by cheap literature "is scarcely sufficiently apprehended. The idea of boys and girls of twelve or fourteen buying penny novels, and economizing their pocket money to gratify their love of fiction, would have been scouted a short time ago not only as improbable, but as absolutely impossible. But tons of worthless fiction are now turned out of the cheap London printing presses every week.

The issues are to be found in all directions of the capital, in every district, in every street. Take up one of these trashy stories, as flimsy as the paper it is printed on, and it is hardly possible to believe a child could read it, or, having read it, could be influenced by it, but the police reports supply a serious commentary on the silly text. . . . Surely, it is time something were done to protect the very young against a kind of excitement which is certainly most pernicious, and which seems, just now, to be most contagious."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1873.

Donation Day.

The annual donation to the Rochester City Hospital, will be on the fifth of December. It is needless for us to urge the claims of the Hospital upon our citizens, for their munificent liberality is an established fact. But while we feel deeply gratified for all that has been done for it, and given to it, we are not unmindful that we really need much more now than ever before. The support of the Hospital is in a large measure entirely dependent upon private generosity. Receiving but little in proportion to its wants, from appropriations from the city and nothing from the state, the care of the sick and suffering falls more than ever upon individual enterprise. Will not our friends respond more generously than ever before? We don't ask that every one will give a great amount, but that every one will give something. Nothing will come amiss. Anything that is used in a household will be welcome to those who are homeless and dependent. Dear friends, we appeal for those who cannot either work or speak for themselves, and it is the poor and sick who are to be benefited by your kindness. We hope for a donation that shall be far greater than any of the preceding years; and

judging from the past, we are sure that our hope is not groundless. This donation is a time honored institution in Rochester, and will we trust, be as much observed as Thanksgiving day, and if so observed, nearly all connected with the Hospital will have more reason to remember Thanksgiving.

The Dinner.

Already we can see the look of intense relief that comes upon the faces of all housekeepers because the fifth of December is the day set apart for the "Hospital Dinner," and the question that is asked three hundred and sixty-four times in the year will not be thought of then. "What shall we have for dinner?" Of course nobody will dine at home. For once we hope that the fire on the sacrificial pile—we mean the kitchen stove—will be suffered to go out, and everybody will sit down to dine with the zest of novelty, they will not know what their dinner is to be until some charming little lady asks them. But let us not in our glowing anticipations of mere eating forget the greater attractions that we shall have that day. The large and airy "Hall," the beautiful fruits and flowers, the tastefully arranged tables and alone and beyond all, the smiling, gracious ladies, with their corps of youthful and lovely assistants. Nothing fills our soul with such bliss, as to be seated on one of the highest benches, and gaze around. We don't wish anyone to take exceptions to our behaviour at that time. If we sit in open-mouthed admiration, no one that we take with us, need nudge us or tell us to sit straighter, or not stare, we go for our enjoyment, and we won't be interfered with. And then to see the gentlemen, all so liberal, smiling so benevolently, paying such handsome prices for their dinners—no, not their dinners alone, but trying in a faint way to show their appreciation for all that is done for their comfort—really the whole day is beyond description.

And now that the panic is over, and things are quiet, and money is easier, and exchange is more or less, we don't know which, and discount is—well, we don't know exactly what, but at all events, it is just what it ought to be—and we don't intend to commit ourselves on the subject, for the very good reason that we have a faint idea that it has something to do with paper, and that has no bearing upon the dinner. Besides, as we find we are getting into deep water, we will wade back to shore as quickly as possible, and say that the ladies cordially invite everybody to dine with them the fifth of December in Corinthian Hall.

One Word to the Young Ladies.

It is earnestly hoped by the ladies who have charge of the "Donation," that the young ladies will have an abundant supply of fancy articles for sale. Fortunately, the day will be so near Christmas, that the work necessary for this occasion will not be as irksome as it might be earlier in the Autumn. We all know that nearly the whole of December, ladies, both old and young, dwell in a Paradise surrounded by Berlin wools and other delights, which are unknown mysteries to some benighted individuals who are only too glad to buy these charming things. And out of consideration to these benighted ones, we hope the supply will be equal to the demand.

We consider this short article almost Talleyrandish in its diplomacy, for we very well know that the young ladies will not fail to do their share in making the "Donation" a success, but, we have in this artful way called attention to their work, and we know that there are, at this very moment, any quantity of bills—we mean currency—devoted to buying articles from the fancy tables, the fifth of December. One thing is certain, the articles will be worth the money.

The Evening Entertainment.

One cannot tell that which one doesn't know, can one? Unless one should tell stories—which is not to be thought of for a moment. So, we cannot tell what particular shape the entertainment for the evening of the fifth of December will take—but, like Paul, we "speak by permission," and assure our readers it will equal if not exceed anything ever yet given in Corinthian Hall. All that refined talent and cultivated taste can do, will be done for the enjoyment of the two thousand—we believe that is all the Hall will accommodate—people who will there congregate that evening.

The Hospital.

It is an excellent fashion, "when you want a thing done, do it yourself;" also, "if you want to see anything, see for yourself."

But if neuralgia claims you for its own, if pains shoot up into your head, wander into your shoulders and creep into your elbows, besides giving you a stiff neck; and added to these woes the rain comes pouring down in pailsful, how can one brave these horrors and go visiting the Hospital? We are frank to acknowledge that we couldn't, and that we didn't. But we sent a "person." And if there is less told about the Hospital and its inmates than usual, it is the "person's" fault. Not but the "person" went with the best intentions; but being tender-hearted and not liking to witness pain that she could not relieve, or sorrow that she could not soothe, we had our misgivings, and feared that she gave but a cursory glance at things. Indeed, when she returned, with the air of one who had done a great thing and had done it excellently well, our misgivings increased, for she told the incidents of her visit, counting them off on her fingers, as if she would say, "Behold, how much I have seen and how accurately I have repeated."

There are in the Hospital several cases of typhoid fever, five or six, some of them seeming to remain stationery; others, are recovering. In the tent are two wounded men, or rather one man and one boy. The man was injured on the ears, and when we asked the "person" in what way he was hurt, she pulled her ear, looked undecided, and said, "He was hurt; hurt on the ears, somehow." We asked "did he undergo an amputation?" She said, "Why, yes. No; I think he didn't. Well, I have forgotten that." But the case of the boy she remembers very well. He was swimming near a place where some men were blasting; one piece of stone skipped on the water, struck the boy's foot, and cut over one-half of it entirely off, from the toe to the heel. Of course the entire foot was subsequently amputated. However, they are both doing well now. Being, as we have already said, tender-hearted, our informant told us quite a little romance connected with one of the fever cases, which, unfortunately, we lack talent to weave into a story, but which interested her wonderfully. One of the nurses having left, the patients in her ward were removed to a lower ward for the present. Most of the patients are doing well, the "person" said, with few exceptions—those who are suffering from hopeless and lingering illness. One patient who was in the Hospital for many months, has expressed a wish that some mention should be made of the deep feeling of gratitude she has for the unremitting care she received while sick. And it seems to us that here is the most fitting place to speak of her case. Many of our readers, who are in the habit of visiting the Hospital, will remember that during the spring and summer in the "Green Room," was a cheery little woman over seventy years of age, the pink of neatness usually seated in the big chair, with her foot on a pillow, resting it in a chair in front of her. This pleasant little woman was Clara E——, who was suffer-

ing from the bite of a mouse. The cause seemed trivial, but the effect was serious enough. In going up stairs, one day, she told us, a mouse bit her ankle; she struck it with a piece of wood she had in her hand, and killed it at the second blow, but the teeth of the creature, even after it was dead, had to be taken out of her flesh. At first, no sad effect was discovered, but in time she was lame; a large sore was made, the flesh sloughed off, and, altogether, she had a very serious time. She went to the Hospital, where we often saw her. We give her story here, not because it is of so much more interest than many that we hear, but for this reason: she is anxious to show her feelings of gratitude towards all who have been so kind to her, and especially to her kind and tender nurse, Mrs. F——. She doesn't feel that mere pay, in any way remunerates those who have so faithfully cared for her; and it is at her request that we have tried to give some faint expression of her feelings. It is the first time such a request has been made to us.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

If no other article in this number is read, we fervently hope that this one will not only be read, but deeply pondered upon. The panic is over, but this paper will suffer from one—unless the numerous sixty-two cents—the one dollar and twenty-four cents—two year's subscriptions—and the one dollar and eighty-six cents—three years subscriptions—are not paid up. We feel sure that we shall not suspend, but as we have several hundred dollars owing us, we ask in the name of financial common sense—if there is such a thing—how are we going to pay our debts, if our subscribers don't pay us? We don't ask this as a conundrum, neither do we write in a spirit of anger, far from it—but in a spirit of sorrow. We leave it to anyone, if somebody or somebodies owed you any quantity of money—never mind if we are

somewhat confused; this is a subject that moves us so deeply, that language fails us, and we become inarticulate, also, ungrammatical—wouldn't you want them to pay? Remember, we ask this in the name of financial common sense. On the margin of every paper, will be found the amount, due to the "Hospital Review," and will not the debtor send to the Treasurer, Miss Mumford, corner of Troup and Eagle Streets, the money, we ask, in thunder tones—no; not in thunder tones, but in entreaty tones. Will they not send the money?

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 15, 1873, Carrie Anter, aged 13 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, September 30, 1873, Harriet Wood, aged 18 years.

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Superintendent's Report.

1873. Sept. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 74
Received during month, .. 36—110
Discharged, 37
Died, 2— 39
Remaining Oct. 1st, 1873. 71

Children's Department.

The Tenth Commandment.

"Just guess what Susan Shaley has got in her barn!" said Bella Stevens, fanning herself with her pink gingham sunbonnet, and running into the house all in a fluster.

"Why, pigeons, I suppose; or—deary me, let me think—I don't believe I can guess."

"Pigeons! Now, Julia Stevens, you don't guess a bit right, I knew you could never guess—why it's two real, live kittens. I don't believe anybody ever had such ones before—cute little pink noses, and white feet, and eyes!—oh, just blue"—and she fanned and fanned away with her sunbonnet, and walked up and down in the greatest fluster; sitting here and there and everywhere, and not being quiet a minute.

"Kittens! two of them? I don't believe she wants so many; maybe she will give us one, and we can get Jamie to fix it in the coach for a horse, and all the dolls can go riding, and Minnie can hold it in her arms."

"She just won't give anybody one, and I pretty nearly cried about it, and I said, 'Susan Shaley, you are just as mean as ever you can be.' Oh, I wish I could get one! What in the world does Susan Shaley want with two, and here are you and I with none. I mean to go right straight to her mamma and beg her for it while Susan is at her grandmamma's, for I never, never shall be happy again until I get it"—and she nodded her little head with all the earnestness in the world, and fanned with her sunbonnet, and stamped her foot

on the floor, and altogether was not a very good or mild-looking little girl, and it was fortunate she did not always appear to such disadvantage, for in such case she would not have been loved very much; but this morning something was wrong with her somewhere, as it was very easy to see.

"Maybe some other kitten would do," suggested Julia.

"No, I won't have none but Susan Shaley's, and I just mean to have it—now I will have it; you see if I don't, Julia Stevens."

"But—" said Julia, "I have been thinking about what mamma told us yesterday; don't you know she said to wish for other people's things was coveting and breaking the tenth commandment, and—"

"Yes, but then I don't believe she meant cats and such things; it would be such fun to see kitty's little white feet playing with strings, and to see her rolling all about the floor, and she has just no nails at all to scratch with because she is so little—I am going to tease *somebody* till I get her."

"Yes, but about the commandment; I most know mamma would say you ought not to try to get Susan's kitty against her will and make her cry."

"I cannot help it, I must have her, and Susan won't mind it much after it is over. She has a rabbit and three dolls and don't need her half as much as I do, because, you see, I only have Eliza Jane—and her nose is broken—and Josephine, with not a bit of anything alive to play with."

"But if it is wrong to get it?"

"Of course, Julia Stevens, you know I would not get it if I thought it was wrong. The commandment don't mean cats, and mamma, never in the world, thought of them, either."

"Well, I want a kitty, but I do not want it so very, very much as to covet Susan Shaley's."

Bella looked serious, and seemed to be thinking a great deal as she said, "I'm sure it is no harm only to want the kitty and get some one to give her to me. To be sure Susan would cry, but then I'll cry if I don't get her. The commandment don't say a scrap of a word about kittens or cats—it says, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his maid, nor his ox, or his ass—'"

"Nor *anything* that is his—" chimed in a soft little voice from up in the corner of

the shop window, where five-year old Minnie was nestled, hard at work making odd figures intended to form a sample.

"Sure enough?" exclaimed Bella, holding her sunbonnet suddenly still, and standing with her finger pressed to her lip for an instant, and then reaching up into the shop window to give Minnie a kiss—"sure enough; I'll not go to Susan Shaley's; I'll try very hard not to wish—I see, 'anything that is his, means cats!'"

Riddles to Guess.

They put soft feathers into pillows,
And make nice baskets out of——.

Big grasshoppers are curious things:
Some butterflies have yellow——.

Leaves fall in autumn from the trees:
In winter ponds and rivers——.

Dogs watch by night and sleep by day,
And horses feed on oats and——.

Boys learn their lessons from a book,
And catch small fishes with a——.

In winter snow and ice are seen,
But summer showers make fields look——.

Beetles and bats fly out at night,
'Tis said they do not like the——.

In one thing men are not like boys,
For men like quiet, boys like——.

The Little Mesmerist.

Grave Uncle Nathan was respected as one of the most dignified and decorous men in town. Neat to primness, not a strand of his long straight hair was ever displaced, nor a speck of dust on his glossy black coat.

But five-years-old Gay, one Sunday evening, half an hour before church, climbed up on his knees, and wove her soft fingers in and out among his whiskers, until the good man bowed his head on his breast and went to sleep, dreaming of angels.

On the corner of the mantle near which they sat, and within reaching distance, stood her "dolly's clothes," full of ribbon sashes, two or three inches in length, of every color of the rainbow.

A brilliant idea visited her. Reaching for the basket, she took out the sashes,

and forthwith began to separate bunches of her uncle's smooth hair into queer little twists or tails, tying the end of each one with a bit of ribbon, until his head looked as gorgeous and variegated as a Hollander's tulip-bed. The church-bells rang out their last warning just as she had completed her labors, and consecrated it with a kiss of purest love on his eyelids.

"The bell is a ringin' for church, uncle, and you look so sweet," said the admiring Gay.

"Bless me! I'll be late," said the punctual deacon, seizing his hat and clapping it on his head. "You mesmerized me, you little witch. Now, run off to Aunt Tracy," and, kissing her tenderly, he was in another instant on the street.

"I dess I did memri uncle, and he looks splendid," soliloquized Gay, as she sought her aunt, who was in bed with a headache.

The organ was sending out the soft strains of a solemn voluntary, as Uncle Nathan, hat in hand, walked slowly and solemnly up the long aisle. The light ends of the ribbons fluttered gently with every motion of his body, and his head looked like a pyramid of butterflies. Those who saw him passing by stared after him amazed. Handkerchiefs were pressed to lips which would laugh because "they had to."

"Why, brother Barker, what does ail your head?" said his pew chum, in a low whisper.

"Nothing, thank you; I'm very well, but my wife has a severe headache."

"He's gone crazy," thought Mr. Wells; "what shall I do? My dear friend, who fixed your hair?" For by this time the attention of that half side of the church had been attracted.

"My hair! Nobody. What does all this mean?" as, rubbing his pate hurriedly, bit after bit of ribbon descended like snowflakes. Snatching his hat he vanished through the side door like a shadow, and next morning the innocent little mesmerist was sent home.

PUZZLE.—Any one who can read the following may be considered smart on puzzles. It is very ingenious. Try it:—

Mistress to Servant:

If the B m t put:

If the B full, . putting:

Servant to Mistress:

How can I put: when

There is such a -der?

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. Deun, 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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Mar. '73. ROCHESTER. N. Y.

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He has only turned the best of his cloak outside, and hidden the seams and frays next his skin. We know that every man's cloak must have its seams and frays; and the vital question for each man's life is, who ought to see most of them, strangers or friends? We fear it must be owned that, whoever ought, it is our friends who do get the worst of our wardrobe,—the people we love, and for whom we would willingly die if necessary; while strangers for whom we have no kind of affection are treated to the freshest of the velvet and the brightest of the embroidery. The man, say, who is pre-eminently "good company" abroad, who keeps a dinner-table alive with his quick wit and keen repartee, and who has always on hand a store of unhackneyed anecdotes, the latest *on dits*, and the newest information not known to Reuter, but who hangs up his fiddle at his own fireside, and in the bosom of his family is as silent as the vocal Memnon at midnight, is not necessarily a cheat. He is an actor without a part to play or a stage whereon to play it, a hero without a flag, a bit of brute matter without an energizing force.

His wife does not approve of this hanging up of the fiddle by his own fireside; yet she does the same thing on her side, and is as little a heroine by the domestic hearth as he is a hero. The tender, sympathetic, moist-eyed woman who consoles so sweetly with your little troubles, and whose affectionate compassion soothes you like the trickling of sweet water or the cooling breath of a pleasant air, but who at home leaves her sick husband to get through the weary hours as he best may, who bullies her servants and scolds her children—she, too, is a heroine of a class that does not look well close to the line of sight. The pretty young mother, making play with her pretty young children in the park, a smiling gracious picture of love and loveliness, when followed home turns to a fretful, self-indulgent fine lady, flung wearily into an easy chair, sending the children up to the nursery the instant they come in, and probably seeing them no more until park hour to-morrow, when their beautiful little *tetes d'ange* will enhance her own loveliness in the eyes of men, and make her more beautiful because making the picture more complete. Mrs. Jella y given up to universal philanthropy, refusing a crust to the beggar at her own

gate, but full of tearful pity for the misery she had undertaking to mitigate at Boriboolagha; Cræsus scattering showers of gold abroad, and applauded to the echo when his name, with the donation following, is read out at a public dinner, but looking after the cheese-parings at home; the eloquent upholder of human equality in public, snubbing in private all who are one degree below him in the social scale, and treating his servants like dogs; and the no less eloquent descant on the motto *Noblesse oblige*, running honesty so fine that it is almost undistinguishable from roguery when the house-door is shut between him and the world,—and these heroes abroad show but shabbily at home, and make their heroism within the four walls a literally vanishing quantity.—[*The Saturday Review*.

SPEECHES.—Says the *Danbury News*, T. W. Higginson thinks the best way to acquire a habit of making easy after dinner speeches is for the person called upon to take the remark he may have just made to a neighbor, as a starting point, and thus go on in an easy, unembarrassed manner. We don't know but after all this is a good idea. For instance, you are observing to the next man at the table that his arm is in your coffee, and just then you are called upon for a few remarks. Now, instead of getting up and rubbing your head for something bright, you have merely to observe: "As I was just saying to Smith—Take your arm out of that coffee or I'll warm ye," and thus started, glide easily from one topic to another, without straining yourself or annoying the others.

The wildest temptations must shortly have an end; the fiercest flame must burn out for want of fuel; the most bitter cup, when drank to the dregs, will trouble thee no more. These things are temporal, and hasten, while I speak, to pass away; but the hope, which is visible to the inward eye of faith, is unfading, eternal, heavenly. Bear up a little while, bear up in the cause of immortality! If thy trial is intolerable, it will by so much the sooner have an end. Thy heart may break, but thy good angel points to heaven; and One, greater than the angels, will ere long fulfil His promise,— "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*Bishop Heber*.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

Donation Festival.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, extend to all citizens and others interested in the institution, a cordial invitation to their Annual Festival, to be held in Corinthian Hall, on Friday, during the day and evening, December 5th, 1873.

Our wants do not vary from year to year, but for the information of those who may be newcomers to our city, we would specify that we need for the Festival donations in money, fancy and useful articles, and refreshments of all kinds for the tables—while every thing which can comfort and refresh the invalid in our own homes, will be acceptable for the sick in the Hospital.

This Festival, we trust, will not suffer pecuniarily because of its being last on the list, for we mean that it shall equal if not excel all those preceding.

We can assure our friends that the "Aggregation of Song-Lore," which has been selected for the evening, will be equally entertaining as were the "Waxes," at our last Festival.

Donations may be sent to any of the following Lady Managers :

MRS. M. STRONG,	MRS. D. B. BEACH,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,	MRS. W. W. CARR,
MRS. E. D. SMITH,	MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. N. T. ROCHESTER,	MRS. E. M. SMITH,
MRS. E. T. SMITH,	MRS. G. F. DANFORTH,
MRS. W. B. WILLIAMS,	MRS. H. H. MORSE,
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER,	MRS. H. L. FISH,
MRS. G. GILDERSLEVEE,	MRS. A. D. SMITH.

Donation Day.

Although we have tried to impress upon the minds of our readers the pleasure they will experience in spending part of the day and all of the evening, in Corinthian Hall,

on the fifth of December, we remember too well their munificence to the Hospital, to think any merely selfish motive.

If the friends who have worked so long and so faithfully for the Hospital, and the friends who have given so much and so cheerfully to the Hospital, had done this work, and given of their substance, from any merely selfish motive, long ere this, it would all have been so wearisome, that the Hospital must have suffered ; but it is working for the Master and His poor ; and thus, as strength and means have been needed, they have been given.

This coming winter bids fair to be hard upon every one, and how much harder it will be on the very poor than it usually is, we cannot now begin to see ; but add to poverty, sickness, and the prospect is appalling. More than ever does the Hospital need a generous donation—more than ever is it necessary to call upon our benevolent friends to help it—and more than ever do we feel assured that our call will not be unheeded.

It is hardly required to enumerate the things of which the Hospital is in want. It is in reality a large home for the sick homeless ones, and anything that any home needs, the Hospital needs. Indeed, it would be difficult to even guess anything which will not be useful. Food, clothing, cotton or woolen cloth, delicacies for the sick, and money.

If in the coming winter, people in health will go cold and perhaps hungry, the sick *must* be cared for, and we—all of us—must do it.

We do most earnestly entreat our friends in the country to help us. If they would each send for the Hospital something ; we do not ask that two or three should bear the burden, but that all should help, and that a winter's supply of all kinds of vegetables, should be sent. We ask in almost every number of the "Review," for potatoes, apples, beets, squashes, corn, and beans. We repeat the request. Every house-mother

knows what is needed, and really it is not necessary to be minute in making known the wants. We ask for all of these things of our friends in the country—and we ask just the same of our friends in town—and everywhere.

How urgent the need is, we cannot express, but of one thing we feel well assured: to ask for the Hospital, is to receive for the Hospital. We hope to see a larger number of our friends this coming Donation than ever before. Do not disappoint us.

To Our Out of Town Subscribers,

Also, to new subscribers in town. Although the annual dinner given by the Lady Managers of the Hospital, is not a recent institution, there are a great many of the friends of the Hospital who are not acquainted with its pleasures; and it is with the hope of interesting these friends that we write this article. The dinner begins at 12 o'clock, M. and continues until four o'clock, P. M. Usually there are twelve tables, capable of seating about twenty people, each of these tables being presided over by three or four ladies, and waited upon by five or six, well, we shall tell the truth, and say—very charming young ladies and misses. And while the hungry are well cared for, the æsthetic taste is gratified by a profusion of flowers, an abundance of fruits, both native and foreign, and an elegance of arrangement rarely excelled. We wish that we could, in some faint degree, give our readers an idea of the delightsomeness of the day. But if we cannot do that, we can urge them to come and see for themselves. To ladies out of town this will be an added delight to a shopping expedition. Corinthian Hall being centrally located, it will be very convenient for them, besides they will have a better dinner than they can find in any other place, and all the accessories of elegant dress, pleasant people, sunshine and flowers. We are sure that the

fifth of December will be sunny. Does anyone ever remember, that the fifth of December was unpleasant? We never heard of a storm on that day. And, another thing. We are sure that if these out of town friends would only come and see how much is done for the Hospital, they would feel a thousand times more interest in it. Of course when we particularly invite our out of town subscribers, we include their husbands and their children, and their brothers and cousins, and all who, if not already related to them, are going to be.

Our in town subscribers of course know about the dinner, its arrangement, the fancy tables, and very many of them have an experimental knowledge of how it is gotten up, but many of them have never attended it. We hope that they will this year. We trust the attendance will equal the effort which will be made, and the anticipations will be realized—and that money will come into the treasury. Now that specie payment is resumed, we feel that, as in days long past, the pleasant rattle of silver and the still pleasanter clink of gold, will be heard in Corinthian Hall, on the bright and sunny day of December fifth, eighteen hundred and seventy-three.

We wish to say one word to those friends in the country who intend to make a donation to the Hospital. It may be a serious inconvenience for them to bring their gifts on the day set for receiving them; and if it is easier to leave anything at the Hospital before the fifth of December, it will be gratefully received, and will be acknowledged in the list of donations of that day.

Superintendent's Report.

1873. Oct. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	71
Received during month,	2' —98
Discharged,	38
Died,	1— 39
Remaining Nov. 1st, 1873,	59

Evening Entertainment.

AGGREGATION OF SONG-LORE, AND YE EX-CENTRICITIES OF YE ANCIENT TIMES."

"The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast," while a ship in the offing had some difficulty in landing its passengers; however, it did land them, and the people stepped upon the shores of this "land of the free and home of the brave." After staying more than two hundred years, they feel it will greatly benefit their degenerate descendants if they can gain some idea of the music and manners of the older and better day. Some of the famous beauties of the time of "King Charles the Good, when he kept court at Holyrood," we all know, braved with their husbands and friends, the terrors of a winter's voyage across the ocean to this "fair and happy land;" and are now, with many of their descendants, in a surprising state of health and vigor. Their wardrobes have withstood the wear and tear of time, wonderfully, and their voices are as sweet as those of the larks or nightingales. These courageous people, hearing of the Hospital, determined, with their children and grandchildren, to give it a benefit; and, having rested for the past eighty or ninety years, are quite refreshed, and equal to the undertaking. The fifth of December, we shall have the felicity of hearing their fresh voices, seeing them in all the bravery of the fashion of that day; and those of us who were so unlucky as not to live then, will have an opportunity to settle forever the vexed question, Were the people of sixteen hundred and—— we forget the exact time, but think it was in or about the twenties—superior to the people of this generation?

Music and Flowers.

Flowers, first, though. Last month it was our misfortune to be unable to visit the Hospital, and thus we failed to hear of the beautiful gift of flowers made to the

Hospital by Miss Hooker. Four large boxes of the choicest flowers, gladdened the eyes, cheered the hearts, and refreshed the senses of the patients. They beautified the wards and rooms of the Hospital, and made the whole house a very garden.

The kind heart, and the delicate taste which dictated this gift were thoroughly appreciated, not only by the patients but by all connected with the Hospital. Mrs. Breck and Miss Hibbard, believing "that a gift is abused, that is not freely used," distributed these lovely flowers through the whole house, making sunshine in a shady place. We are more than glad to express the thanks of those benefited by this graceful gift. And now, the music. A few evenings since, Mr. Levet and Miss Hopkins—both indefatigable in good works—went to the Hospital with twenty-five little singers from the Eighth Ward Mission School, and gave an impromptu concert. Those patients who were well enough to do so, went into the hall to listen, while the ward room doors were left opened, so that the sick in their beds might hear the singing. This concert, given by the children from the Mission School, gave great pleasure to all who had the happiness to listen to it; and we thank the little ones for their singing. We also thank the ones who had the kind thoughtfulness to devise this unexpected treat.

Visit to the Hospital.

Yesterday, we went to see the patients in the Hospital. It was a nipping cold day, the streets were black mud, nearly all the leaves were off the trees, and the few that remained looked so forlorn, so faded, so desolate, that the trees would have been better without them. Poor, dead, dry, rustling things, their day is over. The leafy beauty and freshness of June is for them forever past. To them, as to us, June comes but once, only to many of us

June stays always with its summer storms and its sweet sunshine.

Before entering the gates, we discovered that house cleaning was in progress, and of course one woman stood on the outer ledge of a window, rubbing the glass. A sudden start, or a slight dizziness, and she would have fallen to the ground, to be picked up with nobody knows how many bones broken. We have no patience with such carelessness.

Going through the ward, we missed the pleasant face of Mrs. —. Poor, old and friendless, she was obliged to go to the County House. We saw her there the other day, and although she tried to be brave, we could not help seeing how desolate she was. She hopes to be entirely well of her lameness in the spring and support herself once more. The Hospital cannot take care of all who need to be there.

In the first bed in the Women's Ward, lay a patient who is hopelessly ill, but so cheerful, and the picture of neatness. She has been there some months, and in all human probability will never leave it while she lives. Beyond her is a poor paralytic, who suffers dreadfully with pain in her head. There are in this ward several women sick with chronic complaints from which they cannot recover, but they all appeared patient—some of them, even cheerful. Also, in this ward, is Mrs. —. For a long time she has been sick with some kind of lameness, which has at last necessitated a surgical operation. Flesh has been taken from her arm, the diseased flesh cut from her leg, and the sound flesh has been put in its place. The operation has proved successful. Yesterday she was sitting up in bed, sewing patchwork. She was as bright and as cheerful as if she was in her own home; the night nurse sat by her evidently admitting the blocks of work and the skill with which they were put together.

In passing through the adjoining ward, the first person we saw was an old lady

sitting in a straight wooden chair. We knew in a moment that she was not of this country. Whoever heard of an American woman—or man either—sitting in a hard chair if an easy one was vacant? This woman came from England two years since. She is between sixty and seventy years old. We had the impertinence to ask her age, for we were surprised to miss a pair of spectacles from such a face—and her eyes are as bright and brown as a girl's. Most of the patients in this ward are doing nicely. In the upper ward for the men—we did not go into the lower one—sat some old men; one or two were in bed.

The fever patients have all recovered, one or two being well enough to go home, the others remaining until they get stronger. One, a German young man, who did not understand a word of English, and as our knowledge of German was just as limited, naturally the conversation languished. One fever patient is still in bed, the one of whom that "person" hinted a romance. Soon after he was brought to the Hospital, a young lady came to inquire about him, and told the truth like a brave girl, for which we admire her. She said, that she was engaged to be married to him, that she was very anxious about him, and wanted to know how he was, especially if he grew worse and was in danger. He grew better instead of worse, and now is nearly well, the fever having left him ten days ago. Poor fellow, when he heard the rustle of feminine garments, he gave a bright hopeful glance at us, but it passed away in less than a second.

We thought he feared we were one of the brushing-hair, bathing-forehead kind of visitors, but we are not. "Dear boy," said a lady visitor in one of the Military Hospitals during the late war, as she stopped by the bedside of a sick soldier, "dear boy, shall I bathe your forehead and brush your hair?" "Yes'm, if you want to," said the sick soldier, "but if

you do, it will be the fourteenth time I have had it done this morning." However, after we heard the story of this fever patient, we knew why for a moment he looked hopeful, and why the glance was followed by a disappointed expression.

While putting on our cloak and hat in the matron's room, to come away, we thought after all our misgivings—because we always dread a visit to the Hospital or any other place where we are compelled to witness pain and sorrow—we had enjoyed our visit at the Hospital, hoping that the patients had been perhaps a little cheered to see a friendly face that cheerless day. At least, we were sure that if our visit had not helped them the next visitor did, for we met her in the Hall, and we know that her sweet face and gentle manner always carries a benediction.

Notice to the Chromo People.

Don't send us any more Chromos, and oblige us to pay express charges. Don't try to beguile us into advertising them or noticing them. Don't send us any circulars about them! We think they are dreadful looking things. We have no artistic tastes, and we would not have for the world, if such pictures would be the results. Don't tell us they are cheap at twenty-five dollars, when they are costly at twenty-five cents. And we wouldn't have one of those fat, red and white little children, sleeping out in the open air, with but scant clothing, and nobody to catch it if it should turn suddenly, and roll into the very blue river that flows not six inches from it, hanging on our wall, for any amount of money. With that child, liable to have earwigs and things crawl over it, and exposed to colds or drowning, and we doing nothing but contemplating its fearful risks, why, we should feel like a regular Herod. So stop harrowing our soul with those Chromos. Show a little consideration, can't you?

Magazine Notice.

We have lately received the first number of the "St. Nicholas," "Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge." The mere announcement is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence, but our young friends will be glad to know something more of it. The illustrations are delightful, from the first page to the last; the one we like best is where three little girls are weeping because the flowers have wings; while the little birds grow from stems in the ground. "The Grandmother" is a beautiful picture, and the description of it all boys and girls should read. The geographical rebus will be a good puzzle for a month, at least. The stories are instructive as well as amusing. This Magazine has an excellent class of writers; among them, we find the names of Donald P. Mitchell, Rebecca Harding Davis, J. S. Stacy, Frank B. Stockton, E. A. Bradin, and many others as interesting. Poetry, by Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, and one or two little poems written by—we don't know who; but all very charming. We have at last a Magazine for children, which grown people will be glad to read, while children will feel it is for them expressly. The whole Magazine is very charming.

We think little people a thousand times more interesting than grown ones, and as the little four year-old, we tell the following story, is a pretty good specimen of his class, we hope our readers will enjoy this anecdote. Last Summer, during the drought, Archie heard a great deal said concerning the extreme dryness. "Why don't you pray for rain if you want it?" he asked, one evening. His grandmamma said, "Archie, you pray for it to-night when you are saying your prayers. "Well," said he, "I will." But when bedtime came, he forgot it. His mamma said, "Archie, you didn't pray for rain." "No," said he, "I didn't, but I will now." So, kneeling down,

he said, "Oh, Lord God, send us some rain and a little snow too, if you have a mind to, for Christ sake—Amen." During the night, it rained, and in the morning, as usual, Archie wanted to go out and play. "Archie," said his mamma, "you can't go out, it rained in the night." "Rained, did it," said the disappointed boy. "There, if I had known it would have rained I wouldn't have prayed for it."

The Fifty-first Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor.

LADIES:—We meet again to-day, at the close of another busy year, to rehearse the same story of feeble endeavor to relieve the suffering which sickness brings to the lowly home, and with gratitude to acknowledge the blessings which have crowned our labors.

We miss from our number, Mrs. HICKS, a faithful visitor, who in the early spring was suddenly called to lay down the burden of life, for "a home with Christ, a heritage on high." Miss ELIZABETH MATHEWS, one of the founders of the Society, and for several years a directress, has also entered into rest.

The Board of Managers have met every month, to hear reports and devise the best means of assistance, upon the varied applications for relief brought before them. The ninety-one visitors, whose districts extend over the entire city, by frequent visitation, have ascertained the wants of those in their districts, and have exercised a discriminating care in the rendering of needful help.

During the past year, about 200 families have been aided, and more than the usual number of beneficiaries have died. The last winter being one of unusual length and severity, besides imposing increased labors upon visitors, drew largely from our treasury; and we were constrained to appeal once more to our citizens, for help, who responded most generously to the call.

As we enter upon our new year, there are forebodings of financial troubles, and apprehensions that the demands upon us may be greatly increased; but we hope that in the midst of despondency or disaster, our efforts will not lessen, nor our object be forgotten, and that we may continue to be the almoners of those whose benefactions have, through this Society, carried so much of comfort to cheer the homes where sickness and want so often together enter.

We would render thanks to all who have in any way aided us; to the Ladies of the Second Ward, for material and making of garments necessary for the Society; to Churches for collections in our behalf; to Mr. C. Gorton and to the Daily Papers, for gratuitous printing; and to Mr. E. R. Andrews, for printing at reduced rates.

Respectfully submitted,
HELEN M. CRAIG, Sec'y.

Annual Report of Treasurer of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, Nov. 1, 1873.

By rec'd, Cash in hand, Nov. 1, 1872, ..	\$1563 09
Individual Donations,	1142 09
Interest on investments,	262 51
Interest on Bequest of E. Pancost, ..	120 00
Returned by Visitors,	3 00
Membership Fees,	551 32
Church Donations:	
3d Presbyterian, St. Peter's & Calvary, Thanksgiving Day Joint Service,	\$46 11
Brick Church Collection, Thanksgiving Day,	61 29
Trinity Church Collection for 1872,	13 40
Central Church Collection,	\$45 00
Christ " " " " " "	40 00
St. Paul's " " " " " "	24 29
Unitarian " " " " " "	30 05
St. Peter's " " " " " "	50 10
3d Presbyterian " " " " " "	50 00
North St. Methodist " " " " " "	11 50
St. Luke's Church " " " " " "	62 19
Total,	\$4075 94
To paid Directresses' Orders,	\$2632 16
Bill for Dry Goods,	122 63
" " " " " " " " " " " "	9 50
" " " " " " " " " " " "	19 55
Total,	\$2783 84
Balance in hand, Nov. 1st, 1873,	1292 10
	\$4075 94

MRS. EDGAR HOLMES, Treas.

The Managers gratefully acknowledge the following donations:

Wm. Sike,	\$ 2 00
Col. M. W. Kirby,	20 00
Total,	\$22 00

Further donations will be thankfully received by the Managers or the Treasurer, No. 10 Livingston Place.

MRS. EDGAR HOLMES, *Treas.*

Tenth Annual Report of the Hospital Committee, to the Female Charitable Society, 1872-73.

LADIES :

Another year's review of your Charitable Society's work brings us again to tell you, of your foster-child, the Hospital and its workings.

We bear not to you as in years ago, tidings of the wounded, sick and dying, from the battle field; nor yet the wails that go up from the devastated towns in the South-west. God, in His mercy, has spared us these scourges of war and pestilence, and given us peace and comparative health. But, wherever sin has left its trace, sickness and death, sorrow and suffering, must ever be, and so we rear our Hospitals and Homes, out-growths of Christianity—and "go about doing good," in imitation of Christ's example.

Until His coming, Hospitals were unknown, and we look in vain for records of them, until the year 370. Basil, bishop of Cesarea, established one without the limits of the city, which was followed by others on a smaller scale. Fabiolo, a widow, founded one in Rome in 380; and the Empress Flacilla, one in Constantinople. These noble women nursed the sick with their own hands.

The number of patients in the Hospital, during the year, from November 1st, 1872, to November 1st, 1873, were, .. 518

Of these, have been discharged, well, 354	
Improved,	44
Unimproved,	21
Deaths,	40
Remaining, November 1st, 1873, .	59

Of these, there were from the United States,	239
England,	30
Ireland,	58
Canada,	28
Germany,	57
Scotland,	8
Holland,	9

While the remaining number were from Prussia, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Wales, Belgium, Denmark, and France.

Mr. George Breck, our Superintendent, still remains, discharging his duties conscientiously and satisfactorily.

Of Miss Hibbard, our Matron, what can we say more than we have already said, from year to year—Faithful in her oversight and work; the Hospital speaks for itself.

The "Hospital Review," has again changed hands. We trust with its efficient editress and treasurer, it may bring forth its fruits more plentifully than ever before.

Need we speak of the wants of the Hospital? Does not the very name suggest to the mind, sickness and suffering; and does not the thought follow, What can be done for the relief and comfort of the stricken ones? We have plead, and not in vain, for aid in carrying on successfully this work. We still would urge *all*, to do something.

The self-denying devotion, which has led more than one lady from their home, surrounded with all their comforts, to the plague-stricken city, and there, by day and by night, to devote their energies and strength to ministrations to the sick and dying, until their lives were given as a sacrifice, is not what is asked of us, ladies. No martyrdom is what we expect—but we do ask a portion of your time in visiting the Hospital, and of your substance, even if it be a self-denial, which must furnish it. Think of the Hospital, visit the Hospital, and then work for the Hospital.

The Physicians give their services in the wards. Shall they only, be expected to serve the sick without compensation? Have they more time at their command than we, ladies?

The Chapel services have been held through the kindness of clergyman and others. The need of a Chaplain is no new need.

Our Annual Donation at Corinthian Hall, will be held Friday, December 5th, 1873. Will the ladies bear this in mind, and may the Hospital reap the fruits of their thoughtfulness. The financial troubles over our country should lead to self-denial and economy—but let it be economy in our expenses, not in our charities, remembering the command and promise:

“Trust in the Lord, and *do good*; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and *verily* thou shalt be fed.”

C. E. MATHEWS.

Nov. 1st, 1873. *Cor. Secretary.*

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 6 1873, James Kortwright, aged 62 years.

Donations.

Mrs. DeForest—Two Baskets Pears and Old Cotton.
 Mrs. J. R. Marsh—Magazines and Periodicals.
 Mrs. E. R. Booth—One barrel of Pears and Magazines and Periodicals.
 Miss Fairchild—Old Ladies and Babies' Clothing. Her own work.
 Mrs. Gregory—One Basket Grapes.
 Mrs. N. C. Roberts—Papers and Periodicals.
 Mrs. L. Hunt—Old Cotton.
 Mr. Levi A. Ward—One bushel Pears.
 Mrs. George Mumford—Books, Periodicals, &c.
 Mrs. Little—Pickles.
 Mr. Ezra M. Parsons—TWENTY BUSHELS OF POTatoes.
 Mr. Ives, Batavia—Two cans Fruit.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Mrs. Scouten, 35 cents; Hrs. Henry Walzer, 63 cents; Mrs. Josiah Warren; 50 cents; Mrs. P. H. Andrews, \$1,25; Miss Gilbert, \$2,00; Mrs. Fanny Roderrick, 50 cents; Mrs. Mary Finley, 10 cts.; Mrs. M. B. Moseley, \$1,25;

Mrs. J. S. Andrews, 63 cents; Mrs. W. H. Millham, 50 cents; Mrs. Susan P. Mather, 50 cents; Mrs. G. B. Collins, \$1,25; Mrs. S. R. Woodruff, \$1,25; Mrs. C. C. Barton, 62 cents; no name, 55 cents; Mrs. C. M. Howard, \$1,25; Mrs. Levi A. Ward, \$1,25; John Campbell, \$2,00; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Gregory, 50 cents; Mrs. Van Velsen, \$1,25; Mrs. Dr. Bennett, \$1,25; Mrs. James Campbell, \$1,25; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, \$1,87; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cts; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, \$1,25; Mrs. Walbridge, 1,25; Mrs. McAllister, \$2,00,—by Miss Mumford,.....\$23,86

Children's Department.

Two Days.

It was only a push that spoiled the first day. A push seems a very little thing, but whether it is really so or not depends upon the spirit of the person who gives and the spirit of the person who receives it.

It was Rose who gave the push. It was not a very gentle one, for Rose was in rather an ungentle mood on that morning. It was a beautiful morning, bright and very warm; indeed, it was partly the heat that tried Rose.

“Mamma,” said she, “of course we are to wear our new white holland dresses to-day.”

“I do not wish you to wear yours, Rose, because it is not quite finished.”

“It looks finished enough, mamma.”

“But there is still something to do to it.”

“Cannot it be done at once?”

“It shall be done to-day. You must put on your old print this morning.”

“Must I really, mamma? It will be a great disappointment.”

“It cannot be helped.”

“I may wear mine, may I not, mamma?” inquired Winnie.

“Yes; yours is quite finished.”

“Oh! but that will not be fair,” said Rose. “Winnie ought not to be allowed to wear hers before I wear mine.”

“It does not really matter, Rose. Your print is much newer and looks considerably better than Winnie's. You know you have not worn it nearly as long. If Winnie's old one were as good as yours

she need not wear her new one, but as it is, she had better do so."

"I think it is rather too bad," said Rose.

"I think enough has been said about it," said the mother.

So Rose had to be quiet, but you will understand how she felt. It would have been better if she had said to herself: "Now, I can be quite as happy and useful in my old dress as in a new one. No one will like me less in the one than in the other. To-morrow I shall have what I wish, and to-day I will not think of it."

But Rose did not reason thus with herself. On the contrary, she said, "It is a shame that I should not be as well dressed as Winnie."

The little girls went into a hay-field together.

"It is beautiful here; we can have a good game," said Winnie.

"I do not care much for play; it is so very warm," said Rose.

"But we can seek a shady place. Here is one under this willow-tree."

The two girls stood together under the tree. It was here, then, that Rose pushed Winnie.

The push was rather quick, rather rough, and very sudden.

It forced Winnie into the ditch.

"Oh! Rose, why did you do that?" she cried.

"It was only fun," said Rose.

"But see, it has made me soil my dress."

"Has it? Never mind."

"But it is a pity, when I had it on quite new this morning. I am afraid mamma will not be pleased."

"Well, I cannot help it. You speak as if I meant you to spoil your dress. But I did not, though no doubt you think I did."

"No, I do not think that," said Winnie.

"But you know I do not like to be pushed at any time."

Rose knew it quite well. She had remembered it at the moment when she gave the push; but somehow, Rose had not minded doing what she knew Winnie would not like.

Winnie said no more about it, and the two girls walked together into the meadow. But there was no joy for Rose that day. It was June, and yet Rose could not be bright. The birds sang merrily enough, but Rose would have found it more easy to cry than to sing. Why? Because of the push, or rather because of the spirit

which had prompted the push. Rose was ill-humored and discontented envious, and these things and happiness never go together.

All the day was wrong. When Winnie spoke to her sister, Rose's conscience told her that she did not deserve kind words; and instead of answering pleasantly, she spoke shortly and unkindly. Winnie said nothing to her mother about the push, and the stain on the dress was not noticed; but Rose could not forget it. She seemed to see it all the time, even when she tried to look another way.

It was because she so much regretted that she had not shown a better spirit that the next day was so different.

It was a little thing that spoiled the first day; it was only a little thing that cheered the second day. Pride and ill-humor caused the sorrow of the former, and humility and love caused the joy of the latter.

When Rose awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly, and she was glad to think that a new day had begun.

"I will try to do better to-day than I did yesterday," she thought, "for I was ashamed of myself last night, and had good reason to be so. It is a strange thing that any one should love me when I am so naughty, and yet I have much love given to me. I will really try to deserve it in future."

Rose knew the right way to begin every day, and she did not forget to ask God to help her to do what was right.

Then she went straight to her sister's room.

"Winnie, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Rose?" said Winnie, looking astonished.

"Yes; forgive me for giving you that push yesterday."

"It was such a little thing, dear. It was an accidental push, you know."

"It was a savage push," said Rose.

"Was it? Well, I will forgive you. It was only natural that you should feel disappointed when you could not wear your new dress as well as I."

"It was very bad, indeed, and I feel quite ashamed of myself."

"Well, it is all right now."

"But, Winnie, I want you to accept something, with my love, you know, and as a token that you forgive me."

"What is it, dear?"

"This scarf."

"Oh! no, Rose. The scarf is so pretty, and I have heard you express your admiration of it several times."

"That is why I want you to have it. Please take it. It will make me ever so much more happy for you to take it, than for me to wear it myself."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then I will take it, and thank you very much!"

"And you will wear it to-day, will you not?"

"Certainly; I shall be glad to do so."

"And now I shall tell mamma about yesterday, and after that I believe I shall be very happy."

And so she was. That day was no brighter, really, than the day before had been. But it was very different to Rose. You see the little things of our days can very greatly affect our happiness, and it is well to begin the day with love and kindness, and unselfish thought for others.

[*London Christian World.*]

Shan't and Won't.

Shan't and Won't were two little brothers,
 Angry and sullen and gruff;
 Try and Will were dear little sisters,
 One scarcely can love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down on their noses,
 Their faces were dismal to see;
 Try and Will were brighter than roses
 In June, and as blithe as the bee.

Shan't and Won't were backward and stupid,
 Little indeed did they know;
 Try and Will learn something new daily,
 And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't loved nothing, no, nothing,
 So much as to have their own way;
 Try and Will give up to their elders.
 And try to please others at play.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,
 Their story is too sad to tell;
 Try and Will are now at the infant school,
 Trying to read and spell.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier. "In those days I once had a military ball come to me. And what do you think it did? It took my leg off!"

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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Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guava Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushroom, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

Best Goods and Reasonable Prices.

my '73 MOORE, COLE & Co., Powers' Block.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,

(Successors to H. A. Blauw.)

CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs & Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches, Trusses, Etc. Pure Wines and Liquors, 81 State Street, (west side,) Rochester, N. Y.
 Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions. n67

Established 1832.

W. H. BATTELLE & Co.

Successors of N. Osburn,

PHARMACEUTISTS,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

FINE DRUGS, CHEMICALS & TOILET ARTICLES
 No. 61 Main, cor. St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

CURRAN & GOLER,

(Successors to B. King & Co.)

Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER.

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
 [Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

LANE & PAINE.

DEALERS IN

DRUGS & MEDICINES

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c.

20 & 22 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE, mch '66 ly CYRUS F. PAINE.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, c. c.

No. 42 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTE,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

41 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
 nov '67, ly

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

nov '67 ly

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches and Jewelry,

SILVER WARE

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.
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Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 ly ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Last month, Mr. James Vick kindly sent to the "Hospital Review" "The Floral Guide for May." We take this, our earliest opportunity, to thank him for the beautiful gift. The following extract is suggestive to our little people, and so for them, and also for their friends, we print it:

Coloring the Engravings.

A little girl sent me a FLORAL GUIDE with every picture nicely painted in water-colors. They were remarkably correct in color, for the work of so young a floral artist. One of my little customers, living in Sandusky, Ohio, who was spending a few days at Niagara Falls with her parents, came from that place on purpose to see me and the flowers. She knew the FLORAL GUIDE by heart, and when the father inquired how to succeed in growing Cauliflower, we asked the little girl to tell him the German plan as we stated it in the GUIDE. This she did promptly. On inquiring if she had colored any of the pictures, we learned that she had colored everything, even the Cabbages. I hope she made the Cabbages green, because they are all green, except the red, and they are purple. What a pretty and instructive study this is. Let the little ones watch the flowers as they open, and paint them the proper color. If there is not time to finish the pictures when the flowers are in bloom, just do a little to each, if it is only one petal, so as to preserve the correct color, first examining every part carefully, and noticing if there are different shades of the same color, as is likely to be the case even on the same petal. Nature does not often give as large daubs of color, but beautiful shades running one into the other, like the rainbow. It is a good exercise to take a flower apart and see how it is made, and then draw the parts with a lead pencil and color them. Parents will please furnish their children with good water-colors—not poor, cheap things, made for toys only—and the little ones will have instructive amusement for the winter evenings that will repay the cost a thousand times. But it will spoil the GUIDE. Never mind, it will make the children, and we would rather send you another copy than have any hesitation on this account. The paper we use is so excellent that it will take color well, which most printing paper will not do.

A Noble Woman.

Her Serene Highness the Princess Felix Salm-Salm, of Prussia, is now visiting England, where she takes a great interest in the hospitals. It will be in the recollection of many, that when the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian went to Mexico, the Prince and Princess Felix Salm-Salm formed part of his suite—the prince holding an important position in the councils of the Emperor. In the war which followed, Prince Salm-Salm played a distinguished part, and when, after some hard fighting the Emperor and his suite fell into the hands of Juarez, his majesty and the prince were tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. On learning the dreadful sentence, the princess, who had shared with her husband all the vicissitudes of the disastrous war, flew to the headquarters of the President, fell on her knees, and implored him to spare her husband's life. To the credit of Juarez be it said, he listened to the appeal with compassion, revoked the sentence of death, and set her husband at liberty. The princess afterward interceded for the unfortunate Emperor, but without effect. Soon after these events the prince and princess returned to Berlin, and after the lapse of a little time the prince reentered the Prussian army. When the war broke out between France and Prussia, Prince Salm-Salm's command was ordered to take the field, and his noble wife went to the military hospitals to nurse the wounded soldier. At the battle of Gravelotte the prince was dangerously wounded; and no sooner was the news conveyed to the princess than she hurried to his side and nursed him with all the devotion of a loving wife. But all her efforts were fruitless; and after enduring much suffering, the prince expired from the effects of his wounds. Thus left a young widow, her serene highness returned to the military hospitals, and resumed her care of the sick and wounded soldiers. Not only did she nurse the disabled herself, and dress their wounds with her own hands, but also in helping the surgeons to perform many difficult operations, the princess deservedly obtained great praise for her skill and nerve. Being a member of the royal family of Prussia, and possessing remarkable energy of character, she made frequent requisitions for all kinds of comforts

for the wounded, and insisted upon her orders being obeyed in a way that the red-tapists the of commissariat department dared not refuse. By this means, many a wounded soldier had reason to thank her for luxuries which he never would otherwise have obtained.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1873.

Donation Day.

This yearly festival for the Hospital has passed, but many weeks and months will go before its benefits and pleasures are forgotten. It was feared, and with good reason, that owing to the hard times the Hospital must suffer, as almost everything does, but to the happy disappointment of its many friends, the liberality of the citizens of Rochester was unabated.

We wish, for the benefit of those of our readers who could not be in Corinthian Hall, Donation Day, we had space for a detailed description of the tables, and, yes, of the people; for a happier appearing multitude we never saw.

The table nearest the door was distinguished by a remarkably beautiful pyramid of kisses—a lady friend told us. She said, "they were fastened to a form by mucilage." Her husband said, that "in all his experience, he never knew them made in such a fashion;" but as her mind was bent on the business of seeing all the pretty sights, she only gave him a stern glance for his irrelevant remark. The next table had a very beautiful centre-piece of flowers and fruits, we think; and the next—Dear me! how can one remember anything about a particular table. It was all a delightful confusion of flowers, fruit, muslin aprons, ribbons, all kinds of food, white hands, creams, candies, sweet faces, happy smiles, and abundant good nature. Oh, yes, and hats and overcoats

and—bank bills. Having retired to one of the high seats, for the sake of observing all that was going on from an elevated position, our mind was in a state of distraction, at one time, being strongly reminded of the solar system; suns, planets and satellites revolving around each other in harmony, all suns, each shining on all. Then the charms of the scene transported us to the "isles of the blest," where all was beauty and delight. But a miserable little watch, which we were so unwise as to put in our pocket, brought us back to our every-day mind, by pointing its finger at five.

Remembering that the evening was before us, we slowly descended, and still more slowly passed out, before the "lights were fled, the garlands dead, the banquet hall deserted."

Well, the day is past, but the good it has done will live long after it.

The Reason Why

It was all because of the thaw. They were accustomed to frozen weather, with clear, brilliant sunshine and good sleighing. The "Old Folks," we mean. The most acting person in Christendom could not expect them to risk ruining their voices and get bronchitis, by singing in such weather as we had Donation Day. They never experienced such dampness, so they just went to sleep again, after making the discovery that there was "hoar-frost on the finger post, and thaw upon the track," and mud everywhere! And General Myers is alone to blame! If he had put the thermometer down in the twenties, and kept it there, and had put the barometer up in the thirties, to stay, in all probability we would have had the promised concert. But, no; he leaves the weather to people who don't understand managing it, and takes his new wife and himself off to Europe. If he had kept^d in his mind the real interests of humanity, he would have

stopped at home and given us the right kind of weather. Instead of doing so, he goes sailing away, and as the consequence, we have a most untimely thaw. If we only knew how to manage the thermometer and barometer, and the are—, we don't know exactly what—but it measures the rapidity of the wind's blowing—and the maps, and little bits of flannel, and arrows stuck in them, and all the other things that make the weather, we should stand by our machinery. Unfortunately, we don't, and if General Myers doesn't come back and tend to things, we might just as well have no weather. He, and he alone, is to blame for the non-appearance of the "Old Folks." But then, ever so many "Young Folks" were there, and how pretty they were, with their red, or blue, or white flannel caps, scarfs and sashes. In looking back upon that delightful evening, we will forgive General Myers, especially as so much flannel was given to the Hospital.

We take this opportunity to thank all who gave to the Hospital on Donation Day. Where so much was given it is almost impossible to mention donors in particular, but as some names do not appear in our lists, we gratefully mention them here. The Daily Papers, *Union & Advertiser*, *Evening Express* and *Democrat & Chronicle*; also, Mr. Falls and Mr. Van Doorn, presented bills receipted. Messrs. Hunn, Smith & Spencer gave the use of the tables, and Mr. James Field lent the Flags. For all of which we are under obligation.

None of our readers will be surprised, in reading the reports, to find that Alderman James H. Kelly has been as liberal as ever to the Hospital. Every few weeks we are called upon to record some benevolent act of his. Now, he has just given a silver lamp, and added to the gift, the handsome sum of ten dollars, hoping that nine other

equally liberal gentlemen will give the same amount, so that in all, one hundred dollars will be realized for the Hospital. Seven gentlemen have already responded, and we join Mr. Kelly in the hope that the sum will be made up. Gentlemen, we are waiting with our pencil in hand to record your names.

The Reports.

It is more than possible, indeed, it is quite possible that in the printed reports some mistakes will be discovered. But if the combined efforts of some of the publishing committee, the printer, and the editress, are of any avail, the reports will be correct. For fear they may not be, however, we make this apology in advance, hoping that events will prove it quite unnecessary.

Our subscribers will discover without help that the Review is late this month. The reason is, we have waited for all the reports, and it takes considerable time to make them out.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 28, 1873, Theodore Russell, aged 34 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 18, 1873, Margaret Willis, aged 54 years.

Donations.

- Mrs. C. G. Wetmore—One doz. pair Socks.
 Mr. S. Ives, Batavia—One bbl. Vegetables.
 MASTER GEORGIE ADAMS, Geneseo—*Advocate and Family Guardian, Christian Weekly and other Papers.*
 Mrs. A. G. Bristol—Games, &c. [Fruit.
 Mrs. I. Smith—Papers, Magazines, Preserved
 Mrs. Oscar Craig—Books and Magazines.
 Mrs. James Brackett—Old Cotton, 1 Wrapper.
 Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—Two cans Canned Fruit.
 Mrs. C. C. Morse—Quantity nice second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Wines—One bushel Apples.
 Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—One Turkey.
 Moore, Cole & Co.—Five Turkeys.
 Mrs. M. M. Mathews—Six bottles Catsup and Chickens.
 Mr. Wm. R. Loop—Chickens.
 Mrs. Geo. Smith, New York—Four gallons Oysters and Crackers.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Eight Pumpkin Pies.
 Mrs. M. B. Moser—Basket Grapes. [tatoes.
 T. A. Clark & Co.—One-half bush. Sweet Po-

Superintendent's Report.

1873. Nov. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	59
Received during month,...	22 - 81
Discharged,	23
Died,	2 - 25
Remaining, Dec. 1st, 1873,	56

Donation Festival,

HELD AT CORINTHIAN HALL, DECEMBER 5, 1873.

Donations to General Table.

- Van Zandt & Co—Ten pounds Coffee.
- Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—Fifteen moulds Cranberry Jelly.
- Mrs. Michaels—Two moulds Wine Jelly.
- Mrs. Louis Chapin—Three Turkeys.
- Frank Elwood—Fifty heads Celery.
- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Two gallons Oysters, Cake.
- Mrs. E. M. Smith—One gallon Oysters, One Turkey. Biscuit.
- A. Breunan & Son—Ten yards Flannel.
- L. C. Spencer—One bottle Pickled Oysters. One bottle Chow Chow, One bottle mixed Pickles, One bottle Worcestershire Sauce, One fancy box Raisins.
- Mrs. S. Wilder—One loaf Cake, Jar Cranberry. Six $\frac{1}{2}$ gallons Oysters, One large roast of Beef. Six heads Celery.
- Mrs. Erickson—Grapes, Jar mixed Pickles, Two bowls Jelly, Box of Tomatoes.
- Mrs. John Hill—Jelly.
- Mrs. Royce—Two yards Flannel.
- Mrs. Dr. Strong—Three Squash Pies, Saratoga and Mashed Potatoes, Biscuit.
- J. Mogridge—Five pounds Oolong Tea, Two pounds Java Coffee.
- Mrs. George Wilder—Large Turkey, Ten gallons Oysters.
- Mrs. Henry Montgomery—Pitcher Cream, Basket of Biscuit.
- Mrs. August—One Goose.
- Mrs. George E. Mumford—Eight jars Canned fruit, one Turkey, six Birds.
- Mrs. C. B. Smith—Ten pounds Coffee Sugar, one jar Pickles, one jar Pears.
- Mr. Hopwood—Two gallons Oysters.
- Mrs. George Whitney—One large Turkey.
- Mrs. Ros Lewin—Oae Turkey.
- Mrs. E. P. Smith—One gallon Oysters.
- Mrs. Danforth—One Turkey.
- Mrs. Newel—Quantity of Endive.
- Mrs. Barnum—Two loaves Cake, two quarts cream.
- Mrs. A. D. Smith—Two large cans of Cream.
- Mrs. Pulua, Newark—Two jars Pears, one jar Pickles, one jar Tomatoes.
- Mrs. Israel Smith—One Flannel Blanket.
- Mrs. W. B. Williams—One Turkey.
- Mrs. Romanta Hart—One bottle Horse Radish. one bottle Catsup, seven cans Fruit.
- E. K. Warren—One barrel of Ale.
- E. W. Tripp—500 pounds of Ice.

- Mrs. H. Michaels, Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, and Mrs. VanBergh's Table.
- Mrs. C. Adler—Oranges and Celery.
- M. Hays—Two Chickens.
- F. Hays—One Turkey.
- S. Meyer—One Fruit Cake.
- M. Savage—Two Jelly Cakes.
- M. VanBergh—Three quarts Jelly.
- A. Beir—One Turkey.
- Miss E. Wile—Six boxes Grapes.
- Mrs. M. Stein—Four Ducks.
- J. Katz—One Cake.
- B. Lauderbach—One Frost Cake.
- S. Rosenblatt—One Pyramid.
- Sichel—Three Cakes.
- Hochstetter—Two Ducks.
- A. Pickard—Two Chickens.
- Max Loweenthal—Two Chickens.
- Mrs. S. M. Benjamin—Two Ducks.
- J. Myers—Five boxes Grapes, 1 doz. Oranges.
- Cork & Caldwell—One basket Grapes, 1 bottle Olives.
- Mrs. Blum—One dozen Oranges.
- J. Wile—One Charlotte Russe.
- Max Brickner—One Charlotte Russe.
- L. Stern—One Goose.
- M. Sloman—Two Ducks, Oranges and Grapes
- L. Garson—Two Chickens,
- H. Garson—Six cans Oysters and Crackers.
- E. Kerngood—Two Jelly Cakes.
- J. Beir—Three Ducks.
- A. Stern—One Frosted Cake.
- Hechinger—Two Frosted Cakes.
- M. Sloman—Four Pies.
- S. Guggenheimer—Oranges and Figs
- Mrs. Bachman—One Frosted Cake.
- Mrs. L. Moore—Two Charlotte Russe.
- Mrs. I. Rice—Fancy Cakes.
- Mrs. Thalheimer—One Frosted Cake.
- Mrs. D. Rosenberg—Two quarts Jelly.
- Mrs. F. Wolf—One Frosted Cake.
- Mrs. H. Brittenstool—Two bottles Cabbage and Pickles.
- Mrs. E. S. Ettenheimer—Three cans Oysters.
- Mrs. A. Mock—Two Cakes 3 glasses Jelly
- Mrs. S. Rice—Two Fancy Cakes.
- Mrs. E. Wolf—One Chocolate Cake.
- Mrs. E. Samuels—Three boxes Grapes.
- Mrs. S. Cohen—One Frosted Cake.
- Mrs. Rosenfield—Two Frosted Cakes.
- Mrs H Michaels—Lobster Salad and Cakes.
- Mrs. M. Cauffman—Five pounds French Candy box Figs.
- Mrs S. Stethheimer—Chickens, Tongues and Celery.
- Mrs H. Herman—Turkeys and Tongues.
- Mrs E. Strauss—Chicken Salad.
- Mrs J. Cauffman—Three Pies, and Celery.
- Mrs Danzig—Two Pies, 3 glasses Jelly.
- Mrs S. Hays—Three glasses Jelly.
- Mrs C. Hays—Jelly and Pickles,
- Mrs H. Mock—Three Cakes.
- Mrs H. Levy—Two Chickens.
- Mr. E. F. Hyde—Oranges, Grapes and Raisins.
- Mrs Marks—One Frosted Cake.
- Mrs S. Rosenthal—Six dozen Biscuit.
- Mrs J. W. Rosenthal—Two Ducks.
- Mrs J. Wile—Two dishes Chicken Salad.
- Mrs Kirstein—Oranges.
- Mrs Shatz—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
- Mrs J. Ettenheimer—Cream Cakes.

Miss Semple—Two boxes Sardines.
 Mrs J. Stettheimer—Chicken Salad.

Mrs. J. O. Hall, Mrs. C. Brown, Mrs. O. L. Angevine, Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. H. Biers, Mrs. S. V. Angle, Mrs. H. Davis and Mrs. Oliver Robinson's Table.

Mrs. George Clark—Two boxes of Grapes.
 " Jeffrey—Three boxes of Grapes.
 " Cushman—One Turkey and Apples.

Mr. Dagge—One Turkey.
 Mr. Percy—One Turkey.

Mrs. D. Leary—Three Chickens.
 " Geo. Arnold—Biscuit.
 " Scramtom—One Ham.
 " Oliver Robinson—Doughnuts.
 " S. V. Angle—One Cake and Pears.
 " J. Raney—Snow Pudding.
 " Stevens—One dish Charlotte Russe.
 " H. Beers—Cake, Pickles, Fruit and Bread.

Miss Edgerton—One loaf Cake.

Mrs. J. O. Hall—Pie, Apples, Tarts and coffee, one can Fruit, one bowl of Jelly.
 " C. Brown—Two Cakes.
 " Angevine—Two Tongues, two Pies.
 " Ashley—Tapioca Pudding, Pies, one keg of Oysters and mashed Potatoes.
 " George Wait—Potato and Cabbage Salad.
 " C. B. Robinson—Butter and Biscuits.
 " S. Nurse—Two quarts Cream.
 " Chase—Two Pies.

Mr. N. Van Valkenberg—Two pounds Sugar.
 Mrs. Hiram Blanchard—One loaf Cake.

Mrs. Curtis Clarke, Mrs. Clarence Ashley and Mrs. John N. Pomeroy's Table.

Mrs. D. B. Beach—Cranberries, Cake, Pies.
 " W. F. Cogswell—Cake and Biscuit.
 " John Craig—Chicken Pie.
 " Bissell—Pickles and Cranberries.
 " H. B. Hooker—Chicken Salad.

Miss May Hooker—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. N. Galusha—Charlotte Russe.
 " Noyse—Cake.
 " J. T. Stewart—Turkey and Cake.
 " S. M. Spencer—Turkey and Ham.
 " John Oothout—Saratoga Potatoes.
 " James Sargent—Cake and Tongue.
 " James Killep—Turkey and Biscuit.
 " Clarence Ashley—Chicken Salad, Pies and Cranberries.
 " John Pomeroy—Saratoga Potatoes, Bread.
 " Curtis Clarke—Cake, Oranges, Grapes and Pickles.

Mrs. W. C. Rowley and Mrs. George Munger's Table.

Mrs. Abelard Reynolds—Cider, Apples, Sauce and Pickles.
 " Geo. Lord—Pumpkin Pies and Ten Dollars.
 " Wilder—Cranberry and Cake.
 " Bronson—Pickled Oysters.
 " ————, Turkey, Cranberry Jelly, Brown Bread, Dressed Cabbage, Plum Pudding and Catsup.
 " Wm. Churchill—Oranges.
 " Andrews—Biscuits.
 " Shephardson—Lobster Salad.
 " Rowley—Charlotte Russe and Ducks.
 " Munge r—Chicken Pie and Cream.

Mrs. Cogswell—Cream and Celery.
 Miss Fastman—Baked Beans and Cake.
 " Kelly—Cake.
 " Whittlesey—Biscuits and Mince Pie.
 Mrs. William Bush—Turkey and Cranberries.
 Mr. Frost—Flowers.

Mrs. T. A. Newton, Mrs. M. Briggs, Mrs. H. & Mackie, and Mrs. George W. Walbridge's Table,

Mrs. P. M. Bromley—Chicken Salad, Charlotte Russe and Wine Jelly.
 " Wm. Thompson—Turkey and Roast Pork.
 " G. Gildersleeve—Pickled Oysters.
 " H. S. Mackie—Ham and Jelly.
 " H. C. Gordon—Chicken Salad.
 " David Upton—Chicken Pie and Cake.
 " C. Johnston—Chicken Pie and Cream.
 " John Bower—Two roast Chickens.
 " Martin Briggs—Scalloped Oysters, Chow-Chow and Cake.
 " Gordon—Biscuits and Doughnuts.
 " G. Walbridge—Pair of Ducks and Pickled Peaches.
 " A. W. Pond—Two baskets Grapes.
 " Hotchkiss—Plum Pudding.
 " Alfred Bell—Turkey and Wine Jelly.
 " Edward Webster—Mashed Potatoes and Biscuit.
 " George Storms—Large bottle Chow-Chow.
 " Pells—Turkey, two Lemon Pies and Jelly.
 " C. G. Wetmore—Scalloped Oysters.
 " Schaffer—Lemon Pudding, Lemon Pie, Apples and Pears.
 " R. Turner—Pair of Ducks.
 " L. D. Fleming—Charlotte Russe.
 " T. A. Newton—Chicken Salad, Jelly and Pickles.
 " Siddons—Cake.

Miss M. Briggs—Turkey.
 Mrs. Leavenworth—One loaf of Cake.
 " H. A. Palmer—One loaf of Cake.
 " Langworthy—Fresh Flowers.

Miss E. Amssen—Cake.
 Mrs. J. W. McKindley—Mince Pies.
 Miss Parsons—Cake.
 Mrs. A. Whitcomb—Two forms of Butter.
 Perkins & Palmer—One gallon of Oysters.
 Mr. Isaac Teal—Lobster Salad.
 Mr. George Harrold—Use of Glassware.
 Steele & Avery—Use of Money Box.
 Mrs. M. Otis—Grapes and Cream.

Mrs. Junius Judson's Table.

Mrs. M. B. Anderson—Biscuit, Cake, Chicken Salad.
 " D. A. Woodbury—Four Pies, Pickles, Cranberries and Fruit.
 " W. Lincoln Sage—Pickles, Vegetables and Hot Biscuit.
 " Junius Judson—Chicken Pie, Celery, Jellies, Fruit and Flowers.
 " Edwin Pancost—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters, one can of pickled Quince, Cranberries.
 " W. W. Carr—Four loaves Brown Bread and Mashed Potatoes.
 " A. G. Mudge—Charlotte Russe.
 " Nelson Sage—Biscuit, 1 can French Pickles.
 " Frank Bishop—Charlotte Russe, Grapes, Raisins, Oranges and Figs.

Mrs. Edwin Wayte—Turkey.
 " Oren Sage—Jellies and Pickles.
 " E. O. Sage—Turkey.
 " William N. Sage—Six moulds of Jelly.
 " Dr. Dean—Baked and mashed Potatoes, and Scalloped Oysters.

Mrs. J. B. Ward and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins' Table.

Mr Davenport—Sugar, Pickles, Cheese.
 Mrs Lowery—Turkey.
 Mrs Stebbins—Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs Hayden—Cake, Jelly, Cranberries.
 Mrs J B Ward—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs R Campbell—Biscuits, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs C C Merriman—Turkey, Celery, Flowers.
 Mrs Isaac Hills—Pears.
 Mrs L A Ward—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs L F Ward—Turkey, Celery, Cranberries, Oranges, Lemons, Bread.
 Mr L A Ward—Pears.
 Mr F Gorton—Two Turkeys.

Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Roby, Mrs. Phillips, and Mrs. Warren's Table.

Mrs Warren White—Three quarts Cream.
 Mrs Holden—Four quarts Cream.
 Mrs Reed—Cookies.
 Anthony Bros—Twenty-two loaves of Bread, Bag of Crackers.
 Mrs Hiram Hoyt—Four pounds Grapes.
 Miss Hoyt—Two pounds Grapes.
 Mrs D C Hyde—Two pounds Malaga Grapes, Cat-supes, Pickles, two gallons Cider.
 Mrs Bartlett—Oranges, Flowers.
 Mrs Osgood—Turkey, two heads Celery, four dozen Biscuit.
 Mrs G G Wanzer—One jar Pickles, dish Chicken Salad, Wine Jelly, Lemon Pudding.
 Mrs Charles Baker—Two squash Pies, eight heads Celery, four loaves Boston Brown Bread.
 Mrs Charles Baker—Two French Loaves, two long Rolls.
 Miss Gertie Broughton—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs J M Dodd—Malaga Grapes, Olives, Pickles.
 Mrs Dr Ely—Three loaves Brown Bread, half bushel Saratoga Potatoes, dish Celery Salad.
 Mrs Rapalje—Two moulds Wine Jelly.
 Mrs Henry Brewster—Malaga Grapes, Ham.
 Mrs William Seward—Two Pies.
 Mrs Roby—Two Pies, dish Charlotte Russe, dish Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs E B Booth—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs Phillips—One dish Charlotte Russe, Jelly.
 Mrs Dr Bristol—Rolls.
 Mrs Dr Strong—Very large hot roast Turkey with Gravy and Potatoes.
 Mrs S D Porter—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs Samuel Porter—Two Oyster Pies.
 Mrs Kent—Four quarts Chicken Salad.

Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. Gould's Table.

Huber & Schake—Turkey.
 Mrs Gould—Doughnuts, Celery, Butter, Chow-Chow, Russian Cream, Wine Jelly, Flowers, Cider.
 Miss Gould—Salad, Pies.
 William Barter & Son—One dozen Oranges, one bottle Pickles.
 Mr Aldrich—One dozen Oranges.

Mrs Mathews—Ten pound box of Grapes, three boxes of Grapes.
 Zimmer & Peffer—One Tongue.
 Mrs Mudgett—Scalloped Oysters.
 Mr Niven—One box of Grapes.
 Mrs Fox—Pickles, Cake, Saratoga Potatoes, Plum Pudding.
 Miss Farrar—Jelly, Chicken Pies.
 Mrs Wamsley—Two Lemon Pies.
 Mrs Bennet—Saratoga Potatoes, Confectionery, Cake.
 Mr Abbs—Two dozen Biscuits, four dozen Tarts.
 Miss Burke—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs Chapin—Two Oyster Pies, 100 Biscuits.
 Mrs Erickson—Flowers, Pickles.
 Mrs Jennings—Two Squash Pies.
 Mrs Leonard—Loaf Cake.
 Mrs Walbridge—Three Mince Pies.

Mrs. Morse, Mrs. James Hart, Mrs. Henry Smith and Mrs. J. H. Brewster's Lunch Table.

Mrs. Geo. Whitney—Salad and Salad Dressing.
 Mr. Scrantom—White Grapes.
 Mrs. Billings—One mould of Jelly.
 Mrs. Charles Pond—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. A. Brewster—Cocoanut Cake, Wine Jelly and Biscuits.
 Mrs. Chamberlain—One Turkey,
 Mrs. Craig—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. C. Hart—Basket of Pears,
 Mrs. A. Morse—Celery.
 Mrs. H. N. Peck—Jelly, Cake and Cream.
 Miss Mary Hooker—Twenty-five heads of Celery, Saratoga Potatoes and quantity of beautiful Flowers.
 Mrs. House—Mince Pies.
 Miss M. Warren—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs. Edward Harris—One Turkey.
 Miss Ruth Quinby—Cake and Pies.
 Miss Jennie Morgan—Chicken Salad and Cake.
 Miss Dunlop and Mrs. Updike—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. McAlpine—Pickles.
 Miss H. Cummings—One Jug Cream.
 Mrs. Henry Smith—One Turkey, Fruit, Biscuit.
 Mrs. James Hart and Mrs. Morse—Oranges and Cream.
 Mrs. John Brewster; Chicken Pie, Mince Pie, Walnut cake, Biscuits, Pickles, cider and Jelly.
 Mr. Mogridge; Two Tongues.
 Mrs. C. R. Hill; one Turkey.

Mrs. Nelson's and Mrs. Newton's Ice Cream Table.

J. M. Backus—Twenty pounds Sugar.
 S. Remington—Ten pounds Sugar.
 Mrs. Babcock—Cream.
 Mrs. C. Hooker—"
 Mrs. M. Hoyt—"
 C. F. Smith—Fifty pounds Sugar.
 Mrs. Stoddard—Cream.
 Miss E. Curtis—"
 P. H. Hapwood—Ten pounds Sugar.
 Miss F. Barnes—Cream.
 Mrs. Stanley—"
 Mrs. Dryer—"
 Mrs. P. Tolan—"
 Mrs. Winfield—"
 Mrs. Drake—"
 Mrs. Beckwith—"
 Mrs. Alcott—"
 Mrs. Nelson—Fruit, Cream, Cake, &c.

Mrs. Judge Smith—One loaf Cake.
 Mrs. J. W. Hatch— " " "
 Mrs. R. Turner— " " "
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Box Flowers.
 Mrs. Hovey—Cake.
 Mr. Bing—One Plant.
 Curran & Goler—Cash, \$2.00.

Donations to the Misses Whitney's Flower and Fancy Table,

Mr. Geo. Elwanger—Quantity of Cut Flowers.
 Messrs. Frost—Quantity of Cut Flowers.
 W. P. Bissell—Quantity of Cut Flowers.
 James Vick—Quantity of Cut Flowers.
 Julia Whitney—Cut Flowers and Hanging Basket.
 A Friend—Twenty-five pounds of Candy.
 Mrs. A. T. Lee—A Snow Flake.
 A Friend—Nine Cravats.
 Miss Angie Mumford—Sett of Table Mats and Baby's Socks.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Sundries.
 Miss Jeffry—Two pairs Mittens.
 A Friend—Infant's Bibs, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Table Mats, &c.
 George D. Williams—Three Fancy Baskets.
 Miss Mary Lee—One pair Wristlets.
 Mrs. C. D. Fiske—Embroidered Flannel Skirts.
 Miss Culver—Hair Pin Cushion.
 Miss Carrie Brewster—Housewife.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Baby's Hoods and Quilting.
 Miss Whitney—Glove and Handkerchief Cases.
 Mrs. Wm. Kidd—Shoe Cases.
 Mrs. J. M. Whitney—Three Hoods.
 Mrs. Day—A Hood.
 Mrs. Seymour—A Hood.
 Miss Buell—Baby's Afghan.
 Mrs. G. C. Buell—Doll's Afghan and Fancy Baskets.
 Miss Julia Hamilton—Six fancy Pin Cushions.
 Miss Nellie Ely—One pair Mittens, and Jewel Case.
 Mrs. Chester, Geneva—One Cobweb.
 Miss A. Jeffry—Painting Glove Case.
 Miss Clara Wilder—Wash Cloths.
 Miss Julia Whitney—Knitted Wash Cloths.
 Mrs. E. T. Smith—Photograph Case.
 Name of donor lost—Photograph Case.
 A. S. Mann—Two pieces of Flannel.
 Mrs. Stetheimer—One piece of Flannel.
 Mrs. Fred. Cook—Five yards of Flannel.

Mrs. W. H. Ward's Fancy Table.

Mrs Charles Atwater—One Nubé, one linen Traveling Case.
 Mrs Wilbur Griffin—Fancy Articles.
 Fahey & Co—Fancy Articles.
 A G Hawley—Tags and Paper.
 Miss H H Backus—One Watch Stand and Artificial Flowers.
 Miss Mentor—Artificial Flowers.
 Jacobs & Hughes—Toys for Fish Pond.
 Reese & Higbie—A very generous donation of Fancy Goods.
 Mrs Carr—Three Hanging Baskets.
 Scrantom & Wetmore—Fancy Articles.
 Mrs Martindale—Two worsted Hoods and six knitted Dish-cloths.
 Miss Martindale—Sett of Mats.
 Mrs Wm Kidd—Six Shoe Cases.

Mr Turpin—Four Picture Frames.
 American Tract Society—Four Pictures.
 A Brennan & Son—One box colored Hose.
 Messrs Schwab—Fancy Boxes and Perfume.
 Hunn, Smith & Spencer—An elegant Easel and two Chairs.
 Mrs Edward Williams—One Nubé.
 Mrs Robertson—Infant's Cap.
 Miss Wild—Four Hair-pin Baskets.
 Miss Whittlesey—Three Dressed Dolls.
 Miss Fannie Whittlesey—One pair Infant's Leggings.
 Mrs Dr Hovey—One Tidy.
 Mrs Chester Dewey—Three knitted Hoods.
 Mrs E D Smith—One Spider Web, one Pin-cushion, one Photograph Case.
 Miss May Bristol—One embroidered Bracket.
 Miss Arnold—Infant's Sacque.
 Mrs Nathaniel Rochester—Four worsted Dolls, one Pin-cushion with sett of Mats.
 Mrs E C Strong—One pair of Mittens.
 Miss Redfield—Four Hair-pin Cushions.
 Mrs Mary E Strong—One Phantom Basket.
 Clark Johnston—Games and Toys.
 Mrs John Brewster—Toilet Sett.
 Rosenblatt & Co—Fancy Goods.
 Mrs Charles E Upton—Ten Dollars.
 Miss Julia Hamilton—Six Pansy Pin-cushions.
 J W Gillis—Picture Frames.
 Miss Ella Fox—One Jewel Case, one Nubé.
 Miss Adams—Six yards Red Flannel.
 Mrs Nathaniel Rochester—Six yards Flannel.
 Mrs Hyde—Six yards Flannel.
 Mrs James H Kelly, 2d—Ladies' Underwaist.
 Miss Ashley—One Snow Flake.
 Miss Hibbard—One Tidy.
 Mrs J B Booth—Two Infant's Shirts, one Scrap-bag, two Catchalls.
 Miss Annie Beach—One painted Papper Cutter.
 Miss Ruth Montgomery—Scrap Bag.
 Mrs D B Beach—Three embroidered Sachets.
 A Brennan & Son—Ten yards Flannel.
 Mrs D H Griffith—Two Illuminated Texts, two Phantom Pictures, five boxes Anagrams.
 Miss Fanny Griffith—Snow Flake.
 Mrs S E Andrews—Infant's Lace Cap.
 Mrs G Breck—Four Sweeping Caps.
 Miss May Dupuy—Bunch of painted Autumn Leaves.
 The Misses Page—Scrap Bag.
 Miss Andrews—Six embroidered Pin Cushions.
 Miss Taylor—Three yards Red Flannel.
 Miss Fannie Clarke—Case of Shaving Papers.
 Miss Sophia Royce—Two Nets and one Work Bag.
 Mrs L A Hurlburt—Four Picture Frames and two Sweeping Caps.
 Mrs Charles Jones, Geneseo—One Work Case, one Toilet Case.
 Mrs A D Smith—One Muslin Tie and two Muslin Setts.
 Mrs L F Ward—One knitted Shawl.
 Mrs C H Angel—One knitted Shawl, one pair of Slippers, one Doll's Hat, one pair of Mittens.
 Mr Charles H Angel—Three boxes of Perfume.
 Miss Louise Alling—One Photograph Case.
 Miss Florence Hart—One Photograph Case, two Catchalls.
 Mrs Levi A Ward—Two elegant embroidered Music Cases.

Mrs Wm D Ward—One knitted Hood, one Nubia, one pair of Hose, one pair of Under Sleeves.
 Mr Rundel—Picture Frames.
 Miss Julia Griffith—Four dressed Dolls, and one Handkerchief.
 Mrs Edward M Smith—Two Snow Flakes and four Breakfast Caps.
 Clara Wilder—Toys for Fish Pond.
 D M Dewey—Fancy Articles. [Goods.
 Steele & Avery—Elegant assortment of Fancy Wisner & Palmer—Six pairs of Rosebud Vases.
 Miss Bryan—One knitted Doll.
 Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co—Four full pieces Red F.annel. [Pin-cushion.
 Brewster. Goss & Co—One Chair, one Table, one Lane & Paine--Toilet Articles.

Cash Donations Received.

Mrs. Abelard Reynolds\$ 25 00
 Hamilton Chapter Lodge (Masons).... 50 00
 Mrs. Thos. C Montgomery..... 5 00
 Mrs. Martin Galusha..... 50 00
 Mrs. Chester Dewey..... 10 00
 Mrs. E. T. Smith..... 5 00
 Mr. Joseph Bier..... 5 00
 Mrs. Dr. Kelsey..... 2 00
 Mrs. C. B. Smith..... 2 00
 Mr. Martin Briggs..... 10 00
 Mr. Joseph Field..... 20 00
 Mrs. E. Darwin Smith..... 5 00
 K. P. Shedd..... 20 00
 S. D. Porter..... 10 00
 Wm. N. Sage..... 20 00
 Erickson, Jennings & Mumford..... 100 00
 Dr. Dean..... 10 00
 Mrs. Dr. Anderson..... 5 00
 Mrs. E. I. Loop..... 10 00
 Edward Brewster..... 2 00
 Mr. Greentree..... 10 00
 Mrs. D. K. Robinson..... 5 00
 Mrs. C. C. Morse..... 25 00
 Thomas Leighton..... 10 00
 Mrs. L. A. Ward..... 10 00
 Mr. John H. Brewster..... 25 00
 Mr. Abelard Reynolds..... 20 00
 Mrs. Romanta Hart..... 2 00
 Mr. W. F. Holmes..... 1 00
 James S. Andrews..... 25 00
 Miss Mattie Danlap..... 5 00
 Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society..... 10 00
 Mrs. Pancost..... 10 00
 Mrs. H. B. Knapp..... 5 00
 Lewis H. Alling..... 10 00
 E. Ray..... 1 00
 Mrs. M. E. Solomon..... 2 00
 Mrs. A. Mock..... 5 00
 D. A. Woodbury..... 25 00
 Mr. & Mrs. E. O. Sage..... 20 00
 Mrs. Snell..... 2 00
 Mrs. James Nichols..... 2 00
 Miss Jennie Nichols..... 1 00
 William Alling..... 5 00
 Mrs. Oscar Craig..... 3 00
 J. S. Stuart..... 1 00
 L. A. Pratt..... 5 00
 B. B. Roby..... 5 00
 Gilman H. Perkins..... 10 00
 George Elwanger..... 20 00
 J. Moreau Smith..... 5 00
 Mrs. John H. Adams..... 5 00

Mrs. A. D. Smith.....\$ 10 00
 John Greenwood..... 10 00
 D. A. Watson..... 50 00
 E. B. Parsons..... 5 00
 George Taylor..... 5 00
 Mrs. W. F. Cogswell..... 5 00
 J. Nelson Tubbs..... 5 00
 Rev. George Patton..... 5 00
 Mrs. H. S. Potter..... 10 00
 George G. Cooper..... 10 00
 Mrs. McAnnally..... 5 00
 W. J. Babcock..... 5 00
 W. C. Bush..... 1 00
 John Abbs..... 10 00
 Mrs. Robert Johnston..... 5 00
 Julius T. Andrews..... 10 00
 Mrs. Joseph Medbury..... 10 00
 Moore, Cole & Co.,..... 17 75
 Mr. James Terry..... 5 00

\$839 75

Cash Receipts at the Refreshment Tables.

By Mrs. Stebbins and others, Lunch Table 64 35
 Mrs. Bartlett and others..... 74 70
 Mrs. John H. Brewster and others 117 61
 Mrs. Junius Judson and others..... 54 75
 Mrs. Rowley and Mrs. Munger..... 59 95
 Mrs. Curtis Clarke and others... 51 25
 Mrs. Rosenblatt, Mrs. Michaels, and Mrs. Van Bergh..... 188 70
 Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Walbridge, and Mrs. Mackie..... 76 35
 Mrs. Edward Gould and others... 43 45
 Second Ward Table..... 28 70
 *Mrs Barron Williams and Mrs. L Starr Hoyt's Evening Table.... 16 75
 Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Howe's Ice Cream Table..... 82 10

\$856 66

FANCY TABLES.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney..... \$202 00
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward..... 203 90

FISH POND.

Miss Mary Dupuy..... 11 06
 Sale of Flannel..... 9 00
 Miscellaneous sources..... 35 21
 Sale of Lantern donated by James H. Kelly, Esq.—J. H. Kelly, Edward M. Smith, C. C. Morse, G. H. Perkins, C. F. Smith, J. H. Brewster, Samuel Wilder, G. W. Aldridge, Ten Dollars each 80 00

SALE OF TICKETS.

By Mrs. Geo. Breck..... 159 00
 From Mr. Elwood..... 106 00
 At the Door..... 132 00

\$2,634 58

RECAPITULATION.

Cash donations..... 839 75
 Lunch and Ice Cream Tables..... 856 66
 Fancy Tables..... 405 90
 Fish Pond and Miscellaneous Sales... 55 27
 Sale of Lamp..... 80 00
 Sale of Tickets..... 397 00

\$2,634 58

EXPENSES.

Use of Hall, Music, &c.,	\$ 296 84
	\$2,337 74

DONATED BILLS.

Daily Express,	\$102 20
Democrat & Chronicle,	45 00
Union & Advertiser,	45 00
Wm. S. Falls,	5 25
F. Van Doorn,	2 00

HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Cash receipts for subscriptions, Dec 5th, \$64 61

FLANNEL.

About 360 yards of Flannel were donated—of this, two hundred and ten yards were given to the Ward Associations for the poor—fifteen yards to each of the fourteen wards. The remainder was divided between the Charitable Society and the Hospital, thus giving the entire city a portion of the benefit of the "Flannel Party."

Subscriptions to the Review.

Mrs. S. A. Ellis, \$1.86; Mrs. C. M. Argel, 62 cents; Mrs. Levi F. Ward, 63 cents; Mr. Kip, Buffalo, N. Y., 75 cents; James H. Gould, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Griffin, 62 cents; Miss Emily Hanford, 62 cents; Mrs. David Underhill, Buffalo, N. Y., 50 cents; Mrs. J. D. F. Slee, Elmira, N. Y., 50 cents; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Tamblingson, 62 cents; Mr. Charles Shepard, Dansville, N. Y., 50 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, \$2.50; Mrs. M. Galusha, 62 cents; Miss Fannie Hooker, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62 cents; Mrs. E. N. Buell, \$1.86; Mrs. Josiah Bissell, 63 cents; Miss Florence Montgomery, 75 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, \$1.24; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, \$1.25; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Miss Nellie Flagg, Ogden, \$1.00; Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, 62 cents; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 65 cents; Mrs. A. F. Beers, 62 cents; Mrs. Leroy Saterlee, for Miss Satie Hudnut, Middleport, N. Y., 62 cents; Mrs. Ezra R. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos Harris, \$1.25; Mrs. J. E. Edmundson, New Market, C. W., 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. N. Sage, \$2.00; Dr. M. B. Anderson, \$1.86; Mr. E. Darrow, 62 cents; Mr. N. A. Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Lampert, 63 cents; Mrs. Myer Greentree, \$2.00; Mrs. Wm. Zeveld, 62 cents; Mrs. George T. Parker, \$2.00; John Craighead, 65 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, \$1.24; Michael Sanford, 62 cents; Mrs. Chas. H. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. William Kild, 62 cents; Mrs. H. N. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. Edward Ray, 63 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, \$1.25; Mrs. Samuel Sloan, 62 cts.; Mrs. Benjamin Y. Royce, 62 cts.; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, \$1.24; Mrs. S. W. Urdike, 62 cents; Miss M. Dunlap, 63 cents; Mrs. George B. Redfield, 62

cents; Mr. Henry Mackie, \$1.25; Mrs. E. T. Huntington, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, \$1.24; Mrs. E. Pancost, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Gilbert, 62 cents; Mrs. John Fabrig, 62 cents; Miss L. Webster, Canaan Valley, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. H. S. Redfield, \$1.24; Miss S. Newell, \$1.86; Miss Kate M. Bell, \$1.24; Mrs. Rebasz, 62 cts; Mrs. Ira Bowen, 62 cts; Mrs. D. Lowry, \$1.24; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 62 cents; Sale of papers, 25 cents; Mrs. Oscar Craig, \$1.24; Mrs. S. Porter, 62 cents; Eugene A. Shephardson, 62 cents; Mrs. John Craig, 62 cents; S. B. Roby, 62 cents; Mrs. James Brackett, 62 cents.—By Mrs. Louis S. Chapin and Mrs. Robert Mathews, Dec. 5th, 1873.....\$64 61

Mrs. P. H. Dykeman, \$2.00; Mrs. M. L. Leeds, \$1.00; Mrs. Stewart, 15 cents; Mrs. C. W. Dodd, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Harrison, \$1.50; Miss M. Bartlett, 62 cents; Mrs. R. F. Hopwood, \$2.00; Mrs. O. Stark, \$1.00; Miss S. Baldwin, \$1.25; R. H. Smead, \$1.00; Miss Barhydt, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 65 cents; Edward Tilden, 50 cents; T. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Miss Van Evrie, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Bryan, 50 cents; Miss A. K. Green, 62 cents; Mrs. Miner, 50 cents; Mrs. Quimby, \$1.00; Mrs. De Forrest, 60 cents; Mrs. A. S. Newman, 63 cents; Mrs. C. D. Miller, \$1.00; Miss Sarah Hewes, 50 cents; Miss Sarah Bradford, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Line, \$1.25; Mrs. N. W. Benedict, 63 cents; Mrs. E. B. Cay, \$1.00; Mrs. Bradford Bosely, 50 cents; Mrs. Benton Barnard, 50 cents; Mrs. N. H. Fowler, 50 cents; Mrs. S. B. Fowler, 50 cents; Mrs. Orange Sackett, \$1.00; Mrs. Sarah S. How, \$1.00; Ida S. Raplee, 50 cents; Mrs. B. Pratt, 62 cents; Mrs. George R. Ward, \$1.50; Mrs. Samuel Hamilton, 62 cents.—By Mrs. Strong and Miss Mumford.....\$24 60

\$89 21

Children's Department.

We wish to give our young readers some idea of "The St. Nicholas," the magazine of which we spoke last month, and for this reason, and because it is an amusing story, we print

Sam Quimby's Art Summer.

BY FANNY BARROW.

In the warm August days, with their golden sunshine, making wood and sky magnificent, an artist named May came to live with farmer Quimby. He set his

easel up in the "spare room," spare and prim enough; for Mrs. Quimby—although she kept everything as neat as a pin, and cooked delightful doughnuts—knew as much about making a room beautiful to live in as a cat knows about playing the fiddle.

So the artist went into the woods, and brought back long trailing vines, and twined wreaths over the windows and door. He hung up a set of wooden shelves, ornamented with birch bark, upon which he arranged his books; and the room began to look comfortable.

But Mrs. Quimby, who was a fat, funny looking old lady, with no shape at all to speak of, lifted up her hands and eyes and exclaimed, "Wall now! It just beats me why he should want to litter up the room with them ar old weeds!"

Not so Sam, the farmer's son—a great, rough, healthy, country boy. He stood at the door, bashfully peeping in, and declared that it was "terrible pooty," and "dreadful nice," and when the artist looked up smiling at these compliments, he rushed off and hid himself in the barn.

Sam was out in the fields nearly all day, tossing hay, and riding home on top of great loads of it, full of grasshoppers; and whenever he could get a chance, darting into his mother's pantry, eating doughnuts and drinking milk. But now, he did something besides this. He forgot his work, to watch the artist. Great and greater grew his wonder, as the woods and mountains so familiar to him appeared upon the canvas. And when the lovely little stream, which sang all day long through the wood, and at last in a high frolic, tumbled heels over head over a boulder, came to light in the artist's work, Sam had almost spasms of delight.

"Oh, dear," he cried, "I wish I could make pictures. I must! I will!" and he rubbed his hair up hard with both hands, and looked quite crazy enough for a genius.

He begged his mother for paper and pencil, and rushing out, climbed up into the fork of a tree, and after many attempts, during which he chewed his pencil into bits, he drew this beautiful picture of a cow reclining at her ease.

Here it is; quite nice, I think, for a beginning. At any rate, it looks more like a cow than it does like a crocodile.

But Sam, like a true genius, was disgusted with his cow. He wanted to do

better. "I say!" he exclaimed. "I say! I know how to make a cow *here*"—thumping his head with his fist, "why can't I get it right on paper?"

The next day he drew the cat washing her face by the kitchen fire. It looked very like the cow, with whiskers instead of horns, but never mind. Sam went on, sketching everything he saw, on odd bits of paper, and all over the wall of his little room in the peaked roof of the cottage, until Mrs. Quimby, dreadfully worried about him, said to the farmer, "I'm clean tuckered out about Sam; I do believe he has gone cracked!"

"Gone cracked," repeated the farmer. "Why, Molly, he's a'most as smart as the painter fellow! Why, now, just look at that there cat that he took! Why, it's as likely a picture as ever I see."

"Oh," cried Sam, delighted at this praise, "I've got some paintin' fixin's that Mr. May gave me, and I'd like to take your portrait, Pop. Just you sit down and let me try."

The other artist had gone away trout-fishing for the day, and Sam, in his delight, proposed to borrow his easel and paint his father in fine style.

Down sat the good old farmer, grinning and chuckling, and Sam, staring his eyes nearly out of his head, made a lovely profile likeness of his father, with his old cloth cap stuck far back on his head, and one eye very flat and wide open, in the top of the forehead.

"Wall, I declare!" cried the old man, looking into the picture as though it were a mirror, "it beats all! but I must go now."

"All right," said Sam, as he leaned back in his chair to take an admiring gaze at his work; "you go and I'll stay and put a little more color onto you."

Meantime the other artist had returned unexpectedly, and he was now standing at the door nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. At last a queer choking sound caused Sam to turn around. Up he jumped, dropped the palette, tried to pick it up, stepped on it, fell over it, and in his frantic struggles, upset the easel, with the tumbler of water, his father's portrait and all, and finally picked himself up with his hair standing straight on end with fright and confusion.

"Well, my young Titian," said the artist as soon as he could speak for laughing,

"there's nothing to be ashamed of. Do you think you would like to be a painter? If you choose I will give you lessons."

This glorious offer made Sam turn crimson, and tingle from head to foot with delight. He had no fine long words in which to express his joy. He only answered, "Oh, yes, sir," and rushed out into the kitchen, to stand on his head, and dance a hornpipe, in order to relieve his feelings.

Then, all at once, he went up to his mother, who was rolling out paste for an apple-dumpling, and said in a strange, soft new voice. "Oh, mother! I am going to learn to be a painter, then I too will know how to paint the beautiful woods and mountains."

After this, Sam's thoughts by day were of painting, and he dreamed of nothing else at night.

But Mrs. Quimby went about turning up the whites of her eyes and moaning. "Who on earth will help your father with the farm? Who'll help him, I want to know!"

While the good old farmer, who was as sensible an old fellow as you would meet in a month of Sundays, said, "Never you mind, Molly; if it is in him to be a painter, he won't make a good farmer; so just you let the boy try."

Sam is hard at work now, learning his art—and for aught you and I know, or do not know—one of these days we may hear again of Samuel Quimby, Esq., the great painter.

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet; put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leached its temples, had it bled, gave it all kinds of medicines, and yet after a week's illness it died."

As the early morning train down drew up at the first station, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the brakeman, "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir, it is Bethel," said the conscientious employee. The pleasant looking gentleman retired.

A quilting party is now styled a "piece" jubilee.

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.

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.

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.

Advertisements.

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ANTHRACITE COAL!

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28 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade. YARD OFFICES.—No 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street corner of Ford, and No. 5 Hudson Street, near the Rail-Road. H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.
Rochester, June, 1872.

Hamilton & Mathews,
DEALERS IN
Hardware & Cutlery,
Files, Belting, Mechanics' Tools, Etc.
21 & 23 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec. '71 ROBERT MATHEWS.

J. B. SWEETING, 84 State Street, having made arrangements with different houses in Europe and America, will be constantly supplied with First-Class Goods in Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Straws, and general Millinery and Fancy Goods, which will be sold at Importer's prices, at his Store, which has been extended for above purpose. m'71

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,
APOTHECARIES,
66 West Main Street, Powers' Block,
ROCHESTER, N. Y

WILCOX & GIBBS,
Sewing Machine.
J. Z. CULVER, Agent,
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ESTABLISHED, 1840.
WISNER & PALMER, IMPORTERS, 33 State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA CROCKERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE, SILVER PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

SUNDERLIN & McALLASTER, WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FRENCH CLOCKS AND BRONZES.
18 State St., cor. of Exchange Place,
Mar. '73. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. B. ROBY & Co., Wholesale Dealers in SADDLERY and COACH HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, &c. No. 80 State Street, and 41, 43 and 47 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.
S. B. BOBY. mar. '73. H. W. CABY.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

13 & 15 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President.
 GEORGE R. CLARK, } Vice Presidents,
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 JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
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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.

The Bank is open for business during the usual Bank hours, (10 A. M. to 3 P. M.)

Canned and Dried Fruits.

WE have a very large stock of Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Plums, Peas, Raspberries, Strawberries, Lima Beans, Succotash, Cherries, Prunes, Olives, Pears, Apples, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guara Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushrooms, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

Best Goods and Reasonable Prices.

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CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs & Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches, Trusses, Etc. Pure Wines and Liquors, 81 State Street, (west side,) Rochester, N. Y. Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions. n67

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No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER.

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
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CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
 [Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

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DEALERS IN

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Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c.

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

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No. 42 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan '67

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTE,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

41 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

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nov '67, 1y

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Shirts made to Order.

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Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.
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Established 1834.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

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Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

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WALTER & LINE, DENTISTS,

32 and 33 Smith's Block, corner West Main and Exchange streets,

L. D. Walter, DDS
J. Edw. Line, D D S sep78 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum will be allowed on each deposit account of not less than Five Dollars and not exceeding Six thousand Dollars; and at the rate of four per cent. per annum on all sums in excess of Six Thousand Dollars, but not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars; all interest to be computed from the first day of the month succeeding the time of deposit, and to the first day of the month preceding the time of withdrawal. All moneys deposited on the first day of the month will draw interest from that day; but when the first day of the month shall fall on Sunday, or on a legal holiday, the first business day thereafter shall be regarded as the time from which interest shall be computed. Interest on deposits will be placed to the credit of depositors on the first days of June and December in each year, and if such interest is not withdrawn, it will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day to which it was computed.

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TROTTER & STONE,

DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED

FURNACES and RANGES,

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,

83 EXCHANGE ST. aug73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S

Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

OFFICE, 111 WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.

REFITTED and remodeled. We guarantee the same satisfaction to customers which we have ever given. Lace Curtains is one of our Specialties. Orders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

K. P. SHEDD, GROCCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

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COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

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.

A. S. MANN & CO.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Straw Goods, Buffalo and Fancy Robes, Robe Linings, Etc.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

my'73 100 & 102 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,

Satchels, Shawl Straps, Whips,

TRUNKS, HARNESS,

AT

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my'73

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BREWSTER, GOSS & Co. UPHOLSTERERS, and dealers in PARLOR FURNITURE, LACE AND DRAPERY CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, PAPER HANGINGS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, ETC.

No. 53 State Street,

my '73

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S. W. DIBBLE & DUTTON,

Dealers in

Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines,

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my '73

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

L. C. SPENCER & Co.

Oyster & Fruit Packers,

Nos. 325, 327 329 Alice Anna St.

BALTIMORE, Md.,

Office, 106 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

M. A. PHELAN & CO.

76 STATE STREET, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in every description of Millinery and Staple Fancy Goods. We keep a splendid stock and our prices are said to be much lower than elsewhere. my '73

Established, 1838.

E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.

Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoisier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected Spectacles. my '73

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS. FINE FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable Stationery in all the latest styles.

No. 12 State Street,
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SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Cornelius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas and Daylight Reflector.

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H. & D. ROSENBERG, Importers and Dealers in WATCHES & JEWELRY, SILVER and PLATED WARE, WATCH TOOLS, MATERIALS, &c., No. 11 State Street, Powers' Fire-Proof Buildings, (sign of illuminated clock,) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HENRY ROSENBERG, DAVID ROSENBERG.
my '73

J. FAHY & Co., Importers and Wholesale Dealers in RIBBONS, SILKS, MILLINERY, Fancy Dry Goods, Notions, Zephyr Worsteds, &c., 64 State Street, and 2 and 4 Market Street, my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

E. S. ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers, Jobbers and Dealers in WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.

No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(At the Old Burr Stand.)

Closed on Saturdays until Evening.

my '73

GIBBONS & STONE, Manufacturers of PIANO AND FORTES of the first quality and in every style. Every Piano is fully warranted for five years. Wholesale and retail agents for Geo. Woods & Co's Organs, (the best Reed Instruments in the market.) Sheet Music. Instruction Books, Small Instruments, Strings, Trimmings, Piano Stools and Covers, and Musical Merchandise generally. GIBBONS & STONE, my '73 86 State St., Rochester, N. Y

OSGOOD & FARLEY,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,

No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. J. FARLEY, JR.

S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

Dealers in

MILLINERY GOODS,

Dress Trimmings, Laces, Zeyphr Worsted French Jewelry, Fancy Goods & Yankee Notions. 40 and 42 State St., and 11 Mill St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. my '73

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M. F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 64 Main St.

nov '67 ly ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

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

Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lies Laon—when the war is ended who
Ought from the King to have the most thanks ?

You,

Who La Rochelle had saved by bloody fights,
Or I, who spent in Laon peaceful nights ?”

“ In faith, Sire, I, who guarded La Rochelle !”
The wondrous Master cried.

“ So, then, I tell

Thee,” said the Bishop, in most gentle tone,
“ My heart is like the Castle of Laon.

Temptations, doubts cannot my soul assail.
Therefore, I say that thou, who dost prevail
Against such foes of Satan’s mustering,
Art four times pleasing to the Heavenly King,
Where I am once; and thy good fortress, kept,
Shall win thee glory such as saints have wept
To win! Go, joyful! Put thy sorrow by.
Thou art far dearer to the Lord than I.”
Scarce dared the Master trust such words as
these;

But silent, grateful, fell upon his knees,
Until the Bishop blessed him. Then he went
Away in solemn wonder and content.

They lie in graves, the saints who knew this tale,
The King, the Bishop, and the Seneschal,
And him who doubted—rest their souls in
peace—

And even mention of their names men cease
To make. But, knowing all, as they must know
Of God, who roam his universes through,
Untrammelled spirits, they could tell to men
To-day no deeper truth than was told then,
To cheer and comfort him who fighteth well
To save a heart besieged like La Rochelle.

The Two Mites.

As the simple story of the “two mites”
has come down to us through the ages,
how many disciples has it cheered and en-
couraged!

When the poor widow passed in behind
the rich and great, whose offerings resounded
in her ears, no doubt she felt ashamed
of her paltry gift, and perhaps hurried out
of sight, as unworthy to stand among the
rich and generous throng who crowded
about the treasury.

As she disappeared from the crowd on
her way to her obscure home, she knew
not, and probably never discovered to the
end of her life, that she had been pro-
nounced by the great Judge of all the
earth the most bountiful giver of the day.
She little imagined that she acquired a
sacred fame that would accompany the
gospel wherever it should be preached in

all time, and make her an object of inter-
est throughout eternity.

She may have mourned her meagre gift
as she heard of the honored women who
were able to give of their substance for
our Lord’s support, yet her *two mites* have
possibly done more to stimulate the spirit
of almsgiving in the church than any sum
of money ever bestowed.

How it would have brightened her home
of poverty had she known that her Lord
had considered her gift of sufficient im-
portance to call his disciples about him,
and point her out as a munificent giver!

The poor disciple is apt to forget that
her act of generosity is as much seen and
appreciated by the Lord to-day, as in that
far-off time when he sat “over against the
treasury.” As he looks from heaven upon
the contributions in the churches, no doubt
he often fondly says, “This poor widow
hath cast in more than they all.” Let the
poor disciple feel his heart warmed by the
smiles of his Lord, and know that his
humble offering, if it does not bring him
world-wide fame, is doing a work for
Christ, the influence of which shall never
cease.—[*Exchange.*]

Hints on Nursing.

A nurse should be firm, not obstinate or
conceited; but firm to carry out a pur-
pose of doing the best for the patient. If
rest is needed for the patient, she should
be firm over herself, and keep quiet her-
self, and never forget herself, and she
should be firm to exclude every one from
the room for the necessary time. A fussy
woman, a nervous, incompetent woman,
who don’t know what to do, and con-
sequently does wrong every moment, and
who bores the patient by asking him ques-
tions, such as “What can I do for you?”
Do you want anything? shall I shake up
your pillow?” is a positive torture to a
sick, weak man. If she would sit patient-
ly, noiselessly, and watchingly, at a dis-
tance from the bed and within range of
the patient’s vision, he will make his wants
known to her, and she should then be all
attention and do his bidding as promptly
as possible, and above all things don’t irri-
tate him by contradicting him and suggest-
ing something else which you think bet-
ter. A good nurse won’t go down in the
kitchen to make gruel, and stop gossiping
with the servants for a half an hour. She

will never whisper in the room, or in the hall, or make a great display of walking on her toes, or rock herself, or eat, or sing, or hum, or sew. If the patient is sick enough to lie in bed and to have an especial nurse, the nurse should do nothing but keep the room in order watch patiently, and get the medicine as promptly as possible. Nothing requires more judgment than giving medicines. It is desirable to do so as near to time prescribed on the bottle as possible, every third or fourth hour, as the case may be. But suppose the patient has been very restless and wakeful, and he falls into a sound sleep when the time for his medicine comes? Common sense would tell you it is best to let him sleep, but you must be careful not to go to sleep yourself, but watch for the first indications of wakefulness, get the medicine ready promptly, give it to him as quickly as possible, and perhaps he will go to sleep again.

Some people have a great objection to sending for the doctor until they have quite made up their minds that the patient is very ill. They fancy that they appear ridiculous if the doctor says, "There is not much the matter," and "the patient will be better in a day or two." I don't feel so. I have sent for the family physician many a time for my children, when he has told me this, and I always feel thankful that there is nothing more serious the matter. It is very much pleasanter, I am sure, than to have him shake his head and say, "The child is very sick, very, indeed; I ought to have been sent for before."—[*Hearth and Home.*]

The Visit of Joseph Arch.

The mission of this man to this country is well known. He comes as the representative of England's working classes, and seeks an asylum in our broad territory for his overburdened and oppressed brethren. The unjust distribution of English lands gives ten thousand acres of useless land to the nobleman, but not a foot to the rapidly-increasing agricultural classes. Legislation has failed to effect a reform: for the legislators are the lords of those hereditary privileges by which the soil is monopolized to the exclusion of the workingmen. The oppression of the masses has long sought an exponent, and

it is in this character that Mr. Arch has gained reputation and place.

He is himself a farmer. He was born of farmer parents in a farming district, and at nine years of age began the drudgery of the English farmer's dull career. He rose by perseverance and purpose and from plow-boy to preacher, and while attending to the spiritual needs of the little farming community about him, he made the condition and prospects of that community a careful study. Of his progress to the higher position upon which his fame now rests, the following interesting story is current:

"It was his wife who first induced him to make an effort to get above the condition of a common laborer. They had struggled along in their poverty till the burden of their increasing family became too heavy to bear, and she declared 'Joe, my man, I'm tired of this; I keant keep your children on nine shillin's a week,—it's misery and starvation. I doant blame you,—you be a steady, right good man, and do as well as the rest; but you must turn out and seek more, and if you keant get it, I'll go back to service, and earn what I can for you and the children,—there!' So 'Joe' struck out for better work and better pay. He succeeded in time in both, though he was at first often compelled to accept the most laborious employment, and to be for months at a time absent from his family. But he was meanwhile acquiring knowledge of the condition of the laboring classes and the resources of the country, of the greatest importance in his later position."

From such preparation it is plain that Mr. Arch is no mere theorist or demagogue, but a simple, earnest man, who seeks the betterment of a large and oppressed class of fellow-men. The unfair Land System of England is the legitimate object of his hostility, and having found himself unable to successfully cope with it by legislative weapons, he desires to abandon the field with the army of which he is the trusted commander, and show to England the first fruits of her folly.

"My fellows"—said he at Quebec, (where he arrived a fortnight ago)—"have" sent me to spy out the land, to look for the soil most likely to yield adequate returns for labor invested, and I am here in obedience to their wish. I want to see and learn for myself. The emigration

agents infesting the country, play upon the credulity and the poverty of our people, and many have been enticed to greater hardships than they ever endured in their hovels in Warwickshire or Essex. We have to place little dependence upon the specious promises so glibly held out to us by those whose object it seems to be to draw so much per head. The people I represent, desire light upon the resources and advantages possessed by the different portions of North America, all anxious to absorb British labor. It is easy to understand that the people desirous of emigrating, wish for some more authentic information than paid agents are willing or able to give. I am here on their behalf, to see and judge for them. I am not here to give pledges; to promise so many immigrants here, or so many there. We are willing to profit by any inducements that may be held to us in desirable quarters. We have had the agents of the Northern Pacific Railway, and other railway enterprises, pointing out to us the golden prairies of the West. Virginia sends agents among us. The Canadian Commissioners lecture to us of the eastern townships, of Quebec, and the garden of Ontario, while others seek to direct us to Manitoba, the Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. In fact, from every quarter of North America there are agents. But we are coming to America to work, and to work where our labor will reap its highest reward."

Mr. Arch will no doubt be accorded a hearty welcome. England has long furnished our cities with criminals, and appreciably swelled the aggregate of our undesirable classes. The recompense is apparently at hand in this new movement, and with the advent of the first few, our people may reflect with self-gratulation upon the coming workers, and in their mind's eye discover another proof that the course of Empire is surely setting Westward.

Courtesy to Servants.

The servant's right to be politely treated is just as absolute and indefeasible as that of the Queen. She is a child of the Great King, and to her applies the royal law, according to the Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That law, which is the highest of all, surely includes politeness. If we are bound to love

our neighbors as ourselves, we are bound to treat them courteously, at any rate. That is one of the first and most rudimental of our duties to them. Your servant, dear madam, is your neighbor—the nearest of all your neighbors. She has a right, then, under this royal law—which is itself the spirit of all just laws—to be courteously treated by you. It is no more condescension for you to use respect and gentleness in your intercourse with her than it is for her to sweep your floors or build your fires. You are entitled to no more credit for speaking kindly to her than you are for not stealing her pocket handkerchiefs. If you do not govern yourself in all your conversation with her by the same laws of courtesy which you observe in your conversation with the callers in your parlors, you are a very vulgar person. The maid in your kitchen is a woman; the guest in your parlor is nothing more. Will you give to silks and feathers and a purse what you deny to womanhood? That is the very essence of vulgarity. Do not say that the guest never tries your temper, as the servant does. You know that many of those whom you greet with smiles tell lies about you when they are beyond your sight. The laws of good manners lead you to treat their deceitfulness with forbearance. Should they not require equal forbearance toward the ignorant Irish girl in your kitchen?—[*Hearth and Home.*]

An article in the *New York Evening Post*, discussing the progress of artistic taste in this country, says: "Taste in this country has little to gain from imitation of the purely oriental, but it may find in the Viennese a pleasant flavor of the oriental, wafted Europe-ward for ages on successive waves of migration, without the *bizarrierie*, which in France passes for Orientalism. . . . The time when household decoration in this country shall have become art, calling for the ministry of the true artist, is perhaps too far off to console true artists of the present generation. Before that day comes something systematic in art education—particularly as it regards representative and symbolical ornament and sculpture—will have to be initiated. The Social Science Association has already discussed this question thoroughly, and one or two plaster copies of the Elgin marbles now exist in Boston schools.

Great museums of art, filled with originals—such as the British Museum is, and as the Metropolitan Museum proposes to be—are repositories, not educators. The Kensington Museum, founded by Prince Albert, has entered far more intimately into popular culture in England than the British Museum has. The Berlin Museum—crowded with casts as it is—is of more utility as an educational instrument than its English prototype, with its lough catalogue of originals, from the Themis of the Castellani collection to the masterpieces of Phidias and his pupils. In brief, though not impracticable, it is not economical to connect museums of costly originals with schemes of systematic education. Original works, like the Panathenæic Procession or the Themis bronze, are rather artistic shrines to be seen by the few, than lessons in beauty to enter into the life of the many; but for practical purposes they can be repeated, like Anastase de Fongcray's sermon, *cum magno plausu fidelium*, in plaster or metal. There is a museum in one of the Boston schools which contains copies of a large number of the finest antiques, the Elgin marbles included, all taken and erected in place at no great cost, and just as valuable for educational purposes as the originals would have been; and such should be multiplied all over the land until the artist eye becomes instinctive.

Habits of Reading.

All young people read a great deal now; but I do not see that a great deal comes of it. They think they have to read a good many newspapers and a good many magazines. They are very entertaining. But it is not always certain that the reader gets from them just what he needs. On the other hand, it is certain that people who only read the current newspapers and magazines get very little good from each other's society, because they are all fed with the same intellectual food. You hear them repeat to each other the things that they have all read in the *Daily Trumpet* or the *Saturday Woodpecker*. I see no objection, however, to light reading, desultory reading, the reading of newspapers, or the reading of fiction, if you take enough ballast with it, so that the light kites, as the sailors call them, may not carry your ship over in some sudden gale. The principle of sound habits of

reading, if reduced to a precise rule, comes out thus: that for each hour of light reading—of what we read for amusement—we ought to take another hour of reading for instruction or improvement. Nor have I any objection to stating the same rule backward, for that is a poor rule that will not work both ways. It is, I think, true that for every hour we give to grave reading, it is well to give a corresponding hour to what is light and amusing. Now, a great deal more is possible under this rule than you boys and girls think at first. Some of the best students in the world—who have advanced its affairs farthest in their particular line—have not in practice studied more than two hours a day. Walter Scott, except when he was goaded to death, did not work more. Dr. Bowditch translated the great "*Mecanique Celeste*" in less than two hours' daily labor.—*E. E. Hale.*

How to Eat Wisely.

The great sources of mischief from eating are three; Quantity, Frequency, Rapidity; and from these come the horrible dyspepsias which make of human life a burden, a torture, a living death.

Rapidity.—By eating fast the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are, the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for even if it is well chewed, the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness, or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating.

Frequency.—It requires about five hours for a common meal to be dissolved and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should

not eat within less than a five hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one-third of its time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food on the stomach.

All are tired when night comes; every muscle of the body is weary, and looks to the bed; but just as we lie down to rest every part of the body, if we by a hearty meal give the stomach five hours' work which, in its weak state, requires a much longer time to perform than at an earlier hour of the day, it is like imposing upon a servant a full day's labor just at the close of a hard day's work; hence the unwisdom of eating heartily late in the day or evening; and no wonder it has cost many a man his life. Always breakfast before work or exercise.

No laborers or active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the mid-day meal. Persons of sedentary habits, or who are all ailing, should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold stale bread and butter, or a ship-biscuit, with a single cup of warm drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep and prepare for a heartier breakfast, with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.

Quantity.—It is variety which tempts to excess; few will err as to quantity who will eat very slow. Take no more than a quart of a pint of warm drink, with a piece of cold stale bread and butter, one kind of meat, and one vegetable, or one kind of fruit. This is the only safe rule of general application, and allows all to eat as much as they want.

Cold water at meals instantly arrests digestion, and so will much warm drink; hence a single teacup of drink, hot or cold, is sufficient for any meal.

For half an hour after eating sit erect, or walk in the open air. Avoid severe study or deep emotion soon after eating. Do not sit down to a meal under great grief or surprise, or mental excitement.—

[*Hall's Journal of Health.*]

A lady asked her doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh! no," replied the doctor, "women who have brains don't wear them."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1874.

Visit to the Hospital.

The first thing that we saw on entering the Hospital grounds, at the time of our last visit, was the hearse. A poor Scotch woman, widow of a minister, had been carried to the Hospital the week before, very ill and had died there, and so on this cold day was being taken to her last resting place. Old, homeless, and friendless, she had found both home and friends in the Hospital; and in that better and lasting home let us hope she has met, all the dear ones who have gone before her, never more to be parted: "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

One can never visit the Hospital without learning a lesson in patience, at least; one never ought. We saw a woman, so sick, so suffering, with no hope of ever resting from her pain until for her this life is ended, and still so patient, so uncomplaining, so quiet, that we could but wonder. In reply to the same old questions, came the usual answers. The cruel pain increases, but no complaint from her lips. During the past six weeks she has changed, and now seems very near death. The nurse always says, "Yes, she suffers dreadfully, but she is very patient." One patient whom we saw a few weeks since, suffering from paralysis, did not raise her eyes when we stood by her bed; she seemed hardly conscious.

In the wards there were but few suffering severely. One woman, recently from England, has been confined to her bed for many weeks, with a broken ankle. We were glad to see her able to sit up in a chair and employ herself with her knitting work. Another, of whom we spoke two months ago, as having undergone a surgi-

cal operation—the sound flesh having been taken from her arm and used in place of diseased flesh—is recovering. She told us that the place was healed all but one little spot, which was getting along nicely. A German woman who has been for twenty-two years hopelessly sick, sat up in bed, with a shawl over her shoulders, as cheerful as she always is, chatting with a sick woman, a widow, and the mother of three little children. “She is wearying for them,” she said. In one of the wards up stairs, opposite the Blue Room, lies a sick stranger, a poor friendless girl from Germany; she is very ill with typhoid fever. No, not friendless; she has a kind friend in her good nurse; and all in the Hospital are interested in her.

In the Men’s Ward we saw two who were injured by the recent falling of a building. One had a fractured limb, and the other was injured about the head; it was bandaged, and he was in pain. As they did not understand our language, we could express no sympathy except by our looks. The convalescents who sat around the table, were playing a very intricate game, seeming to enjoy themselves. We saw some old men, sick in bed, too sick to look at us. One old man sat in front of a table on which was a pillow; some of the time he buried his head in it, then he would raise it, as if in no place could he find rest.

As yet we don’t own a green-house, and our gifts have been confined thus far to reading matter, but in place of flowers, we thought that two or three bright sympathetic young faces would be welcome to our sick friends. We invited just three young friends to go with us; and really there was so much to see, and they were so interested in the patients, in the arrangements of the Hospital, and in the Hospital building, that we found it somewhat difficult to get away.

We never visited the Hospital with so

much interest, and never left it so much impressed with its merciful character as we did last week.

The Piano.

Did any one ever hear of a piano being bought and paid for by selling aprons and holders, with an occasional dollar given? That is just the way that the piano in the Hospital parlor has been paid for, all except a few dollars that we will not allude to, only saying that if any lover of music, or friend of the sick wishes to give a trifle towards paying the small debt, they can have the privilege of doing so at any time. The piano is a Mathusek. Think of it. A Mathusek in the Hospital parlor, one of those peculiarly strong pianos, that never wear out, so durable, so sweet and so cheap. This one is at any rate, for the seller of it besides putting the price way, way down, gave to the payers of it not only tune but time. Our knowledge of pianos is only equalled by our intimate acquaintance with Newton’s Principia; and for this reason we invited two young friends to visit the Hospital, so that they might play for us, and give us some information concerning its touch and tone. We feel somewhat ill at ease, in alluding to this subject. Perhaps as far as the piano is concerned, we will say that our young friends liked it very much. The practical part—paying for it—we feel at home in giving an account of. The piano was to be sold, and Miss Hibbard looked upon it with longing eyes, so she beguiled Mr. — into letting it be put into the parlor. Then she thought, as she had one dollar given to her to invest in something for the Hospital, she would make a first payment. Let us be correct. We think it was one dollar and nine cents. Having paid as much, she probably thought of the holders that the old lady had to make, one hundred. “There,” said the dear old creature, “I have made one; now I have only ninety-nine more to make.” Hold-

ers! What an inspiration! She had holders made; more than that, she sold them; aprons also. And in this way it was paid for, little by little.

Of course, a good many dollars were given, and it is not quite paid yet, but we feel sure that it will be. Faith and dollars combined, work wonders.

A Swindle.

There are people who, when opportunity offers, rush to print, if they find themselves wronged. But the swindle of which we write, is not of a personal character, and as no sympathy is desired we ask only a reading of a plain unvarnished tale. And is it about Chromos. Have patience, dear readers, for when we think of our wrongs, we have none. And we don't know the wretched man's name: for this reason, we cannot relieve our mind by writing him a letter.

Sometime ago, we received a postal card—aggravating things that they are—saying that there was a package at the express office—charge, fifty cents. What woman, in possession of her senses, could have supposed it anything but a present? Our experience has, or rather had, been, until this fateful day, that packages from the express office were always presents. We supposed, in our inexperience, that the Hospital was in receipt of at least a trunk full of clothing; so, with the consent of one of the Lady Managers, we paid the fifty cents and had the trunk—no; not the trunk—we mean the chromos, sent home. Imagine our consternation when, by the next mail came a letter telling us that we might have them for thirty-five dollars' (?) worth of advertising; but that if we did not want them, they or he, whoever they or he are or is, would pay the express charge, and order home the dreadful things. He did not call them exactly that, but they were enough to make one's flesh creep. We are advertising them now,

and we shall not charge thirty-five dollars. In the light of past events, we cheerfully give this notice free. We wrote to him, or them, that we could not accept his, or their, chromos, and asked for our fifty cents—which we have never received; and, after waiting three months, don't expect to. We would not have been exacting in these hard times; we would have been willing, yes, and glad, to have taken our pay in instalments, if we only could have secured it. No one can tell how hard we have tried to get back that fifty cents. We have walked, and written, and talked, and spent time enough to get back that money, to have earned ourself a competence, and all to no purpose. Finally, we went last week to the express office to make a final trial. They know us so well now that the moment we enter the door, they have a new man stationed there to answer us. You see, they are so tired of us and of our woe. In pursuit of these fifty cents, we have long since bidden adieu to good manners, so we asked him his name. He looked a moment in amazement, but as he was not chasing fifty cents, he had the politeness to tell us. Then we went over with the old story. For the first time we received a sympathetic look. Another man was unearthed, and between them, we were told that having paid the fifty cents the property was ours. Has it come to this? Must we own property that we don't want, when there is so much we wish for that we can't have? Do we live in a land of law and order and justice? Are such things to be allowed? What is the use of dressing Mr. Tweed in uniform, if no lesson is to be learned? We grow almost wild in thinking of owning these dreadful pictures. The first thing in the morning, even before we poke the fire, red and yellow things dance before our unhappy eyes; and the last thing at night, ere we settle upon our pillow, little bright green and blue figures go hobbling around us—chromos. Our rest is broken, our peace

mind destroyed. We shall never, no, never, dare to take a package from the express office again. Suppose some one should send us a snake, or a lion, or a tiger, or an elephant— Ah, we will stop, for we feel that we have the elephant now!

In the reports of last month, "Mrs. Howe" should be Mrs. Dr. Hovey; "Mrs. Warren," Mrs. Wanzer; and instead of "Mrs. Nelson's and Mrs. Newton's ice cream table," it should be Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Dr. Hovey's ice cream table.

In donations to the general table, "Mrs. Newel" should be Mrs. Nessel.

Doubtless there were other mistakes, which we will be happy to correct, if our friends will notify us.

Mrs. Leander gave three yards of flannel, which was not reported in the former number.

In the treasurer's report, one dollar from Master Abner Rapalje, does not appear, but he gave nearly this amount by distributing "Reviews," thus saving postage stamps. Our thanks are due to him for this handsome donation.

The following letter we sent to the printer for the last paper, but the reports were so numerous, that this with other matter was crowded out. We wish that in every "Review" there could be at least half a dozen letters like this. There are, we know, a great many boys like Bertie Waite and Henry Coan. And all that these other boys need is some one to help them. Will not some of our out of town subscribers follow the example of Mrs. M. Gregory, and Miss L. J. Coan? We know that the boys will be ready.

MILLVILLE, ORLEANS Co., N. Y.

Dec. 5th, 1873.

Miss Hubbard:

Your very kind attentions in a recent visit to the Hospital, as well as a sympathy with you in your humane and Christian labors, led us on our return

home, to make an effort in your behalf, as also in that of the "Home of the Friendless." Two young lads were selected, Bertie Waite and Henry Coan, who, equipped with a horse and cutter, proceeded on a mission for supplies. The boys entered upon their work in high spirits, and to-day will be forwarded from Knowlesville Station, the avails of their labors—4 barrels to the Hospital and 2 barrels to the Home of the Friendless.

From the Ladies of Millville, Orleans County, by Mrs. Millicent Gregory, a member of 8th Ward Mission Society of Rochester: The contributors to the Hospital, are,

Deacon Linsley—Potatoes.

O. N. Potter—Apples.

Charles Cole—Beets, Turneps and Potatoes.

J. J. Potter—Potatoes.

F. Sherwood—Potatoes.

Mrs. N. Sherwood—Potatoes.

Mrs. R. Hubbard—Potatoes and Cabbages.

Mrs. M. Sherwood—Potatoes and Red Cabbages.

Mrs. H. N. Coan—Old Cotton.

Mrs. N. Gregory—Old Cotton.

Mrs. T. O. Castle—Old Cotton.

Mr. E. R. Tabor, 25 cents

Mr. D. M. Linsley, 25 cents

Miss L. J. Coan, 25 cents

Miss E. Linsley, 25 cents

Mr. N. Linsley—Barrels.

By the efforts of Mrs. M. Gregory and Miss L. J. Coan, Millville, N. Y.

A Beautiful Donation.

The Hospital was kindly remembered by some of its many friends on Christmas. Eighty berry boxes filled with choice fruit, oranges, apples, Malaga grapes, prunes and a bouquet, were distributed through the wards and rooms of the institution, each patient receiving a box. A number of volumes of beautiful books, consisting of the illustrated A. O. L. E. and other series, nicely bound, were given to the patients to read and to be left in the wards.

These beautiful and acceptable gifts were donated by Mrs. George J. Whitney, and her sister, Mrs. Smith of New York city. The inmates of the hospital were made very happy by this generous remembrance.

Mrs. Starr Hoyt donated a quantity of beautiful flowers which were distributed in the wards.

A dozen turkeys were sent by three different parties, and a most sumptuous dinner was served. It was a Merry Christmas to all in the Hospital, and those who helped to make it merry will not be forgotten.—[*Union & Advertiser*.

Mr. Jonathan Woodbury has given the magnificent donation of One Hundred Dollars to the City Hospital. The notice of this noble gift ought to have appeared in our last number, but it was not received in time: besides, it looks much better isolated.

OUR WANTS.—Remembering the bountiful donations so recently made, we find that we have not the boldness to want anything.

There would be but little satisfaction in reading "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas, or the Marvellous and Exciting Adventures of Pierre Arounax, Conseil, his servant, and Ned Land, a Canadian Harpooner," unless, while reading it, one believed every word of it. The book is translated from the French of Jules Verne, author of "Around the World in Eighty Days," and contains one hundred and ten illustrations. It is printed on thick tinted paper; the price is—we have forgotten what, although we paid for it; and the entire make-up of it, is very attractive. But the book itself is indescribable, fascinating, weird, wonderful and real, if not true. For sale at Darrow's.

"Our Little Lady," one of the Leisure Hour Series, is just as attractive as the books belonging to that series are. It tells the story of a gambler's child, of her strange ideas, of her trials, and of final happy deliverance. It is never so much the story, as the way it is told; and the great charm of the books in this series, is

the manner in which they are written. For sale at Darrow's.

"The Wooing O't," belongs to this series, and is beyond any of the books in it. We are not told that Maggie is bright, or fascinating, or brave, but we are left to find it out, as we go along. The characters are not described, but just what they are, we know as we become acquainted with them. Any writer can say that his heroine is witty, and that his hero is wonderful; to prove it, they must say or do something brilliant and great, else we shall not believe him. It is the great charm of "The Wooing O't," that the conversations are sometimes witty, always sensible, and that the speakers have brains to comprehend each other. In this respect, the book is a happy exception to many others, whose characters blunder and flounder, and mistake, and misapprehend, in a most inconceivable manner. Indeed, if people in real life were so exceedingly stupid, how patience would be tried. "The Wooing O't," is remarkably straight forward. For sale at Darrow's.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 27, 1873,
Jane Watts, aged 70 years.

Donations.

Dr. G. Robbins—Five bushels Turnips.
Mrs. C. B. Hill—New York Observers.
Mrs. J. O. Pettingill—One Turkey.
Miss Louis Whitney—Four Turkeys.
Schroth Brothers—Five Turkeys.
Mrs. S. Steitheimer—Quantity German Magazines.
Mrs. W. H. Spencer—Papers, Periodicals, &c.
Mrs. C. C. Barton—Quantity Christian Unions.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Mrs. M. A. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Benjamin, \$2.00; Sarah McKenzie, 50 cents; Mrs. S. S. Forbes, 63 cents; Mrs. J. Bevins, 50 cents; Mrs. Kimball, by Mrs. Strong, 50 cents; Mrs. J. P. Kelley 50 cents; Mrs. G. G. Townsend, 62 cts; Mrs L. S. Dawes, \$1.25; Mrs. Robert Johnson, \$1.00; By Miss Mumford, . . . \$ 8.12

Superintendent's Report.

1873. Dec. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	56
Received during month, . . .	27— 83
Discharged,	15
Died,	1— 16
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1874,	67

Children's Department.

The Bee's Nest.

BY F. HAMILTON.

A whole afternoon together! It seemed to Bessie and May that the time stretched out forever, as they thought of it—all the hours from now until the sun should hide behind the distant hills, and the long shadows creep, purple and brown, from the valley below.

"I know the nicest place, Bess!" and May's eyes sparkled as she threw her arm around her little friend. "And my mother lets me go there jes' as often as I please. We'll get our dolls and take 'em, too. It's a regular little playhouse, and it's up in the woods behind the barn."

"Oh! that's splendid!" said city Bess. "Let's hurry and go. I do so love the woods. Don't you?"

"Yes, when the bugs ain't there. But I guess they'll be calling to-day, it's so pleasant, you know; and they ain't no snakes there at all!"

As they tramped through the short, crisp stubble toward the woods, each with her precious sawdust baby in her arms, their little tongues were in continual motion and the sharp eyes saw everything that made Nature and the country scene beautiful. The shade of the tall trees was very acceptable, and as they climbed the rail fence and sprang down on the other side to ramble through the aisles of the fragrant woods their pleasure seemed complete.

"Here's the place, Bess!" and, running quickly forward, May cast herself at the foot of a mighty pine tree, whose gnarled and twisted roots formed a cozy seat for the little ones. "Come, they's room for two."

The boys were away from home, and nothing troubled the children in their chosen retreat. They played "house," and "making calls," and "going on a

journey"; and the bushy-tailed squirrel, who lived in the beech, next door, chattered with glee in answer to their merry shouts and frisked about as wildly as they. The afternoon was a perfect one, warm and bright as September ever gives; and the girls enjoyed it with all that keen appreciation that childhood ever has of the good and beautiful.

The hours fled by, and the long lances of the western sun began to pierce the thickets all around, when May suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh! Bess. I know where they's a wild honey-bees' nest, and it's in the ground, too. We'll be jes' in time to see 'em come home now, if we hurry. Come on; it's lots o' fun."

Now "honey bees," as the little girl called them, had always been objects of terror to Bess, whose city life had never given her the chance to make a close acquaintance with the little things, and she hesitated, with the question:

"Won't they sting?"

"Oh! no. We don't go near enough. 'Sides, they can't never sting, if they want to, I guess." And so out of the woods and across the pasture-lot, to a distant corner of the stubble-field, the little feet ran, their owners all the time chattering of the wonderful honey-bees that lived in the ground.

"Here we are. Let's sit down. That's where they is, right down there where it looks kinder burnt. They'll be some along in a—oh! there's one." And with admiring eyes they watched the little golden-winged insect that came slowly humming along and dove into the "burnt" place on the hillside below. For the ground was quite steep where the nest was, and the girls could see all around it.

"How quick they are!" said Bess. "Ain't it funny! Oh! see, see! There's one different from all the rest, and they follow it! What makes 'em?" And she pointed to quite a swarm, that seemed to move slowly round and round one especial bee, who sailed gently through the evening air.

"That's the queen bee, I think," answered May. "You know all bees in hives have a queen; and it's jes' the same with wild bees too, I guess. She don't work, but lays eggs; and all the rest make honey for her to eat and take care of her. Ain't it nice as can be?"

"Yes, ma'm!" said Bess, decidedly, as she rose to her feet, and drew a little nearer the edge of the hill, to watch the beautiful queen. A little nearer, when suddenly her foot slipped, and she fell, rolling over and over across the nest, and directly through the buzzing swarm of bees, which broke upon the instant, the angry insects following and clinging to her in numbers, stinging hands and face to a most terrible pain.

May stood with open mouth and eyes, hardly comprehending what had taken place. She uttered only one cry as Bess fell; but, when her screams came ringing up to her through the twilight from the bottom of the hill, she waited no longer, but rushed wildly downward, braving bees and all to rescue her little friend.

Reaching her side, stung almost to crying herself, May seized Bessie's hand, pulled her from the ground, and with the words "Run! Run for the brook!" they started off across the field, toward the little stream which rippled quietly along at its further edge. The bees followed on; but the little ones ran rapidly, and, reaching the water, tumbled headlong in, ducking face and hands again and again, until their vengeful pursuers were driven away, and they were safe at last. Then both began to cry heartily as the pain grew more and more severe.

And what looking girls they were! Poor Bess was stung in more than forty places, and even May was but little better. Wet, cold, and smarting, they dragged themselves across the silent fields toward home. Mother received them at the door, and gazed with astonishment and dismay at the swollen, tear-stained faces; but quickly applied a soothing remedy, which somewhat quieted the burn and allowed the little girls to stifle their sobs and tell their story.

"And, Mamma, Bess didn't mean to at all! Don't you think 'twas awful wicked of the bees to act so?" asked May.

"Perhaps it was, my dear," answered the gentle mother. "But one must be very careful. You will in the future, Bess, I am sure."

"Yes'm" whispered the puffed up little lips of Bess. "Yes'm, always, if they're stinging bees."

When a young lady gives herself away, does she lose her self-possession?

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.

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.

Agents.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
- Miss ELA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "
- Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

Advertisements.

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W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. J. FARLEY, JR.

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Sunday by a great factory, when the noise of machinery ceasing, one hears the music of the brook—the song of the real labor-power in the six days' patient work. Give me an anniversary day as the test of whether an organization is worked by love and enthusiasm, or by some forcing steam-power of duty or of profit. Love, gratitude, real sympathy, and interest were as apparent last Tuesday—as natural and as fragrant as the pots of flowers, which the classes gave to their teachers. And these flowers had been growing, many of them, all Winter in dingy rooms, waiting for this day, when they were to be given to "my teacher."

There were some earnest practical speeches by Dr. Hall, Mr. Miggins, and Mr. Wemeer, but after all I overheard the best speeches as I walked among the classes, and listened to the words between teachers and scholars.

This Association has done a grand work in material gifts of clothing and groceries, but much more in the sympathy and love, which, more precious than gold, have been so freely given. It is love, sympathy, instruction, which the poor most need, and which the rich most need to give for their own heart life. I remember once visiting a poor woman, and saying of her Helping Hand teacher "She has been a good friend, hasn't she?" and receiving the not to be questioned reply, "Why, sir, she taught me Jesus."

The Second Directress, Mrs. Brown, has been unwearied in her efforts for the school, and the women, by a ten-cent contribution, bought and presented to her a beautiful basket of flowers. Yet, I doubt not, she will value more the little basket of home-made artificial flowers which one woman brought, saying in broken English "May you keep as long as these."

Every day this Winter the school has learned a verse from the Scriptures, and these have been so selected that the first word in each text begins with a different letter of the alphabet. As the women departed each carried away a sheet on which these texts were printed alphabetically in English and German. During sleepless nights and weary days many a poor woman will refresh her soul on these verses, so arranged that it will be easy to recall them, and thank God for this Helping Hand. Do any thanks of the poor rest on and bless you?

By and By.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

What will it matter by and by
 Whether my path below was bright,
 Whether it wound through dark or light,
 Under a gray or a golden sky,
 When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter by and by
 Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
 Dashing my foot against a stone,
 Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
 Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by
 Whether with laughing joy I went
 Down through the years with a glad content,
 Never believing, nay, not I,
 Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter by and by
 Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
 Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
 Soothing myself through sob and sigh:
 "All will be otherwise by and by?"

What will it matter? Naught, if I
 Only am sure the way I've trod,
 Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God.
 Questioning not of the how, the way,
 If I but reach him, by and by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
 If, in my fear of slip or fall,
 Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
 Mindless how rough the path might lie,
 Since he will smooth it by and by?

Ah! it will matter by and by
Nothing but this: That Joy or Pain
 Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
 Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
 Heaven—home—all in all, by and by?

A curious and barbarous custom has been revived in Shanghai on account of expected famine in the province of Chekiang. Several men have come before the authorities and asked permission to pray to God to avert the calamity on the condition that, if the prayer is not answered within a certain time, they will suffer themselves to be burned. All applications of this character are rejected by the authorities.

Silence is golden, but specie's silver.

The Novel of To-Day.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Time was that many good people condemned all novels in a heap. Book-loving boys, who happened to get hold of a contraband volume, devoured it in the barn by stealth, and its fate, if discovered by maternal eyes, was sure to be the kitchen fire. "Is it founded upon fact, my dear?" said a nice old lady one day to me concerning a book which she regarded with suspicion. "I couldn't let Jemima Jane read it unless you're sure it is founded upon fact."

Alas for the novels that have foundered on sunken rocks of fact!

Opinions are more elastic now, yet there are many thoughtful folks who enjoy their novels under protest and with a shiver of conscience. Others tell us that no mental training comes to pass without discipline, and that discipline and light literature never by any chance touch hands. "Novel-reading," say these censors, "exhausts the sympathies of the reader, and leaves him no power to feel pity for the woes of real life. It leads to lavish waste of time, and makes intellectual dyspeptics and starvelings."

Well, there is truth in these criticisms, and there used to be more than there is now. Once in a while, in a second-hand book-store in Liberty or Nassau Street, one stumbles upon an old vellum-bound edition of such romances as fascinated our grandmothers, poor things, in the intervals of the harp and the spinning-wheel. The never-ending, still-beginning talk, in stilted phrase, of Angelina and Sir Thomas, and the inexpressible monotony of the whole, from volume one to volume six, are reminders that these were births of the era that preceded the railroad. But of the novel of to-day, we unhesitatingly assert that no mental culture can be symmetrical which leaves it out, that its place is so assured and its forms so protean that it cannot be left out if we would, and that considerable intellectual training is necessary to take in, as it should be taken, a really good representative novel. The best novels of the present are written with a purpose of which the story part is merely the vehicle. To get the purpose, frequently a lofty and earnest one, fairly before the great public, who like plums in their pudding and want to be amused while they

are being instructed, is the aim in the novelist's mind, and its accomplishment taxes every resource of his art.

Even a superficial glance at a few popular novels of comparatively recent date shows that they have been inspired by interest in some special reform, designed as balance-wheels in some political movement, or intended as a fermenting leaven in some dough that did not rise. For instance, the question that has been such an apple of discord at regularly recurring intervals in the British Parliament—unaccountably, too, since only a few could be supposed to care very much how it was settled—"Shall (or may?) a man marry his deceased wife's sister?" found one of its ablest affirmative allies in *Hannah*, from the graceful pen of Mrs. Mulock Craik. As an *expose* of the interior workings of insane asylums, *Hard Cash*, in the nervous style and hot-shot directness of Reade, found a hundred auditors for every one who would listen to its pleadings had they been in the shape of a medical or a legal document. In *Man and Wife*, Wilkie Collins made a plea for woman suffrage, quite as ingenious and fully as conspicuous as Mill's exhaustive effort in the same direction in *The Subjection of Women*. No braver and more glowing appeals were ever made for reform in the charitable and penal affairs of England than Charles Dickens made in *Oliver Twist* and *Our Mutual Friend*. In fact, in the battle of progress the people who write love stories are well on in the van, and lead the rest of us who read them.

A single phrase sometimes wraps up a very large reason. It is as a love-story that the novel is oftener condemned, and yet it is only as a love-story that it can arrive at its best development. For love is the evangel of all right living, and life without love, as a hope or a memory, would be a desert. There are novels which treat of love, or, more strictly speaking, of passion, from the lowest because the sensual side, and, in so far as they lay profane hands on what is most sacred, they poison whoever they touch. There are books which have attained a mushroom popularity, books written in glowing language and with meretricious mannerisms which no pure woman can read without a blush, and which should cross the threshold of no Christian home. It is the shame of money-making fathers and of fashion-loy-

ing mothers that they do not *know* what their sons and daughters read. It is the shame of any respectable publishing-house that its imprint should ever appear on books that do not uphold the whitest of morality in living and thinking. But the popularity that lasts in our day is the popularity that is a tribute to the best. Love, since the days of which we are told in the sweet Scripture idyl, when Jacob served for his Rachel fourteen years, and it seemed to him "but a few days for the love he bore her," has had a fascination for all hearts. Happy youths and maidens are the better for reading of those who are like themselves; the sad and disappointed find a subtle consolation in the fact that the course of true love so often fails to run smooth, and those whose life lies much in hard, practical, every-day realities are helped by a glimpse into possible dreamland. Treated reverently and sympathetically and truly, with regard to life as it is, there can be no subject so wholesome, so elevating, as love, whether in picture, poetry or prose.

The coarseness which is a blot upon the pages of the earlier English novelists, pages written when court ladies talked like scullions, and refinement was rare even among the most cultivated, would not be tolerated now. Perhaps a part of the prejudice which still inheres against fictitious literature may be traceable to those bygone days when Puritan virtue recoiled from infidel license — and saved England.

The most faithful and the most minute portrayments of the home life of the century are being made by its novel writers. Keen and incisive as are George Elliot's aphorisms, subtle as is her discernment of the motives of humanity, her power as a landscape painter and an artist in words is not less wonderful. In a few short sentences she photographs a lane or a pasture land, and you see the waving of the grass and the white bloom of the hawthorn. Mrs. Poyser's farm is as distinctly localized in your mind as the cottage where you spent last summer.

Mrs. Oliphant, who is always painstaking and conscientious, has shown us, in *The Perpetual Curate*, how delightful it must be to be a clergyman of the Established Church, with faint hope of preferment, and those dependent on the caprices of irresponsible individuals.

In the society novels of Anthony Trollope, Chinese as to their fidelity in detail, and their careful elaboration, one gets acquainted with the burly squire, the dignified mamma, and that loveliest flower of womanhood, an English girl in her first youth. So well acquainted that one could not fail to recognize either at first sight. These are only specimen bricks. Such observers as Mr. Taine, than whom no one has observed with more nicety of attention English manners and customs, draw largely from the materials that are furnished by the English novels.

On this side of the water we are less fortunate. Our home-made article has a flavor of the soil, and a distinct individuality, but our novelists, with few exceptions, do not take rank with our poets. Our swiftly changing life for one thing, and the hurry that we seem to breath in, in our native air, may partially account for the fact that we are always looking forward to the "American novel," yet never count ourselves to have attained. There is plenty to make it of—perhaps an embarrassment of riches. But the page that should truly tell the life to-day of a pioneer on some far western slope would read to his daughter, fifteen years hence, like an excerpt from ancient history. Our feeling is that things are on the wing, and if caught at all must be caught upon the fly. A star of hope, however, dawns out of Boston; and in the serene atmosphere of *Their Wedding Journey*, and *A Chance Acquaintance*, we behold what is yet to be. We are to have American novels, in which there shall be cordial and cultivated ladies and gentlemen, so living and moving on the printed page that one shall feel their presence as that of people, not as lay figures on which the author hangs his pet theories.

Who read novels? Everybody. Not simply the school-girl, or the lady of leisure, or the clerk out of employment. The daily papers sparkle with witticisms, or happy allusions drawn from the current novel, or from that which has passed into permanence in literature. The pulpit, on occasions, draws illustrations from the same generous fountain. The tired man of affairs, the student, the scholar, and woman everywhere, comes to the storyteller to be rested and soothed. We begin it in the nurse's arms, and it never wears out—this love of the story.

"Greyfriars' Bobby."

Many of our readers are familiar with the story of the Scotch terrier, in Edinburgh, which followed his master to his grave and continued to lie upon it for years, being fed by kind neighbors, and to whom a memorial fountain has been erected near the entrance of Old Greyfriars' Church-yard. The fountain is of Peterhead granite, stands seven feet high, and is surmounted by a figure of Bobby in bronze. The pedestal bears the following inscription: "A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriars' Bobby. In 1858 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars' Church-yard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872." The fountain has been erected at the expense of Lady Burdett Coutts, and with the permission of the city authorities.

The following lines are supposed to express the thoughts and feelings of the dog:

I hear they say 'tis very lang,
That years hae come and gane,
Sin' first they put my Maister here,
An' grat an' left him lane,
I could na, an' I did na gang,
For a' they vexed me sair,
An' said sae bauld that they nor I
Should ever see him mair.

I ken he's near me a' the while
An' I will see him yet;
For a' my life he tended me,
An' noo he'll no' forget.
Some blithesome day I'll hear his step,
There'll be nae kindred near;
For a' they grat they gaed awa,
But he shall find me here.

Is time sae lang?—I dinna mind:
Is't cauld?—I canna feel;
He's near me, and he'll come to me,
An' sae 'tis very weel.
I thank ye a' that are sae kind,
As feed an' make me braw;
Ye're unco gude, but ye're no *him*—
Ye'll no wile me awa'.

I'll bide an' hope!—Do ye the same:
For ance I heard that ye
Had aye a MAISTER that ye loo'd,
An' yet ye might na' see:
A MAISTER too that car'd for ye,
(O, sure ye winna fte!)
That's wearying to see ye noo—
Ye'll no be waur than me?

For Laymen Only.

We publish so many articles for the instruction, admonition, edification and consolation of pastors and other ministers, whether aged, middled-aged or young, it is only fair that the laity have a few words by way of recompense. Some excellent suggestions are made for their exclusive benefit by the *Christian Weekly*, which we trust will be read with self-application:

This article is not intended for clergymen; it is for laymen only.

We have more than once, in these columns, urged on our clerical readers the importance of pastoral visitation. Save in a few exceptional cases, the power of the minister is and must be personal; it will and must depend on the acquaintance of the pastor with his people, and their confidence in him. He must know their wants, to be able to minister to them. He must understand the specific disorders in his congregation, or he cannot prescribe.

But we protest against the common injustice which expects of him a kind of parochial omniscience, and complains of him because he does not possess it.

If the merchant gets into difficulty and needs legal counsel, he does not wait for the lawyer to find it out by chance or by intuition; he calls on his lawyer for the aid he wants. If any member of the household is sick, the father does not wait for the physician to learn it in a round of regular and formal visits from house to house; the patient sends for his physician when he wants him. But the clergyman is expected to detect by spiritual intuition the wants of his people, or to go from house to house conducting everywhere an inquisitorial examination, and by his cross-questionings ascertaining where counsel, where comfort, where admonition is wanting. He is expected to exercise the functions of a spiritual board of health. If his intuitions mislead him, if his formal and regular visitations carry him where he is not needed, and leave him in ignorance of the wants of families where he is needed, he is subjected to a cross-fire of criticism from both quarters—alike from the visited and the unvisited of the flock.

The analogy between the clergyman and the physician is not perfect. The sick man generally knows when he needs a physician, but the soul does not always know when it needs Christian counsel.

Part of the duty, a very important part of the duty of the minister, is to disclose to the soul its own need. We do not, therefore, counsel the clergyman to wait till he is called on. But we do most emphatically counsel the laymen not to wait till he is called on. We do most emphatically protest that the latter has no right to shut himself up in a cell, and leave his minister to get at him the best way he can.

Grumbling parishioner, we wish we could buttonhole you for five minutes. You complain that your minister has not visited you for six months. When have you visited him? You complain that he rarely speaks to you. How often do you speak to him? You complain that you do not know him? What have you done to make his acquaintance? You complain that he has never had any personal religious conversation with you. Have you ever offered him a chance? You complain that he does not touch your heart in his preaching. Have you ever opened your heart to him?

It will be time enough for you to complain of your minister for not visiting when he does not come when he is called; for not conversing when he does not answer your request for counsel or comfort; for not knowing you when he rejects your advances toward a spiritual acquaintance and communion; for not reaching your hearts wants by his instructions when you have told him what they are.

Do you say that it is hard to take the initiative and carry your troubles to the minister. My dear grumbler, did you ever consider whether it could be easy for him to take the initiative and cross-examine you for them? If you think it is easy, try yourself an afternoon of pastoral calling. "Put yourself in his place," and see how you find it.

I am always afraid lest dogs should come to learn our language. If they ever do, they will cut us entirely. Everything seems clever and commonplace in a language of which you know but little, and that is why we appear such clever and interesting fellows to dogs. If they knew our language well, would any dog sit out a public dinner? Would any dog remain in the nursery, listening to the foolish talk of nurses and mothers?

—[Arthur Helps.

A Slight Mistake.

The other day a lady halted in front of a garden on State Street, and accosted a man at work on some trees with the remark:

"What are you doing to those trees?"

"Girdling them, madam, with printers' ink and cotton, to prevent the canker-worms from ascending," replied the man.

"How much does it cost?" asked the lady.

"About twenty-five cents apiece," replied the man.

"What's your name?" was the lady's next question.

"Hill," says the man.

"Well," said the lady, "I wish you would come and girdle ours."

The man gave an evasive reply and the lady went home. On telling the story to her husband, she was astonished to see him burst out into convulsive fits of laughter.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" said the lady.

"Why," said the husband, "your man that you asked to girdle your trees was Rev. Dr. Hill, late President of Harvard College, one of the foremost mathematicians living, and now pastor of the First Parish Church."—[Portland Advertiser.

Thomas Nast tells this good story of himself to an interviewing reporter: "One day last summer I received a genuine proposition of marriage from an admiring young lady in Ohio, in which she referred to General Schenck and ex-Governor Denison as to her position." "What did you do?" "Why, I sent back a cartoon of Mrs. Nast and the children, labelled, 'The only objections.'"

"Old Probabilities" has done more than an average amount of good guessing during the last year. His predictions have been verified as follows: New England, 81.50; Middle States, 81.17; South Atlantic, 79.02; Lower Lakes, 78.90; Eastern Gulf, 77.16; Ohio Valley, 76.42; Western Gulf, 74.40; Upper Lakes, 75.25; Northwest, 74.

When your pocketbook gets empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it won't "bulge out" worth a cent.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1874.

Visiting the Sick.

A little girl who is fond of going to the Hospital with us, often says when she feels that our admonitions are becoming insupportable, "Don't preach." We don't wish to preach, neither do we feel like the man who in a somewhat wonderful prayer said, "We do not wish to dictate to Thee, Oh, Lord, but simply to advise." The thought has occurred to us many times, that if the friends of the Hospital could know how much good it did the inmates to see friendly faces and hear kind words, the friendly faces and kind words would be more frequent. There are ladies who make it a duty of their lives, to spend part of a day in every fortnight, if not oftener, at the Hospital, and with gentle words and still gentler smiles, cheer the sad and lonely hearts of the sufferers there. It is the systematic doing of this duty that brings good results, and a Christian influence is brought to bear, that would never be felt, were the visits made infrequently, or merely considered a burden. Nothing is truer, than that to succeed in any work you must love it, and to do good by visiting the sick it is necessary to find delight in it.

A lady said not long since that "whenver she felt the burdens of life too heavy to be borne, she went to the Hospital, and seeing there by the force of contrast how light her burdens were, she came away knowing that the visit had benefited her." Perhaps it would help many of us, "to go and do likewise," for she not only went, but she always carried gifts pleasant to receive, winning smiles, cheering words, and delicacies which showed that she had the sick in kind remembrance. We hope that this is not preaching. Is it not more the

nature of a hint? Besides, when we remember, that when we are ill in our own homes, surrounded by friends, and every comfort that can be devised by thoughtful hearts, it does seem as if we ought to bear in mind, those less happily circumstanced, and do all that we can by sympathy and kindness, to help the Lord's sick and poor.

Visit to the Hospital.

We often wonder if the subscribers to the *Review*, read the accounts of these monthly visits. There is so much that is painful to witness in the suffering that we see, it would be a matter of surprise if there was not a tone of dreariness in these articles.

The last visit that we made was on a bitter wintry snowy day; such weather as brings to mind all that is sad and sorrowful in this human life. We almost drew back, from seeing the sick-beds and their suffering occupants; but when we thought how some faces would give us a smile so welcome, we went into the wards with lightened spirits.

One poor sufferer, for a long time sick with paralysis, we found had passed away, since our last visit. The release for her was happy, her case was hopeless, and her sufferings were intense. Another, who was near her, we did not see, neither could we learn if she had gone away or had died. One old woman, nearly done with life, lay in her bed, groaning with rheumatism. The nurse had but the moment before changed her position, so that she might try to get some ease, and she was then calling for her to turn her once more. Her countenance indicated intense pain, her language was almost incoherent. We were sure that there could be for her no ease from her pain except in death. By her side sat a cheerful chatty woman from England. She has been in the Hospital for a few months, recovering from a broken ankle. As we saw so bright and plea-

sant a smile of welcome on her face for us, we rejoiced that all was not sad and heart-aching there. Opposite her, was a woman not quite well but recovering so rapidly that the ward that has so long been her home, will soon be but a remembrance. Beyond her, lay one of the hapless invalids, that day suffering from a dreadful headache. Lying on her pillows, her head tightly bound around with a handkerchief, she gave to us her languid pleasant smile, and talked a few moments in her broken English. One or two new patients were too ill to talk with. Some were convalescent, and sitting in rocking-chairs. One thing we always notice. The perfect hush in the wards. Conversation is carried on in an undertone, and there is the quiet one finds in the sick room of a chronic invalid. In our last number we spoke of a poor German stranger, alone and penniless, who was ill in a private ward, of typhoid fever. She is now in the same ward, with a careful and attentive nurse, and is slowly recovering. As we went into the Hospital, we met a little girl that we saw so often last winter, unable to put one of her feet on the floor, owing to disease in her hip. Now she walks with her foot on the ground, and goes to school. When we saw her, she had her school books in a strap, and was, with the help of her crutch, stepping lightly over the frozen ground. The change has been a delightful one for her. In no other way could she have received the care and the medical treatment, which has resulted in her rapid improvement, and, we trust, eventually, in her permanent cure. The most dreadfully sick person we ever saw, lies day after day, week after week, and month after month, slowly dying by inches, but Oh, so patient! When we said, "You are in great pain to-day," for the first time in the many days that we have seen her, she seemed not less patient, but so sad. "Yes," she said, "this morning I had a bad time." We thought that she could

not have put her answer in a milder form.

It is seldom that we go to the Hospital but some stranger to Rochester, hearing of this noble charity for the first time, is glad to go with us, and we are always delighted with company. This time, a fair young friend, with serious brown eyes and grave manner, went with us. Before we went into the wards, we walked, with permission of the Matron, through the center of the building and the West wing. The perfect order, the refreshing cleanliness, and the beauties of the "Blue Room," and of those in the "Mansard," charmed her, as well they might, for pleasanter rooms are seldom seen. The clean white curtains and the strips of bedside carpets in the wards, did not make so much impression, because she saw so much sickness. No outward beauty could make up for pallid faces or emaciated forms.

How much the flesh may suffer and not die;
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh;
Death chooses his own time."

ANOTHER DONATION OF BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.—In our list of donations this month are four volumes of the "World of Anecdote," from Mrs. George J. Whitney. It will be remembered that Mrs. W. donated to the Hospital, last Christmas, several volumes of beautifully illustrated and entertaining books, which were put in the wards, to be kept there and read. The Hospital is under renewed obligations for this gift, which is a collection of illustrations and incidents of the Martyrs, the Bible, Prayer, etc. etc. The books are attractively bound, and afford very useful and entertaining reading.

In consequence of Miss Mumford being called away, and as her stay will be prolonged for several months, it has become necessary to appoint a treasurer in her place. Mrs. Oscar Craig, 28 Spring street, has consented to take the office. Subscribers will please remember the change.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We don't wish to insert this notice. We have said so often what we are again to say, that we feel this article has not the merit even of novelty. There are several hundred dollars due on subscriptions yet. We earnestly ask that this money may be paid. The sums are so small, it seems hardly necessary to employ a collector, especially as 62 cents sent in an envelope to the treasurer, will surely reach her. Won't the subscribers bear in mind the fact, that the "Review" needs all the money that is owing to it!

HANDSOME DONATION.—Among our donations for January, was Twenty-five Dollars from Mr. Winfield S. Sherman, assistant cashier of the City Bank. We acknowledge this kind remembrance with gratitude and appreciation. It bespeaks a generous and charitable spirit on the part of Mr. S. as a worthy representative of the young men of our city, and we heartily thank him for his acceptable gift.

If there is one thing too exasperating for human nature to endure, it is to meet anyone who doesn't like Jules Verne's books. We have just finished "From the Earth to the Moon," by this author. There is a person here, who, when we sacrificed our ease and comfort enough to read aloud some passages of this wonderful book, would smile superiorly and say, "It isn't scientific!" We say 'tis; besides, if it isn't, we don't care. We believe every word in the book—we are determined. Belief is an act of the will, and not a doubt has entered our mind from the time the first pickaxe broke the soil in Tampa Town, until the fall of the projectile into the Pacific ocean. People, with little imagination, narrow views, and slender mathematical knowledge, might think it impossible that a projectile weighing nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty pounds—containing three men, two dogs, half a doz-

en hens, food sufficient for two months, caustic potash and chlorate of potash, to give them all the oxygen they need, telescopes and other scientific instruments—could be shot from a cannon, nine hundred feet long, and the whole thing prove a success. There is not a shadow of doubt but they would have reached the moon if, unfortunately, an enormous meteor had not crossed the path of the projectile and caused it to "deflect." But this projectile did go round the moon, reaching it within 40⁰ miles, enabling the three men to see its dark and bright side; at one time nearly freezing them, and at another, nearly burning them up. Talk of its not being scientific! Just read this description of Copernicus, one of the mountains of the moon: "It rises, isolated like a gigantic lighthouse, on that portion of the sea of clouds, which is bounded by the "Sea of Tempest," thus lighting by its splendid rays, two oceans at one time. "There exists," said Barbicane, "several kinds of circles on the surface of the moon, and it is easy to see that Copernicus belongs to the radiating class. If we were nearer, we could see the cones bristling on the inside, which, in former times, were so many fiery months. A curious arrangement, and one, without an exception, on the lunar disc, is that the interior of these circles, is the reverse of the exterior, and contrary to the form taken by terrestrial craters. It follows, then, that general curve of the bottom of these circles gives a sphere of a smaller diameter than that of the moon." "At this moment the projectile hung perpendicularly over the circle. The circumference of Copernicus formed almost a perfect circle, and its steep escarpments were clearly defined. They could even distinguish a second ringed enclosure. Around spread a greyish plane, of wild aspect, on which every relief was marked in yellow. At the bottom of the circle, as if enclosed in a jewel case, sparkled for one instant, two or three

eruption cones, like enormous dazzling gems. Toward the north the escarpments were lowered by a depression which would probably have given access to the interior of the crater." The book is full of beauty, and as we have made up our mind to believe in Jules Verne, we have no doubts to distract us. May we be permitted to morarize here a little? Why is it that people can't believe and have the matter finished so they may sit down and take a little comfort, and not forever and eternally speculate or doubt. Jules Verne says that, by and by, the earth will be frozen up. In just 400,000 years everything will be at zero, and if nothing unforeseen happens, we believe it will, but that person to whom we alluded in the first part of this article, doubtless, has no settled faith in the matter. We will ask her. There, we have asked her. First, she said she didn't know; then she said that we were told it would burn up, and that was just as good as guessing. Doesn't it pass patience, to see a person like that, every day of one's life, and try every day to make them have settled convictions; and in the end, when you ask them what their convictions are, regarding the freezing up of everything, to bear them yawn, and give to us three perfectly irrelevant answers?

For sale at Darrow's.

Magazine Notices.

It is a pity that we do not take two or three numbers of the "St. Nicholas." One is hardly enough for four people to read at one time. Four heads crowding together, to read "Nimpo's Troubles;" or, "Fast Friends," or, "As Might have Been Expected;" then eight eyes, all gazing at one time to see what "may happen to little boys who play leap-frog too much," creates confusion. But we do have delightful discussions over the book, and such guesses as we can make how the stories end.

"Wood's Magazine," is a very excellent one for family reading. Its teachings are good for young girls who are obliged to depend upon themselves. One story, "Codfish and Potatoes," is more than ordinarily well written, and the entire book is one to be taken in every family.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 14, 1874, John Hess, aged 53 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 17, 1874, Prudence Quinestead, aged 49 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Gregory—Papers and Periodicals.
Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger—Illustrated Papers, &c.
Mrs. Vickory and Mrs. Oatley—Two jars Fruit, 1 bottle Catsup, Reading Matter.
Mrs. Wm. N. Sage—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Wm. H. Crowell—Large jar preserved Cherries.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—"World of Anecdote," moral and religious, in 4 volumes.
Mrs. S. K. Warren—Two Chickens.
Mr. Arthur Hamilton—Second-hand Clothing.
Mr. Winfield S. Sherman—Cash, Twenty-five Dollars.

Subscriptions to the Review.

T. E. Hewes, \$1.00; W. H. Tholens, 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. Dagge, \$1.25; Mrs. Geo. Arnold, \$1.25; Miss Ella Chapman, 50 cents; Mrs. Keyes, 62 cents; G. T. Palmer, 50 cents; Miss E. Hall, 63 cts; Mrs. J. Cooper, \$1.25—By Miss Mumford,\$7 50

Superintendent's Report.

1873. Jan. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	67
Received during month, ..	32— 99
Discharged,	21
Died,	2— 25
Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1874,	76

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.

One of Teddie's Pets.

BY MARGERY LEA.

It was delightful spring weather. Everything outdoors looked and smelt so fresh and clean that it suggested the necessity of extra cleanliness indoors; and so Mamma and Patty had been looking through cupboards, polishing up silver and china, putting up curtains, brushing down cobwebs—altogether so busy that Teddie hadn't once been thought of.

It wasn't necessary to look after him any more. He had grown from a little fat roly-poly boy to a slender, bow-legged one; and, instead of waddling like a lame duck and tumbling down every two or three steps, as he used to do, saying, "Oh! I'm so tired, mamma," was ready for a day's fun with the boys any time.

This day it was a holiday, and Teddie had rushed in from digging a well that was "most through to China," to ask to go up to the lot and spend the afternoon.

"Now, mamma, if you'll just give us some lunch, we'll go off and not bother you another bit to-day. We are going to have a bul—" he caught a look from mamma's eye just then—"a splendid time, if you will say yes."

There wasn't any doubt but things would move on more expeditiously if this small whirlwind of a boy was out of the way; so mamma didn't hesitate a minute, but put up some sandwiches, "with mustard on them, please," and a dozen thin, crisp gingersnaps, which were Teddie's special delight; and he was off, with a kiss and a whoop, for an afternoon's fun. It wasn't far to go, and he would be home to tea; but appetites in little folks grow very fast sometimes, so it was a good thing to have something on hand, "so a fellow wouldn't starve, you know."

It was dusk and the tea-bell had rung, but the busy day's work had tired mamma, so she was glad to lie on the lounge till the tardy ones had arrived. She had just said, "Where do you think Teddie can be?" when she heard the gate slam, the well-known whistle as he came crunching the gravel under his feet, and in another minute he was presenting for her admiration an old fruit-can.

"Oh! mamma, it's just splendid!"

"What? That old can, Teddie? Why, we have plenty of them around. You needn't have gone so far from home to find one."

"No, no, I don't mean that; but just the nicest little snake, all curled up in the bottom. Just look," and he lifted up the bit of loosened tin at the top, while mamma shuddered, and told him to go straight out of the room with that horrible thing.

When they were seated at tea, Teddie informed them he thought he should start a menagerie.

"I can get plenty of polywogs in the creek; then there'll be Ponto for the lion; and I'll charm my snake and make it do all sorts of wonderful things."

Now, if there was anything that could make papa turn pale and look disgusted, it was to mention a snake when he was eating. Sometimes when every one was in fine teasing trim and papa was doing his share—which was much the largest—the only way he could be brought to terms was to say "snake." If it was necessary to make it emphatic, the children screamed "anaconda."

"Hush, Ted. Don't let me hear another word about the inmates of that menagerie," said papa, quite sternly, and turned to his tea and toast with a feeling of relief.

The next morning, as soon as Teddie was dressed, he visited the fruit-can, to see if its contents were safe. He had received orders that they were to be carried back to the river.

It really was a great disappointment, for it had taken a long time to induce his snakeship to enter the prison. According to Teddie's account, it had to be whipped and poked and pushed before it obeyed.

Teddie had walked very slowly toward the can, grieving, like many older people, over crushed hopes. Now he stooped, raised carefully the lid, looked carelessly, then intensely, shook it, and with a long oh-h-h! dashed into the house, screaming: "It's gone! It's gone!"

"I declare, Teddie, what a dreadful boy you are. Just think how horrible to have that thing loose in the garden. I shan't dare to stir out for a week," groaned mamma.

"Never mind, my dear," said papa. "I dare say the creature is safe back at the river by this time."

In the course of the morning it was

necessary that some one should cut the asparagus for dinner; and, as Patty was very busy, mamma tied on her hat, took the pan and knife, and proceeded into the garden. How thick the great heads were. They had pushed up in every direction, and before long the pan was heaping full. And the weeds, too, close by, had done their best to keep up with the vegetables. That great dock there was almost large enough for the birds of the air to take refuge in.

"I have tried to get papa to dig it up for two weeks; but he always says 'Yes, I will,' and that's the end of it. Just like these men," and whack went the knife, determined to demolish it now, anyway.

Rustle, rustle, and out glided Teddie's pet, with its head erect and red forked tongue waving defiantly. Mamma was on her knees; but she reached out, dashing wildly with the knife, scrambled up, and at it again. But it had gone under a long row of pie-plant; and she staggered into the house, into the study, pale and weak, and sank into a chair, gasping out: "That dreadful snake—under the barn—kill it." There was a rush out—papa, and the children close at his heels. Screams of "Here's the hoe! I've got the rake!" Sure, and here's the broom for ye's!" Patty rushing in to do good service. And they all came back triumphant, with the news of the death of Teddie's pet.

A One-Vowel Poem.

An English poet gives us the following poem, containing only *one vowel* :

"No monk too good to rob or cog or plot.
 No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collars hot.
 From Donjon tops no Oronoko rolls.
 Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto's bowls.
 Troops of old tosspots of't to sot consort.
 Box-tops our schoolboys, too, do flog for sport.
 No cool monsoons blow oft on Oxford dons.
 Orthodox, jog-trot, bookworm Solomons.
 Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show.
 On London shop-fronts no hop blossoms grow.
 To crocks of gold no dodo looks for food.
 On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood.
 Long storm-tossed sloops forlorn do work to port.
 Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks
 snort,
 Nor dog on snow-drop or on colts-foot rolls,
 Nor common frog concoct long protocols."

The incident is mentioned in *The Presbyterian at Work*, of a little girl in Ohio who at seven years of age applied to the session for admission to churchmembership. When asked when she commenced to love the Saviour, she replied: "I don't know; but I think it was when I commenced to love my mother." Christian parents ought surely to expect their children to be disciples of Christ as young as this.

A hint for Nast. Uncle James walking with niece Mary, aged four, points to the moon, on whose disk the dark parts show quite plainly, and says: "There is a man in the moon burning brush." The infantile realist puts up her little nose and sniffs, saying: "Yes, I 'mell the 'moke."

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.

Agents.

The following persons 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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Incorporated April 21, 1831.

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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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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. 10.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1874.

No. 8.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,
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My Christian Name.

Inquiry having been made for the following poem, a correspondent has copied it entire. It is to be found in the published poems of Mrs. Muloch Craik. Her "quaint Christian name" is Dinah Maria. This poem was written before her marriage:

My Christian name, my Christian name,
I never hear it now;

None have the right to utter it,
'Tis lost, I scarce know how.

My worldly name the world speaks loud?
Thank God for well-earned fame!
But silence sits at my cold hearth—
I have no household name.

My Christian name, my Christian name,
It has an uncouth sound!

My mother chose it out of those
In Bible pages found:

Mother, whose accents made half sweet
What else I held in shame,

Dost thou remember up in Heaven,
My poor lost Christian name?

Brothers and Sisters, mockers oft
Of the quaint name I bore,
Would I could leap back years, to hear
Ye shout it out once more!
One speaks it still, in written lines,
The last fraternal claim!

But the wide seas between us drown
Its sound—my Christian name.

I had a long dream once. Her voice
Might breathe the homely word,
And make it music—as love makes
Any name, said or heard.

O, dumb, dumb lips!—O, silent heart!
Though, it is no one's blame!
Now while I live I'll never hear
Her speak my Christian name.

God send her bliss, and send me rest!
If her white footsteps calm

Should track my bleeding feet, God make
To them each blood-drop balm!

Peace—peace. O, mother, put thou forth
Thine elder, holier claim,

And the first word I hear in Heaven
May be my Christian name.

—Author of *John Halifax*.

The secretary of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following preparation for animals suffering from being overheated: To one pint of water put one ounce of chloride of ammonia, one ounce sweet spirits of niter, one dram of tincture aconite. Give a tablespoonful every hour or two.

A quilting party is now styled a "piece" jubilee.

Literary London.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

After all, it is very sad and very unsatisfactory to write of this class of unhappy persons; but here they are, and here they have been for generations, and here they will remain so long as London is London. With these few examples, that will illustrate the hundreds to be met with, let us pass on to something more cheerful.

An American wonders why there are so many of these respectable and intelligent beggars to be met with in the great capital. But when you come to know how crowded and how crammed are all avenues of life here, and how few are the opportunities to get on, the wonder ends.

It is not unpleasant to reflect, however, that this class of beggars get along very well, after all, or they would abandon their pursuit. It suggests that there is a good deal of benevolence and generosity to be met with even in the cold and stony heart of vast commercial London.

It is a pretty good evidence, though, that they really know but little about literature or literary men, else they would not call upon them for assistance; unless, which is possibly the case, they would take without remorse the last penny they possess.

It would be interesting to take the fortunes of the literary men of the world and compare them with the fortunes of a like number of men in almost any other pursuit in life. The result, if made known, had ought to exempt the knights of the quill forever from the importunities of beggars.

I have just had a call from one of the rural poets of England. I still hear his ponderous steps on the stairs. From his appearance I should pronounce him the best fed "literary man" I ever saw. He is from the laboring classes and is called the "Postman Poet," from the fact that as soon as he showed the least sign of talent or genius he was appointed to a place in the post-office, below his inclinations, and, if possessed of any capacity, to do his country honor. Afterward, during the Crimean War, he wrote some stirring ballads, and was rewarded by a pension for life. He comes down to London once a year, and is well received by the authors here, who enjoy his rusticities for the few

days that he remains with a great deal of delight.

But this jolly good-natured poet persists in being a boor. He sat down, and laughed and talked and smoked for an hour; and then he asked for bitter beer, and, when it was brought him, he sang his songs (pretty songs they are, too), and drank his beer, till another whole hour was wasted; although I had never seen the man before, and he must have observed that I was very busy.

I have observed that a man rising from the ranks of the lower people of England persistently refuses to take to himself the manners of a gentleman. I know two or three members of Parliament who have come from the laboring classes; and they all behave with a boorishness that would ill compare with the bluntest backwoodsman that ever held a seat at Washington.

Still, I am glad that this good-natured and really good poet made his call. It opens a new train of observation.

This man, further than a few ballads, perhaps never had a thousand readers in his life. Yet the rulers of his country found him out in his obscurity, gave him an opportunity to work, kept an eye on him, and the moment he touched a note that stirred the people made him comfortable for life. I have been wondering whether the government knew his politics at the time, whether it, asked if he voted the proper ticket.

Home offices and foreign offices of England are filled largely, almost entirely, by men of letters, and the number of literary persons pensioned by the government is very great indeed. Besides this countenance of the government, there are many wealthy men all over the country who come to the assistance of students trying to make their way in the world of letters, with a liberality that is quite surprising to an American.

France is still more liberal and careful to foster and encourage art. Even the actors there, after showing some capacity and getting into the service of the state, are provided for for life.

The world for a century or two has been wondering why America has done so little in literature. The only wonder, it seems to me, is that, under the circumstances, she has done so much. With a thousand more promising channels of business inviting a man into other walks of life, and

nothing to allure him into the field of literature or to encourage him when there, the marvel is that she has done anything at all. If our Longfellow, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain are now being read all over the world, after having pushed their way through all this indifference and neglect, what may we not expect when every state shall become civilized enough to provide for its men of art?

I have been calculating how much money the people of the United States pay England annually for the privilege of looking at the tomb of Shakespeare. The sum is something enormous—almost incredible. We sow and scatter money enough every year around the shrine of Avon and on the way thither to sustain the most magnificent school of art in the world.

It has occurred to me to suggest to my country, as a matter business, to spend a few thousand dollars in the attempt to grow a William Shakespeare on our own ground. I would recommend that we give him enough countenance and support to keep him at home, let him die there, be buried there, and then have the people of this side cross over and visit his tomb. I think it would pay. O, my country, do you hear? It would PAY.

To return again to London, I would say, if I may be permitted to use the expression, that the death of Chatterton was a sort of crucifixion for the redemption of authors; for since that time, as a rule, every poor author who has shown that he deserved consideration or assistance has received it. These aristocratic English gentlemen, who are close-fisted enough in most things, are almost always ready to assist real merit.

Once in Algiers, the reader had better keep on to the land of the Nile, even if he retrace his steps so far as to go by way of Marseilles, which is the point of departure for Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland's *Egyptian Sketch-Book*, as well as for the preceding. Put the author of "Hans Breitman," in the streets of Cairo, along side of donkeys and dervishes, and what could be expected but such a book as this, graphic, racy, full of picture and incident, with here an un-south expression and there a droll thought or comical turn which will make the stern-

est face relax. Such is the Sketch Book; full of scraps which the clever writer has tucked in as fast as he could turn them off, not stopping for much arrangement, and yet with enough regard for method to give Pilgrims to Mecca, Dervishes, Donkeys, Cophets, Names, Shops and Bazaars, Fleas, and some other topics, more or less choice, chapters by themselves. Altogether this is an amusing volume, and one that cannot fail at the same time, to give a great deal of information about a queer country, though we could wish that a judicious friend of the author had had authority to expunge a line here and there, without which the book would have been quite as readable and not open to some criticism which it now invites from certain refined people. Dipping in at a venture we take out a paragraph or two by way of a sample of general quality:

He who in Cairo goes shopping, goes hopping—with rage—until he gets used to it. There is a theory current that things may be bought here and in Stamboul, and all over the East, very cheap; and so they may, if you will pay for them half in money and half in time. Bargain all day, and come again to-morrow, and put up with more mingled servility and insolence than a thing is worth, and you may bring a shopman or a bazaarian down to three farthings profit on a trade of five pounds. Bless you! if such beautiful things are to be had at fifteen per cent. less than their value to you, didn't you suppose the shopmen in London would find it out and sell them? And do you really know what there is for sale in London and Paris? There are places in Cairo where one is bawled at, beset, bescrewed, begimleted, and besought to buy in a manner which is, as a curiosity, a great success. In England, in the middle ages, when all shops were booths, as they are among the natives in the East to-day, apprentices and masters roared out all the time, "What d'ye ack!" and chafed and touted for custom in the same manner. In the Turkish, Tunisian, goldsmiths' and arms' bazaars they are remarkably beggarly and racketty, and the traveler who is gifted with the love of chaff may there be happy—though not

“still.” That the Egyptian, like many French shopkeepers, are silly and childlike, preferring chatter to business, and given to carrying out their first foolish impulse, is continually apparent. You stop and look at something which has caught your eye—perhaps a five-frank pipe-bowl—but before you can well make out what it is, Master Mustafa or Achmet catches up a carpet or a church-lantern—if it were a donkey it would be all the same—anything which would bring a higher profit than the pipe-bowl—and pushes it in the way, chattering like an insane ape; while the chanters, who appear as if by magic, begin to crowd the carpet or lantern down you as if it were the one desire of your life. You hurry away; you see a glass case full of curiosities at the next shop; before you can look into it, it is covered with a swarm of slippers and opera cloaks, and the same yellow chorus of Italian and Arab rings and sings as you run. You proceed, but before you can look at the sword hanging by the door of the next den, it is caught up or down, and you are implored to say what you will give—you are sternly asked if your intentions are honorable before you are well aware of the dear creature’s existence. It never seems to enter their small heads that you have any mind or ideas of your own, but must be shown how to think and to buy. Tell one—or a small French shopman—that he has driven a customer away by running at him as soon as he stops to look, and he will inform you with an air of importance, that he don’t want people hanging round unless they want to buy something. He means business he does, and can’t afford to waste time.

Most of us have looked on a Mushroom and wondered how so large a mass of matter could grow in a few hours, and hence “Mushroom growth” has come to mean something very rapid and very unsubstantial in development. But ligneous trees in many cases beat the Mushroom in the mass of development within a given time. In the spring of the year the young growth of the Firs and Spruces push forth in a remarkably rapid manner. A recent writer in an English scientific periodical gives the results of his figuring as to the mass of vegetation produced in a few days from a small Russian species of Fir—the *Picea Nordmanniana*. The plant was but two

feet and a half high; but this species bears a very large number of branchlets even in comparatively small plants, and the leaves on the branchlets, about one inch in length, are set rather thickly, or about the same as on our common Balsam Fir. The whole of the new growth expands in one week, and the experimenter found that on this small tree the leaves and branchlets of this week’s development, if set each on the end of the other, would extend *three thousand six hundred feet*. This beats the Mushroom. And what would a large tree of the same kind do?

With All Your Might.

If you’ve any task to do,
 Let me whisper, friend, to you,
 Do it.

If you’ve anything to say
 True and needed, yea or nay,
 Say it.

If you’ve anything to love,
 As a blessing from above,
 Love it.

If you’ve anything to give
 That another’s joy may live,
 Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
 Guiding others through the night,
 Light it.

If you’ve any debt to pay,
 Rest you neither night nor day;
 Pay it.

If you’ve any joy to hold,
 Next your heart, lest it grow cold,
 Hold it.

If you’ve any grief to meet,
 At the loving Father’s feet,
 Meet it.

If you’re given light to see,
 What a child of God should be,
 See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
 There’s a message sweet or clear
 Whispered down to every ear:
 Hear it.

The Western Order of “Patrons of Husbandry” very naturally includes woman.

A SECRET.—William Wirt's letter to a daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be arded:—

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to cease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, and standing."

Dr. Maximowicz, a Prussian botanist, who pays especial attention to the plants of Northern Japan and Manchuria, has recently described in the "Proceedings of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg," a large number of new species found there. In describing a new species of *Lychnis* (*L. stellaroides*) he takes occasion to enumerate the plants of the Alsinaceous section of Caryophyllaceæ, and gives a recapitulation of the facts known in regard to the geographical distribution of the order of Caryophyllaceæ (which includes Pinks, Carnations, and other well-known plants) in Eastern Asia. A remarkable result of this investigation is that, while the plants of Eastern Asia generally show a close affinity to species in North America, these Caryophyllaceous plants, numbering 76 species, show very little or none of this relationship.

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. E. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 33½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 33 N. Fitzhugh Street.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1874.

A Visit to the Hospital.

Spring has come! That is, if the weather doesn't grow howling before this gets into print. The best proof of our assertion is, this morning we heard the robins sing, and that the Hospital is undergoing that horror of all christianised communities—house cleaning. As we stepped into the hall, a certain brightness and airiness and freshness met us; tinted walls and a new oilcloth, were quite refreshing, after having for the year past steadily contemplated the old floor covering and the dark plaster. The stove pipe has a new tin around it, the doors are all black-walnutted, and in a corner stands a hat-rack, an article of furniture which never until now has graced that hall. After gazing at these evidences of spring and prosperity we went into the Female Ward. In the first bed lay the German girl of whom we spoke in our last paper. She has entirely recovered from the fever and from the effects of imprudence in eating apples. When nearly well, she saw part of one within her reach, and like our first mother she ate it, with nearly for her as dreadful results; she barely lived. Now she looks quite well, and is able to be dressed. We do regret that an effort was made years ago to build the tower of Babel; except for that attempt at architecture, English would in all probability be the universal language, and if this were so, the German patients would understand us, but alas, they did attempt the tower. One old woman lay in her bed, the most battered, bruised person we ever saw, a cut on her forehead another near her temple, black and blue marks all over her face, a swelled and bruised arm, and the entire right side in a wretched condition. She is quite deaf,

and in crossing the railroad at State street, did not hear a coming freight train. It struck her, knocking her down and sending her some distance. Strange to say, no bones were broken, and her injuries are not of a serious character. There are many more in the Male Wards than in the Female. One was lying in bed, with all the weights hanging over the foot that are used in cases of fractures. He slipped on the ice a week or two ago, and is now laid up. He looked altogether too cheerful to pity. The two German young men who were injured by a building falling upon them last winter, are still in the ward. One young man has recently had his leg amputated. Four years ago, in jumping, he injured his knee. Caries of the bone resulted; and in order to save his life, amputation was necessary. He is doing well. Perhaps all our readers do not know what "caries" is. We do, for the Doctor told us to-day. Well, "caries" is—we think the best definition would be—"caries." At anyrate, the bone looks very rough, and it is a dangerous thing to have. In the adjoining bed, lay another patient. We know all about his case. It was "necrosis." If we are sure of nothing else, we are sure of that name and the way of spelling it. Having defined, in a lucid manner, what "caries" is, we don't feel equal to explaining "necrosis," although we know perfectly well all about it. We may say, however, that it is something about bones.

It was such a warm lovely spring day, that some of the patients belonging in the male wards, were out in the sunshine. Their beds made up in white, the fresh air blowing through, and the sunlight streaming in, made the ward look very pleasant. When we have plenty of pure water flowing into this city, giving us fountains and bath houses, we cannot but think how beautiful the grounds will look, with fountains playing in front of the Hospital, and how life-giving and life-restoring it will be to have

an immense bath-house, somewhere, with every kind of bath imaginable in it. The story of Naaman was not given as an instance of faith alone; when he had dipped seven times in Jordan he had washed the disease away.

Died,

In Bricksburgh, N. J., January 31st, 1874, CAROLINE A. ELY, widow of Hervey Ely of this city, in the 79th year of her age.

Her remains were deposited in Mt. Hope, by the side of her husband.

At the monthly meeting of the "Rochester Female Charitable Society," held Feb. 3d, the President, Mrs. DR. STRONG, announced the death of Mrs. ELY.

The following resolutions, (which by a singular coincidence were presented by Mrs. S. H. TERRY, in the same house built for and long occupied by her in Livingston Park), were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Him who "doeth all things well," to call to a better home on high, in a ripe old age, our beloved sister, Mrs. HERVEY ELY, one of the originators, founders and most honored patrons of this Society. Therefore,

Resolved, That with thankful hearts we recognize the grace and love of our Heavenly Father, in leading to Rochester in its infancy, one whose heart and hand were ever ready to succor the poor, the sick and the needy, and was thus instrumental in forming this, the oldest of our city charities.

Resolved, That we cherish in grateful memory the bright example, the holy life, the Christian zeal, the missionary spirit, the earnest prayers, the generous hospitality, and the uniform cheerfulness under life's trials, that shone forth so brightly in our departed sister.

Resolved, That as we are again reminded of our uncertain tenure of life, we, with renewed zeal, would emulate our sister in her unselfish, practical and useful labors of love.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy

to the adopted children of Mrs. ELY, who, in childhood and maturity, received from her a mother's love, guidance and devotion, and whose delight and privilege it was to brighten and comfort her declining years.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions, be transmitted to the adopted family of the deceased.

Rags! Rags!! Rags!!!

Have we ever begged for them until now? Old cotton, and linen, and vegetables, and canned fruits, we have asked for many times, and let no one fear but we shall keep on asking. But, for rags, never. It would be poor encouragement if, in this our first asking, we were to be refused; and, as never anything is refused to the Hospital, we are sure that it will soon be the recipient of all the rags that every lady has rolled up and laid aside, for this very time. It is astonishing how the supply and the demand are always equal. This is just the time in the year that rags are plenty. Indeed, judging from the croakings of last fall and the early part of winter, we all have rags and to spare, or ought to have. And when one is sending rags, one can wrap up in them anything else that one would like to give to the patients. We delight in proverbs, and our mind reverts to the one referring to "killing two birds with one stone." By rags, we mean the kind used by surgeons for bandages.

Faithful to Duty.

Ten years of faithful service in the care of the sick, wounded and dying in our Hospital, deserves more than a passing notice.

Miss HEBBARD, our Matron, entered the Hospital, March, 1864, when we had not the comforts and space for our work which we now have, and it required no ordinary degree of patient endurance to meet the daily, yes, hourly discomforts and inconveniences with cheerfulness.

Her watchful oversight, her gentle influence, her self-denying devotion to the wants of the sick and wounded, won for her the respect and friendship of those who were daily witnesses of her unceasing labors, and of those, whose soldier-life had not obliterated the finer feelings, so often covered by a rough exterior. Her fidelity will receive a higher recompense than human praise.

We feel ourselves fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. GEORGE BRECK, as Superintendent. To his eminent qualifications for the position, ample testimony is borne by those who know whereof they speak.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees of the "Rochester City Hospital," the following Officers were elected for 1874:

- AARON ERICKSON, President,
- LEVI A. WARD, Vice President,
- EDWARD M. SMITH, Treasurer,
- P. BRYAN VIELE, Secretary.

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- | | |
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| W. S. ELY, M. D. | E. V. STODDARD, M. D. |
| CHARLES BAKER, Assistant. | |

- GEORGE BRECK, Superintendent,
- MISS FRANCES A. HEBBARD, Matron.

From the Superintendent's report, which was published, we extract the following, which may be of interest to our readers :

No. patients in Hospital,	
Jan. 1, 1873,	74
No. admitted,	410
No. discharged well,	276
No. discharged improved,	72
No. discharged unimproved	38
Deaths,	31
Births,	28
Remaining, Jan. 1, 1874,	67

Nativity of Patients admitted.

United States, 206	Prussia,	4
Germany,	Sweden,	2
Ireland,	Denmark	2
England,	France,	2
Canada,	Belgium,	1
Holland,	Poland,	1
Scotland,	Nova Scotia,	1
Switzerland,	Norway,	1
Wales,		1

How Supported.

Private or self-paying patients,	170
City patients,	212
Country patients,	17
Emigrant patients,	41
Charity patients,	44
Whole number of patients admitted since the opening of the Hospital, Feb., 1864,	
Males,	2,065
Females,	1,417
Total,	3,482
Total number of deaths,	270
Births,	176

From this report it will be seen that the charity patients are double the number of the preceding year, as, by a resolution of the board of Supervisors, no provision is made for the care of the sick poor, except at the County Alms House.

Our Hospital cannot consistently reject any who are worthy of admission. Consequently, their support and treatment neces-

sarily increase the expenses, which must be defrayed by a benevolent public.

Thanks are expressed for the many and liberal donations received during the year. Also, to the clergy and laymen who have attended Sunday services; and to editors, and all who have befriended this Institution.

The treasurer, Mrs. Oscar Craig, having changed her residence to No. 5 South Washington street, subscribers will please bear in mind the change, so that in paying for the *Review*, the money may go directly to the treasurer.

Quoting from our friend Sairy Gamp, we might say, "now, ain't we rich in beauty, this 'ere joyful a'rternoon?" Only we must alter her remark a little. We are rich in books this month. First, we notice "Sketches of Creation," by Alexander Winchell, L. L. D. Unfortunately for our comfort, we are but half way through the book; still, that beautiful second chapter gives us so much to think of, we feel in no hurry to finish. We will give a part of it. "There, near the ancient town of Puzznoli, at the head of an indentation in the Bay of Baiæ, stand three massive pillars, forty feet in height. Their pedestals are washed by the waters of the Mediterranean. The marble pavement upon which they stand, and which was, in the second century, the floor of a temple, or, perhaps, of a bath house, is sunken three feet beneath the waves. Six feet beneath this, is another costly pavement of masonry, which must have formed the original floor of the temple. What does all this indicate? The foundations of a temple would not be laid nine feet beneath the level of the sea. They must have been built upon the solid land. As the land subsided, a new foundation was laid, and a new structure was reared above the encroaching waves. But look upward, and examine the surface of the marble. For twelve feet above their

pedestals, these pillars are smooth and uninjured. Above this is a zone of about nine feet, throughout which the marble is perforated with numerous holes. Exploring these holes, we find them to enlarge inward, and at the bottom of each repose the remains of a little boring bivalve shell—*Lithodomus*. This little bivalve is the same species which now inhabit the adjacent waters. We know well its habits. It does not live in the open water. It burrows in the sand, or bores its way into the shells of other molluses, or into solid stone. But it never climbs trees or marble columns to build its nest, like a bird in the air. How, then, does it occur twenty-three feet above the surface of the water? There evidently has been a time when the whole column, to the height of these *Lithodomi*, was submerged. These oscillations of the surface, therefore, as shown by these indications, were first a subsidence and submergence of the original foundation, requiring the construction of the second one six feet above the other: the continuation of the subsidence till the original pavement was twenty-seven feet beneath the surface, at which depth it remained a sufficient time for the little stone borers to penetrate to the heart of the pillar—a work which required a lifetime to accomplish. Next occurred an elevation, raising the *Lithodomi* out of the water, and thus ending their existence. Nor is this all. Observations made since the beginning of the present century, show that the foundations of this temple are again sinking at the rate of one inch per year." We trust that this extract will give our readers some idea of the charm of the book.

For sale at Darrow's.

"The Young Marooners," is the title of one of the most delightful books for young people we have read in a long time. Besides, it tells of the exploits of one of those monsters called poulps, or, in other words, a devil fish. This fish carries

off a boat load of children, a stroke of lightning smashes him and the boat is cast on a desert island, and the children take care of themselves, living on the fish, game and fruits that they find. The book is thoroughly religious in its teachings, and is well fitted for Sunday Schools. Let us be thankful that there is one book suitable for Sunday Schools, which does not result, after some exceedingly unnatural love making, in marriage.

For sale at Darrow's.

Once upon a time, a German Professor, reading from a manuscript written in the sixteenth century, that Arne Saksussemm, the writer of the manuscript, had been to the center of the earth, resolved to go, and insisted that his somewhat reluctant nephew should accompany him. So they sailed away to Ireland, in order to enter the crater of the extinct volcano, Sniffels. Strange as it may seem, this wild enterprise was entirely successful. At the depth of one hundred miles, they discovered the wonderful central sea, on which they sailed for days, witnessing terrific encounters between its monsters, the *Ichthyosaurus*, and its fearful rival, the *Plesiosaurus*—those inhabitants of the primitive ocean. Sailing all the time in a south-eastern direction, encountering storms that would wreck an ironclad, but which did not materially injure their raft, they were at last carried on to a bed of boiling lava, which rising to the top of its crater, is ejected, and takes this Professor, his nephew and their Icelandic servant, Hans, with it, depositing them safely on the slopes of Stromboli, from which place, in the Lipari Islands, they can see in the distance Mt. Etnæ; and nearer, olive trees and orange groves. They returned to their German home. Harry married his beloved Gretchen; and uncle and nephew were forever after celebrated men.

This is as true as it is strange—at least we believed it while reading it—because

Jules Verne is its author. And there seems to be no reason under the sun, or rather under the earth, why it may not all have happened. Like all the books of this wonderful author, it is very fascinating.

We despair of reading another book written by Jules Verne, for, as he has taken all his readers "Around the World in Eighty Days," "to the Moon," "to the Center of the Earth," and "Twenty-thousand Leagues under the Sea," where can he go but to the Sun? Not even his genius can there escape a conflagration.

This book is for sale by E. Darrow.

Who is Pansy? It is a silly name, and for a person who can write such a book as "Three People," rather surprising. The story is, three children are born on the same day; one, the son of a millionaire—one, the son of a prosperous merchant; and one, the child of a miserable drunkard, who kills his wife. Just before she dies, a young clergyman goes into the wretched cellar that is her home, and begs her to pray for herself; but at first her only prayer is, "Oh, Lord, don't let Tode ever drink a drop of rum!" She repeats this prayer over and over again. The boy's whole life shows that her prayer is heard and answered. "Tode Mall" is the brightest boy we ever read of. He doesn't preach; he acts. When he finds that Habakkuk says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also," he drops hotel business. As fast as he learns from the bible he practices, and he is a real boy, into the bargain.

For sale at Darrow's.

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Children's Department.

How We Defended the Fort.

BY MISS E. S. BARNETT.

It was the evening of February 22d. Miss Charlton sat in her quiet little school-room, when the door opened and in trooped her trio charge—Harry, a great, warm-hearted, noisy boy of nine; Fannie, a thoughtful, gentle girl of seven; and bright little Effie, scarcely five.

"Oh! Miss Charlton," exclaimed Harry, "we're mad, and we're cross, and we don't know what to do for fun this evening. Everything I want to do Fannie doesn't, and Effie just bothers us all the while; so we've come to you to help us out of our trouble."

Miss Charlton looked at the speaker with an assumed expression of sorrow, through which a smile was peeping. Taking the little dumpling of a troublesome Effie upon her lap, and calling the others to seats beside the open grate, she said, kindly:

"I'm sorry, dear children, that you've had such an unhappy day. I'm afraid the holiday was too long. For when little children have no work or studying to do, but just pass a whole day in trying to amuse themselves, discontent and angry feelings are apt to spoil their pleasure."

"But we'll let this day pass, and spend a pleasant hour together before your bedtime," said the kind governess, passing her hand over the boy's dark auburn hair and drawing Fannie closer to her at her other side, while little Effie toyed with the magic charms on her watch-chain.

"Shall I talk to you about Washington, the Father of his Country?"

"Oh! no," said Harry, promptly, "I get enough of him every day in my history; and if you go to tell a story about him, I expect it will be the everlasting 'hatchet' story, and I'm sick of that."

Fannie laughed outright, but, sobering, said: "Let it be a story of that cruel war, that happened when you were a little girl. I have heard you tell some sweet, sad ones about it."

"I should like," said Harry, more gently, "to know how you used to spend your Washington's Birthdays. But, then, you were a girl, and boys don't care about girls' plays."

Miss Charlton smiled at this speech, and said: "You don't know, Hal, what a love I used to have for all boys' plays. Well, now, I have it. You shall hear, if you like, a true story of my childhood, that will be about war, and Washington's Birthday, and boys and girls, all in one."

"Capital," said both the children, and the eager listeners were silent.

Then Miss Charlton began this story:

"It was my good fortune to be born and brought up in a small country village, where the leading men were staunch patriots and defenders of the oppressed of all classes, where the elections were always in favor of truth and justice, and where the fugitive slave always found a safe shelter from his pursuing master. Indeed, a fugitive was once known to say that there were only two safe places for the slave—Heaven and Peterboro."

"During the late wicked rebellion this little village up among the hills of Central New York promptly answered to the call for soldiers and helped with men and money her suffering country. She filled the quota assigned her, and sent her brave volunteers to battle with words of encouragement and songs of cheer."

"The men were not alone the loyal ones. The women, old and young, and even the children, were ready to do what they could. Day after day they gathered to labor for

the comfort of our soldiers in the far-off hospitals and on the battle-field."

"The boys, catching the general inspiration, formed their little military companies and daily marched through the streets or drilled on the broad green."

"Nor in this little town, famous for woman's rights, were the girls a whit behind the boys; so they (myself among the number) organized a military company, whose roll-call numbered a little less than twenty girls. The only music we could afford was a small toy drum, with occasional singing of 'Yankee Doodle,' 'John Brown,' 'Star Spangled Banner,' and all the other patriotic songs we knew. The captain was armed with a wooden sword, of home manufacture; and the privates with pop-guns, broom-handles, or anything else that seemed like military weapons. All the officers were as proud of their home-made shoulderstraps, with yellow worsted bars, as ever was McClellan of his easily-earned golden stars. We made frequent marches through the streets; but our grand reviews and 'dress parades' took place on the broad green, with all the dignity we could muster. We had our roll-call every time we met and put in force all the military rules we knew. Many a stroller across the common was brought to a stand-still at the end of a sharpened broomstick (woman's famed weapon for defense) with the interrogation 'Who comes there?' and not allowed to proceed another step till he could give the countersign or show his pass."

"We had a guard house, where we confined the offending soldiers. This building did not afford very desirable quarters, being a brick smoke-house, of rather small dimensions. Many were the attacks we led against a certain neighboring haystack, imagining it to be a rebel fort. We were so proud of these and other achievements that we thought ourselves almost ready for West Point, when 'woman's rights should come.'"

"When the winter drew on, of course, we could not march in the snow; so we spent the long months in 'winter quarters,' occupying ourselves with plans for the coming 'summer campaign.'"

"As Washington's Birthday approached, our company, of course, must have an unusual display in honor of the 'Father of our Country.' Accordingly, the day before, we called a meeting, in order to decide upon the best manner of celebrating the nation-

al holiday. After discussing various plans, we decided to build a snow fort on the green, in preparation for an attack against imaginary rebel forces encamped in that region. At four o'clock that afternoon we commenced our work in earnest. We marked the outline of the fort and rolled up four great snowballs for the corners. By six o'clock we had raised a wall a foot high all around, and in the center an enormous snow mound, which was to be the support for our flagstaff."

"At seven the next morning—the 22d—we went to work, and at ten the fort was finished, with a wall four feet high all around. On the top of this wall we mounted snow guns, and sentinels were placed upon it at equal distances. We had two entrances—one in front and one behind—with a guard stationed at each."

"When the fort was finished and all the arrangements made for its defense, we went to work to make snowballs—our only ammunition. Very soon we had several large piles of them ready for battle."

"Through the forenoon a little skirmishing was kept up by some boys, who, boy-like, in their propensity to disturb the outdoor sports of girls, evidently wanted to hinder our operations more than to get possession of the fort. We imagined these boys to be Southern rebels, and this idea made us braver."

"In the afternoon the battle began in good earnest. About two o'clock a party of boys (among whom, as might be expected, were some whose fathers' loyalty was rather *doubtful*) drew up in line in front of the fort and commenced the attack."

"We had a pretty good supply of ammunition—not of 'cold lead,' but of colder snowballs; but this was soon used up. The boys made icy snowballs, much harder than ours; and whenever one of our party was hit it made rather a severe hurt. But our perseverance lasted longer than our ammunition, and we determined to a *man* that these young rebels should not take the fort. At one time one of the enemy rushed in and siezed the flag, intending to set it on his own ground; but he had scarcely got outside when the captain sprang forward, snatched it from him, and restored it to its place, while the intruder was pretty well battered with snow from all sides of the fort."

"After a while the battle became so

serious that, in the lack of ammunition, we were obliged to hold up snow-shovels in our defense. Still we would not show the flag of truce, much less surrender. Thus for an hour the fight went on, our case becoming more and more desperate."

"Finally welcome re-enforcements came to our aid, in the form of fathers and brothers, and the enemy hastily disappeared, under a heavy shower of balls. The day was mild, with a bright sun, and when we left the fort its walls were nearly worn out."

"But oh! what a sorry sight we presented, as we went limping, rather than marching, to our homes, bearing our dear old battered flag with us. Such burned and blistered faces, sore hands, and aching limbs! But our hearts were all the braver for this day's conflict."

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Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum will be allowed on each deposit account of not less than Five Dollars and not exceeding Six thousand Dollars; and at the rate of four per cent. per annum on all sums in excess of Six Thousand Dollars, but not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars; all interest to be computed from the first day of the month succeeding the time of deposit, and to the first day of the month preceding the time of withdrawal. All moneys deposited on the first day of the month will draw interest from that day; but when the first day of the month shall fall on Sunday, or on a legal holiday, the first business day thereafter shall be regarded as the time from which interest shall be computed. Interest on deposits will be placed to the credit of depositors on the first days of June and December in each year, and if such interest is not withdrawn, it will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day to which it was computed.

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

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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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WE have a very large stock of Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Plums, Peas, Raspberries, Strawberries, Lima Beans, Succotash, Cherries, Prunes, Olives, Pears, Apples, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guara Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushrooms, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

Best Goods and Reasonable Prices.

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 Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions. n67

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 [Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

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Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c.

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E. & A. WAYTE,

Dealers in all kinds of

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Shirts made to Order.

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And Fancy Articles,

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Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

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Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

use of vaccination. It is a quick conqueror over some of the most malignant diseases and some of the most obstinate pains that mortal flesh can inherit or earn; while as a soothing and invigorating pleasure, it is so great that he who has not enjoyed it has missed one of the greatest of physical luxuries. Moreover, adapting the sonorous and rather theatric sentence of Edwin Forrest, we may add our testimony that "the man who has not taken a Turkish bath has never risen to the moral dignity of being personally clean." But it is now a matter of public interest to chronicle that this beneficent innovation has recently superadded to itself a new value and attractiveness by leading to the revival of an old art. Every classical student who has taken a Turkish bath must have been reminded in each stage of the process of the descriptions he had read of the hot-air bath of the ancient Romans, excepting that as hitherto administered our modern bath did not have at its last act that service of anointing of the entire body which constituted so important a feature in the ancient one. This omission has now been successfully supplied by a New York physician, Dr. Angell, who after a chemical analysis of the bathing oil found at Pompeii, has discovered the probable secret of its composition, and at his establishment in Lexington Avenue is able to administer a bath precisely like that of the Romans. This lost unguent of the Roman *Thermæ* which has been at last found in New York is an inodorous, nearly colorless, substance, and its application has been approved by medical men as calculated to enhance the curative efficacy of the bath, especially in cases of gout, neuralgia and rheumatism; while those who have tried it, though having none of these infirmities, find it to be an extremely pleasant and stimulating appendix to the ordinary Turkish bath. The theory of its use is that it supplies the place of the natural oiliness of the skin removed by the dry heat of the bath, just as in hot countries the natives instinctively avert the effects of climatic heat by the use of olive oil and other unguents. Dr. Angell has given to his emollient the name of "Romaleon." As has been said by one of our contemporaries, New York can fairly claim the honor of being the first city to furnish in all its most minute appointments the favorite bath of the Romans since the distant century when

the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian crumbled into ruin.

Cremation and Burial.

Sir Henry Thompson's essay in favor of burning the bodies of the dead finds in the last *Contemporary Review* a very satisfactory reply from the pen of Mr. Holland, the Medical Inspector of Burials in England and Wales. Mr. Holland takes up the matter on its scientific side, and affirms very positively that there are no real advantages in cremation over burial. There is no difference between decomposition in the grave and by fire, except as to the rapidity of the process; the ultimate result is the same in both cases.

"The simple fact is, that it is not so much the burial as the unburial of the dead that is dangerous, including, of course, in that term the disturbance of soil impregnated with putrefying, but not yet putrefied, animal matter." Provided that the cemeteries are of ample size, well situated, and well managed, we shall have in them "as perfect a combustion of putrescent matter as if it were burnt with fire." There is real danger from drinking water which is the drainage of cemeteries; but wells need not be too near burial grounds; or if necessarily near, should be deep. It is but rarely that drinking water is affected in this way—much less frequently than by drains. When burial grounds are filled, and cease to be used, they will still be most valuable, in the economic sense, as open parks or gardens. As a matter of sentiment, burial is far less painful to our feelings than burning, and much more safely and easily performed. It is no more frightful to think of being buried alive than of being burned alive. And as to the value of the ashes as a fertilizer, Mr. Holland asks, "Why stop there? Why not, as we easily might, reduce to powder the flesh as well as the bones of our relatives and friends, to be used as a substitute for guano?" This would be a sixpence a head for the thirty millions of Great Britain. "Such a proposal is about as likely to be adopted as would that of resorting to cannibalism to reduce the cost of butcher's meat."

Can a gentleman who sees a lady home under an umbrella be fitly designated as a rain-beau?

Dr. Lyman Beecher.

The following is an incident of Dr. Lyman Beecher's younger days, which was reported to him in his old age by the writer, and gave him much satisfaction.

An angry quarrel had broken out in a Connecticut parish, rending the church into two nearly equal fragments. Of these divisions, the one which had the slight advantage in numbers, calling itself the majority, had outvoted and excommunicated the other. The aggrieved minority, unwilling to submit to such injustice, appealed to Consociation for redress; and a day was appointed for the trial. The majority invited Dr. Beecher, then in the height of his fame at Litchfield, Connecticut, to attend as their counsel; and the minority selected for their advocate, Dr. N. W. Taylor of New Haven. The leaders of the two factions had undertaken to provide for the entertainment of the clergy upon the occasion: Dr. Beecher being assigned to Dea. Ewer, the ruling spirit of the majority, while Dr. Taylor as naturally fell to Dr. Nore of the minority.

It happened, rather singularly, that Dr. Beecher did not know until his arrival upon the scene of action that Dr. Taylor was retained to oppose him. When, in response to his inquiry, he was informed of this fact, he rubbed his hands together with the glee of a schoolboy, exclaiming, "Taylor, eh! Well he's a foeman worthy of my steel." The arrangements for the day were that the Consociation should meet in the church in the forenoon, long enough to organize and prepare the case for trial, then adjourn for an early dinner at twelve, and come together again at one o'clock for a regular afternoon session.

But when this adjournment took place, to the surprise of Dea. Ewer and his party, their counsel, instead of going for dinner to the place assigned him, hastily locked his arm in that of *Dr. Taylor's*, and trotted off with *him*. In vain he was called to, and informed that Dea. Ewer's wagon was waiting for him. He only shook his head, with the reply, "Brother Taylor and I must be together," and kept sturdily on his way. Arriving at Dr. Nore's, it was found that a few minutes must elapse before the dinner would come upon the table; so the two counsellors paired off together, and were soon out of sight.

The dinner bell was rung ere long to

summon them, but it was rung in vain. The turkey, roasted to a charm, and the chicken fricassee so nicely seasoned, were already dished; and the hospitable Mrs. Nore could not endure that her viands should not be eaten at their best; so a messenger was dispatched to bring in the absentees. They were found sitting astride a rail fence in the orchard in earnest consultation; and when the appeal to their appetites was urgently made, Dr. Beecher replied, "No matter about the dinner, we're in better business." Taylor smiled, and anxious to pacify his hostess (who was an old friend), said, "Tell Mrs. Nore not to wait for us; we'll come as soon as we can."

The lady was much disturbed by the message, but she put her dinner back to the fire, and kept it warm until the tardy gentlemen appeared. The seats at the table were then quickly taken, and a nod to Dr. Taylor invited him to ask the customary grace. But Dr. Beecher again interposed between the hungry guests and their long-delayed repast. "Brethren," he said, "Brother Taylor and I, as counsel for the two parties represented here, have hit upon a plan of settlement which will save the necessity of a trial, and bring this church together in peace. I feel so sure they will have the wisdom to adopt it, and 'bury the hatchet' at once, that I beg Brother Taylor to give thanks for this *coming mercy*, as well as for the excellent dinner now before us."

The two eminent peace-makers were successful. A half hour's talk with their respective clients persuaded both parties to sign the agreement which their counsel had drawn up. The expelled members were restored; mutual forgiveness was freely asked and given; and an era of love and harmony inaugurated which has never been interrupted.

When this scene was recalled to Dr. Beecher in his last years, and its blessed results told him, the venerable man burst into tears, exclaiming, "Thank you, thank you; you can't please an *old* man better, than to tell him that, by the grace of God, he hasn't lived wholly in vain."

NOVES.

A retired soldier, who marched upward of 4,600 miles during our civil war, says that the hardest March he ever experienced is the one just gone.

This I Did for Thee.

WHAT DOEST THOU FOR ME ?

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee ;
What hast thou given for me ?

I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mayest know.
I spent long years for thee ;
Hast thou spent one for me ?

My father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone ;
I left it all for thee ?
Hast thou left aught for me ?

I suffered much for thee—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee ;
What dost thou bear for me ?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee ;
What hast thou brought to me ?

Oh ! let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
I gave myself for thee ;
Give thou thyself to me.

Compulsory Education.

If it is true, as recently stated on good authority, that *ten-elevenths* of the criminals in this country are illiterates, is it not time that the question of compulsory education should be agitated ?

Ask yourself this simple question : "What would my character now be if I had never learned to read ? What would it be if I had been deprived of the counsels, the ideals, the aspirations and hopes that have dropped into my mind from the

books and papers and Bible I have read ? What would my character be if, besides lacking these, I had been born and reared among the ignorant and vicious ? Is not education one of man's rights ? Is not good government bound to protect him in this right as much as it is in any other ?

In the three States, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois *one-tenth* of the illiterates are paupers, while only *one three-hundredth* of those who can read and write are so. Can such facts as this, and that stated above, mean otherwise than that education is one of the essential conditions to both morality and thrift ? Morality and thrift never grow in any soil but that of education. They are never possessed by man or woman whose mind has not been led out, by some means or other, from the feebleness of its childhood. There can be neither virtue nor economy without thought ; and there can be no thought without something to feed it and exercise it.

Throw aside every philanthropic consideration and still may you not reasonably demand that, if your property is taxed to educate the children of him who has no property, his children shall actually receive the education, and enough of it to give them a fair chance of being citizens whom you shall not again be taxed to support and from whose crimes you shall not be endangered ?

A. G. B.

MR. F. B. CARPENTER thus writes :

"The publication of the letters embracing the question addressed to Mr. Greeley as to the future punishment of liars, and his reply, in *The Independent* of this date, reminds me of a 'little story.'

"The late Judge Kellogg, of Essex County, N. Y., was for some years a representative in Congress. He was a bluff, hearty man, concealing under a rough exterior a kind heart and much thoughtfulness upon religious subjects. One evening in Washington he told us this story : He said that he was called by his townspeople a 'Universalist,' a title for which he cared little, having many original views of his own, which probably would scarcely have been considered orthodox. Still for much, that goes by the name of 'Universalism' he had great dislike. This preliminary to the story. The Judge said he was sitting in his law office one afternoon, when a mild-looking gentleman introduced himself as a lecturer on the Universalist doc-

trines; that, upon inquiry at the hotel for leading members of that persuasion, he had been referred by the landlord to 'Judge Kellogg.' He asked as to the probabilities of his getting a hearing in the community for a course of lectures, and, gradually warming up, at length ventured to ask the Judge if he was a 'restorationist.'

"No," said the Judge; 'I am not.'

"Ah! then you are of those of us who believe that all punishment for sin is confined to this world?"

"No," said the Judge; 'I am not of that kind either.'

"His questioner looked puzzled, and then said: 'Excuse me, Judge Kellogg, but those are the only Universalists I ever heard of. Will you be so kind as to give me your particular views?'

"The Judge was an enormous tobacco-chewer. Throwing down his 'quid,' with much emphasis, he replied: 'Well, sir, I have had a pretty large experience of human nature. I have seen so much humbuggery, rascality, and corruption generally that I have come to believe in universal damnation!'"

Recipes.

CORN MUSH, OR PUDDING.—Of course everybody knows how to make it! But unless they leave it over the fire half an hour or more, stirring it the while, (which is no easy task) it is very apt to taste raw and unpalatable. But I have an easier way and the mush is better too. Have the water boiling and keep it boiling while the meal, which should be of white corn, not ground too fine, is being stirred in. Stir it about five minutes; then cover closely and set it on the top of the stove where it will keep hot but not scorch, and let it remain for twenty or thirty minutes, when it will be as light as bread sponge and thoroughly cooked. Graham mush is also much better by being made in this way and is very nice for dessert, served with cream and sugar or pudding sauce, with nutmeg or other flavoring. If one can add plum, strawberry or other preserves it is all the better.

CREAM PIES.—Make the crust as usual and spread on the tins. For each pie, take one-half cup pulverized sugar and nearly as much of sifted flour; rub together dry and spread over the crust. (It is quite

essential that the flour and sugar should be well mixed before uniting with the cream as it prevents all possibility of lumps.) Pour over it one cup of sour cream and a few spoonfuls of sour or loppered milk; stir gently into the flour and sugar. Grate over a little nutmeg and bake in a quick oven. It is better to place an iron grate in the oven under the pies as they are liable to "run over" if too hot on the bottom. These pies are always in good demand. If sweet cream is used, no milk should be added. They should always be eaten fresh, but are good cold or warm.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—One-half pound of grated cocoanut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of stale sponge cake crumbled fine, one tea-cup of sugar, one coffee-cup of rich milk, six eggs. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream and add the beaten yolks. When these are well mixed put in the cocoanut and stir well before adding the milk and cake crumbs; lastly, add the whites of three of the eggs beaten to a froth. While the pudding is baking, whip the rest of the whites stiff with three tablespoons of powdered sugar, and flavor with vanilla. When done spread this meringue over the top and return to the oven until slightly browned. Bake about three-quarters of an hour.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Two cups buttermilk, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cream, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon saleratus, a little salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses; mix soft with Indian meal $\frac{3}{4}$, and flour, $\frac{1}{4}$; bake on one long tin, or put in a three-quart basin and place it in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water for 3 hours, or until done. The last way is preferable.

JELLY CAKE.—Beat the whites of 4 eggs and the yolks, separate, to a froth, 1 teacup sugar, 1 teacup flour, 1 teaspoon saleratus, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream tartar; beat all together; bake on 2 or 3 long tins; spread on the jelly while the cake is hot and roll quickly if you desire to have rolls.

A Jehu in a drab overcoat approached the arrivals on a night train, and in a voice smooth as oil said, invitingly: "Will *thee* have a carriage?" Of course, the brethren speedily filled his vehicle. But when the next query came: "Where's *thou's* baggage?" they saw the deception, and with great disgust as quickly clambered out again. The hackman to this day cannot account for the sudden change in the manner of his passengers.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1874.

Wants.

It does seem as if things in this world were not equally divided. If the abundance of the things we have and don't even wish for, could be divided with the few things we wish for and can't get, perhaps the world would seem pleasanter. These sad and solemn thoughts are the result of the melancholy fact that this Paper needs a great many more subscribers—two thousand more than it has—and it doesn't require nearly so many postal cards and circulars as it receives, asking us to advertise so many kinds of business. Not but advertising is good in its way; it is that so many queer fashions are devised for payments. One man wishes us to advertise his printing presses. Well, we would be glad to do so, at the usual rates; but the price of the machine is five thousand dollars. He expects us, if we advertise for him, to take half of a printing press as pay. At five dollars per year, how long would it take to pay twenty-five hundred dollars? We frankly acknowledge that we don't know, and what is more, we don't care, and shall not try to find out. By the time the debt was paid, or perhaps before, we should have paid our debt to nature, and we cannot consent to enter into any business transaction which will not be finished in this world; besides, we don't want a machine like that; we haven't any place to put it, and we don't know how to manage one if it was given to us this minute. However, we are sorry to lose the chance to receive money for the Paper. We have long since ceased to cherish the hope, that when an unusually thick letter comes directed to the "Hospital Review," it contains a roll of bank bills for the Hos-

pital. Not long ago one came, so thick that for a moment the old hope revived. It was only a list of names of papers, in whose columns a man advertised a patent medicine. He asked us to do the same and wait six months for our pay. As a matter of conscience, we cannot advertise a medicine of which we know nothing, for if a person should buy a bottle of medicine, because it was advertised, and should die in consequence of taking it, as in all probability he would, we should feel that his blood was on our head. We received another circular. This one has a picture of a fine looking pair of horses, drawing an agricultural machine, which we can have, without the horses, for one year's advertising and five hundred dollars (!) Goodness! Do these people think that we are made of money? Besides, if we had it, what in the world would the Hospital do with it?

It is not the design of this Paper to advertise alone, but as much as possible to interest all who will read it, in the Hospital. For the furtherance of this object we publish monthly accounts of the visits to the Hospital, telling our readers of its needs, the condition of the sick and anything which we trust will interest its friends. And while there are so many faithful friends to whom we speak of this charity monthly, we greatly desire, for the sake of the poor and sick, many more such friends. So, we ask in this number for a renewed effort, to increase our number of subscribers. We ask every one who takes the "Review" to get one more to do the same thing. It is the easiest thing in the world. Just try it. If anyone has the hard-heartedness to say "No," try again. There is great comfort in making people say "Yes," if at first they don't mean to. It is not necessary to say anything concerning the merits of the "Review." We do not claim that it is taken for the same reason that the "Harper" or the "Atlantic" or "Scribner's"

or any of those Magazines are taken. We suppose it is taken for the reason that the friends of the Hospital like to hear from it. It is devoted to the interests of the Hospital. That is its sole and only object. Will not our friends aid us? Will not every subscriber get one more? yes; half a dozen—a dozen, if you only will. We all know the story of the poor old negro. His master was supposed to be dying of quinsy, and this old servant, kneeling by his bed-side, prayed: "Oh, Lord, won't you help, won't you save this sick man; you can just as well as not if you are only a mind to try?"

Visit to the Hospital.

Clearly we must have a German visitor for the Hospital. It is very difficult for a woman who understands only one language to be talked to and gesticulated at by persons who are ignorant of the English tongue. For instance: What could that German woman mean, by rising from her chair waving her hands in the air, which, as Joe Gargery would say, is poetry, although certainly unpremeditated, and talking in an unknown tongue? Then she touched her eyes and looked at ours. Nothing is the matter with them as far as we know, but for all that, she may have discovered strabismus or cataract, and in German we may this moment be suffering. Sad thought. Poor old woman. A stranger in a foreign land, with no one to understand her, except her husband who is in the male ward, suffering with asthma. To be near him, she lives in the Hospital, and happily has not the added sorrow of poverty. When she talked, we said, "We don't understand you," and as she continued we raised our voice, until we found that we had our mouth close to her ear and were screaming at her as if she were deaf, "We can't understand!" Like a great many people, what we lacked in knowledge, we made up in noise. We trust she did

not think us a sample of American manners. Near her was an aged woman, who two months ago had the misfortune to fall on the ice and break her hip. She hoped that she was so far recovered as to have the weights, or as she said, the "shackles" taken off, but the surgeon thought they had better remain for a few days longer, and she was so disappointed that she could not keep the tears back. Besides, she was homesick. On the other side of the room we found a pale, blue-eyed little girl only seven years old. She was sitting up in bed playing with her dolls. We asked her "if she had not rather be at home than there? To our surprise she said: "No, she liked to be there and play with Emma." "Did she like to read stories?" No, she did not know how to read, she didn't care for stories anyway. "What did she like?" "She liked to play with Emma," evidently to sit up in bed and "play with Emma" made life a pleasant thing. She is lame. She laid her thin little hand upon her knee and said, "it was always lame if she had a cold." Another new patient was a fair girl not more than sixteen, who has very seriously injured herself by lifting; she has been in the Hospital but a few days. Two or three of the patients are still in the Hospital, who were there one year ago and it is hardly to be hoped that they will leave it while they live. One is an invalid of fourteen years standing; "at first," she told us "she was sick for a little time, then the attacks lasted longer, until for the past few years she has spent most of the time in her bed." It is a wonderful thing to witness such patience as hers. We know a "person" who will grumble more, and pity herself more, if she has one nervous headache than many a sick person will, who has endured headaches and heartaches for years. A headache for twelve hours is bad, but think of aching all over for twelve years. We found after visiting the West Wards and chatting a little while with the matron, that

our morning had slipped away, and that we had no time to spend in the East Wards; besides we gave such a learned description last month of one or two surgical operations, we thought it better not to visit any patients whose cases called for such displays of anatomical knowledge on our part. One patient had a little row of plants by her window, all grown from slips that had been given her in bouquets. She enjoyed them so much, and they served to while away so many weary hours, that we felt it was a pity that other patients had not the same resource. Some one gave to the German girl who had typhoid fever, a few weeks since, a bunch of flowers which she was carefully cherishing. In our usual accomplished manner we greeted her, that is we shook hands, nodded, shouted "good morning," as if to a person as deaf as a post, dropped our voice to a mumbling tone, and said, "Oh, I remember, you can't understand English," as if her hearing was entirely gone—and left. Really, it does seem strange that everybody doesn't learn the English language; it is so much easier than these foreign tongues.

The St. Nicholas.

Everybody has read the touching story of "James Speaight, the Infant Violinist." But never did we read anything more tender than this sad story, as told by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It is in the "St. Nicholas" for April, and we commend it to everybody, especially to that class who like to witness the performances of infant prodigees. He tells us how two little people wandered to his fireside one September morning, and in a strange language, asked to be cared for. So, he takes in these two little twin boys, who are really his own sons; and happier little boys we believe it would be difficult to find. One afternoon they go to the pantomime, at the Boston theatre, and there they hear this wonderful James Speaight. "Charley began to think it was no such grand thing to be a circus-

rider, and the dazzling career of policemen had lost something of its charms in the eyes of Talbot." That night, these little twin brothers, who, in their evening prayers ask for just what they want, pray that God will "watch over and bless the little violinist." The same night James Speaight prays, "Gracious God, make room for another little child in heaven." And the prayers of the three little ones are answered. The magazine is more delightful than ever. There is not an article in it which will not interest a grown person.

Book Notices.

At this time, when the country is so stirred on the question of temperance, or rather intemperance, it seems fitting that such books as Pansy writes should be thoroughly read, as they will certainly help in this wonderful work. Especially should they be put in the hands of children. She never falls into the singularly bad habit of preaching, and preaching in a dull manner; but she does teach, and in so entertaining a fashion that it is easy to learn. Two books written by her, "The King's Daughter," and "Wise and Otherwise," are religious in their teachings and elevated in their tone, and decidedly on the side of temperance.

For sale at Darrow's.

"In His Name," by E. E. Hale, is exquisite. It is a pure story, written in the author's pure style. Anyone who has read "My Double, and How He Undid Me," or that pathetic story, "A Man Without a Country," will have some idea of the style of this book. Still, the story itself is entirely unlike anything we have read. It is in the time of the "Waldenses."

For sale at Darrow's.

The best thing in the *Danbury News* this week is the statement that it is proposed to apply the Westinghouse brake to George Francis Train, as a final test.

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 11, 1874, Eunice Ellsworth, aged 87 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 19, 1874, John Cochrane, aged 55 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 1, 1874, Martin S. Taylor, aged 71 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, March 18, 1874 Samuel Drake, aged 71 years.

Donations.

- Miss Hattie Fairchild—Old Cotton.
- Mrs. Ira Dunlap—Twelve Bound Volumes—interesting Books and other reading matter.
- Mrs. Sharp—Old Cotton.
- Mrs. D. Vanbergh—Old Cotton.
- Mrs. Wm. S. Falls—Second-hand Clothing.
- Mrs. D. A. Watson—Quantity Pickles.
- Mrs. Coy—Magazines.
- Mrs. E. C. Wilder—Papers and Periodicals.
- Mrs. C. H. Angel—Fruit, Reading matter, Old Cotton, &c.
- Mrs. Maria Whipple, Brockport—Papers and Old Cotton. [years.]
- W. B. Levett—'Every Saturday.' volumes for two Mrs. Starr Hoyt—Oranges, Jelly, Cologne and Florida Waters. [Papers.]
- Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Illustrated and other Mrs. H C. Roberts—Two doz. Oranges.
- Miss Hattie Fairchild—Flannel, Old Cotton, &c.

Subscriptions to the Review.

- Mrs. Arthur Robinson—By Mrs. Strong.. 00
- Mrs. Dr. Fenn—By Mrs. Atwater..... 1 25
- Mrs. Dana, San Francisco, Cal.,—By Mrs. Rochester..... 50
- Mrs. Chas. C. Wells, Stratford Conn.—By Mrs. Smith..... 50
- Mrs. Coleman, \$3.75; Mrs. Frank Hunn, 63 cents; Mr. Tone, 63 cents; Mr. Porter, 62 cts.; Mr. Sheldon, 75 cents; Mr. McLean, \$1.00—By Miss Munger..... 6 75
- Mrs. J. Frey, Charlotte, N. Y. \$1.50; Mrs. Louis Chapin, \$1.86; Miss Atheral, \$1.25; Walter B. Brown, New York, \$1.00; Miss A. B. Porter, \$1.25; Mrs. Barber, 62 cents; Mrs. Manderville, \$1.25; Miss M. A. Moses, \$1.25; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, \$1.25; Mrs. J. T. Hough, Knoxville, Tenn., \$1.00; Mrs. H. H. Morse, \$1.25; Mrs. C. Waite, 63 cents; Mrs Israel Smith, \$1.00; Mrs. Thomas Chester, Geneva, 50 cents—A. S. Mann & Co. \$10.00; Moore & Cole, \$10.00; A. Wayte, \$5.00; C. B. Woodworth & Co., \$5; Laue & Paine, \$5; Rowley & Davis, \$5; Reese, Higbie & Co., \$5; H. H. Babcock, \$5; J. B. Sweeting, \$5; John Schlier, \$5; Alling & Cory, \$5; M. V. Beemer, \$5; Woodbury, Morse & Co., \$5; E. F. Hyde, \$5; L. C. Spencer, \$5; Smith & Perkins, \$5; Mechanics' Savings Bank, \$15;—for Advertisements—By Mrs. Craig..... 120 61

Superintendent's Report.

No. Patients in Hospital, Feb. 1, 1874,	76
" Admitted, Feb. and Mar.....	64— 140
" Discharged, Feb. and Mar.....	61
" Died, Feb. and Mar.....	4— 65
" Remaining April 1st, 1874,	76

Children's Department.

A Winter Holiday.

BY M. E. A.

"I'm so glad it snowed Friday night," said Molly to her mother, who was bundling up little Bert as only mothers can, so as to be warm and winter-proof. "Seems as if 'twas just on purpose for us to have a good time Saturday."

Molly was a sturdy little girl, eight years old, with blue eyes and a heap of golden brown curls. She was tugging at her leggings as she spoke, getting ready for the "good time" as fast as she could.

Just then the outer door opened, and her father came into the cosy kitchen where they were. His face was red with cold and he was clapping his hands to warm them, for he had been at work in the barn.

"Hallo, mother," he cried, "are you going to send the chicks out this cold day? The thermometer is down to 8, and the wind is sharp. Sha'n't you freeze, Molly?"

"Course not," she replied, promptly. "Why, its the first real cold day, and we've got not to freeze all the whole winter. Besides, I want to show Chris the ice. He doesn't know what winter is."

There was a knock at the door; the Captain opened it and Chris came in. "Good mornin'," he said sheepishly, and sat down in the first chair he came to and said no more. He was just as old as Molly, but bigger; his hair was lighter and his eyes bluer; but there was more life, and snap, and spring in Molly's little finger than in the whole of Chris. He had just come from California and was experiencing his first New England winter.

"Oh, Chris!" cried Molly, "I know where there's ice, and we're going to slide, you and Bert and me, and have a splendid time! Ready, Bert?" she asked, as she tied her blue hood over her thick curls, which peeped out all around it.

"Dess so," replied Bert, briskly, "just

as soon as vis over mitten dets on!" And that very minute the "other mitten" covered up his little chubby fist, and his mother's kiss finished her work with him. He was in such a hurry that he was jumping about while she kissed him.

Then she opened the door, saying, "Take good care of Bert, Molly."

"I tate tare myself," said Bert. "Oh, and I most fordot; I want a doughnut, please."

The mother stood at the window a minute, though all the morning's work was waiting, to see the children cross the barnyard, clamber through the frosted fence-bars, and take the path up the hill behind the house, Chris and Molly hand in hand, and Bert and the doughnut trudging along just behind.

Chris was saying, in his slow way, "Do you like to have Bert go along, too?"

"Course!" said Molly, "he is a *beautiful* boy; you should just have heard Aunt Rhody telling Miss Simkins about him!" and she turned and took him by the hand that wasn't busy with the doughnut. He looked up with bright dark eyes, but made no remark, his mouth being otherwise engaged. Hand-in-hand they climbed the hill. The path was slippery, for a tiny stream had trickled down it as long as Jack Frost let it run at all, and the light snow lay upon the ice. There was a very little snow, only just enough to make all things white and sparkling in the frosty morning.

Chris tumbled down several times, in spite of Molly's hold upon him, but sure-footed Bert trotted along peacefully. When they came to the edge of the wood, "Now, stop and look!" said Molly, turning round. Below them lay the house, and beyond it the village. There was a clock in the church-steeple. It struck nine, and the sound ran clear across the bright cold air. Beyond the white farms and the village lay the gleaming bay, upon which the sun shone. Ships with shining sails were on it here and there.

Molly jumped up and down, and clapped her hands. O, the shining, beautiful, splendid world!" she cried. "It dazzles," said Chris. "Less doe and slide," said Bert.

So they turned and went on through the woods. The brown oak-leaves and the pale beech-leaves rustled, the wind sang in the pines. Under the trees, the club-moss held up its little clubs, two on a stem, above the snow. "There's ground-pine,"

said Molly, "when we come back we'll bring some home to hang over the picture-frames. Mother likes it."

Presently they came to a large, round, level space in the woods, smooth and white, around whose edge grew a crowd of white birches and dark cedars, alders, maples and sassafras. A narrow footpath led down through the thick underwood to the open level.

"This is the cranberry-meadow," said Molly. "They flood it in the winter, so there's ice all over. Now take hold of my hands." She sat down upon her feet, and the boys ran, drawing her along. Then, in like manner, Burt and Chris were treated to a ride, till the frozen swamp showed many a track across and around it, where little feet and little clothes had brushed aside the light snow from the ice.

At length, however, as the boys were sliding Molly, they came over a place there was a spring, where the water was deeper, and the ice thinner. There was a cracking noise. Bert dropped Molly's hand and ran on. He was little and light, and reached the bank in safety. But Molly, alert as she was, had only time to spring to her feet when the ice gave way, and she and Chris were suddenly plunged into the water. How cold it was! Molly held firmly to Chris with one hand, while with the other she clutched the ice, which was strong even near the edge of the hole into which they had fallen.

Chris began to cry. I shall be drowned!" he howled, "I shall be drowned!"

"No you won't," said Molly, bravely. "Get up on the ice. I'll push you up."

Molly always believed and maintained that she could not touch bottom with her feet, but how else, I wonder, did she succeed in getting that heavy boy out upon the ice. For, after many efforts, she did get him out. He rolled over, and got up, all dripping, at a safe distance.

"Now help me out," said Molly.

"I can't!" he whined, with his teeth chattering. "I shall fall in again!"

"But you *must* help me out!" cried Molly.

"I can't!" repeated Chris; and he went and sat down upon a big stone close by, for the spring was near the edge of the swamp.

"I help you!" said Bert, trotting up and holding out his short, fat arms. But the dear little three-year old boy could

not possibly pull her out. Molly knew that.

"Look here, Bert," she said, "I'll tell you what you must do: run straight home and tell father to come quick."

"I will," said little Bert, and set off instantly, as fast as his short legs could carry him, and was immediately hid from view by the thick-growing bushes.

"Can't you come and help me, Chris?" asked Molly once more.

"I can't!" he answered with a sob and a shiver, and it was true, for he was frozen fast to the rock. The tears were freezing on his cheeks, and he made no further reply to anything Molly said. She was as lively and fearless as a young seal, in her hole in the water. She called, "Father! father!" as loud as she could. "I guess I'll call; maybe somebody's in the woods. Help! help! I wonder if Bert 'll find the way; he never was in the woods alone in his life before."

Yes, Bert found the way. No doubt about it ever entered his steadfast little mind. Through the woods, down the steep hillside, across the field and the baryard, the willing little feet ran on, never pausing till he rushed, rosy and out of breath, into the kitchen, where the Captain sat by the fire with his morning paper. Bert seized his hand. "Tome quick! ve ice broke; Molly's in ve water!"

"Where?" he asked, snatching his hat from the peg.

"Tranberry swamp," replied Bert; and the Captain was gone instantly.

The mother's heart sank. "In the water ever since the child started! Then she is dead and drowned!" But, for all the hopeless thought, she went eagerly to work to have all things in readiness for the child's restoration and comfort. Two young women who were in the kitchen started to follow the Captain. She gave them shawls and blankets to wrap the children in. She sent word over to the friends of Chris as soon as she heard Bert's tale more fully, and immediately three or four started from that house up the hill-path. She lighted a fire in the best chamber, and hung blankets to warm by the kitchen stove.

Bert found it dull in the house. "I dess I'll doe and see how vey're dettin on," he said, and immediately set out by himself up the hill again. At the foot of the slippery path he was surprised to see his father's shoes.

"Now, what in vis world did he tate his shoes off for? Dess I'll tarry vem along." Dess his feet 'll be told 'nough!"

The fact was that the Captain found himself losing time by the slipping of his feet upon the ice; so, kicking off his shoes, he ran on in his woolen socks. As soon as he reached the top of the hill, the clear voice of his little daughter, calling, "Father, father!" set his worst fears at rest, and with a loud halloo, he rushed on with renewed speed, and soon appeared before the delighted eyes of brave little Molly, leaping down upon the ice, and running to her rescue. A moment more, and she was safe out of the water, clasped closely in his warm, strong arms.

Then came the women with the blankets, and wrapped her up; and men broke the icy fetters which fastened poor Chris to his rock, and wrapped him up, too; and lastly came little Bert with the shoes, which his father was glad to put on, though in his excitement he had not missed them.

Quickly the small procession carried the little children down the hill to their homes, where warm rooms, warm blankets, warm drinks, warm hands to rub them, and warm hearts to be glad over them, speedily restored them.

Molly was much less chilled than Chris; the water had kept the cold wind from her, and her courage and exertions kept her blood warm. She wanted to run and play as usual, but was kept in bed all day. This was not very bad, however, for she was in the best chamber, and the neighbors came in to see her, and brought her cake and oranges, nuts and raisins, and candy. And she and Bert told the story over a dozen times, and everybody, especially Aunt Rhody, agreed that Bert was a wonderful child. So he sat on the foot of the bed, and felt himself a hero, and manfully helped eat the good things.

But poor Chris was tired and feverish, and wished himself back in California. He didn't think much of New England winters, nor care about sliding any more upon the ice. The Captain went in to see him. "She helped me out," said Chris. "I couldn't help her: but I was praying for her," he added, with tears in his eyes.

And the boy's faith so touched the Captain's heart, that he forgave his inefficiency, and was always ready with an excuse

for him if anybody intimated that he ought to have made an effort for Molly's rescue.

Not at all Like Me.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

Two little monkeys were swinging one day
In the top of a cocoanut tree.

Said one little M. to the other, "Ahem!
You don't look at all like me,—
Not at all, not at all like me.

"My nose is turned up much higher than yours,
And my eyes they are wondrously small,
My fingers are longer, my tail it is stronger,—
Oh, no! you're not like me at all,—
Don't frown; but, indeed, not at all.

"You need n't be mad, it is n't my fault,
That so strongly I favor my Ma:
She'd a sweet monkey-face, and was belle of this
place
Before she married my Pa—
Yes, and after she married my Pa."

Not a word said her friend, but she threw out
arm,
With a look of deep indignation,
And she whacked the "belle" till she tottered
and fell,
And that ended the conversation—
Quite ended the conversation.

The Belladonna is so poisonous that the whole tribe to which it belongs (*Solanaceæ*) has had a more or less poisonous name. the Potato berries, Tomato, Eggplant, and many other Solanaceous plants have in the past been looked on with more or less suspicion. Even up to the present time a belief widely prevails that the berries of the common Jerusalem Cherry of our gardens (*Solanumcapsivastrum* and *S. semibaccatum*) are poisonous; but recent experiments have proved them to be as harmless as any of the others we have named.

An Illinois girl, having \$30,000 of her own, recently refused to marry a clergyman because she thought herself not good enough to be a clergyman's wife. He gave up his sacred calling and proposed again; and then she refused him because she thought herself too good to marry a man who would abandon his high profession to gain a woman's hand.

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.

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.

Agents.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

- Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
- Miss ELVA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
- Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- Miss MARY WATSON, "
- Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

Advertisements.

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A Column contains eight Squares.

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Interest on Deposits will be computed at SIX PER CENT. from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal; but no interest will be allowed on any sum on deposit less than thirty days. Mar. '74.

**WALTER & LINE,
DENTISTS,**

Smith's Block, cor. West Main & Exchange Sts.

L. D. Walter, D. D. S.
J. Edw. Line, D. D. S. sep73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum will be allowed on each deposit account of not less than Five Dollars and not exceeding Six thousand Dollars; and at the rate of four per cent. per annum on all sums in excess of Six Thousand Dollars, but not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars; all interest to be computed from the first day of the month succeeding the time of deposit, and to the first day of the month preceding the time of withdrawal. All moneys deposited on the first day of the month will draw interest from that day; but when the first day of the month shall fall on Sunday, or on a legal holiday, the first business day thereafter shall be regarded as the time from which interest shall be computed. Interest on deposits will be placed to the credit of depositors on the first days of June and December in each year, and if such interest is not withdrawn, it will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day to which it was computed.

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TROTTER & STONE,

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FURNACES and RANGES,

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83 EXCHANGE ST. aug73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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REFITTED and remade ed. We guarantee the same satisfaction to customers which we have ever given. Lace Curtains is one of our specialties. Orders left at either place will be promptly attended to.
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COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

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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LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

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Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,

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nov '67 ly ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

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

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

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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Ladies' Hair Tastefully and Carefully Dressed.
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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.

The Bank is open for business during the usual Bank hours, (10 A. M. to 3 P. M.)

Canned and Dried Fruits.

WE have a very large stock of Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Plums, Peas, Raspberries, Strawberries, Lima Beans, Succotash, Cherries, Prunes, Olives, Pears, Apples, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guara Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushrooms, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

Best Goods and Reasonable Prices.

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CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs & Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches, Trusses, Etc. Pure Wines and Liquors, 81 State Street, (west side,) Rochester, N. Y. Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions. n67

Established 1832.

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Druggists & Apothecaries

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 [Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

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Jan '67

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Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,
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Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

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MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

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Shirts made to Order.

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Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.
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Established 1834.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

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Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

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nov '67 ly ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

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

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

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

Not Knowing.

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

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

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

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

[know!]

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

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

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

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

my in camp. It is not necessary to recount the sickening details. And, in justice, it must be said that some of the evils complained of are probably inseparable from the bad system of gathering hundreds of diseased creatures under one roof. But the dirt, and the insufficiency of proper food and bedding and clothing and towels and soap, the lack of proper nursing and intelligent supervision, are curable defects.

From Philadelphia there comes a cheerfuller report. Thirteen years ago a few benevolent Friends organized in that city a Women's Hospital, designed especially to furnish clinical privileges to the Woman's Medical College. This institution has grown far beyond the hopes of its founders. Its resident physicians, officers, and nurses are all women. Its board of Managers is composed of twenty-four women, two of whom are on patrol duty each month. Their visits are frequent, irregular, and unannounced. They inspect every room, closet, and stairway, examine attic, and cellar, and door-yard; poke up beds and bedding; scrutinize the blankets and towels; taste the food; confer with the nurses; call on the cooks; and have friendly talks with the patients themselves. In a word, these intelligent and competent housekeepers manage the hospital upon the same principles of economy, thoroughness, order, cleanliness, cheerfulness, kindness, which they bring to bear in their own homes.

The bane and antidote are both before us. Hospital reform, like many another social regeneration, waits to-day for the ingenious brain, the patient energy, the skilled hands of women. The new times demand new measures. Almost up to our own day two powerful causes operated to keep women out of public affairs. One was that her place was not ready for her. The other, that she was not ready for her place. The spirit of previous ages, and hence the organized action, has been utilitarian, selfish, aggressive. If "the greatest good of the greatest number" had been the motto of any nation, that "greatest number" would have stood for Number One. But the spirit of this age is humanitarian. It is true that our promise is vastly better than our performance. But Americans, at least, have learned to abhor slavery, to prefer arbitration and concession to war, to consider idiots and madmen as he wards of the State, to defend the right

of children to knowledge against the cupidity of parents, to recognize the claim of animals to protection, even to see that a criminal is not an outcast from the Father's household, and, blunderingly and slowly, to attempt his reclamation. The work which follows on this new apprehension of social relations belongs peculiarly to women, as the occupations founded on the belief in the excellence of brute force belonged peculiarly to men.

Again, ever since the Old Testament matrons ground their corn between stones and sewed the skins their husbands brought home, and baked, and brewed, and made wine, and taught their slaves, and tended their sick, and adorned themselves to find favor in sight of their lords, household cares and business have subdued women to what they worked in. Solomon's perfect woman takes one's breath away with her enterprise; but there have been generations like her, whose first untroubled rest was in the grave. Now, however, machinery stands ready to do half the work of women at half the cost. Presently it will accomplish still more and charge still less. Organization, also, is to diminish the labor and the cost of domestic life. Thus there is growing a great emancipated class who fulfill all the duties of housekeeper, wife, and mother, and yet have leisure, culture, and energy for other service. Besides these exists a host of unmarried women whose talents ought to be utilized by society.

Life is so complex in our day that the pressure of the new knowledge that must be learned, of the new activities that must be pushed, greatly over-burdens men with care, labor, responsibility, while women escape their share. We do not infer from the wretched condition of our hospitals that their managers are necessarily indifferent or brutal. They are doubtless busy with a multitude of affairs, and half-persuaded that evils whose beginning no one remembers are irremediable. Cultivated, humane, fine-fibred men, of quick perception and executive force, are called upon for so much service that they cannot afford time to supervise hospitals, jails, reformatories, schools. But women of this class are often women of leisure, always women of conscience and aspirations toward helpfulness. The Sanitary Commission proved their capacity. The need of the hospitals should be their opportunity.

There is no good reason why the Commissioners of Charities and Correction should not be women. We could name three, out of hand, as exact in judgment, through long experience among the poor and criminal classes, as distinguished for executive ability, as they would be above suspicion of partisanship or corruption. Since they could not "fix a primary," however, this vision of their official usefulness is doubtless Utopian. But positions involving hard work and little or no pay even politics might find its actouns in conceding to women.

There is not the slightest heresy of woman's rights in this proposition. Not a grain of powder is hereby added to that slow match of women suffrage which is one day to blow up society. The question which antedates, and to which these are subsidiary and distant, is the question of woman's responsibility and duty to the modern community. Till yesterday the world remanded women to private life and exhorted them to private virtues. To-morrow it will eagerly demand of them public virtues as well. For its best hope is that, of the new social fabric, in a larger sense than the Psalmist dreamed of, "our daughters may be as corner-stones."

A Lady's Visit to a Buddhist Temple.

Miss L. Fay, a lady attached to the American Church Mission at Shanghai, describes a visit to a Buddhist Temple and Nunnery as follows :

I wish I could describe to you a Buddhist Temple and Nunnery—its high, dark walls; its numerous courts; its long, low, rambling halls and chambers, filled with shrines and a multitudinous variety of idols of all shapes, sizes, and conditions—gilded Buddhas, with blue hair, black mouth, and red eyes, sometimes represented standing, and sometimes sitting on a lotus-flower; the Goddess of Mercy, who assumes a great many forms, the most popular of which is "the thousand-handed Goddess of Mercy," in allusion to the great benefits she is supposed to bestow on those who worship her; and the smaller idol-gods and goddesses, with avenging deities that fill up every niche and corner around and on both sides of the high altar, before which incense is continually burning and worshippers continually kneeling.

We were ushered in through several small courts, in which stood huge tripods, or incense burners, into a reception-room, where two or three nuns received us very civilly.

I asked for the lady-abbess, but was told she was not at home. The prioress, however, soon appeared, accompanied by several more nuns, and we were invited into a larger reception-room—one side of which was quite filled with idols—in the centre of which was a gilt shrine, hung with artificial flowers, in which sat a full-sized Goddess of Mercy, clad in embroidery, with a crown on her head, from which depended strings of pearls that nearly covered her face like a veil of rich fringe. As we were invited to sit down, we did so, and I began conversation by asking the prioress some questions about their mode of living, which is supposed to be very strict and abstemious. In return she asked many questions about the "doctrine of Jusus"; how many fast days I kept in the year; and if I passed all my time in repeating prayers, which is considered one of the first and highest duties of the Buddhist.

Tea was then brought in to us, served in tiny covered china cups, and placed on a small table at our side. As I took the cover off my cup to taste the tea with, in place of a teaspoon, there seemed to be only a few rose-leaves in the bottom of the cup, and the water quite colorless; yet, on tasting it, I found the flavor exquisite—such tea as is only seen in China. We sat about half an hour longer, and then, as the perfume of burning sandal-wood and the smoke of the incense gave me a headache, I rose to take leave, amid many protestations of Chinese politeness that I should not go so soon, and many pressing invitations to come again; and walked sadly away, thinking "Who is sufficient for these things?" and how can a simple missionary exert an influence in these strongly-fortified holds of the Arch-deceiver? In a Christian land one can form little idea of what idolatry really is; or with how much of learning, wealth, gorgeous display, and attractive courtesy, it is bound around the homes, the hearts, the affections, the very lives of the heathen.

"My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a waggish citizen on election day, "I am very glad to see you." "You needn't be," replied the wag. "I've voted."

Vick's Floral Guide.

A VICTIM OF THAT PUBLICATION.

We do believe that we have been more persecuted by Vick than by any other living man. For six years we have borne it with a fortitude that would pass for a virtue. It does seem that Vick has entered into a conspiracy with every woman in the country to harass her husband into an untimely grave, that she may plant it with flowers.

If, dear reader, the better half shows any inclination to cultivate the posy, be sure that you never let a *Vick's Floral Guide* fall into her hands. From the day that some foul destroyer of human happiness placed in our wife's hands that fascinating volume, we date the departure of our peace—our way has been more literally than figuratively strewn with flowers; we could not turn around for flowers; flowers were planted in everything about the house, except the boot-jack. If the nail box and paint bucket were off duty for a day they were condemned to the service, and had holes bored in the bottom and a "*Lilium auratum*" or "*Caladium*" quartered therein. We have carried flower pots out into the rain and in out of the rain. We have sat up all night to build fires to keep them from freezing—it would have been "hot" for us if we had let them freeze. We have carried hogsheads of water when the plants were dry, and wagon loads of dirt when they needed re-potting. The dirt best adapted to pot plants is that which grows under a stump—he harder the stump to pry out the better the dirt, at least that has been the ruling on the instructions given in the Guide, and from that ruling there has been no chance for appeal. Every year for the last five we have made a hot-bed; we always had to dig them two feet deeper than necessary—women will run things so far into the ground, especially when they boss and somebody else digs. The difficulties attending the construction of our first are still fresh in our mind. We had put in the ingredients according to the directions, and then covered it with fine earth—having brought up several varieties before getting the kind to suit; we were just putting on the finishing touch—a *chef d'œuvre* made of oiled muslin—when it was discovered that the Guide said it must not be covered for

several days—to sweat before the dirt was put on. We protested that *we* had sweat, and suggested that the bed might "sweat;" but, no; that dirt had to come off, and the bed must be allowed to sweat "in due and ancient farm." But in the *Asparagus* culture we came out triumphant. We got one hundred roots of Conover's Colossal; we prepared the ground and planted the roots, the reading and bossing conducted as in the hot bed case, but in this case the bosses turned two leaves, and we went down two feet. Well, we planted those roots where they will never bother any one. It has been three years since, and they have not yet put in an appearance.

When we left the farm and went to editing a newspaper, we thought we had escaped, but Vick has discovered our retreat, and proposes to "cover that retreat" with flowers. He sends us the numbers of his quarterly Guide, offers to present us with five dollars' worth of seed, and knowing the modesty of editors in receiving presents, proposes to select the flower seed for us if we fail to do so ourselves—says he wouldn't object to a little notice in our paper, but leaves the nature of the notice entirely optional with us, of which liberal conditions we think we have availed ourselves. We don't object to Vick's sending out flower seeds, if he would only treat them like those who sell Dorking and Houdan eggs—boil them before sending out, so that they never would be any bother. But who ever heard of seed that Vick sent out that didn't grow? For six years we have watched those seed go into the ground, and if ever we cherished the hope that they would rot there, that hope was doomed to disappointment.

Vick is now sending out his Guide quarterly, in pamphlets of 110 pages, printed on paper that we would be glad to get at the price, if only blank. How he can afford it we can't see, unless he thinks to make friends of the man—excuse us—of the ladies—and when women's suffrage comes, as it surely will, and Vick runs for President, of which there is no doubt, his election will be a foregone conclusion."

[*Iowa Review.*]

The *Utica Herald* says it is some consolation to see a bald-headed insurance man. You don't know that justice has been dealt out to him; but you think perhaps it has.

Assurance.

It may not come to us as we have thought,
The blessed consciousness of sins forgiven;
We may not hear a voice that shall proclaim
Our title clear to the sweet rest of Heaven.

We may not see a light upon the path
Above the brightness of the noonday sun,
Whose radiance shall reveal our names enrolled
As ransomed by the Lord's Anointed One.

Not thus may the sweet knowledge come to us,
That all is well with us forevermore;
Not with a flash of glory on the soul
Do all pass into life through Christ the door.

But like the winter merging into spring,
Or gently as the trees put forth their leaves,
May come to us the impulse of that life
Which God bestows on those sin truly grieves.

If we are conscious of a firm resolve
To follow Jesus as our constant guide;
If, in prosperity or in distress,
Our hearts cling closely to the Crucified.

If we are not ashamed to have it known
That in His service is our chief delight;
Though we may never feel the ecstasy
Which those attain who reach the mountain
height.

Yet if the hour of secret prayer be sweet,
When we hold converse with a Friend divine,
And dear the time when with His "own" we
meet,

For us the promise stands, "They shall be mine."
[*Watchman and Reflector.*]

A deceased city surgeon adopted an ingenious plan for collecting his fees. He had two bells. When he rang one, the servant knew the fee was paid, and bowed the visitor out; when he rang the other, the servant said: "I think, sir, you have forgotten to give Mr. Lock his fee!" and did not open the door until the fee was paid.

Story of a cat. Twelve months ago, a kitten, was given by a lady to the captain of an English brig. Brig wrecked in a recent gale. Crew taken off; cat left on board. First anybody knows, cat arrives, emaciated and on foot, at the house of the lady, who originally owned it. Swam ashore from the wreck and walked thence, starving but brave. Cathood could do no more.

For a Memorial of Her.

She is a washerwoman, and she lives in one of the northern cross-streets of New York, not far from the Hudson river. You may have met her, sometime, hurrying along after night-fall, carrying in her arms that enormous bag of clothes, and bent under its weight. Week in, week out, she toils at her tub, at that hardest work that human backs are heir to; every muscle strained and bent, as she soaps and rubs and wrings. Day in, day out, she stands at the ironing table, lifting and passing to and fro the eight pounds of solid iron, seven times heated, lifting and pushing it all day long. Standing, mark you, at table or tub, "on her feet," literally, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four!

She supports by her hard work a husband, now quite an old man, and one child. She rents a small, six-roomed house, two rooms of which she retains for herself, and the remaining four she rents out to laboring men and their families. With the rent of these rooms and the profits of her own hard work, she has managed to "get along" comfortably, and to have a few dollars laid by for a rainy day.

The rainy day came in the autumn. Every man of the four who rent her rooms was turned out of work. Good, honest fellows, sober and industrious, with their little families around them; facing the problem to beg, or steal, or starve! Leaving home early in the morning, with basket and shovel, walking the streets all day long in the vain quest for work; and returning at night, hopeless. Hopeless! Desperate! save for one ray of light in the darkness: one link that bound them to their kind.

"Forgive them the rent," says Ann the washerwoman, "and it's going on five months now. Sure and they've had but one meal a day the winter long, and that a little oatmeal. If they make a few pennies with shoveling snow now and then, would it be I that would take it, and the children starving?"

Through all these five dark months has Ann the washerwoman scrubbed, and soaped, and wrung; has toiled over the hot irons, and carried home the heavy, piled-up basket, rejoicing that it was heavy. Paying the rent for those four families, keeping, who knows from what extremity of crime and reckless despair, those four

husbands and fathers. In her magnificent charity—for all greatness is relative—what proud name in New York can rival hers! In what proportion to our incomes, to our own outlay for luxury in mind or body, does *our* giving stand to this woman's mite? What man or woman among us, millionaire, banker or merchant, or gay leader in fashionable charities, has given of his substance, his all, and added to the gift the hard-earned wages of every day, as "this woman hath done?"

Clipping Horses.

The discussion of the clipping question is resolving itself into its proper elements. When practised on the wrong class of horses, it is, no doubt, injurious, and therefore, Mr. Bergh, knowing the stupidity of his fellow men, was perhaps in some degree justified in asking the legislature to pass a wholesale prohibitory law. Horses that are kept moving *all the time* while out-of-doors in cool weather may be clipped with advantage, but no clipped animal should be allowed to stand, even blanketed, in the cold. A Buffalo veterinary surgeon writes thus concerning the experience of the horse railroad companies in that city: "The clipping plan has been in operation on the Buffalo Street Railroad for some time, and with the best results. In January, 1870, a dun horse was observed to sweat profusely, and in a few weeks was unable to do more than one trip daily, and the latter part of that with great effort. Other horses made four trips. On examination, he was found to have an extra coat of hair. Clipping restored him to his heavy former flesh, and he was soon able to make four trips. Several others were then clipped, with good results. In the winter of 1871, one-half the horses at the Niagara street stable were clipped, and of twenty-cases of inflammation of the lungs, twenty-one were unclipped. In the winter of 1872, all were clipped except those used for track cleaning, and this winter the entire number, 325, were clipped, without having a horse now laid up. Can any company having their horses unclipped show as good a result?"

Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade.

Father Hyacinthe's American Wife.

The womanly dignity and devotion of Mm. Loyson, wife of Pere Hyacinthe, have been most potent influences in overcoming the prejudice among the Geneva Catholics against the marriage of priests. She has been the object of incredible insult and abuse at the hands of the Ultramontane newspapers of that city, and hence the following kindly mention of her, by a Geneva correspondent of a New York Journal, cannot be considered in bad taste:

"Herself and husband live in a neat little cottage one mile from the city, on the lake shore. The most honored and cultivated society of Geneva are habitual callers at the 'parsonage.' I have had some opportunity of observing the zeal and wisdom with which she has improved those peculiar opportunities of counseling and helping and comforting, which always open themselves to the wife of a Christian pastor, and which are specially numerous in the case of a parish like this, every woman of which has been religiously trained from infancy *not* to rely on her own moral judgment in any case whatever. It is really touching to see the eager satisfaction with which the unheard of comfort of having a minister's wife to talk and counsel with, a minister's home to help provide for, a minister's baby to knit little socks and blankets for, is appreciated by these poor people."

Another correspondent, who went with some friends to call on Pere Hyacinthe and his wife, says he has been in many a preacher's home before, but never in one that was so stuffed with droll bits of needle-work, or where so much attention was given to a baby.

There is one honest man. His name is Mark Twain. He comes forward to say that he is really the person who did not write the Saxe Holm stories. "All other denials are bogus, calculated to deceive the public."

Why do wreckers lure vessels ashore by false lights?" asked Jones, pausing after singing a snatch of his favorite hymn. "There are lights along the shore which never grow dim." "Well," said Mrs. Cloggers, musingly, "I am sure I don't know, unless they do it for wreck-creation."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1874.

Sunday at the Hospital.

Yesterday, for the first time this Spring, we attended the Hospital Sunday service. We found, as usual, the Chapel well filled, and more attentive and interested listeners one seldom sees. Those who are acquainted with the Hospital, know that it opens off from the main hall, in the second story. In the south end of this hall was a plant stand loaded with green and blossoming geraniums, which diffused a pleasant fragrance through that part of the house. Going through the hall to the Chapel, we glanced at them, and might not have noticed them again had not a bird whose cage was hung over them, joined with all the strength of his spirit—he hadn't body enough to work so hard—in the hymns which were sung. Above the organ and the voices of all the singers, could be heard his song, as he trilled and soared, as if in ecstasy. If he was not worshiping, he was enjoying the singing and the sunshine. It speaks well for the interest that is felt in these services, that so many sick men and women sat so quietly throughout; and some were indeed very sick, too sick, we thought, to sit so long. We saw the same worn and patient faces there which we have so often seen. One little crippled child came in on crutches, and paid the most solemn attention to all that was said. It was a pitiful sight to see the two poor blind men sitting in the sunlight, with no consciousness of it except from its warmth.

After the services were over, we made a visit to the west ward, only stopping for a peep into one of the east wards, which looked so neat and fresh with its white beds. Two or three old men were here, and one sick young man, just able to walk around the room. Outside, the sunshine

and mild air, were so inviting that many of the male patients were enjoying their afternoon on the green.

The first bed-side at which we stopped in the Female Ward, we found the old lady of whom we wrote one or two months since. She is very homesick and longs to be taken away. "Why," said she, "why should I lie here wearing everybody out? I have a good bed at home and everything I need; besides, I long to hear the voices of my family." In a few days, it will be safe to move her, and we hope that the prattle of her little grand children will comfort her, and that another winter she will not step on the ice and fracture her limb. It is wonderful how many old people we have seen during the past year in the Hospital, with broken bones or dislocated joints. Judging from our observation, we should say that for a complete recovery, the best age to break one's bones was seventy years or more. Further on, we found our patient German woman, who has been sick so many years. "Last Sunday my husband came to see me," she said; "and I did feel so bad when he went away. He says his home is no home to him while I am so sick." By her bed we saw a new patient, cheering her as much as she could. Two patients were sitting together in the farthest corner of the room: one has been in the Hospital a long time—the other is an English woman, who broke her ankle last winter. They were reading a good Sunday book and looking very cheerful. The English woman has had a place found for her, to which she will go in a few days. The kind manner, shown to the patients who were too sick to leave their beds, by the more fortunate ones, who were able to move about, was delightful to witness. It seemed a quiet, friendly home, with the golden sunshine streaming into the rooms, brightening everything it touched, and the blessed repose that a Sunday always brings. As we were leaving, we saw one of the blind patients,

walking back and forth, with the sun as his guide; while going west he could feel its warmth on his face, then, turning, he could feel it on his back; and with this warmth, he was safely guided.

Our Wants.

The Hospital's, we mean. They are numerous, but we shall, out of the kindness of a tender heart, spare our readers the enumeration of them. Besides, what is more tiresome than always to read beggarly accounts. Still, we hope that our friends will be pleased to learn that all kinds of useful articles, delicacies for the sick, old cotton and linen, such as could be torn into strips for bandages, and anything that a generous heart can devise, and generous hands offer, will be gratefully accepted. We would on no account omit mentioning newspapers or books, and the periodicals. Having thus gently, as we believe, uttered a few hints, we leave this delicate matter. To tell the truth, we beg so much, that we fear we shall become hardened.

The Temperance Movement.

The day has long since past when any mere temperance lecture can interest. The enormous amount of misery brought upon innocent persons by intemperance, has taught the thinking portion of community that deeds, not words, must be brought to bear on this evil.

A lady, one of the earnest workers in every good cause, told us a few days since, "that in her efforts to help the needy and the desolate, she found, that using intoxicating drinks was almost invariably the cause of the crime and abject poverty that met her at every turn." The papers are filled with accounts of the successful efforts made by pious and faithful women, in behalf of those who have literally lost all power to help themselves. We care little how the work is accomplished—whether by praying or talking, or the power of personal influence—that it is done, is enough. We say,

God speed and God bless these noble women, and crown their efforts with a lasting success.

Turkish Baths.

We have often wondered how neuralgia would look if it were only embodied. "Everything comes to him who waits." When we saw the tarantula we saw neuralgia in its own shape. Just as the tarantula's cruel claws, or legs, or feelers, whatever they are, reach out for a victim, so does neuralgia reach out for some miserable wretched being; and, seizing with firm grasp, the scalp, then the skull, and finally, with all of its claws extended, takes the whole brain, biting, tearing, and racking it until life is a burden. You try everything—foot-baths, mustard, outward applications of all kinds, and inward doses, without limit. Nothing so nauseous, but you will try it. However, as the tarantula, neuralgia, we mean, has possession of your brains, it refuses to go. Now, unless you have succumbed hopelessly to your enemy, you will try one thing more, and that one thing will be these baths. Of course you have read of them, some of your friends have tried them—but the principal idea that you have gained is, that it is a kind of boiling alive; still, the taran—neuralgia—is so fierce, that you think you will try one more remedy. After getting ready for the bath, you walk up a flight of steps, into a delightfully warm room, the floor of which is formed of slats. Two chairs are here; you sit down, and feel very comfortable, but rather disappointed; for, as you had made up your mind to suffer martyrdom, you feel rather surprised to find that you enjoy yourself. The air is fresh—you are warm—after all, it is not so very bad; but you do wonder a little that they don't turn on more heat. Wait, and learn that you are not conducting the business. Presently, a young woman comes in, lays her hand on your shoulder, and bids you "Come into the other room." So there

are other rooms, and you haven't gone through the process in that room of slats. Another room! You will think so. Ach! you gasp, and would, like Lot's wife, look back, but inexorable fate, in the shape of this young woman, has shut the door. There is a lounge ready for you. You lie down, feeling sure that cremation is about to take place, for you can't stand this. No. Oh dear, you shall— Yes; so you might, but suddenly you are in a profuse perspiration. You will bear it a few minutes longer, you think. A few minutes! Always! It is very delightful now! You could bear it much hotter! You grow dreamy, and if you had power to think of anything two minutes, consecutively, you would build an air castle, the foundation of which should be a fiery furnace. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, are no longer objects of commiseration. You know that they had a pretty good time. The only drawback to your bliss is, that the disturber of your joy comes in and tells you that she is nearly ready for you in the other room. You would say, "Lem—me 'lone;" but articulation is difficult; a dim desire to "make a face" at her is not realized, because you are Oh! so comfortable. But repeated calls must be heeded, so out in the "other room" you go. With the first breath, you feel alive. The marble table, the spray of warmish water, the soap, and above all, the hair mitten, put life into you. You undertake to be feebly witty, very feebly, however, and say that you would like to be given "such a mitten." You know how feeble the wit was, when you are earnestly assured that you can buy one. The spray, the soap, the mitten, a few times repeated, a shower-bath, a thorough rubbing with crash towels, and lo, you have had a Turkish bath! Then you are dismissed to the cooling room, to wait until it is prudent to go out into the freezing winds and driving storms of April, 1874. May we never see another such! All this dreaminess and warmth,

and bliss, and cleanliness, you have for seventy-five cents. Poor Rasselas! never would he have roamed through this desolate world if they had only administered Turkish baths in the Happy Valley.

How to Make Cake.

Use none but the best material for making cake. If you can not afford to get good flour, dry white sugar, and the best family butter, make up your mind to go without your cake, and eat plain bread with a clear conscience.

There are no intermediate degrees of quality in eggs. They should be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. A tin whisk or whip is best for beating them. All cakes are better for having the whites and yolks beaten separately.

Beat the former in a large shallow dish until you can cut through the froth with a knife, leaving as clear and distinct an incision as you would in a solid substance. Beat the yolks in an earthenware bowl until they cease to froth, and thicken as if mixed with flour. Have the dishes *cool*—not too cold. It is hard to whip whites stiff in a warm room.

Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Cakes often fall because this rule is not followed. Beat these as faithfully as you do the eggs, warming the butter very slightly if hard. Use only a silver or wooden spoon in this as in other parts of your work. I have heard of silver egg-whips, but they are not likely to come into general use, except where the mistress makes all the cake, puddings, &c.

Do not use fresh and stale milk in the same cake. It acts as disastrously as a piece of new cloth in an old garment. Sour milk makes a spongy cake; sweet, one closer in grain.

Study the moods and tenses of your oven carefully before essaying a load of cake. Confine your early efforts to tea-cake and the like. Jelly-cake, baked in shallow flat tins, is good practice during the novitiate. Keep the heat steady, and as good at bottom as top.

Streaks in cake are caused by unskillful mixing, too rapid or unequal baking, a sudden decrease in heat before the cake is quite done.

Don't delude yourself, and maltreat those who are to eat your cake, by trying

to make soda do the whole or most of the duty of eggs. Others have tried it before, with unfortunate results. If curiosity tempts you to the experiment, you had better allay it by buying some sponge cake at the corner bakery.

Test whether a cake is done by running a clean straw into the thickest part. It should come up clean.

Do not leave the oven door open, or change the cake from one oven to the other, except in extreme cases. If it harden too fast on the top, cover with paper. It should rise to full height before the crust forms.

Except for gingerbread, use none but white sugar.

Always sift the flour.

Be accurate in your weights and measures.

There is no short road to good fortune in cake making. What is worth doing is worth doing well. There is no disgrace in not having time to mix and bake a cake. You may well be ashamed of yourself if you are too lazy, or careless, or hurried to beat your eggs, cream your butter and sugar, or measure your ingredients.

Cream your sugar and butter, measure milk, spices, etc., before beginning work. For fruit cake it is best to prepare the materials the day before. Let your icing dry thoroughly before wrapping up the cake.

Sift your flour before measuring.

[From the Rural Home.]

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 4, 1874, Frederick Mason, aged 50 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 5, 1874, Gottleib Leahm, aged 24 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 17, 1874, Mrs. W. Meach, aged 36 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital April 17, 1874, Walter Morris, aged 31 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 21, 1874, Isaac Ryder, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 20, 1874, John Hunter, aged 40 years.

Donations.

Mrs. C. M. Hooker—Papers.

Mrs. W. S. Osgood—Papers.

Mrs. Paul Goddard, Lima, N. Y.—Canned and Dried Fruit.

Mrs. J. Bemis, Greece—Four cans Fruit.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Quantity of Eggs.

Mrs. Dr. Hazleton—One quart Raspberry Vinegar, 1 quart Currant Wine, Old Cotton, &c.

Subscriptions to the Review.

Mrs. Dayton S. Morgan, \$1.00; Georgie Decker, \$1.50; Fred. Palmer, \$1.50; Mrs. W. B. Mann, \$1.50; Mrs. S. M. Ashley, \$1.50; Mr. W. S. King, \$1.00; Mrs. J. R. Randolph, \$1.50; Miss Delphia Cornes, \$1.00; Mrs. S. W. Howard, \$1.00; Freddie L. Benedict, \$1.00; John Owens, \$1.00; Frank P. Latta, \$1.00; Mrs. Geo. Benson, 50 cents; Mrs. Geo. H. Allen, 50 cents; Mrs. Ezra N. Hill, 50 cts.; Mrs. R. R. Wells, 50 cents.—all of Brockport—By Mrs. J. D. Decker. Brockport	\$16 50
Mrs. J. W. Swift, Geneva—By Miss Minnie Montgomery	1 00
Miss Buchan—By Mrs. Strong	1 65
Mrs. Edgar Holmes, \$1.23; Mrs. McConnell, \$1.00; Mrs. D. McArthur, 50 cts.; Miss E. Vance, \$1.25; Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, 65 cents; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, \$1.27; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, \$1.25; Mrs. I. T. Rogers \$1.25—By Mrs. Craig,	9 00

Superintendent's Report.

1874. Apr. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 75	
Received during month, ..	42—117
Discharged,	35
Died,	6—41
Remaining, May 1st, 1874,	76

Children's Department.

Baby-Land.

How many miles to Baby-Land?

Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right:
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?

Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?

Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow:
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land?

Why, the oddest things:
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the Queen of Baby-Land?

Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

[George Cooper.]

Two White Mice.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

Some folks thought Frank Allen's mother was a very strange woman. Frank was the only child, and was about eight years old. This is the reason why many, children especially, considered Mrs. Allen "queer." She would not allow her little son to keep a canary, or any other kind of animal that had to be confined in a cage.

Frank thought it very hard that his mother would not allow him a bird of some kind for a pet. He had a dog, a nice maltese cat, and some pretty rabbits; and one would think those were enough for any boy, especially when they were all the very best of their kind; but some children are very hard to satisfy. After teasing some time for a canary, without effect, he concluded at last to catch some mice and tame them, as several boys of his acquaintance had done. He knew his mother would have the same reasons for denying this request that she had that about the birds. So, like a very naughty boy, he made up his mind not to ask her permission. A little boy loaned him a trap, and he fixed it with a piece of cheese in one corner of a room in the attic. Now this trap was a large one, and contained a wheel which the mice were compelled to clamber over, and one or two more arrangements for the successful training of the unfortunate animals. I believe it took about two weeks to make them entirely subject to the will of their master.

On the first night of Frank's undertaking, he caught two mice. And how do you think he felt when he saw that they were both white? He found them just before school time in the morning, and when his mother met him on the stairs, and inquired what he had been up into the attic for, what do you think he told her? It is no wonder that his face grew very red, and he stammered as he answered:

"I went up after my hat."

"After your hat?" said Mrs. Allen.

"How did it come up there?"

I fully believe it is never possible to tell one falsehood and then stop. Another follows, as surely as the night follows the day.

"I left it up there last night," he re-

plied, gathering courage as he proceeded. It is also true that the second lie is always easier to tell than the first, and this of Frank Allen's was no exception to the rule.

"Why, what were you doing in the attic yesterday?" continued the lady.

"I went up to look after my skates." This was falsehood number three, and Frank hurried down stairs, and out of the house.

In justice to this little boy, I must say that this was the first time in his young life that he had ever so far transgressed the rules of truth, or disobeyed his mother; and both were the results of listening to the advice of one of his companions who very wickedly told him that he guessed if his mother wouldn't let him keep white mice, he would keep them anyway. Frank didn't feel very happy as he trudged along to school. The falsehoods lay heavy on his conscience. One, two, three lies! He counted them on his fingers; then tried to whistle and forget them; but the tune wasn't a merry one, and he could not help disliking to tell the boy who loaned him the trap, that he had been successful in catching two white mice. White mice crawled over his multiplication table, and when called up to spell, he mistook mind for mice, and made all the scholars laugh. He was quite certain that his mother had discovered his secret, and wondered what would be his punishment. Guilt makes cowards always, and Frank was afraid to enter his own home on account of two tiny mice in the very tip-top of it! but his fears were quite without foundation. Mrs. Allen had entirely forgotten the little affair of the morning, and her manner was so tender and loving that he felt worse than before, if that were possible.

"Come home as soon as school is done," said the lady, as Frank buttoned up his overcoat; I have something to show you."

Here was matter for fresh wonderment. Had his mother discovered the mouse trap, and decided that she would take no steps toward his punishment until after school? That session was the longest poor Frank ever experienced; and it is hardly probable he will ever forget the miserable feelings of that afternoon.

Imagine his surprise and mortification to find that his mother had bought him an entire new suit of clothes, and a beautiful picture he had wanted for some time

to hang over the mantel in his own pretty room. He could not say a word; and Mrs. Allen naturally thought that her little boy was not pleased. After tea, Frank stole up to the attic with some bits of bread and cheese, trying hard all the time to persuade himself that he was very glad to be the owner of two such cunning pets! but the gladness would not come, try all he might.

When bed-time arrived, Mrs. Allen was not a little surprised to find Frank all ready to retire. This was not usually the case. Like many other children, he was in the very bad habit of teasing to stay up for "just a few minutes longer." He tucked his head into the pillow after he had said his prayers, and was really afraid to open his eyes, all on account of two tiny white mice in the attic. Now Frank was something of a somnambulist. Perhaps you don't all know the definition of this word. It means a sleep-walker. Sometimes, when anything troubled this boy, his mother had known him to walk around his own room, and sometimes attempted to go still farther.

Mrs. Allen sat up rather later than usual that night, and when she sought her own room, about eleven o'clock, she heard a strange noise on the upper flight of stairs. She stood very still and waited to see what it could be. A moment more, and Frank appeared in sight, clad in his long, white night gown, his eyes wide open, holding in his hand—what? Mrs. Allen realized at once that the child was walking in his sleep, but the thing he held so carefully was quite beyond her comprehension. She saw two little white things bobbing about, but not until Frank awoke suddenly, and in a great fright disclosed the whole secret, did she at all understand her son's singular behavior.

"They are white mice," sobbed Frank. "I caught 'em, and didn't mind you. I did it last night, and I told you three stories about my hat. Won't you please let them go, mamma? You don't know how sorry I am for it all."

Mrs. Allen thought she did know, and tucked him up nicely into bed, and this time he said his prayers with real heartiness, asking God to forgive his bad behavior. And all this trouble was caused by two white mice.

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the night, and in places from which they could easily escape. One such place was found in Preston Wood, three miles from Hitchin. When we look at "Bunyan's Dell" we can see the midnight "Meeters," and their preacher. The dense thicket of trees around—the starry sky—the multitude of enthusiasts half buried in shadow—this is a scene to inspire John Bunyan with the best of "his powerful and piercing words." Such words, though drawn from the common language of tinker and peasant, can work wonders. We feel that, like Dante, Bunyan is able to produce a sublime effect and a strong sense of reality by a few bold, abrupt touches. He has come, like the great Florentine, from *la valle d'abisso doloroso*, but he tells of its horrors with the vivid brevity of intense feeling. Let me read a passage from his "Sermons on the Greatness of the Soul":

"Once I dreamed that I saw two persons whom I knew, in hell; and methought I saw a continual dropping, as of great drops of fire, lighting upon them in their sore distress. O, words are wanting—thoughts are wanting—imagination and fancy are poor things here! Hell is another place than any alive can think."

This is truly Dantesque. But Bunyan devoted his Dantesque genius to the loving purpose of an Evangelist.

The Saturday Evening Gazette, of April 25th, has a three-column article on children's Magazines, from which we quote the following. It is Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's theory regarding the right kind of Magazine for little people. As all of the readers of the "*St. Nicholas*" know, she is the editor of this charming periodical:

The perfect magazine for children lies folded at the heart of the ideal best magazine for grown-ups. Yet the coming periodical which is to make the heart of baby-America glad must not be a chip of the old Maga block, but an outgrowth from the old-young heart of Maga itself. Therefore, look to it that it be strong, warm, beautiful, and true. Let the little magazine-readers find what they look for, and be able to pick up what they find. "Boulders will not go into tiny baskets." If it so happen that the little folks know some one jolly, sympathetic, hand-to-hand per-

sonage who is sure to turn up here, and there in every number of the magazine or paper, very good; that is, if they happen to like him. If not, beware! It will soon join the ghosts of dead periodicals; or, if it do not, it will live on only in that slow, dragging existence which is worse than death.

A child's periodical must be pictorially illustrated, of course, and the pictures must have the greatest variety consistent with simplicity, beauty and unity. They should be heartily conceived and well executed; and they must be suggestive, attractive, and epigrammatic. If it be only the picture of a cat, it must be so like a cat that it will do its own purring, and not sit, a dead, stuffed thing, requiring the editor to purr for it. One of the sins of this age is editorial dribbling over inane pictures. The time to shake up a dull picture is when it is in the hands of the artist and engraver, and not when it lies, a fact accomplished, before the keen eyes of the little folk. Well enough for the editor to stand ready to answer questions that would naturally be put to the flesh-and-blood father, mother, or friend standing by. Well enough, too, for the picture to cause a whole tangle of interrogation-marks in the child's mind. It need not be elaborate, nor exhaust its theme, but what it attempts to do it must do well, and the editor must not over-help nor hinder. He must give just what the child demands, and to do this successfully is a matter of instinct, without which no man should presume to be a child's editor and go unpunished.

Doubtless a great deal of instruction and good moral teaching may be inculcated in the pages of a magazine; but it must be by hints dropped incidentally here and there; by a few brisk, hearty statements of the difference between right and wrong; a sharp, clean thrust at falsehood, a sunny recognition of truth, a gracious application of politeness, an unwilling glimpse of the odious doings of the uncharitable and base. In a word, pleasant, breezy things may linger and turn themselves this way and that. Harsh, cruel facts—if they must come, and sometimes it is important that they should—must march forward boldly, say what they have to say, and go. The ideal child's magazine, we must remember, is a pleasure ground where butterflies flit gayly hither

and thither; where flowers quietly spread their bloom; where wind and sunshine play freaks of light and shadow; but where toads hop quickly out of sight and snakes dare not show themselves at all. Wells and fountains there may be in the grounds, but water must be drawn from the one in right trim, bright little buckets; and there must be no artificial coloring of the other, nor great show-cards about it, saying, "Behold! a fountain." Let its flow and sparkle proclaim it.

How to Destroy Malaria.

Mr. F. L. OLNSTEAD has recently written a letter to the *New York World* concerning the value of the eucalyptus tree in abating malarious influences. This tree is now growing from the seed in the green-house of the Central Park. To this letter, and to comments upon it in *Hall's Journal of Health*, we are indebted for the following facts:

It has been observed that a thick hedge of sunflowers growing around a dwelling is a great protection from fever and ague in localities where it abounds. It was taught in medical schools forty years ago that any vegetable growth neutralized miasmatic influences, its efficiency being in proportion to its luxuriousness. The sunflower grows with amazing rapidity in rich soil, as in the bottom lands of rivers; hence its efficiency for this purpose was so very striking as to cause the impression that there is some element peculiar to the plant which neutralizes miasmatic influences. Mr. Olmstead remarks that the influence of all trees on climate and health is more decided than is generally supposed. We know that low lands become more healthy and productive when well drained, and it may be that rank vegetation consumes or absorbs, and then evaporates and sends into the air above us so much water as to answer the purpose of drain-pipes. The experiments of Peter Kofer, at Munich, show that a single oak-tree discharges through its leaves during one summer eight and one-half times as much water as fell in rain on the surface which it covered.

The practical lesson taught by these facts is simply this: dwellings now unhealthy may be made salubrious by a well-arranged system of drainage of all the surface within half a mile. It is certain that

districts where fever and ague abounded have become healthy when a large growth of luxurious trees has taken place. The eucalyptus is said to be more luxuriant in productive soils and temperatures than even the sun-flower or alanthus. Whether it would thrive out of doors in the Northern States has not been ascertained.

A correspondent of the *London Times* gives some interesting facts concerning the eucalyptus as a house-plant. Several of the young trees have grown remarkably well from the seed in his house. They are very pretty, and emit a pleasant odor much resembling that of the black currant. They retain their green leaves through the winter. The only objection to them as house-plants is that they become too large, but it is easy to have a succession of them by continually sowing the seeds. He has grown three of the several varieties—wattle gum, blue gum and scented gum—and he says they are very much alike in all respects.

The Christian Intelligencer especially commends the proposition of the committee appointed by the recent Charity Conference, to secure a system of registration of all persons aided by the societies in the city, in order that fraud may be prevented, and continues:

But we propose a step further in the direction in which the committee are going. It is that the churches shall make a comparison of lists of their poor. If this be done, we are sure it will show a surprising overlapping of parishes, to the pecuniary advantage of the poor and the waste of beneficence. We know of a family in which the mother was helped by a Reform church, the daughter belonging to a Presbyterian mission, and the father was long considered an interesting and hopeful case by the visitors of an Episcopal church. And also of another case of a poor woman who felt she must look elsewhere for help because living was so expensive in the city. "Indeed," she said, "very often, last Summer, I was obliged to pay as high as fifty cents for a quart of peaches, and the allowance of our church was not enough." By all means, let us have the rolls compared and the registration carried out.

Soundings in the Pacific.

We are indebted to the *Scientific American* for an account of some of the results of the deep-sea soundings made in the Pacific Ocean during last year by Captain George T. Belknap, of the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, with reference to the projected laying of a telegraph cable to Japan. These results were announced at a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences by Professor George Davidson, of the Coast Survey.

This work has accomplished a remarkable development of the depths of the Pacific Ocean, which have no parallel in the plateaus of the Atlantic. The *Tuscarora* first started on a line of soundings from the entrance of the Straits of Fuca across that portion of the North Pacific which is known as the Gulf of Alaska, towards the Asiatic Coast. After leaving the entrance to the straits, the bottom slopes gradually to a depth of 100 fathoms. Then a sudden descent occurs until a depth of 1,400 fathoms is reached, at a distance of 150 miles from the coast. The temperature of the water at the greatest depth on this line of survey was 34 degrees. During the return voyage, off and on soundings were taken all along the coast to the entrance of San Francisco Bay. This work determined the fact that the sudden descent at the bottom of the Pacific to a great depth is continuous along the entire coast, varying from twenty to seventy miles out. In the latitude of San Francisco Bay, the great bench is reached a short distance off the Farallones Islands, where the bottom suddenly descends to a depth of two miles. Off Cape Foulweather the bottom descends precipitately from 400 fathoms to a depth of 1,500 fathoms. The plateau continues westward from this point for hundreds of miles, and is comparatively as level as a billiard table. Off Cape Mendocino, where shoals have been erroneously supposed to exist, a depth of 2,200 fathoms is reached eighty miles from the shore. Thirty miles off the Golden Gate the depth is 100 fathoms; at fifty-five miles it is 1,700 fathoms; and at one hundred miles the enormous depth of 2,548 fathoms has been measured without reaching bottom.

Blind men can always buy eyes-in-glass very cheaply at a druggist's.

The New Telescope.

Important discoveries have already been made with the great 26-inch refracting telescope of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington. This instrument is under charge of the distinguished astronomer, Professor Simon Newcomb, and his assistant, Professor Edward L. Holden, recently an officer of the United States Corps of Engineers. Their observations have resulted in the re-discovery of the two smallest satellites of Uranus, which have been not only distinctly seen on several occasions, but actually located in position. The two larger satellites of Uranus, first discovered by Sir William Herschel, are well-known objects, and can be seen under favorable circumstances with any telescope of 12-inch aperture. The two smaller ones were first discovered by Lassell, about twenty years ago, through the fine instrument attached to his private observatory near Liverpool; but his observations were very unsatisfactory (scarcely, indeed, determining the exact number of moons,) and it was only upon the renewal of his researches at Malta, that he obtained any accurate indications. Since that time, they have been detected once at the observatory at Melbourne, but have not been seen again until the present occasion; and their detection and accurate observation is evidence of the great power of the new telescope. The observations of Professors Newcomb and Holden are still continued, the satellites of Uranus and Neptune, and the companion of Sirius, being the principal objects of examination.

"Wife, what has become of the grapes?" "I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them off," was the reply. "Hens! hens! Some two-legged hens, I guess," said the husband, with some impetuosity. To which she calmly replied: "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

A tourist met with a Scotch lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in this part go barefooted." "Part of 'em do, and the rest of them mind their own business," was the reply.

The man who sang "Oh, breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking car, where it was more mixed.

Passing by the piano a few mornings since, we saw lying on it a book—and giving it a glance, we also saw, or thought we did, that it was “Hats with Young Women.” Since the mysteries of the alphabet were first made plain to our infant mind, until the present moment, we cannot remember that for three consecutive days we were without literature on the subject of Women’s dress. Indeed, it is estimated that if it were possible to turn into water all the ink that has been used in writing on this never-to-be-sufficiently-talked-of-subject, the navies of the world could be floated on it, allowing for evaporation and for a three-years drought. And, what fault can be found with hats, as worn by our young women? They certainly are pretty, although they lack that artistic “jam” or “crease,” that we see in the hats worn by young men—a “jam,” so artistic, that we suspect it is pinned on the underside. Unfortunately, we have no means of investigating this mystery, which lends to otherwise amiable countenances, a brigandish appearance. Meditating, in a somewhat melancholy fashion, upon the injustice shown to our “young women,” we took up the book to see who could have the heart to say one word against “hats,” when, behold, it was not hats at all, but “Chats with Young Women,” by Dr. Dio Lewis. The C was so ornamented, that we did not imagine it to be a letter. It is a very sensible book, and we take from it the following extracts:

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—Beauty in woman is, in considerable part, a matter of health. A sick woman’s face may be exquisitely moulded; she never appeals to our imagination. But even an ugly face all aglow with health and spirit, and with sparkling eyes, becomes beautiful. Such a woman appeals to the imagination; she charms and attracts us by a subtle magnetism. Whether as maid, wife, or mother, health is woman’s great good.

OUR FLANNELS.—The value of flannel next the skin cannot be overrated. It is

invaluable to persons of both sexes and all ages, in all countries, in all climates, at every season of the year, for the sick and the well; in brief, I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which flannel next the skin is not a comfort and a source of health. It should not be changed from thick to thin before the settled hot weather of the summer, which in our Northern States is not much before the middle of June, and often not before the first of July. And the flannels for the summer must not be three quarters cotton, but they must be all woollen, if you would have the best protection.

In the British army and navy they make the wearing of flannel a point of discipline. During the hot season the ship’s doctor makes a daily examination of the men at unexpected hours, to make sure that they have not left off their flannels.

The way to cultivate a good walk is to swing your arms freely and practise carrying a weight on your head. Let it be some heavy weight like a foot-square bag filled with grain. When about your house, carry this half an hour morning and evening, swinging your arms freely while walking with the weight.

NEW BREAD.—I have recently had my attention drawn to the unwholesomeness of new bread. I am satisfied that new bread raised with yeast is about the most unwholesome article of food that we eat. To many persons it is worse even than mince-pie, ounce for ounce. Bread should be at least twenty-four hours old before it goes into the stomach.

ATMOSPHERE.—The great defect of our atmosphere is excessive dryness. The dew-point of England is 15 or 20 degrees higher than that of New England. The results are seen in the contrast between the plump body and smooth skin of the Englishman, and the lean, juiceless body, and dry, cracked skin of the Yankee. It is also shown in the well-known difference in the influence of house heat upon furniture. Our chairs, tables, sofas, and wood-work warp and shrink, while nothing of the sort occurs in England.

On the western side of the Rocky Mountains bronchitis and consumption are almost unknown. In great part this immunity is attributable to the remarkable

humidity of the atmosphere. The dew-point on the Pacific Coast is very high.

As we cannot change the amount of moisture in the atmosphere of the country, we must limit our practical efforts to the air of our houses. If we use a stove, its entire upper surface may be made a reservoir for water. Ornamental work of but little cost may be used to conceal it. The furnace may be made to send up, with its heat, many gallons of water daily, in the form of vapor.

A QUESTION SETTLED.—Cut flowers and growing plants are healthful in sleeping-rooms. I am surprised that a question on this point should ever have been raised. Indeed, a window full of plants is a real, positive source of health, as well as of pleasure.

Guizot on Religion in France.

Amid the political changes that have taken place in France during the last two generations, the veteran statesman Guizot has stood a by no means uninterested spectator. Sometimes at the head of the Ministry for the time being, sometimes occupying a merely private station, he has studied with intense interest the great problems of government. He connects religious error and skepticism directly with the political failures which France has experienced. Some years since, in the preface to one of the volumes of his "Meditations," he said what he would probably say to-day, only with deeper emphasis:

"The more I examine, the more I am convinced that France is more occupied with religious questions than she appears to be, and that in the midst of her troubles, her lassitude, and her fluctuations, she cherishes the sentiment of the imperishable grandeur and practical importance of those questions. If, as I think, such is the public tendency, I believe I have a claim to be heard with some confidence. I have lived much, and I have not been idle during my long life. I have taken part in the affairs of the world. I have quitted it; and I am now only a spectator. For the last twenty years I have been trying my tomb. I have entered it living; and I have not made an effort to leave it. I have experience in the world, and I have the advantage of being detached from it. If it were given to me to be still of some service

to the two great causes which in my eyes form but one,—the cause of Christian faith in souls, and that of political liberty in my country,—I should await with gratitude and in the stillness of my repose, the dawn of the eternal day which fools call death."

How many of our Statesmen might be rebuked by the grandeur of such aims and such a hope!

The records of the noble persistence of old age in difficult intellectual labor is getting new illustrations in our time. We have all lately heard, with a sort of pride in human nature, that William Cullen Bryant, at the age of eighty, had undertaken the task of writing the history of the United States from the discovery of America to the year 1876; so that the "Poet-Patriarch of the West," as Paul Hayne calls him, whose latest verse celebrates the

— "great deeds of glorious men
Done in the olden time,"

is to devote his latest prose to the great deeds of the modern time and of his own land and race. And if we look abroad over the sea we behold a still more extraordinary instance of mental activity and courage in old age. This is the case of M. Guizot, the illustrious statesman and historian, now in his eighty-eighth year. "Last year," said he recently, with justifiable boasting, "I finished my History of France; and this year, please God, will see me commence my Universal History. I come of a hardy race. I can hear well, see well, and work well. Pius IX. can do the same; we are the hardest old men in Europe, and will outlive many that are yet young, if God please." It is so pleasant a thing to see old men strong and game-some, that we young fellows of sixty or seventy will cheerfully stand back and behold without envy Guizot and Pius IX. disporting themselves at the prospect of baffling all the prophets of their death and outliving a good many of their would-be successors.

An exchange wants to know why it is that a young fellow and his girl can sit in the parlor until after midnight without making noise enough for the old folks to hear them through the partition, but can't sit in a public place five minutes without annoying the whole house with their giggling and talk.

In order to maintain a wholesome and constant state of anxiety while traveling by rail, fix these signals in your mind, and watch them during the journey. They form the "Railway Signal Code" of the United States.

One whistle signifies "down brakes;" two whistles, "off brakes;" three whistles, "back up." Continued whistles signify "danger," and rapid short whistles "a cattle alarm."

By means of a sweeping parting of the hands on level of the eyes the conductor signifies "go ahead;" a downward motion of the hands with extended arms signifies "stop;" a beckoning motion of one hand signifies "back."

A red flag, if waved upon the track, signifies "danger;" if stuck up by the roadside, it signifies "danger ahead;" if carried upon a locomotive, it signifies "an engine following;" if hoisted at a station, it means "stop."

A lantern at night, raised and lowered vertically, is a signal to "start;" swung at right angles across the track, it means "stop;" swung in a circle, it signifies "back the train."

NOT A GOSSIP.—Scandal would be rare if everybody were like the Mohammedan official to whom Mr. Layard, the Eastern explorer, wrote for some statistics of the city in which he lived. The official's reply ran as follows:

"My Illustrious Friend, and Joy of my Liver: The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and, as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, this is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us and we welcome thee. Go in peace."

A friend of ours who came upon a scientific treatise on the velocity of light, says he can now understand how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

Recipes.

Pound Cake.—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. eggs, 1 lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 glass brandy, 1 nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful mace.

Cream half the flour with the butter, and add brandy and spice. Beat the yolks until light, add the sugar, then the beaten whites and the rest of the flour alternately. When this is thoroughly mixed, put all together and beat steadily for half an hour.

If properly made and baked this is a splendid cake.—[We would advise leaving out the brandy.]—EDITOR.

Washington Cake.—3 cups sugar; 2 cups butter; 5 eggs; 1 cup milk; 4 cups flour; 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar; 1 teaspoonful soda. Mix as usual and stir in, at the last, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants well washed and dredged; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. raisins seeded and chopped fine, then floured; a handful of citron sliced fine; cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Fruit cake takes longer to bake than plain, and the heat must be kept steady.

Lincoln Cake.—1 lb. butter; 1 lb. sugar; 1 lb. flour; 6 eggs; 2 cups sour cream or milk; 1 grated nutmeg; 1 teaspoonful powdered cinnamon; 1 tablespoonful rose water; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, and stirred into the milk just before adding the latter to the cake.

Cream the butter and sugar, put with them the yolks whipped light, then the cream and spice, next the flour, then the rose water, and a double handful of citron cut in slices and dredged; finally, the beaten whites of the eggs. Stir all well, and bake in a loaf or a "card," using a square, shallow baking pan.

This is a good cake, and keeps well.

New Year's Cake (Very nice).— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar; 1 lb. butter; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cold water; 2 eggs; $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. flour; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; 4 tablespoonfuls caraway seed sprinkled through the flour.

Rub the butter, or, what is better, chop it up in the flour; dissolve the sugar in the water; mix all well with the beaten eggs, cut in square cakes, or with an oval mold, and bake quickly.—*Common Sense in Household.*

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about bein' very wet, but, plaze yer honor, I'm very dry."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1874.

At the Hospital.

In the cool deliciousness of a June morning, we saw for the first time this year the green lawn belonging to the Hospital. The lovely grass waved in the wind, and the bright yellow dandelions looked like stars lying down in it. In front of the windows of the West Ward, a bed of geraniums is growing, which will soon be a mass of flowers. The wide, well-kept gravel walk which leads to the door of the main hall, the benches distributed around the ground, and the tent near the Hospital—all had a familiar aspect, bringing back last summer, with its bland air and its pleasant sunshine. Some one, we don't know who, has given "conditionally," whatever that is, a one-horse lawn mower to the Hospital, which has begun its work. We don't know who is the inventor of it, so that it is not invidious for us to remark, that, aside from its use, it looked like an easy riding,—not carriage or buggy, exactly, but perhaps, vehicle, would be the proper word. We would like to inquire, with the laudable desire of acquiring knowledge on every subject, why the shafts were unlike? One being painted blue and the other unpainted; such a want of harmony may give a picturesque effect to the landscape, but it is liable to distract the mind.

We have long since come to the conclusion that the Hospital is the cleanest place in the world. We thought it had reached the climax of neatness, months ago, but yesterday we found several devotees to the gods of soap and water, down on their knees, while their oblations steamed up in the air. The whole building has been cleaned and renovated, so all the sick who come will be received into fresh quarters.

Fortunately, for house-cleaning and painting purposes, a great many of the patients who have been in the Hospital during the past winter, have recovered and have gone to their homes. Among others, that homesick grand-mother, who for weary months lay upon her bed suffering from a dislocated hip and a broken leg. We trust that the voices of her little grandchildren will give her the happiness she expected.

One patient, whom we have seen for the past fourteen months, always in bed, we found sitting up in a chair, feeling very comfortable. Her physician hopes that she will be permanently well before long. Another, who also has been in the Hospital a long time, sat by her window looking rather sad; she did so hope, six months ago, that she soon would be well, and she is but little if any better. It was refreshing to find the little lame girl so much better that she could run around the wards, without her crutches. Our German friend is getting on finely, with her English; she can speak the word "wash," although, like Tony Weller, she evidently spells, if she spells it at all, with a "ve." Her knowledge of English exceeds our knowledge of German, by just one word; but we take comfort from the fact, knowing that she is older than we are. If we live to be seventy-six, we may under favoring circumstances learn one word of German.

A most pitiable case was brought into the Hospital. A young man was hurt by the cars, so dreadfully hurt, that one of his legs was amputated, and it was feared that the other one would be. It adds to the sorrow of the case that he is the oldest of nine children; the father is dead, and he is the main support of his mother. The brothers and sisters all went to the Hospital with him, and remained waiting to hear the result. It is of no use to caution people about the cars; just about so many people every year lose their legs, or

arms, or lives, by carelessness of their own, or the carelessness of others; and the only safe kind of locomotion seems to be on the canal. Whoever heard of the horses running away, and if the tow-line would break, it isn't so bad as the pole of a carriage breaking. Besides, a canal boat never upsets or goes through town with a whizz; and certainly no men or boys jump on one for a fast ride. Surely we must return to the days of placid traveling if we wish to save our life and limbs. We never yet have seen a maimed or fractured person in the Hospital who received his injuries while traveling or working on land boats.

Flowers for the Hospital.

In the *Harper* for May, there is a very interesting article the title of which is "The Flower Mission." Of course everybody has read that, "five or six years ago, a young girl, at that time teacher in one of the suburban towns, noticed in her daily rambles the great waste of fruit, and especially of flowers, in the gardens of the wealthy. Myriads of fair, sweet blossoms, that might gladden sad hearts and tired eyes, drooped and faded through the long summer days;" and so, this "wide-awake, thoughtful girl," carried to the great city baskets or bouquets of fresh flowers, to give to little ragged, uncared for children. From this small beginning the work of providing flowers for the poor of Boston went on. First, the flowers that were donated were sent to Hollis Street Chapel; then the ladies of Cambridge proposed to co-operate with the Hollis Street Chapel; afterwards the ladies of Chelsea, so that twenty-three Hospitals, Old Ladies' Homes, Homes for Destitute Children, and other Benevolent Institutions, all included in the twenty-three, were supplied. Flowers were sent to crowded work-rooms; serving women, in their own close rooms, were supplied, and a poor miserable out-

cast in jail had flowers given her. We have given this abridged account of the "Flower Mission," not because we thought it was new but for this reason: Why cannot we have one in Rochester? If our readers would go through the wards of the Hospital, they would see with a glance that bright beautiful flowers would give a beauty and fragrance which would delight the eye and refresh the languid patients. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and a pleasant remembrance of flowers given, is a lasting comfort. The season for them is so short it seems a pity that any should be shut out from the happiness of seeing them. Cannot some "wide-awake, thoughtful girls" take this Mission upon their shoulders and provide flowers weekly for the Hospital? There is no cause to fear that the owners of gardens will be niggardly in giving; they have only to ask in order to receive.

Notice to Subscribers.

On the margin of the *Review*, we have written the amount due from the subscriber taking the Paper. It is hardly necessary to say, that if the several hundred dollars owing could be paid, it would be better for the financial interests of the "Hospital Review." In fact, we have written so many articles bearing on this subject, that the habit has become second nature. It is appalling to look into the Treasurer's book and see the number of sixty-two cents, one dollar and twenty-four cents, and one dollar and eighty-six cents, unpaid. We regret to say that there have been instances of the Papers being stopped when the large sums have been paid. "Beloved, these things ought not so to be." We know from experience, that it is not pleasant to have bills come in; and experience also teaches us that it is far from pleasant to present bills, but "necessity is laid upon us."

Generosity of John L. Stewart.

We alluded in a former number of the *Review*, to the improvements made in the Hospital during the past Winter. The painting, tinting, graining and whitening, were all done by Mr. John L. Stewart, who, we venture to say, has no superior in his line of business. He is a thorough and skillful workman, and in all he does, displays a great deal of taste. This is evidenced in the beautifully tinted walls of the three large halls and of the several rooms of our institution, which have elicited much praise from all who have seen them.

In addition to this recognition of Mr. Stewart's excellent and satisfactory workmanship, we desire to express our grateful acknowledgments for his liberality to the Hospital. When asked to present his bill for painting, &c.—which work, with three or four assistants, required about six weeks to complete—Mr. S. made no charge for his own time, charging only what it had actually cost him for material and labor; thereby, virtually donating to the Hospital something like one hundred dollars. A noble act and a generous gift, surely.

We have lately received, by mail, a little book the title of which is "Chivalrie." We have read it through, and learn that it is a game to be played in the open air. The price of Chivalrie ranges from twelve dollars and fifty cents to one thousand dollars. Of course, the higher priced ones are really cheaper, at least, that is what people say when they go shopping, and there is no reason why the truth—if it be a truth—does not hold good regarding games as well as dresses. The book is finely illustrated, and by careful study of the plates and reading matter we learn that "Chivalrie" is to be played with balls and mallets, and "thrones," and "castles," and "bastiles" and a little dog. But stay; we know not, at the present writing, if the dog be a necessity of the game.

We know this, that he is in every picture; a sail boat, also, and a church. The pictures, besides being rural, are highly moral and domestic. It gives us great pleasure to notice this "cheerful little book," as the introduction tells us, "that, although no particular effort was made to bring it before the people, yet from the few games made and sold (mostly to the elite of the watering places), it gained *unsolicited*, through the editorial columns of such papers as the *New York Herald, Times, Commercial*, and others, an almost unprecedented celebrity on both sides of the Atlantic." In our capacity as editor, we say if these papers, *unsolicited*, spoke so highly of this game, they must each have been presented with a thousand dollar set. That allusion is the one piece of humbug that we find in the book. This game can be bought of West & Lee, Game and Printing Co., Worcester, Mass. We thank them for sending us the book, not the game.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 10, 1874, William Geddes, aged 39 years.

Donations.

- Mrs. E. A. Barber—Papers.
- Mrs. Chas. C. Barton—Twelve Volumes Appleton's Journal, and other reading matter.
- Mrs. J. T. Fox—Clothing and Fruit.
- Mrs. Jane McDowel—Papers and Periodicals.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Clothing.
- Mrs. McArthur—Papers.
- Mrs. James Brackett—Several Bound Volumes, reading matter, 3 Volumes United States Japan Expedition, &c.

Subscriptions to the Review.

- Mrs. C. M. Lee, \$1.25; Miss Agnes Jeffrey, 75 cents; Mrs. Ross, 75 cents—By Mrs. Strong..... \$2 75
- Mrs. E. Sutphen, Sweden Center, 50 cts; Mrs. E. N. Goodridge, Adams Basin, 50 cents; Mrs. Melville Brown, 75 cts; —By Mr. Breck..... 1 75
- Trotter & Stone—Advertisement—By Mrs. Strong..... 5 00

Superintendent's Report.

1874. May 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	76
Received during month, . . .	30—106
Discharged,	40
Died,	1— 41
Remaining, June 1st, 1874,	65

Children's Department.

To Daffodils.

Fair Daffodils we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

—R. HERRICK.

How to Help.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Jenny Lawton was lounging on the sofa with a book in her hand. Her sister Lena was cutting out a suit for her doll, or, rather, trying to cut one out. She sat in the middle of the room, flat on the carpet, surrounded with odds and ends of white Swiss, and bits of ribbon. She worked very patiently for a long while. At last she threw down the scissors, drew a long breath, and called for help.

"Jenny, Jenny, Jen," she cried pronouncing the word each time in a more imperative tone.

"What?" said Jenny impatiently.

"Please come and cut out this overskirt. I can't make it work right; the stuff is all pully, and won't stay where I put it."

"O, you can cut it well enough if you

try; it don't make much difference, anyway."

"It does make a difference. I'm making the dress for May Snow's party, and I want it pretty. The girls are all going to take their dolls. Please Jenny, help me."

"I can't now; wait till by and by."

"But I want it done to-night; I shall have to get my lessons in the morning; will you, Jenny?"

"No, I won't, now; keep still. I never saw such a tease. I won't do anything till I finish this story."

The answer was decisive, and Lena, feeling it so, began to cry. She was a nervous little thing, and once thrown off her balance, was very difficult to 'reconstruct,' as her papa expressed it. Her grief increased as she brooded over it, and presently she was sobbing so loudly that her Aunt Grace came running down to see what was the matter.

"It's nothing," said Jenny. "Lena is the biggest baby I ever saw. She's crying because I don't want to cut out her doll's dress just this minute."

"She's cross, and she said she wouldn't," gasped Lena. "And she could as well as not. I'll tell mamma."

"Tell, if you want to; I don't care."

"Jenny, you had better go on with your reading," said Aunt Grace gently. She had already taken little Lena in her arms, and was kissing and soothing her.

"I love you, Aunty," murmured the child presently.

"You love everybody, don't you, darling?"

"No, I don't. I don't love Jenny one bit."

"Can't you forgive Jenny for not helping you?"

"No, Aunty, I cannot," said the little thing positively.

Wise Aunt Grace said nothing then, but hushed and rocked the baby mal-content, till she fell asleep. Then she said: "Come and look at her, Jenny."

Jenny, glad by this time to be spoken to, threw down the book that her unkindness had made distasteful to her, and went to her aunt. Lena still sobbed in her sleep, and her soft eyelashes were wet with tears.

"I had just such a dear, sweet, baby, sister, once," said Aunt Grace, "and the last words I ever spoke to her were words of denial; of unkind, selfish denial."

"What do you mean?" said Jenny, a look of horror coming over her face.

"I was cross to her, just as you were to-day; and before I saw her again, she died with the croup."

"Oh, Aunt, do you think Lena is quite well? Could I have hurt her?"

"I don't think you have hurt her health," said Aunt Grace, smiling. "You have hurt her, though, seriously. I don't want you to be kind to Lena because she may be taken away from you; I only told you of my experience to attract your attention, and make you serious. I want you to be good to her, because there is no joy or beauty except in kindness and unselfish helpfulness."

"But how have I hurt her?"

"You wounded her tender little heart. You made her feel that you don't love her; you set her an example of selfishness and un sympathizing coldness; you, who ought to lead her to the loving, helping Saviour, have led her straight away from Him."

"Oh, Aunt, I!"

"It is true, dear. She went to sleep, saying she wouldn't forgive you. She is too young to be reasoned with; she must be taught by example. She must be gently drawn by the sunshine of love."

"But, Aunt, I didn't think she cared so much. It was only a doll's dress."

"It was the thing she wanted with all her heart. She can't read, she can't go out alone, and her dolls make up her little world. If we would help, we must do what we can, and when we can. If you love Lena, show your love by making her happy when you can innocently, as you could to-day."

"Now, don't cry too, dear;" continued Aunt, as the tears began to start. "I know you are only a child, a baby comparatively. But you are old enough to begin self-control. You are old enough to begin to climb to Christ, to begin to draw others after you. And the only way to reach Christ is to conquer that in ourselves which is not like Christ. And what is so unlike Him as selfish disregard of the happiness of others?"

"But what did you do, Aunt Grace, when your sister died? I wonder you didn't die of grief."

"What would be the best way, Jenny, that you can think of, to make up for my unkindness to the one who had gone away?"

Jenny reflected seriously. Presently she said: "To be kind to everybody else."

"And what would be kindness to my papa and mamma at such a time? Wouldn't it be a self-control that would keep me cheerful and helpful to them? God showed me that, Jenny; and He helped me to put my own grief away for their sake. The lesson was a bitter one, but it helped me in the beginning of life to see that in my own heart were the seeds of joy or sorrow; and that only by cultivating the good and uprooting the evil, could I ever reach real happiness."

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of young women whose sound health, intelligence and kindly manner, could, and should, be brought into use in the work of the world. Out of large families, certainly out of large communities, one member at least can be spared from the little round of occupations and amusements of home, to take up a life and duty of her own, and to do work which is incomparably better worth one's time and strength than the daily and listless grind of social affairs, which now consumes the best years of many a young woman's life. The heading of this article suggests one way in which such work may be done.

We need each day increasingly in this country, Protestant Sisters of Mercy, Deaconesses, Missionary Nurses; call them what you will, their work is the same, to look after the sick among the rich or poor, in all our cities and villages. There need be no vows, no "mother house," no rude breaking of home ties, but there *must* be sound, thorough *training*; and in every city and village throughout the land there should be ready for instant call, intelligent nurses, trained women, ladies if you will, whose business and pleasure it would be to work among the sick. Every two or three churches of the same community should unite and have at their call at least one such efficient helper, to whom the sick poor of those churches would have the right to look. If need be, she should be supported by those churches; and consider the houses of their poor as her hospital wards.

In the town where I live, I have been repeatedly appealed to for some one to help in the care of the sick poor, and I have never been able to respond to this call. Were I in London, there would be no delay in securing the needed help. In the most populous parts of that great city, where the houses of the poor are the thickest, imaginary lines divide the district into hospital wards, and to each ward a certain number of *missionary nurses*, is appointed, and at any hour of the day or night, the poor of that ward know where to find a trained and skillful nurse, who goes to them free of cost, and by her intelligent care makes herself a blessing and a god-send to many a suffering family. If we are willing to begin such a work here, the needed training can be secured for nurses in several of our cities now. Here in New England the "Connecticut Train-

ing School for Nurses" attached to the beautiful new hospital at New Haven, will receive pupils and give them every facility for studying the noble profession. Benevolent societies, churches, or individuals, have only to select a fitting candidate, and recommend her to the attention of the managers of this school. If suited to the work, she will be trained in the wards of the hospital to the care of all classes of disease. No charge of any kind will be made, and an allowance of \$100 a year will be given for small expenses. At the end of a year, should the pupil have made faithful use of her time, she will be ready to take up her profession wherever it may lead her, either among the poor or rich, for all are at some time sufferers; and all know how almost impossible it is to secure the intelligent care most needed. Societies desiring to send pupils, or individuals wishing to qualify themselves for this profession, may apply for information to the writer of this article, who is the Secretary of the School, care of Rev. Leonard Bacon, New Haven, Connecticut. The enterprise is a purely philanthropic one, and wherever undertaken, should meet with hearty public support.

THE GOOD OF MILK.—A writer says: "If one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk taken before retiring at night will soon cover the scrawniest bones. Although nowadays we see a great many fleshy females, there are many lean and lank ones who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their figures be rounded with good solid flesh. Nothing is more coveted by thin women than a full figure, and nothing will arouse the ire and provoke the scandal of one of those "clipper builds" as the consciousness of plumpness in a rival. In cases of fever and summer complaint, milk is now given with excellent results. The idea that milk is 'feverish,' has exploded, and it is now the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is a mistake to scrimp the milk-pitcher. Take more milk and buy less meat. Look to your milk-man: have a large-sized, well-filled milk-pitcher on the table each meal, and you will also have sound flesh and light doctor's bills.

Summer Breakfasts.

We are going to have, unless all tokens lie, a royal summer. But its quality will depend very much on how we breakfast. The sun rises early enough to give us ample time and his golden help besides. Set your breakfast table where it will invite his shimmering gleam to dance upon the wall. A northern or western room is too chill and gloomy. Our sunny days are precious, and most so in the morning, when the day is new, and the hours are freshest. Sleep has invigorated us. Editors excepted, we went to bed early, and have no valid excuse for not getting up rosy and cheerful. Emerson says that it was said of Lord Holland, that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. Though he must sometimes have been a hypocrite, we commend him for a saint. Don't leave out the golden sky from your breakfast picture. Sit where you can see the green tips brushed by the golden pencil of the sun.

But not be looking out of the window too absent-mindedly, why should not the table-cloth be clean and white, and put on square and smooth? And why in the name of self-respect shouldn't the china be good enough, every day, for company? We will say just here that we are not moralizing for the upper ten, nor sketching any aristocratic breakfast-table. The fact is, that few of us, rich or poor, make the most of what we have, or might have just as well as not. Toiling after the coming fortune and imaginary enjoyment, we overlook the present and the thousand helps to daily happiness right about us. Our plea is for more of the cheap elegancies of life that might so easily be universal gifts.

To come back to breakfast. Why not, while we are about it, have good, hot, fragrant tea, instead of the watery, half-transparent, grayish, herby, bitter beverage; good coffee, instead of the restaurant, chicorized, lukewarm, nauseating, Lacedonian article? Why not have good bread, or if that be beyond the present stage of American civilization, toasted bread? And why not good butter? We beg leave to insist on these questions, because they are morally important. It is of great social and spiritual moment that we do not quarrel with our bread and butter, particularly at breakfast. A good deal

of wretched character and dyspeptic piety come of sour bread and heavy griddle cakes. We infer that Lord Holland, to come down in that way to breakfast, must have generally had a good one when he got at it. To say "Good morning," without hypocrisy, one should have a fair prospect of a good breakfast. We appreciate the Scriptural blessing given to Jael: "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; he asked water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish." She knew how to put things on the table.

Of course, flowers cannot be dispensed with on such a table, nor, as the season advances, the summer fruits. What so suitable as flowers gathered out of the crisp and dewy air to help express and satisfy our morning sentiments? They are the smiles of good-natured Nature, answering back to the welcome in our hearts. Let us invite within their bewitching fragrance and their fair colors. "And because," as Lord Bacon says, "the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." It was Lord Bacon's own custom always to have the flowers of the season on his table. And if not flowers, let us have leaves, tree blossoms, sprigs of ivy or sweet brier, the oak twig with its acorn tassels, the green tips of hemlocks, grape blossoms, or the glistening leaves of laurel.

What a preparation is such a summer breakfast for him "who goeth forth to his labor until the evening," and what a satisfaction for his Aurora, goddess of the morning, dewy-breathed and rosy-fingered, who presides over the domestic day! We think she looks well behind the coffee urn in a white apron and French calico.—
Springfield Republican.

A Scotch preacher being sent to officiate one Sabbath at a country parish, was accommodated at night in the manse in a very diminutive closet, instead of the usual best bedroom appropriated to strangers. "Is this the bedroom?" he said, starting back in amazement. "Deed aye, sir, this is the prophet's chamber." "It maun be for the minor prophets, then," was the quiet reply.

"Come Unto Me—and I will Give You Rest."

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Thou callest me, for I am weary; see
How worn and faint I am;
Out on the barren moor, alone, astray,
Dear Christ, Thy weakest lamb.

Toward Thee I come, and yet not unto Thee;
I hear Thy tender call;
Through all the weary watches of the night,
Thy loving accents fall.

I long to come—I run—I fall, alas!
For all the open plain
Is strewn with snares, and through the covered wild,
Fierce, hungry creatures pass.

Come even here and meet me; Thou dost see
How worn and faint I am;
Stoop low, and lift me to Thy bosom's height,
Dear Christ—Thy weakest lamb.

A Delicious "Cure."

A writer in *Chambers' Journal* says of a peculiar feature of life at Meran, in the Tyrol: "But the great object of interest here, the absorbing occupation of life is—eating grapes. The first thing one does on arriving at Meran is to buy a basket, and the visitor is to be seen at seven next morning, gay and exultant, buying grapes, to fill his purchase of the evening before, wondering much at their cheapness, yet discovering after a very few days' experience that he paid rather highly in giving at once the price demanded. For grapes of the richest bloom and most delicious flavor are to be seen all around; they hang in purple bunches over all the hills, in every garden, round every cottage-porch; carts and baskets full of them are brought into the town every morning, and they lie heaped on stalls in glorious profusion at the corners of the streets. Everybody who comes 'takes the grape-cure,' to the extent of eating more grapes than he ever did before in his life, unless he prefers figs, which are almost as plentiful and excellent. But I propose now to speak of those invalids suffering from bronchial affections or incipient consumption or other complaints for whom this most agreeable of medicines has been prescribed. No quantity of grapes under

three pounds a day can be considered as a true and energetic grape-cure—less than this is mere pleasant dallying. The patient begins with one or two pounds a day, dividing the quantity into three portions—one taken an hour before breakfast, the next between that and dinner (which takes place at 12:30 or 1 at least, at Meran), and the last portion in the afternoon or evening, an hour before the last meal of the day. The grapes must be eaten in the open air, an injunction obeyed to the letter at Meran, as everybody walks about eating grapes all day long, unless you prefer taking one of your three portions sitting in your veranda, gazing lazily out over the lovely country. After a couple of days the quantity is to be increased by half a pound until it reaches three or four pounds. This is often sufficient—dependent, of course, upon the nature of the disease, the progress it has made, &c. Many people eat six pounds daily, although as many as eight is said to be unusual. Patients are not to be discouraged if they feel less well after three or four days of grape eating. This is not seldom the case but this crisis being past they speedily feel the benefit of the treatment. One great advantage of the grape-cure is, that no special diet is enforced. Food in any way trying to the digestion is, of course, forbidden, and other fruit is in general not recommended; but after eating from four to six pounds of grapes daily one does not feel any particular inclination for further indulgence in Pomona's bounties. Grapes, containing a large quantity of nourishment, have a very satisfying effect on the appetite generally, and less of other food is required; and in cases where the cure is taking good effect, the patient gains in weight and after a while in strength also. As there are some diseases of the respiratory organs for which the grape-cure is rather injurious than otherwise, it is necessary to consult a physician before undertaking it. The cure occupies from four to six weeks, and during September and October the grapes are at their best. Early ones are to be obtained in August and late ones in November, but they are neither so good nor so efficacious. The country, too, is in its greatest beauty during the height of the grape season. Not but what April is a charming month at Meran, when the abundant almond and apricot trees are a mass of blossom, and when the traveller,

returning home after a winter passed in Italy, is tempted to linger awhile in the pretty little town before proceeding northward."

A bit of sunken history has just been dug up in Paris, having a significance far greater than that of mere antiquarianism. In the register of the parish of the Madeleine appears this entry under date of Oct. 16, 1793: "Paid seven francs for a coffin for the widow Capet, who was decapitated this day." How the clerk who made that record must have chuckled over the grim joke lurking in his prosaic entry! And who was this widow Capet? It was under that grotesquely accurate name that he referred to Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, by birth allied to one long line of kings, and by marriage allied to another. And this was the fate of that splendid princes, who a few years before had descended upon France "glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy,"—to have her head cut off as only poor widow Capet, and to be buried in a rough board box costing seven francs! The anecdote suggests, also, how largely royalty depends upon appeals to the imagination for its honor and continuance among men. Many a Frenchman may have consented to the death of the widow Capet who would have shuddered at the sacrilege of murdering the Queen. This principle was well understood by the iconoclasts of that time, for example, by Thomas Paine, who was in the habit of referring to King George III. as "Mr. Guelph." In fact it would be safe to say that if the kings and queens of Europe should now be commonly spoken of as Mr. and Mrs. so and so, they would all have to abdicate in six months.

A NATION IN A DAY.—Heathenism is in a state of fermentation such as was never before known; and all the signs of the times go to show that in any year, indeed at any moment, we may hear of whole nations, under an influence like that of the day of Pentecost, renouncing paganism and coming out on the side of truth.

[*Christian Intelligencer.*]

"Who was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Moses." "Very well; who was the meekest woman?" "Never was any."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1874.

Visit at the Hospital.

We feel this morning like a little seven year old friend of ours. "There," she said, "when I get my work to do I don't feel a bit like doing it." It doesn't seem, this lovely summer time, when everybody is enjoying it, or getting ready to, that an account of all the sick people that we have seen could arrest the attention for a moment. We are quite sure that if we had not seen them and in seeing grown interested for them, that we should care to hear about them, still there they are sick, suffering, lonely, many times discouraged, often poor and friendless; and so for them we must for a little time put away our little pleasures and plans and give at least a little sympathy. Sympathy goes a great way and helps to bear trouble. A kind word, a gentle look or a loving pat, and above all a cheerful countenance do "good like a medicine." We found at the time of our last visit, several new patients, one whose disease is spinal paralysis. Otherwise she seemed in good health and was very cheerful, as the Doctor thinks she will be able to walk again. Of course, in a chronic disease like this, a patient who is able to use her hands or read, can bear it. But in a bed on the opposite side of the room we saw a poor girl suffering so that it would make anyone's heart ache. For a long time she has been sick with ulceration of her stomach. Her sufferings are severe and as she can retain but little food, she has no strength to bear them. She could not keep back the tears while talking. Farther on, in the corner lay another sick one. Pain was shut up in every bone in her body and there was not an inch of her flesh that did not ache. She had fever coming on and could not be

patient. We know a person—she has a lead pencil in her hand this minute who would have made ten times the “fuss” that she did and then thought herself wonderfully quiet, which shows how difficult it is to judge oneself fairly. Another invalid who a month since hoped that by this time she would be well enough to go home, is hard sick again. She lay in her bed with the curtains drawn, her head bandaged, for she has dreadful headaches, and moaning at every breath, “Oh dear,” she said, “I thought I could go home, and now I can’t.” We met our mortal foe in the way of conversation. She has succeeded in learning two more words, “Rochester” and “State Street.” On the strength of her extensive erudition, she talked to us for several minutes, occasionally bringing in these two words, and when we finally shook our head, she breathed a sigh so heavily, as if it was of no use, our stupidity was beyond hope, and our ignorance beyond comprehension. A poor widow, whose husband died not two months ago, was in one of the small wards with her little child but a few days old. It must be that babies are comforts, for a more serene and peaceful face than the mother’s we have not seen. In spite of its helplessness, the baby had a most resolute look with its little fists curled up, but it had the bad manners not to see us, probably thinking in its baby mind that grown people were not worth waking up for. It may be that it played us a trick and only pretended to sleep, so that it should hear our praises of its pretty hair and not blush. You can’t tell what goes on in baby minds, and when they do talk their venacular is incomprehensible to dull maturity. When a baby says “Daa-daa-daa-goo-ab,” there is not that person living capable of translating the speech; the folly lies in pretending to do so. From a desire to administer a rebuke to such pretentious ones we have wandered from the Hospital to which we will now return. The male wards are be-

ing thoroughly renovated. The floors are planed, then oiled, the beds have fresh counterpanes and the wards look as good as new. In a small ward lies the young man who was so dreadfully hurt by the cars. There is no hope that he will live, for he has not recuperative power. When we saw him he was delirious and the nurse told us that he was so all the time, constantly talking day and night. He is the most dreadfully sick person we ever saw, and we shall be glad when he is released from his sufferings. In the tent were two men, one whose leg and arm had been broken by the cars, and the other had a broken leg, caused, we believe by falling from a load of hay. The other patients were nearly all of them those we have seen for the past year.

Roses:

And in such profusion! Of all varieties. While we were at the Hospital this morning, a carriage drove to the door and from it was taken a load of flowers. Miss Hooker sent the gift, as she has done before. Box after box was opened of the loveliest pink and white, crimson and tea roses, and the old fashioned hundred-leaf rose, so dear to old fashioned hearts. The kind young heart that sent these beautiful flowers can hardly know how much happiness she has given to the sick people in the Hospital, but we can assure her that tired eyes will rest when they see her roses, and weary hearts will find refreshment while they think of the kind young girl who so bountifully thought of them. Are there no more young ladies who will do as much, some “summer morning,” for sick people, who have no hope of ever looking on flowers again, except as they are sent into the wards?

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.

Begging.

Subscribers will, we trust, notice how extremely reticent we have been lately about asking for "things" for the Hospital. This reticence has not been because we are too proud to beg; not a bit of it. It is one of our chief delights; but in time it grows monotonous, like any pleasure too often repeated. Besides, there is nothing new in the vegetable kingdom to ask for; nor are we aware of a new style of old linen or cotton; and we have asked for these so many times that we are sure our readers know that the Hospital is more than glad to get them. And really what is the use of telling our friends what they already know.

Check Reins.

We don't belong to the Bergh Society in this city, but if we did, we should beg to be appointed a committee whose duty it would be to uncheck horses. Every day we see them with check reins so tight that, from their ears to their noses, a horizontal line could be drawn. Now, horses must have spinal columns; and think of their agony in suffering from such a terrible curve, with nothing to steady their heads. Let any man or woman who can look at such checking calmly, try it. Let a woman put a bar in her mouth, with strings each side, and putting them behind her, fasten them in her belt, drawing her face heavenward. Bearing the torture for two minutes, she could entertain her friends for years with an account of her sufferings. Let a man button his coat so that it will stay firm, then try the bar and strings, pinning them to the coat, just under the shoulder blades, drawing the strings pretty tight, too. How long could he bear it? And only imagine the expletives he would indulge in upon the removal of the bar and strings. It would perhaps be pleasanter to imagine them than to hear them. Well, let owners of horses try this pleasant experiment,

just once, and we shall have no occasion to ask for the appointment.

We have all of us met people who, when they are talking, continually say, "You know," when you don't know anything about the subject. If you look assent it seems to be carrying on deceit, a sort of compounding felony; if you say "No; I don't know," immediately, they grow offended. Now, we will not commence this article with this expression, but, we will frankly say, "We don't know"—that is, we don't know exactly how to acknowledge the invitation that we have received to attend the Regatta at Saratoga, the thirteenth and fourteenth of July. We don't mean to feel "set up," by this distinguished compliment—it comes to us in our Editorial capacity—still, when, an invitation is sent from Williams, Trinity, Yale, Wesleyan, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Dartmouth and Brown Colleges, it does seem as if we ought to be polite, if we only knew how. When we contemplate the glowing account—glowing in more senses than one, if it is held the middle of July—which we could give of it, if we were there, what delight the account would give our readers, and, considering the number of extra copies which would be sold, the profit it would give the treasurer, we almost feel inclined to take our waterproof and umbrella in a shawl strap, and start. But a doubt assails us. The card of invitation which it rejoices our soul to say is a complimentary one, says, "Admit to the grand stand Mr.—and Ladies." Now we are not "Mr." We can't go. Will C. H. Ferry, J. B. Thomas, Jr., Wm. Appleton, Jr., Intercollegiate Regatta Committee, and J. B. Conkling, President; Geo. L. Ames, Treasurer; Saratoga Rowing Association, be kind enough to accept our compliments and regrets?

What is the difference between a gauze dress and a drawn tooth? Because one is tooth in and the other is tooth out.

We are continually receiving the most preposterous offers. If we will buy books we can have them for ridiculously small sums. If we will advertise somebody's business—his name is —, but we will not tell it, as we don't intend to advertise for him—we shall have wonderful sums paid for the *Review*. All sorts of property is offered us for almost nothing, and the amount of postal cards which we receive is surprising. Now, we propose to make an offer. If anyone will send us Proctor's Atlas of the Heavens, we will advertise them, notice the Atlas,—and study it. It is pitiable, when comets and nebulae, and meteors, and ærolites, and the Mercy only knows what, are skimming and shooting, and floating through the heavens; and stars, which we see nightly, are staring in our face, the names being unknown to us—old acquaintances too—it is pitiable that we have not this Atlas to teach us. Our offer is just as disinterested as that of E. J. Hale & Son, who will send to any Editor or Employee in a Printing Office, a copy of the Cyclopedic of the best thoughts of Charles Dickens, on receipt of two dollars and fifty cents. We publish their offer, and take pleasure in so doing, sincerely wishing that in the present case they would put the Atlas in place of the book. In our early days, we made the acquaintance of that delightfully original woman, Sairy Gamp, and we were so charmed that we have studied Charles Dickens' works since with a fidelity which we never gave to our school books. For this reason we don't care for the Cyclopedic of, and so forth. But the Atlas, Ah!

Agents.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as agents for the *Hospital Review*—will receive subscriptions and solicit new names:

Mrs. S. B. FOWLER, Livonia.
 Miss ELA SPENCER, Niagara Falls.
 Miss MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
 Miss FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
 Miss MARY WATSON, "
 Major John Williams, Canton, Miss.

Fourth of July at the Hospital.

We had prepared quite a long article for the *Review*, all about "the day we celebrate," and how it was celebrated on the beautiful grounds of our Hospital, but want of space forbade its publication, and we therefore reproduce the following, which appeared in the *Rochester Union* on the 6th inst. It will be seen that the names of several gentlemen who were active in getting up the exhibition, are particularized. This is right and proper, but we wish to add the name of another individual, whose modesty is only excelled by his resolute energy and persistent enterprise. That person is Edward Angevine, one of the 8th Ward's most patriotic and useful residents. It was he who did the lion's share toward raising the necessary funds for the excellent display of fireworks which took place on the Hospital grounds at the recent anniversary of the nation's birthday. Credit to whom credit, &c.:

The display on the City Hospital grounds by the residents of the 8th ward, was magnificent indeed. Before dark the trees were hung with Chinese lanterns, and as the darkness increased the illumination was grand. Long before the appointed hour, and notwithstanding the threatening weather, an immense number of people assembled, all anticipating a grand treat. The display had just commenced when rain commenced falling, but as the spectators did not mind the fireworks were discharged. There were eleven set pieces, "Niagara Falls," "The Flag of the Union," "Cygnet of Peru," "Gipsy Dance," "Saxon Sun," "Masonic Star," "Polka Dance," and variegated colored wheels, besides batteries, rockets, Roman candles, balloons, illuminations, &c. The two first were as fine as were ever seen in this city. The representation of Niagara Falls perfect nearly, and Palmer from it gained great reputation as a pyrotechnic. Newman's band was on the ground and discoursed excellent music. These displays on the Hospital Grounds have become a permanent feature, and the citizens of the Eighth Ward—those who subscribed—are entitled to great credit for

their liberality and patriotism. Much credit is due to Assemblyman Geo. Taylor, Ald. Stone, Dr. Jonas Jones and S. G. Hollister for the exhibition.

In our last number, we put on the margin of the Paper the amount due from our city subscribers. Owing to want of time, we did not send to our out of town friends their accounts, but we do so this month. As July is the time of collection for the "Review," we hope our subscribers will bear the subject in mind. Money should be sent to the treasurer, Mrs. Oscar Craig, No. 5 South Washington street, Rochester.

In looking at our advertisements, subscribers will observe that the Sewing Machine Rooms of Willcox & Gibbs, has been removed from 68 Buffalo street to 99 State street. Their machines are so well known that it is quite unnecessary for us to speak of them—being simple in construction and easily run. Ladies will find in addition to the stock usually found in such rooms, patterns cut in colored paper, showing just how garments will look when made, and at remarkably reasonable prices. Go and see them.

We call attention in this number of the Review, to a change in the advertisement of L. A. Pratt, 54 State street. This is the only place in Rochester where E. C. Burt's boots and shoes can be found. Such elegant fitting ones that, having bought one pair, it will be a very difficult thing to be satisfied with any others. The best of French kid certainly are the most perfect and easy boots to be found anywhere.

It is said that one of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 3d, 1874, Mrs. James Borland, aged 45 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 4, 1874, Henry Naffer, aged 45 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 11, 1874, William Hills, aged 32 years.

Donations.

Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Burgess—Old Linen.
Mrs. J. B. Page—Old Linen.
Mrs. C. E. Mathews—Old Linen and Second-hand Clothing,
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Papers.
Mrs. George Gould—Old Linen and Cotton.
Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. J. H. Gregory—Reading Matter.
Mr. Wm. R. Loop—One-half bushel Cherries.

Subscriptions to the Review.

O. A. Chilson—By Mrs. Strong,	62
Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Mrs. John Thompson, 75 cents; Mrs. George E. Mumford, \$1.25; Mrs. E. S. B. Crittenden, \$1.50; Mrs. H. M. McKnight, 70 cents; Mrs. John Siddons, \$1.25; Mrs. J. Mylrea, \$1.25; Mrs. Dr. Bristol, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Clark, 65 cents; Mrs. S. O. Smith, \$1.25; Mrs. C. C. Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. S. V. Pryor, \$1.25; Miss M. A. Moses, 62 cents; Mrs. Israel Smith, 87 cents; Miss M. McJannett, Academy, N. Y., 50 cents; Curran & Goler—Advertisement—\$5.00; Mrs. J. H. Adams, 62 cents—By Mrs. Craig, \$19 94	

Superintendent's Report.

1874. June 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 65	
Received during month,	26— 91
Discharged,	27
Died,	3— 30
Remaining, July 1st, 1874,	61

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to 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.

Our Menagerie.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

We've got a whole menagerie
At our house, I declare;
For yonder comes a little chap
As hungry as a *bear*!
And I have heard the youngster say,
When on an errand sent,
"I'm just as tired as a *dog*!"
And doggedly he went.

It is but seldom that he cries
I'm willing to confess,
And seldom would you care to hear
His signals of distress.
For, like the "mighty monarch," who
In forest loves to reign,
This autocrat of ours will roar
With all his *mite* and *mane*!

As sly as any *fox* is he
When mischief is about,
As innocent as any *lamb*
When you would find him out;
And when correction's rod, perchance,
You'd have the urchin feel,
He wriggles out of wisdom's ways
As slippery as an *eel*.

But there are days when order reigns
Supreme within the house;
No doors are banged—the child appears
As quiet as a *mouse*;
Till of a sudden through the bars
Of silence he will bolt,
And scamper up and down the street
Like any other *colt*!

We never know just how or when
Occurs the change we see:
Now he is slower than a *snail*,
And then a busy *bee*;
But when a whole menagerie
We're anxious to enjoy,
We open wide the outer door,
And introduce *that boy*!

A German saloon-keeper says: "Ven I goes in mine bet I sleeps not goot. I dreams in mine head dat I heers dem vimens brayin' and singin' in mine ears dot Jesus loves me. Dot boddens me so I got right straight up and walk on de floor."

My Tenement House.

I assure you, children, I never meant to live in a tenement house if I could help it. I had seen enough of them in New York, where I used to live, and always felt it was a pity that in such a great beautiful world as this each family could not have its own little house, with plenty of fresh air inside and around it. Yet here I am, living in my own house with four of the queerest families that you ever saw. They never one of them asked my permission to move in or made any arrangement about rent; in fact they all speak different languages and I cannot understand a word that any of them say.

But I must tell you how it happened. A few years ago I moved out here in the country and built a nice house, only intending it for my own little family. After we had been here a few months I found, to my astonishment, that another family had moved into my cellar! They were very small people. The father and mother I rarely saw, but the children I could often catch a glimpse of, scampering around and hiding in the corners. They had bright black eyes and were dressed nearly alike in light gray suits. Their hair was kept in good order, but I think they always went barefooted. They were a little noisy, but *my* children are not always quiet. So these did not trouble me much at first. But after a while they grew mischievous, cutting little holes in the corner of my safe door, and doing various other naughty tricks. Not long ago I went down to get some currant jelly that I had put away very carefully, with white paper pasted on the top. I found that one of them had picked a hole in the paper and had been eating some of the jelly. Then of course I knew they were people of no principle, and had been badly brought up.

Just as I had made up my mind that they must leave, even if I had to use harsh measures to get rid of them, I was relieved of them, and in such a funny way! One evening as we were sitting in the library, we heard a crash against the cellar window just below, and then some of the coal came tumbling down. We thought by the noise that some one must have jumped through the cellar window, and sure enough, when we went down there sat a poor old creature, crouched up, evidently almost frightened to death.

Some bad boys had been chasing and throwing stones at her, and she had sought the first refuge that came in her way. She did not tell me this. The only words she said that I could at all understand were *me-and-you*, but her eyes glared so that I did not think best to interfere with her. The former residents evidently did not like the new-comer, for they almost immediately moved out.

So much for the lower story of my house. I was so much taken up with these lodgers and my own family affairs that one day I was very much surprised to find that my garret also was inhabited, and by certainly the most curious tenants that any one ever had. I think they must be very cleanly in their housekeeping, for every member of the family carries a brush about as large as himself wherever he goes. Sometimes they have them on their backs, and sometimes drag them after them. But such a noisy crowd! They run and jump, and roll balls around until sometimes it really seems as though they had a little bowling alley up there. They brought in their winter provision, and deliberately put it away in my boxes and baskets; and, in fact, made themselves very much at home. I never caught them taking any of my property but once. One of my children carelessly left the camphor chest open, and before I knew it a small piece of my woolen goods was gone. It was cold weather, and as I thought they took it for a sort of baby-blanket, I did not make much fuss about it. But I should not think those young ones knew what cold meant! They run out doors at all times of the day without any extra clothing on, and seemed to enjoy climbing the trees and running around on the snow-crust as much as they enjoy the pleasant summer weather. They are extravagantly fond of nuts, and we will find them hidden away where my children would not think of looking for them. How long they intend to stay I cannot tell, for although they keep up an incessant chattering among themselves, I cannot understand a word they say.

I certainly thought that now my house was full. But one day last week, as I sat in one of my upper rooms, a dapper little fellow dressed in a brown suit, presented himself at the window, eyed the premises inside and out, nodded his head as if satisfied, and left. A little while afterward I looked out and saw that he, too, was actu-

ally making arrangements to live with us, although not exactly in our house. There is a snug little corner just between the main house and the wing, and there he commenced building a little house for himself. I do not know what his name is, but his wife's name is Phœbe, for he calls her every five minutes, either to bring him something or to admire his work. I do not think they have been married long, and they are evidently going to house-keeping for the first time. I am glad to have them come, and by way of being neighborly, I intend offering them, as unobtrusively as I can, some few building materials I have on hand.

Now, don't you think, children, that I have a funny tenement house! See if you can guess the names of my tenants!

The New York Senate have passed a bill against the adulteration of milk, and making the addition of water, except in the form of ice in sufficient quantities to preserve the milk while in transportation, an adulteration. The obtaining of milk from animals fed upon any substance in a state of putrefaction or fermentation or which is impure, filthy and unwholesome, is made a crime punishable by the laws of the State.

The Maryland Sunday-school Union has a well-supplied and attractive reading-room and study for teachers in Baltimore, where books, periodicals, maps and other helps to the teacher are available to all who will make use of them. Such a room in every city is eminently desirable.

There is an old negro in Maryland who lately voted for local option, as he understood it, but not as the public generally understands it. The story (a true one) runs thus: At a recent election a friend asked the old man how he was going to vote. "Oh," he replied, "the Republican ticket—I always vote that ticket." "But how are you going to vote on local option?" The darkey, looking up, asked, "What's dat?" "Why, local option is putting down liquor," was the reply. "Lors a massey!" said the darkey, "of course I vote for local option; I votes to put down liquor to the old price, fib-penny-bit a pint!"

LOOKING FOR ITS FRIEND.—A few years ago a little dark-eyed orphan boy came to my house to stay a few weeks. There was a little, puny kitten about the house continually poking its nose into places forbidden, and thereby calling down upon its head the wrath of the housekeeper. Several times it had been sent whirling through the window or door into the yard. One day when it thus been treated, Willie beheld the scene. He took the kitten up in his arms, stroking its back tenderly, and came into the house. His dark eyes were full of tears. Pity and indignation mingled in all his tremulous tones when he said, "You must be kind to the little kitten now, for it hasn't got any mother."

Later in the evening, Willie lay asleep on the carpet, in one hand a knife, and in the other a half-eaten apple. Directly the kitten came in, and went whining around, until it saw Willie, when without delay it ceased its piteous mewling, crawled up close to his bosom, and went to sleep too.

Mrs. J. G. Swisshelm says she knew a "particularly successful" teacher in Pennsylvania who sent a bill to one of her patrons in these words:

"Mister Smith

"Jake slimmens has came To School Thirty-eight dais whitch is to months all But to dais whitch he will yet come at one dollar A month whitch is Two Dolars.

"David Domini Sept. 26th 187—"

A milliner's apprentice about to wait upon a duchess was afraid of committing some error in her deportment. She, therefore, consulted a friend as to the manner to be adopted, and was told that, on going before the duchess, "You must say 'your Grace'" and so on. Accordingly away went the girl, and, on being introduced, after a low courtesy, said: "For what I am going to receive the Lord make me truly thankful." And the duchess answered, "Amen!"

A serious-looking person had charge of the grammar division of a school examination, and gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct: "Between you and I this is good butter." The boy shortly returned the slip thus marked: "Incorrect: the lamp-post is omitted."

A correspondent of a paper having described a neighboring river as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark; "That's so—it is confined to its bed."

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.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR,

Wholesale and Retail

DRY GOODS,

Manufacturers of Ladies Underclothing,
Suits, Garments, &c. &c.

69, 71, 73, Main St., Marble Bl'k,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
July '74.

EAST SIDE SAVINGS BANK, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OFFICERS:

PLINY M. BROMLEY,.....President,
WM. N. EMERSON,..... } Vice Presidents,
HENRY S. HEBARD,..... }
P. BRYAN VIBLE,.....Sec'y & Treas.
JOHN M. DAVY,.....Attorney.

TRUSTEES:

Isaac F. Quinby, Truman A. Newton, Horatio G. Warner, J. Moreau Smith, Henry S. Hebard, Pliny M. Bromley, Hiram Davis, Wm. A. Hubbard, Michael Filon, Araunah Moseley, Wm. N. Emerson, Abner Green, Hector McLean David R. Barton, Edmund Ocumpaugh, Erastus Darrow, James Vick, Henry Lampert, Elias Wolf, Louis Ernst, Lucius S. May.

Interest on Deposits will be computed at SIX PER CENT. from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal; but no interest will be allowed on any sum on deposit less than thirty days.
Mar. '74.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

M. A. PHELAN & CO.

76 STATE STREET, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in every description of Millinery and Staple Fancy Goods. We keep a splendid stock and our prices are said to be much lower than elsewhere. my '73

Established, 1838.

E. B. BOOTH & SON,
JEWELERS.

Sole Agents for the celebrated Borel & Courvoisier Watch, and Lazuras & Morris' Perfected Spectacles. my '73

SCRANTON & WETMORE, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS, FINE FANCY GOODS FOR WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS, Copper Plate Engraving and Fine Printing done in the best manner. Fashionable Stationery in all the latest styles.

No. 12 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
my '73.

SHERLOCK, & SLOAN, GAS AND STEAM FITTERS, No. 25 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sole Agents in this City for the sale of Cornelius & Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas and Daylight Reflector.

R. E. SHERLOCK. my '73 SAMUEL SLOAN.

H. & D. ROSENBERG, Importers and Dealers in WATCHES & JEWELRY, SILVER and PLATED WARE, WATCH TOOLS, MATERIALS, &c., No. 11 State Street, Powers' Fire-Proof Buildings, (sign of illuminated clock), ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HENRY ROSENBERG, DAVID ROSENBERG.
my '73

J. FAHY & Co., Importers and Wholesale Dealers in RIBBONS, SILKS, MILLINERY, Fancy Dry Goods, Notions, Zephyr Worsteds, &c., 64 State Street, and 2 and 4 Market Street, my '73 [ROCHESTER, N. Y.]

E. S. ETTENHEIMER & Co., Importers, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE.

No. 2 State Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(At the Old Burr Stand.)

Closed on Saturdays until Evening.
my '73

GIBBONS & STONE, Manufacturers of PIANO FORTES of the first quality and in every style. Every Piano is fully warranted for five years. Wholesale and retail agents for Geo. Woods & Co's Organs, (the best Reed-Instruments in the market.) Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Small Instruments, Strings, Trimmings, Piano Stools and Covers, and Musical Merchandise generally. GIBBONS & STONE, my '73 86 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

OSGOOD & FARLEY,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PAINTS, GLASS & OILS,

No. 4 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

W. S. OSGOOD. Mar. '73. J. FARLEY, JR.

S. ROSENBLATT & Co.

Dealers in

MILLINERY GOODS,

Dress Trimmings, Laces, Zephyr Worsteds French Jewelry, Fancy Goods & Yankee Notions. 40 and 42 State St., and 11 Mill St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. my '73

Genesee Paint and Color Works.

OIL MILL AND SASH FACTORY,

Woodbury, Morse & Co.

[Success to M., F. Reynolds & Co.]

Window, Sheet and Plate Glass, Painters' and Artists' Materials, Nos. 5 and 7 West Main St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. K. WOODBURY, HENRY H. MORSE, JOHN SMITH

E. F. HYDE,

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 64 Main St.

nov '67 ly ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM

DYEING & CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

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

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

Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WALTER & LINE, DENTISTS,

Smith's Block, cor. West Main & Exchange Sts.

L. D. Walter, D. D. S.
J. Edw. Line, D. D. S. sep78 · ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rochester Savings Bank,

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum will be allowed on each deposit account of not less than Five Dollars and not exceeding Six thousand Dollars; and at the rate of four per cent. per annum on all sums in excess of Six Thousand Dollars, but not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars; all interest to be computed from the first day of the month succeeding the time of deposit, and to the first day of the month preceding the time of withdrawal. All moneys deposited on the first day of the month will draw interest from that day; but when the first day of the month shall fall on Sunday, or on a legal holiday, the first business day thereafter shall be regarded as the time from which interest shall be computed. Interest on deposits will be placed to the credit of depositors on the first days of June and December in each year, and if such interest is not withdrawn, it will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day to which it was computed.

OFFICERS:

ELIJAH F. SMITH,.....President,
ISAAC HILLS,.....Vice-President,
EDWARD R. HAMMATT,....Sec'y and Treas.
CHAS. L. FREDENBURG,.... Assistant Sec'y.

TRUSTEES:

Elijah F. Smith,	Charles F. Smith,
William J. Cheney,	Mortimer F. Reynolds,
Isaac Hills,	Edward Harris,
Boswell Hart,	Hobart F. Atkinson,
James Brackett,	George E. Mumford,
Addison Gardiner,	Charles C. Morse,
Nehemiah B. Northrop,	George J. Whitney,
John Williams.	

TROTTER & STONE,

DEALERS IN LATEST IMPROVED

FURNACES and RANGES,

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING,

83 EXCHANGE ST. aug73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. DUNN'S

Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

OFFICE, 111 WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Works, 40 Mumford St., opposite Gas Works.

REFITTED and remodeled. We guarantee the same satisfaction to customers which we have ever given. Lace Curtains is one of our Specialties. Orders left at either place will be promptly attended to.

SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER,

100 and 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER N Y

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

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.

A. S. MANN & CO.

KENYON & HUNT,

Manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS

Straw Goods, Buffalo and Fancy Robes,
Robe Linings, Etc.

LADIES' FINE FURS, A SPECIALTY.

my'73 100 & 102 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lap Robes, Horse Blankets,

Satchels, Shawl Straps, Whips,

TRUNKS, HARNESS,

AT

A. V. SMITH'S,

my'73 65 State Street.

BREWSTER, GOSS & Co. UPHOLSTERERS, and dealers in PARLOR FURNITURE, LACE AND DRAPERY CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, PAPER HANGINGS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, ETC.

No. 53 State Street,

my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. W. DIBBLE & DUTTON,

Dealers in

Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines,

No. 57 State Street

my '73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

L. A. PRATT, BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,

The only Store in the City which Sells E. C. Burt's, New York Made Boots and Shoes. The Best Made in the United States.

54 State st., sep73 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. R. & T. H. PRITCHARD Co., wholesale Manufacturers of TRUNKS and TRAVELING BAGS, and Importers of FINE MOROCCO SACHELS, LADIES' and GENT'S DRESSING CASES, No. 78 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. mar. '73.

**ANTHONY BROTHERS
STEAM BAKING,**

137 and 139 North Water Street.
AERATED BREAD AND CRACKERS of all kinds, wholesale and retail. Mar. '73.



1846. 1873.
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.

67 E. Main St. mar. '73. ERASTUS DARROW.

DEWEY'S BOOK STORE. Arcade Hall. All new Books, anywhere advertised or noticed. Bibles, Prayer Books—Religious Works. All American, English and French Fashion Books, for Ladies. Periodicals, Newspapers, &c. &c. Choice Engravings and Works of Art, for Wedding and Birth-day Gifts. Ladies should visit Dewey's Picture Gallery. D. M. DEWEY.

GEO. L. STRATTON & Co.
Wholesale Dealers in
STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, PAPER and PAPER STOCK,
Nos. 41 and 43 Exchange St.,
mar. '73 Rochester, N. Y.

HUNN, SMITH & SPENCER, Manufacturers of and wholesale and retail Dealers in FURNITURE, BEDS, MATTRESSES, LOOKING GLASSES, CORNICES AND CURTAINS. Office and Warerooms, 74, 76, 78 State St., and 35, 37, 39 & 41 Mill St. Factory & Lumber Yard on the canal, cor. Jay & Magne Sts. Rochester, N. Y.
F. S. HUNN, T. E. SMITH, S. M. SPENCER.

Mrs. WILBUR GRIFFIN,
No. 56 State St.
Latest Styles CURLS, WATERFALLS, HAIR JEWELRY, LADIES' VENTILATED WIGS and TOILET ARTICLES.
Ladies' Hair Tastefully and Carefully Dressed.
mar. '73.

NEWELL & TURPIN,
110 Front Street, Rochester
Manufacturers and Dealers in LOOKING GLASSES, WINDOW CORNICES and FRAMES of every description. mar. '73

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R. Co., Pittston and Elmira Coal Co. and J. Langdon & Co's

ANTHRACITE COAL!

GENERAL OFFICE:
28 Buffalo St., right hand entrance to Arcade. YARD OFFICES.—No. 7 Plymouth Avenue, Hill Street corner of Ford, and No. 5 Hudson Street, near the Railroad
Rochester, June, 1872. H. H. BABCOCK, Agent.

Hamilton & Mathews,
DEALERS IN
Hardware & Cutlery,

Files, Belting, Mechanics' Tools, Etc.
21 & 23 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
A. S. HAMILTON, dec. '71 ROBERT MATHEWS.

J. B. SWEETING, 84 State Street, having made arrangements with different houses in Europe and America, will be constantly supplied with First-Class Goods in Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Straws, and general Millinery and Fancy Goods, which will be sold at Importer's prices, at his Store, which has been extended for above purpose. m'71

REESE, HIGBIE & HASKIN,

APOTHECARIES,

66 West Main Street, Powers' Block,
ROCHESTER, N. Y

WILCOX & GIBBS,
Sewing Machine.

J. Z. CULVER, Agent,
99 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. mch '73

ESTABLISHED 1840.
WISNER & PALMER, IMPORTERS. 33 State Street Rochester, N. Y. CHINA. CROCKERY, GLASS and EARTHEN-WARE. SILVER PLATED WARE, BRONZES, HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, TEA TRAYS, KEROSENE GOODS, &c. mar '73

SUNDERLIN & McALLASTER, WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FRENCH CLOCKS AND BRONZES.
18 State St., cor. of Exchange Place,
Mar. '73. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

S. B. ROBY & Co., Wholesale Dealers in SADDLERY and COACH HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, &c. No. 80 State Street, and 41, 43 and 47 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.
S. B. ROBY. mar. '73. H. W. CARY.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

13 & 15 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
 GEORGE R. CLARK, } Vice Presidents,
 SAMUEL WILDER, }
 JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
 FRED. A. WHITTLESEY Attorney,
 EDWARD E. BLYTH, Teller,
 ARTHUR LUTCHFORD, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney
George G. Cooper,	Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder,	Jarvis Lord,
Gilman H. Perkins,	Hiram W. Sibley,
Oliver Allen,	Hamlet D. Scrantom,
Abram S. Mann,	Edward M. Smith,
C. B. Woodworth,	Jonathan H. Child,
Ebenezer E. Sill.	

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.

The Bank is open for business during the usual Bank hours, (10 A. M. to 3 P. M.)

Canned and Dried Fruits.

WE have a very large stock of Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Plums, Peas, Raspberries, Strawberries, Lima Beans, Succotash, Cherries, Prunes, Olives, Pears, Apples, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of fancy goods—Spiced Salmon, Celery Sauce, Asparagus, Lobster, Worcester Sauce, Sultana Sauce, Guara Jelly, Oils, Sardines, Chow Chow, Gherkins, Onions, Mushrooms, Mustards, Chocolates, Albert Biscuits, Graham Wafers, Condensed Milk and Coffee, Extract of Beef, London Biscuits, Arrowroot, Gelatine, Raisins, Nuts, Canton Ginger, &c. &c.

Best Goods and Reasonable Prices.
 my '73 MOORE, COLE & Co., Powers' Block.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,

(Successors to H. A. Blauw.)

CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs & Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches, Trusses, Etc. Pure Wines and Liquors, 81 State Street, (west side,) Rochester, N. Y.
 Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions. n67

Established 1832.

W. H. BATTELLE & Co.

Successors of N. Osburn,

PHARMACEUTISTS,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

FINE DRUGS, CHEMICALS & TOILET ARTICLES
 No. 61 Main, cor. St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

CURRAN & GOLER,

(Successors to B. King & Co.)

Druggists & Apothecaries

No. 96 BUFFALO ST.

Opposite the Court House, Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN, apr '66 G. W. GOLER.

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 14, 16 & 18 Exchange St
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
 [Established in 1826.] Jan. '66

LANE & PAINE.

DEALERS IN

DRUGS & MEDICINES

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c.

20 & 22 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE, mch '66 ly CYRUS F. PAINE.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS, &c. c.

No. 42 Main St., Rochester, N. Y

Jan '67

Wayte's Market.

Fresh Meats, Poultry

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo St. Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c.

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
 nov '67. ly

M. V. BEEMER,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

33 Buffalo and 3 Exchange Sts.

Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts made to Order.

nov '67 ly

JOHN T. FOX,

DEALER IN

Watches and Jewelry,

SILVER WARE

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Powers' Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office.
 nov '67 ly

Established 1884.

ALLING & CORY,

Jobbers in

Printers' & Binders' Stock

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping & Printing Papers.

Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange St.

nov '67 ly ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROWLEY & DAVIS,
 (SUCCESSORS TO H. A. BLAUW.)
CHEMISTS & APOTHECARIES,
 Who sell & Retail Dealers in
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
 Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,
 Trusses, &c.
PURE WINES & LIQUORS.
51 State Street, (West side.)
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.
 Nov. 1867. 1y

M. V. BEEMER,
Men's Furnishing Goods,
 35 Buffalo & 3 Exchange Streets,
 Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 Nov. 1867. SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. 1y

JOHN SCHLEIER,
 DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
 LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
 No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
 Jan. 15, 1867.

J. B. SWEETING,
 84 State Street,
 having made arrangements with different houses
 in Europe and America, will be constantly sup-
 plied with First-Class Goods in
Ribbons, Flowers,
Laces, Straws,
 and general Millinery and Fancy Goods, which
 will be sold at Importer's prices, at his Store,
 which has been extended for above purpose.
 Special care shall be taken to fill Orders with
 good taste and dispatch. [mar. '71.

Geo. H. Phillips & Co.
 Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in
Stoves & Hollow Ware
 249 RIVER ST.
 Geo. W. Phillips, }
 J. M. Howk. }
 W. A. Clark. } Troy, N. Y.
 Jan. '70.

M. F. REYNOLDS & Co.
 (Established in 1842.)
 Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes & Colors,
Artists' and Painters' Materials,
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,
WINDOW & PLATE GLASS,
 Nos. 5 & 7 Buffalo St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 Nov. 1867. 1y

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S
 STEAM
DYEING & CLEANSING
 ESTABLISHMENT,
 Two Hundred Yards North of the New York Central
 Railroad Depot.
ON MILL ST., CORNER OF PLATT ST.,
 (BROWN'S RACE.)
Rochester, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induc-
 ed others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards
 and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug
 the public.
 NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ES-
 TABLISHMENT.
 I have NO AGENTS in the country. You can do your
 business directly with me, at the same expense as through
 an Agent.
 Gape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid SHAWLS, and all
 bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleansed without in-
 jury to the colors. Also:
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS
 Cleansed or colored without Ripping, and pressed nicely
 Also FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed.
 Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed
 all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch, on
 very reasonable terms. Goods dyed Black every Tuesday,
 Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week
**GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EX-
 PRESS.** Bills collected by Express Co.
 Address D. LEARY, Mill street, corner of Platt street,
 Rochester, N. Y.

CURRAN & COLER,
 SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.
Druggists & Apothecaries,
 No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,
 Opposite the Court House.
Rochester, N. Y.
 RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-pd. to '68. G. W. COLER

SMITH, PERKINS & Co.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
 Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 CHAS. F. SMITH. G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.
 [Established in 1826.]
 Jan. 1866.

The railway carriages are very comfortable, abroad, I think, having some advantages over ours, and in other respects are not as nice. The long cars are divided into compartments.—I should say four or five usually—although I rather guess in England there were only three—and the doors of these compartments are in the side of the train; not at the end as with us. There is just room for six people, three on a side, and the arrangement is right cozy when the party is quite large as ours was.

There is first, second, third and fourth class—the second is most used, and, here in Germany, is as nice as the English first class. The Germans have a saying, that only Fools and Americans use the first class cars—however, as we belong to the latter, we took first class tickets.

The ride was beautiful, through such a charming country—the prettiest I think that I have traveled through yet—and such dear quiet little villages, with their old grey churches and thatched and tiled roofed cottages around. Then we passed through a great many manufacturing towns. I never realized that Germany was so engaged in manufactures; indeed I guess I never knew it.

At about six o'clock, we reached Cologne, and made the best of our way to the Hotel du Nord, where we intended to pass the night.

After a nice supper, I took Caroline, my cousin's maid, and the courier, and went out to see the cathedral. My cousin was too tired, and beside she had been at Cologne, when she was abroad some years ago, but I could not make up my mind to leave the city without having seen that wonderful structure; and certainly it is magnificent. The moon was bright and I could see the architecture perfectly. I wish I could describe it to you, but of course it is impossible. As I walked around it, I tried to recall an old legend that I had read about it when a child—about the architect's having some dealings

with the Evil One, in which the loss of his own soul was made, I think, the condition of the cathedral's being built. Through some delightful combinations it all turns out well, and the poor man does not lose his soul, but does the plan for some portion of the building, and the consequence is that part will never be finished; and sure enough the workmen are still at work upon it. A lady whom I saw in Paris, told me that they did not seem to have made any progress in fifteen or twenty years, since first she saw it.

The courier remarked, that the reason why they did not get it done was that the work upon the spire and turret was so fine that the men could not get along very fast. You may believe the explanation which pleases you best, but I wish you could have seen the cathedral. We could not see the inside, for every entrance was closed, but a woman told us that there was a five o'clock mass every morning. So the maid, who is a devout Romanist, said she would go with me if I wanted the next morning to see the cathedral and attend the mass.

My cousin thought it very Quixotic, but I absolutely got up at half-past four and went to the mass at five. The interior is lofty, and grand enough, and the carvings are very fine, but the floor was forlorn, the pavings were so irregular, but the whole effect was grand. They had a corpse waiting interment in the sanctuary, as they call the place enclosed around the altar, and the priest was reading the mass there. Also, several little chapels were illuminated for confession, as the confessionals were open, and I saw a priest in one of them, and some one on either side confessing.

But I missed the beautiful paintings and carvings of the French churches. I presume you have seen the carvings or pictures of the "Stations of the Cross;" they are great favorites; you see them almost every where, that is, in almost all the churches. I have enjoyed them very