



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

VOL. 2.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1865.

NO. 12.

The Soldier's Aid.

Published the SECOND WEDNESDAY of every Month, by the "Soldiers' Aid Society, of Rochester, New York," under the supervision of the following:

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TREASURER,
MRS. E. T. HUNTINGTON.

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Home Work.

We have delayed our paper to a late date awaiting the issue of the following Circular in order to present our readers with the prospective wants of the Commission under the changed aspect of affairs. In our last number it seemed impossible that we could be so soon at peace, with so early a reduction of our immense army in view, bringing it within the limits of the government's ability to care for its wants without our aid. We all felt as if months of effort on our part would yet be required to ensure the still remaining hospital army against suffering for the want of needed comforts. Now, however, as will be seen by the Circular, the Fourth of July is fixed upon for the closing up of the aid work in its present form.

In view of this contemplated arrangement we would urge redoubled diligence upon our co-workers in finishing what articles they have on hand and also an additional quantity awaiting them at our

rooms. We are desirous of having our entire stock of material made up and returned to us by the twenty-fourth of June, this giving us barely time to forward to New York in season for the closing up of the work there by the Fourth of July.

Circular Addressed to the Branches and Aid Societies Tributary to the United States' Sanitary Commission.

CENTRAL OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1865.

At the late quarterly session of the Board of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, held at Washington, April 18—21, the President and General Secretary were requested to prepare an address to the various Branches and Aid Societies co-operating with the Commission, and awaiting instructions from the Commission as to their present and future duty.

Since that period such rapid changes have occurred in the military situation, affecting so materially the work of the Commission, that it has been impossible, until now, to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the probable demands to be made upon us.

While our work in the field is rapidly drawing to a close, there remains much to be done by the Commission within the approaching two months for the relief and comfort of our armies as they return from their long marches and exhausting service. New depots of supplies have already been established at the several points where these armies are to rendezvous and encamp preparatory to their discharge.

The abandonment of the Post and Base Hospitals must increase for the time the already large number of patients in General Hospital, while the necessary aid to be extended to the various garrisons during the interval preceding the more permanent adjustment of the new military status must make large drafts upon our resources. The supplies now available at our several depots are wholly insufficient to meet this final but urgent demand upon the Supply Service; and, deem it important both for the actual relief of existing needs and for the consistent completion of this work of the people, continued now through four successive years of faithful co-operation, that our issues be not meagre or our care neglectful, we call upon our Branches and Aid Societies to maintain their usual system and activity up to the 4th July next, persevering in their work until that time with unabated energy, and with an intelligent appreciation of the necessity of the case.

It is confidently anticipated that their labors in contributing supplies to the hospitals and the field may properly terminate at that date, unless wholly improbable and unexpected events arise to make such conclusion of their work unpatriotic and inhumane. Timely notice will be given if any such necessity occur.

In the meantime the rapid disbanding of our armies and their immediate return to their relations in civil life will devolve upon our Branches and Aid Societies a new and important work, to be performed under their immediate supervision, and necessitating

the maintenance of their organization for an indefinite period. The occasion for this continued effort grows out of the fact that these returning soldiers, by their military service, have become more or less detached from their previous relations, associations and pursuits, which are now to be re-established. Many of these men will be not only physically but morally disabled, and will exhibit the injurious effects, of camp life in a weakened power of self-guidance and self-restraint, inducing a certain kind of indolence and, for the time, indisposition to take hold of hard work. The possession of money in the majority of cases will increase the inducements to idleness and dissipation, as well as the exposure to imposition. To protect the soldier from these evils and temptations, naturally resulting from his previous military life, is a duty which is now owed to him by the people, as much as was the care extended to him, through the Commission, while in active service in the field; for we are to regard the future necessity that may exist for help and guidance to returned soldiers as no less a condition incident to the war than the wounds and sickness to which the supply agencies of the Commission have hitherto so generously ministered.

In submitting to our Aid Societies a practical plan of work adapted to these new conditions, our object is to suggest such methods as will aid the process by which these men are to resume their natural and proper relations in civil life.

The first and most important means in the accomplishment of this object will be found in a systematic provision for securing suitable occupation to all these returned men, adapted, where necessary, to the condition of those partially disabled, thus constituting each Branch and Aid Society a "Bureau of Information and Employment," by which the light occupations in all towns, and whatever work can be as well done by invalid soldiers as by others, shall be religiously given to the men who may have incapacitated themselves for rivalry in more active and laborious fields of duty by giving their limbs, their health, and their blood to the nation.

To this end, and to guard against the possibility of imposition, the names of all men who have enlisted from each town and city should be obtained and preserved, and a record kept that shall gather all facts material to the work in hand; which, while it will be the means of collecting most useful information, will at the same time constitute an invaluable contribution to the history of the war. Carefully prepared forms for this purpose will be furnished from the Central Office of the Commission, to which monthly returns will be made, and where they will be duly tabulated. These results will be promptly transmitted each month to the several Aid Societies, to furnish whatever guidance they may for the wise prosecution of the work.

The co-operation of our Aid Societies in extending information concerning the various agencies of the Commission for the relief and aid of discharged soldiers and their families will constitute another important service which they may render.

Some of these agencies are of a character which will not terminate with the disbanding of our armies,

but will find their largest field of activity and usefulness during the year succeeding the close of the war.

The Commission is rapidly extending its system of Claim Agencies to all the principal cities and centers of population throughout the country. Through these agencies all claims of soldiers or sailors and their families are adjusted with the least possible delay and without charge, thus securing to the applicants the full amount of the claim as allowed, and exemption from the heavy tax, and often gross imposition and fraud, to which they are subjected by the ordinary methods. The evils to which the discharged soldier is exposed in the adjustment of claims against the Government are of so grave a nature that no effort should be spared to secure to him the benefits of this agency of the Commission's work. Regarding the Local Aid Societies as the natural guardians of the soldiers and the supervisors of the work of the Commission in their respective towns or cities, it is desired that they will exercise a careful superintendence of this work, promoting by every practical means its efficiency, and making sure that every returned soldier in their vicinity and the family of every deceased soldier is actually informed of the aid gratuitously offered them by this agency of the Commission.

The maintenance of the organization of our Aid Societies will preserve to the Sanitary Commission the means of communicating with the people from time to time, upon such topics as concern the continued welfare of returned soldiers, and especially in regard to the more permanent provision which it will be necessary to make for disabled soldiers, incapable of self support. It is the profound conviction of the Sanitary Commission, that the peculiar genius and beauty of American institutions is to show itself in the power which the ordinary civil, social and domestic life of the nation exhibits to absorb rapidly into itself our vast army, and restore to ordinary occupations those who have been fighting our battles; while the sick and the wounded are distributed through the country, objects of love, care and restoration, in the several communities where they belong, instead of being collected in great State and national asylums, objects of public ostentation, and subjected to the routine, the isolation, and the ennui of an exceptional, unfruitful and unhappy existence. Public provision of this latter kind, as free from its evil as may be, must be made for a certain small class of the friendless and totally disabled; but humanity and American feeling demand that this class should be reduced to the smallest possible number through the zeal and friendliness shown toward our returning invalid soldiers in the towns from which they originally came. The Sanitary Commission will soon lay before its Branches and the public plans for such asylums for disabled and discharged soldiers as it may be necessary to establish.

Reserving the expression of our gratitude to our Branches and Soldiers' Aid Societies to a later period, we remain in behalf of the Board,

Yours, faithfully and truly,

H. W. BELLOW, *President.*

JNO. S. BLATCHFORD, *General Secretary.*

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

Woman's Central Association of Relief, 11 Cooper Union, Third Avenue,

NEW YORK, MAY 22d, 1865.

To the Members of the Soldier's Aid Societies, contributing through the Woman's Cent. Assn. of Relief.

DEAR FRIENDS:

We promised you, that the U. S. Sanitary Commission would let you know, at the earliest possible moment, when your work might conscientiously be brought to a close. The accompanying circular fixes the 4th of July next, as that date.

The War is over! No more battle fields, no more starving prisoners, no more wounded men, no more terrible lists of the missing and dead. The suffering and woe we have all tried to mitigate are at last passing away!

We will continue to furnish you with material, as heretofore, only requesting you to take what you are sure you can return by July 4th. If your treasury contains money enough to buy all you can make up in that time, we will send you its full value in material, but without doubling the amount as usual. Thus all the funds in hand, collected for the use of the soldiers through our agency, may be immediately turned over to the Commission.

Although our work of furnishing supplies for our sick and wounded soldiers, at a distance, is nearly at an end, there still remains to us the duty and the privilege of cherishing the maimed and disabled

veterans who are returning to us. Every town and district will claim the opportunity of supporting and helping such of its own soldiers as may need this care. We beg you will keep alive your Soldier's Aid organization for this sacred duty.

Our usual Annual Report will be omitted, or rather deferred, until we can give you our final statement and farewell.

For a few weeks longer then, we shall work together, as we have for the past four years. Should some new demand arise in the future, we shall rejoice to renew our connection with you.

I am most affectionately yours,
on behalf of the Association,

ELLEN COLLINS,
Ch'n Committee on Supplies.

A New Department of Aid Work.

It will be seen by the Circular published in our columns, that the Sanitary Commission propose the 4th of July as the date for closing up the present work of the Aid Societies, in furnishing supplies for our Military hospitals. Its own work, in another department however, is evidently not yet to cease, nor for a long time to come.

And how will it be with ourselves? Have we reached a point where we shall hail a rest from our labors and forget those of our country's defenders, asking for help at our own doors? Can we say to them, "Go away now, we have prayed for you and worked for you during the war, while you were standing between us and imminent peril; but the danger is now past, and we wish to enjoy, undisturbed by your wants, the blessings of peace you have won for us?" This question has already been answered in many spontaneous expressions recently made to us by members of neighboring societies, of an intention to continue their work for the benefit of their own soldiers and their families, this work assuming different forms in different localities.

One mode of relieving disabled soldiers and their families, was suggested some time since in our own society, but the full consideration of it waived for the time in view of other pressing demands upon us then. This contemplated the establishment of something like an Intelligence, or Employment office, where those needing employment could apply for work, stating their circumstances and what they could and wished to do, and those requiring laborers could also apply, registering their names, residences, requirements and terms.

The desire to extend help in this way was first awakened in some of our members by an application from a poor woman to the society for employment, the past winter. When told that the latter had no power to give her the help solicited, she broke forth into the most piteous expressions of despair: "What are we, poor people, to do?" said she. "When my husband enlisted there were plenty to promise that the soldiers' families should be taken care of, but who cares for them now? This morning my children asked me if I was going to give them anything to eat to day, and I could only say, I did not know. My husband has had no pay, I can get no money and no work; what are we to do?"

Not long after this, an account of the noble work being done by the St. Louis Aid Society for soldiers' families there, published in the March number of the *Aid*, stimulated this desire and seemed to render some plan to that end, feasible. The St. Louis Society possessed unusual facilities in their command of Government work, such as the making up of army clothing, for rendering such assistance. But in all communities there is work, both for men and women, requiring the hand of the hired laborer; and the question arises, "why cannot this work, and the needed and needy workers, be brought together, for the benefit of our disabled soldiers and their families?"

The Employment office is proposed as a means of bringing together work and workers, as a meeting point of capital and labor for the purpose of placing within the reach of our disabled soldiers and their families, the means of an honest and independent livelihood. Let the organization of the Soldiers' Aid Society be continued for the supervision of this office, as well as for other forms of aid that may be necessary and feasible, a committee being appointed to take the immediate direction of its affairs. Let this committee obtain a room for the office in a convenient locality, appoint for it regular business hours, and secure, by an adequate compensation, the services, during these hours, of some competent lady, a soldier's widow, or some other whose dependence has been sacrificed in our country's cause during this war. Let the committee divide the whole

field within which aid is to be rendered, into districts, appointing to each district a sub-committee charged with the duty of canvassing the same at prescribed intervals, keeping a record of the names, residences and circumstances of all soldiers and soldiers' families therein requiring help, and exercising a general and friendly care over them in every needed and practicable way.

It will be seen by the Circular of the Sanitary Commission that such action is recommended by that body throughout the country, and we are sure there will be but one response to the appeal. There can be but one feeling in regard to the duty and privilege of caring, in every needed and possible way, for our returning soldiers to whom we owe so much, and there is no mode of charity so beneficial and blessed, as that which helps its objects to help themselves.

The idea is a very interesting one, advanced by the Sanitary Commission, that this is the true American method, in distinction from the European, which would have them in Homes and Asylums, segregated from their former surroundings and sympathies, a distinct mass, condemned to a life of idleness and ennui. It is the most economical of all charities, being that whose constant aim is to render itself unnecessary, by placing its recipient in the way to become independent of its assistance.

The expense attending its maintenance cannot be great, the rent of the office and salary of the lady in charge constituting the principal items, and a reliance for this and more can surely be placed upon a public that has never yet proved itself ungrateful or ungenerous.

A work of patriotic philanthropy like this, spreading its meshes over the whole country, will prove a new and powerful bond of union, neutralizing sectional distinctions and jealousies, as it binds more firmly together the workers in the common cause, and inspires the objects of their care and sympathy with new love for the precious institutions in whose behalf they have battled, and for whose sake they are so gratefully cared for.

Since writing the above, a further delay of the "Aid" has been decided upon, in order to report the action of our Society upon the arrangements here proposed, at a meeting called May 31st. At this meeting it was decided to continue our organization while any necessity for its work exists. It was also resolved to establish at once an Employment Office, upon the plan proposed in this article, and a committee appointed to make the arrangements, which when completed, will be duly reported in the columns of our new "Aid," accompanied, we confidently hope, with gratifying accounts of their success.

The Transfer of the "Soldiers' Aid" to the "Industrial School" in Rochester.

The following communication will announce to our readers the arrangements recently made for transferring our fellow-worker for the last two years, the "SOLDIER'S AID," to a new department of labor:

ROCHESTER, May 28th, 1865.

Mrs. W. B. Williams, *Pres. Sol. Aid Soc.*

DEAR MADAM: In view of the generous transfer to the Industrial School of the paper known as the "SOLDIERS' AID," by the Rochester Soldiers' Aid Society, it was unanimously voted, at a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Industrial School, on the 26th instant, that the thanks of the Board be presented to the Soldiers' Aid Society, and that there also be conveyed an expression of the cordial compliance of the Board with the wish of the Aid Society, to retain for its own use such portion of the paper as it may find necessary to its interests.

By order of the Board of Managers of the Industrial School.

F. P. ROBINSON, *Cor. Sec.*

It was stated in the April number that our paper would be issued as long as the necessity for the aid work should continue, supposing that for some months at least, this work, in its present form, would still be required, for we could not then conceive of the possibility of so rapid a transition from war to peace, as has since been effected. When however an early termination of the necessity for forwarding hospital supplies was deemed certain, with no other definite plan of work in view, the above mentioned transfer was made. But when, soon after, the proposition for establishing an Employment Office, presented to the Society some two months since, was revived, the necessity was felt, in case of its adoption, for our accustomed organ of communication with our former friends, and application was accordingly made to

the Industrial School Board for the privilege of occupying a portion of its columns, to which the generous response, contained in the above note, has just been received.

The paper will therefore be continued, for the present, under the combined auspices of the Industrial School and Soldiers' Aid Society, bearing the title of the "CHILDREN'S FRIEND AND SOLDIERS' AID," and eventually, after the close of our own work, under the name of the "CHILDREN'S AID," as the organ of the Industrial School alone.

To the generous support of our former friends and subscribers, and particularly to the co-operation of our body of zealous and efficient agents in neighboring and more distant localities, would we now cordially commend our modified "AID," and with it the noble charity, whose interests it will henceforth advocate.

The Industrial School has been in operation eight or nine years under the management of a Board of Ladies, and here are congregated from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M., a hundred children, from the lanes and by-ways of the city, for instruction, of the means of which they would otherwise be wholly destitute. Here they are trained in the rudiments of learning, provided every day with a comfortable dinner, and, as far as the Managers can command the necessary means, neatly and comfortably clad. The Managers have been most fortunate in securing as Matron, a lady eminently fitted for the position, and whose influence tells in the happiest results upon the interests of the Institution. One day in the week is devoted by the girls in the School, under her direction, to sewing, and many have in this way become good seamstresses, thus acquiring the means of obtaining at once, a respectable living. A highly competent teacher is also engaged for the School room.

One aim of the Ladies of the Board is also to secure permanent homes for these children, and quite a number have been thus provided for the past year. Although the attendance of the children is to some extent fluctuating, get in general they evince great interest in the exercises, combined with remarkable quickness of apprehension, and become much attached to the School. Who can doubt that there is here sown upon soil, which else would yield but nettles and thorns, good seed, that even under the most adverse circumstances, will bear fruit in the after lives of those children.

And it is a work of philanthropy not unallied to our own, for here are the children of soldiers, many of whom lie upon the battle field in unknown graves, while others have come back helpless cripples for life.

A Prospectus of the "CHILDREN'S FRIEND AND SOLDIERS' AID" will be issued by the Board of Managers, probably the first week in June, which will be sent to all our own subscribers, and we earnestly solicit in its behalf, on the part of our agents and patrons, the same interest and effort that has for the last two years been given to the "SOLDIERS' AID."

Public Exercises on the Third of July.

It has been proposed to our Society that our present work should be closed on the above date, by public exercises, including a meeting of ladies in the afternoon at which a Report of our three and a half years' work should be presented, and a general meeting in the evening, to be addressed by some of our prominent speakers, clergymen and others. A committee has accordingly been appointed to make the necessary arrangements, due notice of which, when completed, will be given in our Daily papers. We shall earnestly hope to see upon that occasion full delegations from our neighboring societies, that we may have the pleasure of greeting those with whose faces we have long been familiar, and others whom we have known only through correspondence, and a community of interest and effort.

The annexed Report from our Auxiliary Society in this city was prepared for the April number, but came to hand too late for insertion. We present it in our columns with peculiar pleasure as from a society whose zeal and efficiency both in making up work for the Central Society and in raising funds for its own purchases, have constituted it a model auxiliary.

A Review of the Labors of the 2d Ward Soldiers' Aid Society, Organized Nov. 7th, 1862.

A retrospect of the labor of the society during the past two years, gives great reason for thankful-

ness that the few ladies who so cheerfully and earnestly entered upon the noble work of ameliorating the condition of the sick and wounded of our armies, have been enabled to accomplish so much towards alleviating the sufferings of those brave and heroic men who have so nobly fought for our liberties.

With willing hearts and ready hands they have toiled on week after week, month after month, and even year after year, faltering not in their exertions, though the sanguinary strife still rages. Should the unhappy struggle continue another four years, the same unremitting energy would doubtless characterize their patriotic exertions, even to its close. But we fondly hope that the end is near at hand. The sweet dove of peace seems already hovering over the nation, as if proffering the welcome olive branch. The dark clouds seem breaking, and rolling in the distance, and let us hope that even in a few weeks, the joyful tidings of peace and union may ring out merrily from every church spire in the land, and boom forth in still grander tones from the mouths of a thousand cannon.

The society has not only exhibited its enterprise in labor, but in getting up various public entertainments, from which it has realized in cash, together with membership fees, \$244 99; \$232 72 of which has been judiciously expended for different purposes, leaving a balance of \$12 20 in the treasury at the beginning of the third year, Nov. 7th, 1864.

The society has made, from material furnished by Central Society, 121 shirts, 59 pairs drawers and 24 pairs socks. Donated to Central Society, 89 shirts, 142 pairs drawers, 40 hop pillows, 14 feather pillows, 39 pairs slippers, 85 pairs socks, 86 towels, 42 handkerchiefs, 27 rolls of bandages, 1 linen sheet, 1 comfortable, 1 mosquito net, 10 packages dried fruit, 2 cans fruit, 12 papers corn starch, 6 bottles of wine, &c., and a quantity of reading matter.

The above list may seem small when compared with the great aggregate given by the whole city and vicinity, but when it is remembered that it is the offering of a few in a single ward, we think the society has reason to congratulate itself upon its past success and take courage for new exertions.

M. A. BARNES, Secretary.

Soldiers' Aid Society, Rochester, N. Y.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR APRIL.

CASH RECEIPTS.	
By Balance on hand, April 1st.....	\$1,508 87
" Cash donations.....	49 00
" Sale of material.....	94 20
" Receipts from Panorama.....	529 60
" Loan to Soldier's family, refunded.....	65 00
Total receipts.....	\$2,246 67
CASH DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Hospital supplies.....	\$687 22
" Expressage, freight and cartage.....	2 75
" Stationery and postage, including amount loaned to Sanitary Commission.....	8 79
" Printing Annual Report, Note heading and Envelopes.....	39 00
" Rent.....	25 00
" Encumbrance expenses.....	4 60
" Incidental expenses.....	7 72
Total Disbursements.....	\$774 98
Balance on hand, May 1st.....	\$1,471 69

CASH DONATIONS.

Mount Morris, \$15; Pittsford, \$28 50.

INDIVIDUALS.

A Friend, 50 cents; Soldier at City Hospital, \$3; Professor Webster, \$2.

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL STORES.

AID SOCIETIES.

Bergen, 8 flannel shirts, 7 pairs woolen socks, 12 handkerchiefs and napkins, 25 towels, 7 gingham shirts, 9 pairs cotton drawers, 1 wrapper, 3 quilts, 6 pillow cases, 11 pillows and cushions, 14 rolls bandages, 17 rolls old pieces, 3 pieces quilts, dried fruit, sage and pepper; E. Henrietta, 8 flannel shirts, 3 pairs flannel drawers, 15 pairs woolen socks, 35 handkerchiefs, 35 towels, 1 quilt, 6 rolls bandages, 1 bag dried fruit; Genesee, 31 flannel shirts, 19 pairs flannel drawers, 7 pairs woolen socks, 123 handkerchiefs, 76 towels, 14 cotton shirts, 6 pairs cotton drawers, 3 pairs cotton socks, 2 dressing gowns, 15 sheets, 43 pillow cases, 2 pillows, 10 quilts, 4 hip pads, lint, bandages, reading matter, 2 barrels pickles, 2 cans fruit, dried fruit; Irondequoit, Bay Side, 9 cotton shirts, 2 pairs cotton drawers, 12 pairs woolen socks, 12 handkerchiefs, lint, bandages, old pieces; Mt. Morris, Kysorville Society, 2 skeins yarn, 6 handkerchiefs, 3 coats, 1 pair pants, 9 arm slings, 17 feather pillows, 9 hop pillows, 153 yards bandages, 1 roll old pieces, package of stationery; Mt. Morris, Union School, 1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, 2 feather pillows, 2 hair pillows, lint, 155 yards bandages, 12 rolls old pieces; Ontario, 3 flannel shirts, 16 pairs flannel drawers, 4 pairs woolen socks, 24 handkerchiefs, 8 towels, 1 cotton shirt, 3 arm slings, lint, old pieces, reading matter and a large quantity of bandages and compresses; Pittsford, 1 pair flannel drawers, 10 pairs woolen socks, 6 handkerchiefs and napkins, 7 cotton shirts, 1 sheet, 1 pillow case, 63 yards bandages, 6 bundles old pieces; Rushville, 16 cotton shirts, 14 pairs cotton drawers, 9 double gowns, 2 napkins, 16 towels, 2

pillows, 5 pillow cases, 5 tumblers jelly, 1 can jam, 1 bottle strawberry, 2 small kegs pickles, 5 sponges, 5 packages soap, 12 combs, old pieces, 1 book, 84 pounds dried apples, 7 ditto choice dried fruit; Second Ward, 9 napkins, 370 rolls bandages, lint, old pieces; West Webster, 2 pairs woolen socks, 30 handkerchiefs and napkins, 1 pair old cotton drawers, 5 pillow cases, lint, 185 rolls bandages, old pieces; Wheatland, 13 flannel shirts, 2 pairs woolen socks, 26 handkerchiefs, 4 pillows, 1 quilt; Williamson, 2 pillows, 2 pillow cases, 1 quilt, reading matter.

INDIVIDUALS.

Allings & Cory, 2 Bibles, 30 Testaments; Mrs. D. Allen, old pieces; Mrs. Alling, do.; Mrs. Bancroft, West Webster, 2 pairs woolen socks; Mrs. J. T. Briggs, 50 yds cotton cloth, bandages; Mrs. Brown, Penfield, lint, old pieces; Mrs. Coo, old pieces; Mrs. Church, do.; Mrs. Comstock, do.; Mrs. Doty, do.; Mrs. G. Gould, bandages, old pieces; A Friend, 6 cotton shirts, 2 quilts, lint, bandages, old pieces; A Friend, 2 handkerchiefs, 1 pair cotton socks; A Friend, reading matter; A Friend, 1 old linen shirt, 4 handkerchiefs, 2 sheets; A Friend, 10 sheets, old pieces; A Friend, 16 hop pillows; A Friend, 2 small kegs pickles; A Friend, 1 pair woolen socks; A Friend, 1 pin cushions; A Friend, 12 pairs mittens; A Friend, 2 lemons; Miss Green, old pieces; Mrs. Hazeltine, 1 sheet, 2 pillow cases, old pieces; Miss Hayward, old pieces; Mrs. Hibbard, 1 dressing gown, 12 yards calico, old pieces; Mrs. Hedges, old pieces; Mrs. L. D. Lamb, old pieces; Mrs. Lewis, old pieces; Miss O. Lutckford, 1 pair woolen socks; Mrs. John McVean, and Mrs. M. M. Frazer, Scottsville, bandages, old pieces, tomato catsup; Mrs. Mudge, old pieces; Mrs. Parmelee, Ogden, old pieces; Mrs. Phelps, old pieces; Mrs. Powell, old pieces; Mrs. Robinson, Ogden, 3 pillows, bandages; Mrs. Schullt, bandages; Mrs. Shepard, Pittsford, 4 small kegs pickles, reading matter; Mrs. Thelard, old pieces; Mrs. H. B. Tracy, 1 cotton shirt; Mrs. Tracy, bandages, old pieces; Mrs. Vose, bandages; Mrs. Wood, old pieces; Miss Wright, cotton for bandages.

Mrs. GEO. GOULD, Treasurer.

Report of the Committee on Work.

Prepared work on hand, April 1st—7 flannel shirts, 12 pairs cotton flannel drawers. Unfinished work, April 1st—140 flannel shirts, 172 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, — pairs socks from 130 skeins yarn. Prepared during the month—118 flannel shirts, 63 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 12 skeins yarn bought, 83 handkerchiefs, 2 towels, 24 cotton shirts, 18 pairs cotton drawers, 30 dressing gowns, 8 sheets, 6 pillow cases. Finished work at close of month—118 flannel shirts, 100 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 23 pairs woolen socks, 40 handkerchiefs, 2 towels, 18 cotton shirts, 7 pairs cotton drawers, 8 sheets, 6 pillow cases. Unfinished work at close of month—134 flannel shirts, 140 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, — socks from 100 skeins yarn, 35 handkerchiefs, 6 cotton shirts, 11 pairs cotton drawers, 23 dressing gowns. Prepared work on hand at close of month—13 flannel shirts, 7 pairs flannel drawers, 7½ skeins yarn, 8 handkerchiefs, 7 dressing gowns.

Miss M. WHITTLESEY, Chairman.

Report of Committee on Packing and Forwarding.

The Committee have forwarded during the month of April 19 packages, numbering 434 to 452 inclusive, to the Woman's Central Relief Association, 10 Cooper Union, New York. The contents of these packages were as follows: 157 flannel shirts, 180 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 82 pairs woolen socks, 14 pairs mittens, 355 handkerchiefs and napkins, 153 towels, 71 cotton shirts, 24 pairs cotton drawers, 3 pairs cotton socks, 12 dressing gowns, 3 coats, 1 pair pants, 11 arm slings, 12 pin cushions, 12 combs, 5 sponges, 5 packages soap, 11 sheets, 58 pillow cases, 9 quilts, 72 pillows and cushions, a large quantity of lint, bandages and old pieces, 1 package of stationery, reading matter, dried fruit, 2 cans fruit, 5 tumblers jelly, 1 can jam, 1 bottle strawberry, 2 barrels, 1 cask and 2 small kegs pickles. The following have been given at the rooms to soldiers from the St. Mary's and City Hospitals, viz: To St. Mary's—27 flannel shirts, 16 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 16 pairs woolen socks, 1 pair mittens, 33 handkerchiefs and napkins, 11 towels, 3 cotton shirts, 7 pairs cotton drawers, 1 dressing gown, 1 pair cotton socks, 4 pairs slippers, 2 pairs suspenders, 16 canes, 18 "Soldier's Friend," 2 Bibles, 1 Testament, 90 pamphlets, 120 papers, 10 bottles arnica liniment, 2 syringes, 188 sheets letter paper, 188 envelopes, 203 stamps, quantity of lint, bandages and old pieces. To City Hospital—6 flannel shirts, 2 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 4 pairs woolen socks, 5 pairs flannel and cotton drawers, 4 pairs woolen socks, 6 pairs slippers, 1 handkerchief, 1 cane, 1 arm sling, 37 sheets (old), 16 quilts, 2 pillows, 12 pillow cases, 2 small kegs pickles, 1 bottle tomato catsup, 2 lemons.

Mrs. L. C. SMITH, Chairman.

Report of Superintendent of Rooms.

SUMMARY OF ROOM RECORDS FOR APRIL.

Goods on hand April 1st—18 flannel shirts, 65 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 21 pairs woolen socks, 3 pairs mittens, 72 handkerchiefs, 2 towels, 2 quilts, 5 pin cushions, 1 bottle catsup. Donations during the month—63 flannel shirts, 39 pairs flannel drawers, 63 pairs woolen socks, 12 pairs mittens, 291 handkerchiefs and napkins, 160 towels, 61 cotton shirts, 32 pairs cotton drawers, 13 dressing gowns, 1 old linen shirt, 4 pairs cotton socks, 2 skeins yarn, 3 coats, 1 pair pants, 12 arm slings, 12 combs, 5 sponges, 5 packages soap, 50 yards cotton cloth, 12 yards calico, 7 pin cushions, 30 sheets, 64 pillow cases, 15 quilts, 74 pillows and cushions, lint, bandages, old pieces, 2 Bibles, 30 Testaments, quantity of pamphlets and papers, package of stationery, dried fruit, 2 cans fruit, 2 bottles tomato catsup, 5 tumblers jelly, 1 can jam, 1 bottle strawberry, 2 barrels, 1 cask and 8 small kegs pickles, sage and pepper, 2 syringes. Bought—46 pairs slippers, 17 canes, 2 pairs suspenders, 2 syringes. Finished work received—118 flannel shirts, 100 pairs flannel and cotton flannel drawers, 23 pairs woolen socks, 40 handkerchiefs, 2 towels, 18 cotton shirts, 7 pairs cotton drawers, dressing gown, 8 sheets, 6 pillow cases.

The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 31, 1865.

The Fourteenth of April.

"The Fourteenth of April!"—A date of all others, most memorable in our history. A date of momentous events and results, linked at once with joy and grief, despair and resolution, downfall and uprising. A date of mingled pæan and dirge; of the tocsin that roused a nation to war, and the trumpet that sounded its triumph; of the glad shout of victory dying in the wail of a universal and overwhelming sorrow. A day, first, of the dark cloud suddenly spanned by the brilliant bow, and again, of the laurel wreath as suddenly entwined with cypress.

"April 14th, 1861," was a proud day for the Southron, when a heroic band of seventy, overcome by a valorous host of seven thousand, lowered the time-honored flag for which his fathers and ours had bled, under whose ample folds we had found a common shelter, and in whose renown we had alike gloried.

Standing upon the fallen Sumter, he surveyed with kindling eye, the prospect, lighted up now by the rays of the newly risen Southern sun. He saw his own glorious South stretching to the current of the Ohio, fringed by the dismembered, pliant Northern Provinces, that would soon eagerly seek to become the appendages to his central, compact domain. The "Southern Cross" was sweeping upward to the zenith, and in the vista he beheld his ensign fluttering from the Capitol dome, and over the Hall of Independence, and saw, near at hand, the hour, when he would call the roll of his slaves from the steps of Faneuil Hall. Before him rose, upon its ebony foundation, the lofty structure of his empire, which should challenge the assaults of time and the admiration of the world.

And all this was the result of the one wise and skilful blow that had fired the South and welded it into a solid unit, while it had paralyzed and crumbled the North. There were no hotly contested battle fields, no long sieges nor weary marches between him and his goal, for the Northern Lion lay cowering at his feet, buffeted until he was scarce worthy another contemptuous kick from his lordly heel. The victory was already won, and "in dreams, through camp and court, he bore the trophies of a conqueror."

"But Linden saw another sight," and you, too, oh taunting Southron! shall behold it. For, look you, through the rifts in that heavy pall, that, for an instant, has fallen around an agonized people, prostrated in the dust as their flag went down, appears in other guise, that Lion. His unwieldy proportions are gathered now into a compact, sinewy mass, obedient to the behests of the spirit depicted in his fiery eye and bristling mane. The supine North that but yesterday trembled at your menace and was ready to be cajoled into the insidious compromise, stands now a serried phalanx, with flashing eyes, compressed lips, and hands clenched upon the hilt of swords they have sworn never to sheath until treason has met its doom. Hands that have contended with each other in a life long, political conflict, are clasped now as they solemnly pledge each other to an unfaltering support of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Ah! boasting Chivalry! the roseate tints of your fair horizon are already darkening to a leaden hue, and your brilliant cross paling before the "Northern crown," for on this day of your grand victory, you have achieved a grander one for us. That flag has

gone down to the earth, to spring up thence an armed host; it has fallen upon the soil as precious seed that shall yield to our cause a rich and abundant harvest.

"April 14th, 1865," we are again at Sumter, and "OUR FLAG IS THERE." Backward stretches to the time when the haughty gazer looked from its summit, an expanse of four years thickly studded with centuries of events,—a four years in which have been recorded tomes of history. Surveying it, far in the blue distance appear the early mountain peaks, "Bull Run," "Donnelson," "Shiloh," "New Orleans;" nearer rise "Vicksburgh," and the long Virginia chain running northward to "Antietam," and "Gettysburg;" while close in the foreground tower "Savannah," "Charleston," "RICHMOND." Breaking from a rugged mountain pass, over barriers vainly interposed to stay its current, is a broad, clear stream, which, gathering constant accessions to its volume and force, and undermining in its way the deep laid foundations of a giant wrong, sweeps onward over the arid wastes of slavery, bearing upon its tide new wealth to the soil and clothing the landscape in fresh verdure.

Every inch of ground and instant of time teems with an intensity of life never before equalled. Other great wars have been waged mainly in the interest of individuals and dynasties, the masses following blindly the will of their leaders, or generated under the influence of a wide spread fanaticism. Other armies have been effective because principally composed of well disciplined living machines, whose horizon bounded but one idea, obedience to the commanding officer. To ours it has been given to unveil the fallacy that a free people can never submit to a rigid army discipline, that a nation of thinkers, can never be a nation of soldiers. We have proved that thinking bayonets and reasoning artillery, in the hands of a burning loyalty can deal as skilful and persistent blows as inert matter wielded by arbitrary power. Our soldiers have proved themselves not the less subordinate or effective, because, from the blue-eyed lad of fifteen leaving his home of luxury, to the sturdy plowman of middle life who deserted his half sown field at his country's call, they comprehended the scope and merits of their cause.

And where is the proud structure of Southern Empire, the dazzling dream of four years since? Look around upon its fragments. From corner stone to dome not one stone remains upon another. Above yonder arrogant city, the nest where the foul viper of treason, under the very shelter of the eagle's wings, first saw the light, curls the smoke of its ruin. Look at the fortress where you stand, battered until scarce a semblance of its original form remains. Behold the enthusiastic loyal crowd assembled to hear the words of rejoicing and praise over the fall of the Great Rebellion, from the eloquent lips of a man whose life, until now, a battalion of soldiers could not have protected anywhere upon the soil of South Carolina. Hear the cheers which greet that little vessel, just approaching, with its sable crew under the command of the gallant freedman who has won the badge of a naval officer. Mark now the breathless suspense with which all await the appearance of the brave veteran, who, four years ago to-day, after holding that fort thirty-six hours under a bombardment by ten times his number, was forced, with a heavy heart, to lower the proud banner, which, never before had trailed in the dust.

The loudly welcomed standard bearer appears and the flag, the self same flag, that fell so sorrowfully then, is now flung out its folds over the Rebellion's most brilliant scene of triumph, upon the very air so long oppressive with the fumes of treason.

Aye, join in the shout that goes up with that flag, for it shall be re-echoed from other lands, wherever a people struggle against oppression, and bring new hope to the waiting patriot biding in silence and faith the hour of his country's deliverance.

Bear it northward, ye winds, to the camps of our victorious army and bid our brave boys sheath the sword and turn their glad steps homeward to greet

the home faces that have watched so long for their coming, and to enjoy through future years the gratitude of a redeemed nation. Bear it to the weary, dying heroes in the hospitals, and, with abated breath, whisper to them of the Angel of Peace hovering above the land for which they have freely shed their blood; tell them the names of their country's martyrs shall be forever enshrined in her heart. Carry it to the waiting homes throughout the land, and bid them rejoice, for the long absent, long prayed for, will soon fill again their vacant places, crowned with laurels. Say to those who sit by the desolated hearth, "come forth and listen to the voice of the loved and lost as they speak to you from out the cloud, 'Sorrowing ones, mourn not that we have given our lives willingly, gladly to our country in her hour of need, but join in our song of praise that the sacrifice has not been in vain in her behalf, and learn to cherish for her a still deeper love as the country for which we died.'"

Speed it to the Capitol where sit our Counsellors, and bid them say to the Crowns of Europe, who, upon the eve of our mighty conflict, shook the head and whispered ominously, "the Great Republic is gone," that "the Great Republic 'still lives,' greater, freer, stronger than ever before." Let them say to the people everywhere that their cause and ours, submitted to the ordeal of battle, has triumphed, that the verdict has been given for the rights of the many against the privileges of the few, that the barriers of caste are thrown down, and that the power of a free government to sustain and protect itself against hostility from without and rebellion from within, has been gloriously affirmed.

Waft it to the ear of the true hearted Pilot, who, during the long tempestuous night has stood at the helm of our storm-tossed ship. As the great mariner of three centuries and a half ago, upon whose enterprise a conceited and arrogant wisdom looked coldly, and, with oracular utterance, prophesied its failure, upon whose decks dashed the waves of an unknown sea, and whose advance, a fear blinded, half mutinous crew constantly endeavored to thwart, peered intently, anxiously, into the darkness around him for the first glimmering sign of that New World toward which his prow was turned, and whose existence he never, for an instant, doubted; so has that care burdened, faithful man, looked out over the foaming billows, for the shore, his faith assured him was beyond. Tell him to listen now to the signal gun, followed by the tumultuous shouts of "Land! Land!" from a joy maddened crew, as a *New Columbia* is found.

Tell him his inaugural vow has been fulfilled, as from the last of the line of forts, he pledged the Government to "hold, occupy and possess," now floats the ensign of his triumph. And a higher mission than this he has accomplished, for another fort, of vastly greater strength and importance, the Malakoff of the Rebellion, has been carried, and to its imprisoned victims the trump of Jubilee has proclaimed their freedom. Tell him of that sable race, to whom he is almost as the Deity, a being "everywhere," and whose every son and daughter couples his name with prayers and blessings. Bear to him the fervent greetings of a sometimes capricious and often complaining, but not ungrateful people; their appreciation of the pure patriotism, incorruptible integrity unflinching resolution and lofty self sacrifice which he has brought to the achieving of the mighty task committed to his hands. In this hour, when vast responsibilities are upon him, and vast interests are at stake, when a scheming Napoleon could wail a dangerous power, tell him how fully the heart of the people, with which he has ever kept his own in sympathy, now confides in that genial, transparent, unselfish nature that can enfold no thought of personal ambition. Carry joy to his heart, light to his eye; smooth away the furrows of care and anxiety and bid him wear through coming years of peace, prosperity and happiness, the laurels which a redeemed and grateful nation now delights to place upon his brow.

And the triumphant, joy-laden shout went northward—on, over captured cities, deserted villages, and untilled plains; on, over encamped, victorious hosts, that re-echoed it to the skies; over garrisoned forts that sent up an answering shout; over iron ribbed fleets whose turrets responded in thunder tones; onward, over the battle scarred Virginia; onward, to the Potomac—*To the Capital*—and then it sunk in muffled tones upon a stifled air, and died in silence amid thick folds of sable draping.

A deed had been enacted in that hour for which earth's language has no befitting name. The Pilot, with his haven in view, had been felled by the murderer's blow. A heart, one of the kindest that ever beat, whose every throbbing was in unison with humanity, whose warm sympathies were ever quickly

"Yes, perfectly charming; Oh SOPHY, you must be so happy!" and VERONICA put her arms round her cousin's neck and kissed her.

Now Mr. PYM had not been altogether charming that evening in SOPHY's eyes. She felt, rather than thought, there had been something in his manner which she did not like—especially toward her father, Captain WOOD, who had been talking of the Florida war had expressed the opinion concerning it which is now very generally entertained. The Lieutenant had disagreed with him, which was not in itself objectionable, but when Captain WOOD went on to argue the matter and bring on his facts to support his own views, Mr. PYM had remarked that it was not worth while to discuss the subject and had dropped the conversation. It was not the first time that he had done the same thing; indeed it was his common practice if any one opposed him, and the manner of the thing seemed to say—"if you really are so foolish as to differ from me, it is useless to address you with the voice of reason." This indeed was the Lieutenant's conviction, had it been stated in plain words; but it never entered his head that any one could be hurt or offended by his conduct. It seemed so natural to him that every thing he did should be right. SOPHY felt that this way of his was ill bred and unbecoming, though she did not put her feelings into thought, much less into words—for SOPHY was loyal by nature, and having given her word to the man who had saved her life, she stood by him faithfully even against herself.

"And when is it to be?" asked VERONICA.

"What to be?" asked SOPHY.

"Oh SOPHY, how absent you are," said VERONICA laughing, "what, indeed; your marriage of course, if I must speak out."

For a moment SOPHY looked almost dismayed.

"Oh dear, not for a long time yet," she said, recovering herself, "there is no hurry."

"But he will go away from here before very long, you know," persisted VERONICA. "You won't want him to go without you."

"Oh, he is not going yet awhile."

"But SOPHY, if he wishes it."

"He shan't hurry me," said SOPHY almost petulantly, "I have only been with father and mother such a little while."

"Oh, SOPHY, if I loved any one as you must him, I would follow him to the world's end. Oh, he is so charming, and in his uniform he looks so distinguished, so aristocratic. There is nothing like the Southern manner. Do you know any of his relations?"

"I had a very kind letter from his mother," said SOPHY brightening. "I am sure I shall like her, and his father sent me this ring. Isn't it a pretty opal?"

"Beautiful; they are very rich; are they not?"

"They have a large plantation and a great many servants." SOPHY couldn't just bring herself to say slaves, so she used the Southern euphemism.

"Won't it be nice. I think Southern life must be delightful—Don't you?"

Now this was just the thing which appeared less delightful to SOPHY than any thing else connected with her engagement, and the subject now and then presented itself to her very uncomfortably, but she put it to one side so far as she was able, and tried to think how she would nurse the sick and teach the little ones, and do all in her power to help, and comfort, and elevate those about her; but with these thoughts she did not greatly occupy herself, for she did not dwell on the future

nor build a great many castles in the air, she hardly knew why.

VERONICA thought her cousin very queer, and sometimes she wondered if SOPHY really loved that dear Mr. PYM as she ought, but then she decided that it was impossible but such perfection should be adored and that reserve was only SOPHY's way, which it was not, she being naturally a very frank and out-spoken young creature.

Meantime poor Lieutenant Lambert, who could not well get away, suffered a good deal in his mind, and he made a confidant of Sergeant STACY, having no one else to confide in. He listened with all kindness, which was all the Lieutenant wanted. It is possible that he may now and then have been rather bored but he never showed it, and Mr. LAMBERT by dint of talking to him became quite sentimentally attached to him, and presented him with a fine gold pen and pencil case, with an inscription "from a friend."

Upon this, Mr. PYM, anxious that official dignity should not be lowered thought it necessary to read Mr. LAMBERT a lecture, which was received with such impatience that a decided coolness arose between the young men, and Mr. PYM came down on the Sergeant whenever opportunity offered, and made a point of "keeping him in his place;" a mode of proceeding which rather vexed SOPHY who really liked her riding master, of whom she now saw nothing, as Mr. PYM in right and duty occupied the place of her cavalier whenever she rode. VERONICA had never learned to ride, but SOPHY at last overcame her timidity so far as to induce her to go out with them; promising that the Sergeant should go with her and hold the leading rein, and show her all about it.

VERONICA was very nervous, and she entreated Mr. SERGEANT, as she called him, not to let her fall off, and not to let her go too fast, and to be sure that the saddle was firm, and to keep fast hold of her leading-rein, all of which STACY promised faithfully to do. She treated him with great respect, for it was not in VERONICA's nature to be rude to any one, had it been her worst enemy, supposing that so innocent and gentle a creature could have had an enemy. Moreover it was VERONICA's instinct to make herself agreeable when she was not overshadowed and kept down, and under the pleasant cordial influences around her, the poor little plant which had grown hitherto as it were in a cellar, was beginning to put out now and then a little natural leaf and blossom. With fear and trembling she had even ventured to read Waverly, after making sure that her uncle and aunt LOUISE would not disprove, and was quite frightened because she found it so delightful. What would aunt say was her inward thought, and her conscience was much perplexed, for her uncle did not think it wicked at all, and yet, she was afraid, poor, dear aunt MARIA—?

Oh dear! are there not sins enough ready made in this world, without going to work to invent more to perplex and trouble the souls of our fellow creatures.

"You are quite sure the saddle won't come off Mr. SERGEANT?"

"Quite sure, Miss VERRIAN; I looked at the girth the last thing."

"Oh, thank you; and, and Mr. SERGEANT, are there any Indians round here?"

"They come to the Fort quite often, and sometimes there is a hunting party down this way."

"Oh dear; if we should meet them, Mr. SERGEANT?"

"They would offer you no harm, Miss VERRIAN. Their numbers are too small, and most of them belong to the mission about forty miles from here."

"Oh!" said VERONICA relieved, for the word "mission" reassured her, "are you sure this horse will not run away, Mr. SERGEANT; see how he pricks up his ears."

"All horses do so Miss, Dick is very steady—besides I have the leading rein."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. SERGEANT, I give you a great deal of trouble, but I never was on horseback before," said VERONICA apologizing to Mr. STACY whom she recognized as the person in authority over her for the time being.

SOPHY rode a pretty black mare which her father had bought for her, and which Mr. PYM's groom had trained. The Lieutenant rode his own bay, and the two spirited steeds were by no means inclined to limit themselves to the pace VERONICA's fears imposed upon old Dick and Touton.

"Do let us go a little faster," said SOPHY, "it is VERONICA's first trial and she does not dare to go off a walk."

Mr. PYM assented and they dashed away over the plain the little mare keeping up with the bay to SOPHY's great delight.

"We have ran out of sight of VERONICA and the Sergeant," said SOPHY as they drew rein at last, "perhaps we had better ride back and meet them, or VERONICA will think I have been thrown and killed, or eaten by a grizzly bear, or something."

"She is very nervous, isn't she?" said the Lieutenant, as they turned back.

"Not just nervous, but she's always lived in such a quiet way, and all here is so new to her, and she is rather timid."

"I like a becoming degree of timidity in a woman," said the Lieutenant, with the air of one who utters an axiom.

"What is just the becoming degree?" said SOPHY laughing; "tell me, and I will put it on; I am horribly afraid of spiders for one thing."

Mr. PYM felt that his words should have been received with more respect.

"There is a certain—ah—timidity—reserve which ought to characterize a truly feminine character," he said in a slightly displeased tone. "I think so; every one does."

"Only tell me what it is, and I'll put it on directly," said SOPHY, with make-believe meekness. "Do you want me to be afraid of ghosts?"

Mr. PYM began to have a lurking feeling that this girl did not stand so much in awe as was proper of his awful rule and right supremacy. "If you don't agree with me we had better drop the subject, said Mr. PYM.

"ARTHUR, this would be a very stupid world if people never talked of any thing except subjects upon which they agree—but I am afraid of something—I'm afraid this saddle is going to turn."

"Impossible my dear; I saw to it myself."

"But I am sure it is, ARTHUR; it feels so shaky."

"Indeed, SOPHY, it's im—"—but before he could say possible, the saddle did turn, and SOPHY only saved herself from a fall by springing to the ground. So Mr. PYM was fain to get down and secure the girth with his own hands, and when he remounted, altogether, he felt a little out of humor; and they rode back almost in silence until they drew near the Sergeant and VERONICA.

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Bear it northward, ye winds, to the camps of our victorious army and bid our brave boys sheath the sword and turn their glad steps homeward to greet

the home faces that have watched so long for their coming, and to enjoy through future years the gratitude of a redeemed nation. Bear it to the weary, dying heroes in the hospitals, and, with abated breath, whisper to them of the Angel of Peace hovering above the land for which they have freely shed their blood; tell them the names of their country's martyrs shall be forever enshrined in her heart. Carry it to the waiting homes throughout the land, and bid them rejoice, for the long absent, long prayed for, will soon fill again their vacant places, crowned with laurels. Say to those who sit by the desolated hearth, "come forth and listen to the voice of the loved and lost as they speak to you from out the cloud, 'Sorrowing ones, mourn not that we have given our lives willingly, gladly to our country in her hour of need, but join in our song of praise that the sacrifice has not been in vain in her behalf, and learn to cherish for her a still deeper love as the country for which we died.'"

Speed it to the Capitol where sit our Counsellors, and bid them say to the Crowns of Europe, who, upon the eve of our mighty conflict, shook the head and whispered ominously, "the Great Republic is gone," that "the Great Republic 'still lives,' greater, freer, stronger than ever before." Let them say to the people everywhere that their cause and ours, submitted to the ordeal of battle, has triumphed, that the verdict has been given for the rights of the many against the privileges of the few, that the barriers of caste are thrown down, and that the power of a free government to sustain and protect itself against hostility from without and rebellion from within, has been gloriously affirmed.

Waft it to the ear of the true hearted Pilot, who, during the long tempestuous night has stood at the helm of our storm-tossed ship. As the great mariner of three centuries and a half ago, upon whose enterprise a conceited and arrogant wisdom looked coldly, and, with oracular utterance, prophesied its failure, upon whose decks dashed the waves of an unknown sea, and whose advance, a fear blinded, half mutinous crew constantly endeavored to thwart, peered intently, anxiously, into the darkness around him for the first glimmering sign of that New World toward which his prow was turned, and whose existence he never, for an instant, doubted; so has that care burdened, faithful man, looked out over the foaming billows, for the shore, his faith assured him was beyond. Tell him to listen now to the signal gun, followed by the tumultuous shouts of "Land! Land!" from a joy maddened crew, as a *New Columbia* is found.

Tell him his inaugural vow has been fulfilled, as from the last of the line of forts, he pledged the Government to "hold, occupy and possess," now floats the ensign of his triumph. And a higher mission than this he has accomplished, for another fort, of vastly greater strength and importance, the Malakoff of the Rebellion, has been carried, and to its imprisoned victims the trump of Jubilee has proclaimed their freedom. Tell him of that sable race, to whom he is almost as the Deity, a being "everywhere," and whose every son and daughter couples his name with prayers and blessings. Bear to him the fervent greetings of a sometimes capricious and often complaining, but not ungrateful people; their appreciation of the pure patriotism, incorruptible integrity unflinching resolution and lofty self sacrifice which he has brought to the achieving of the mighty task committed to his hands. In this hour, when vast responsibilities are upon him, and vast interests are at stake, when a scheming Napoleon could wield a dangerous power, tell him how fully the heart of the people, with which he has ever kept his own in sympathy, now confides in that genial, transparent, unselfish nature that can enfold no thought of personal ambition. Carry joy to his heart, light to his eye; smooth away the furrows of care and anxiety and bid him wear through coming years of peace, prosperity and happiness, the laurels which a redeemed and grateful nation now delights to place upon his brow.

And the triumphant, joy-laden shout went northward—on, over captured cities, deserted villages, and untilled plains; on, over encamped, victorious hosts, that re-echoed it to the skies; over garrisoned forts that sent up an answering shout; over iron ribbed fleets whose turrets responded in thunder tones; onward, over the battle scarred Virginia; onward, to the Potomac—*To the Capital*—and then it sunk in muffled tones upon a stifled air, and died in silence amid thick folds of sable draping.

A deed had been enacted in that hour for which earth's language has no befitting name. The Pilot, with his haven in view, had been felled by the murderer's blow. A heart, one of the kindest that ever beat, whose every throbbing was in unison with humanity, whose warm sympathies were ever quickly

kindled by the joys and sorrows of his race, and whose broad benevolence scarce could recognize a foe, had been stilled by the vengeful weapon of the lurking assassin. The Moses who had led his people safely through the dangerous flood and the long and weary wilderness, to the borders of the Promised Land, had but looked upon the pictured outline of that Land, where were

"the fair and fertile fields

So long awaiting Israel's wandering host,"

when a mysterious cloud had conveyed him from their sight forever.

And now a nation, but an hour since jubilant with victory, is stricken down, bowed to the dust under the weight of a crushing, heart-breaking sorrow. A mighty grief, such as never known till now, broods over the land, and under its power the applause and the censure, the exultation and the sneer have alike died upon the lip in tearful, solemn silence

"In sackcloth robed,
And men of war, six hundred thousand there
Are weak as women. Aged men and maids
Of laughing eyes, weep now, and e'en young babes
Join in the wailing."

"Why," at length we ask with trembling lip, "are we so heavily chastened? We remember, how in our prosperity the decree, again and again repeated, 'Let my people go,' fell upon deafened ears; how then it was reiterated in thunder-tones from the war cloud, through long defeat and disaster, until we have loosed the bonds of the prison house and said to the oppressed 'Go free.' For what national sin yet unrepented of, what duty unperformed are we thus smitten? What good remaining yet to be achieved requires so costly a sacrifice? What teachings are to be treasured in our hearts that could come to us only from the tomb of one so revered and loved?"

Already, we can hear in part, "the lesson of the hour." Men have turned from the bier of our murdered leader asking, "Are we not verily guilty concerning his blood, through that abuse of the freedom of the press so common in our political contests?" The right and duty of full and fearless criticism upon the public acts of our public men are undoubted. But when to this are added the unfounded aspersion, unmerited obloquy, coarse invective and vile epithet, when men holding our highest offices of dignity and trust are portrayed as the counterpart of felons, and inflammatory appeals made to the popular hostility thus generated against them, is not the murderer's work well begun? Let us learn then, while we hold our leaders to a strict account for the manner in which they discharge the duties committed to their hands, to respect the rights of private character. As we look now upon the still face of one so pure in heart, so kindly in every feeling and tender of the sensibilities of others, so faithful and unselfish in the performance of duty, and remember how wantonly his acts have been misrepresented, his motives assailed and his most sacred feelings trampled upon; how the passions of men thus blinded have been inflamed against him as a brutal despot, culminating in that deed without a name, let us, as a nation, vow, by the memory of our martyred LINCOLN, to abjure henceforth this national sin of ruthless defamation in our politics.

But what spirit, more than all others, incited "to this foul revolt?" What spirit has generated that fiendish hatred and brutal ferocity that have developed not only in the open combat, but in acts hitherto unknown in the annals of civilized warfare? Look at its records in the moulding of drinking cups and ornaments from the bones of our dead soldiers and the poisoning of our living ones; in robbery and murder upon our frontiers and incendiary plots to burn our cities; in the importation of infected hospital clothing into our ports; in the massacres of Fort Pillow and Plymouth; on the black pages of Libby, Belle Isle, Florence, Andersonville, and lastly, blackest, most infamous of all, as if within the lowest depth of crime, a lower deep could still open, in the dark intrigue and base cruelty that have accomplished the assassin's work. Give to man the irresponsible control of other men, the right to use them for his own advantage, to hold them as his property, and he must maintain his power by means that generate and foster as an inevitable result, just this spirit of tyranny, cruelty and ferocity. The amenities of social life may, in ordinary circumstances, keep it in abeyance, but it is there as surely as the liquid burning death in the sleeping volcano, and when kindled under the heat of conflict, with scope for development, you shall see it in all its hideous proportions. Let us then, in the solemn presence of its noblest victim, renew with sterner purpose our vow of eternal hatred to slavery. This Carthage, or freedom and humanity, to which it bears inveterate hostility, must perish utterly and forever.

Another lesson comes to us in the clear utterance

of our President, "Treason is a crime, and must be punished." "Kindness to the individual may be cruelty to the State." Had we not well nigh forgotten that it is in justice we should remember mercy? In the gladness of the hour of victory we were ready to welcome back to power and privilege, the men who had used that power in the attempt to destroy the dearest interests of our country and the world; to place again the torch in hands that had kindled the destructive fire; to return to the assailant upon our life, the weapon with which he could repeat the attack. "Stay this suicide," cried the Guardian Spirit of our Institutions, "imperil not again what it has cost you rivers of precious blood to save." But bells were ringing in our ears, drums beating and cannon pouring out their noisy joy, and we heard not the warning voice. The crisis was imminent, and bowing her head, veiling her eyes and turning away in anguish from the view, she loosed her restraining hold upon the fearful blow, that alone could save us. In the darkness of our heavy sorrow we can read now in the starry scroll above us, what daylight concealed from our vision, "Justice and mercy are alike attributes of Infinite Love." A new purpose inspires us, not revenge; no, no, not that. Whatever the evanescent feeling of the moment may be, the purpose is, not so much the suffering of the criminal as the prevention of the crime. In vindicating justice, the desire is not so much for the death of the individual as for the life of the state, and to this vindication we are impelled by the solemn responsibilities resting upon us, by every sense of what we owe to country, to humanity, to the spirit of our dead heroes speaking to us through the misty veil that curtains them from our sight, "Render not the offering of our lives a vain sacrifice upon our country's altar."

The event of to-day brings to a new test the value of our institutions and the capacity of a great people for self government. We have seen this people at the close of its revolutionary struggle, when foreign nations predicted anarchy, calmly framing for itself an untried system of government; we have seen that government tested by a career of unexampled prosperity and the strain of foreign war; we have seen it come unscathed from the furnace of a giant rebellion; one experience in the records of government remains untried. At a critical moment, when the problem of re-construction is about to be assayed, a problem wholly beyond the experience of any former legislation, and in which the principles of solution themselves, are, as yet, but dimly discerned; when the elements are in a transition, half chaotic state, the head, in whom is centered the confidence of the people, is suddenly and violently removed. What government, not widely and deeply rooted in the hearts of an intelligent people, could rise against a shock like this, secure from anarchy? and yet our machinery was not for a moment deranged. The government assailed became at once the care of its every subject. Party strife was immediately hushed and a whole loyal people spontaneously rallied as a living bulwark around the in-coming Chief. And who that saw this instant, earnest rallying in that hour of darkness but felt in his inmost soul, "God bless the heart of the American people." Like that phenomenon in Geology, the immense, delicately poised boulder, it vibrates to every playing breeze, but the power of the sweeping tornado cannot hurl it from its base.

And does not the still broader lesson, that the highest purposes of good are wrought through suffering, come home to us, when the nation, in its exuberant joy, is thus solemnized for the great duties before it? We may assent to this truth in our hours of calm and sunshine, but he only who can say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," can know its reality and depth. The words of our lost President, uttered shortly before his death, "When the Rebellion is quelled, my work will be done," were in one sense prophetic. But how dimly could we then have foreseen compared with what we now know, that the sacred seal of the martyr placed upon his brow, should consecrate him to a new and sublimer work. Severed now from conflicting questions of national policy, all can recognize his claims upon a nation's grateful love, and embalmed in memory as a martyr to our cause, his name and words and influence are henceforth a hallowed inheritance in which he shall live and his work continue while a people remains to cherish freedom and reverence goodness.

Only in our great sorrow could we have fully received and fidly treasured an inheritance like this; only in so solemn an hour could we appropriately enter upon the duties to which we have been conducted, and only under the dark cloud could we so earnestly look for the guiding star beyond and learn to realize so fully that above all the mutations of earth "the Lord reigns."

Last Words.

With this number closes the second year, and with this, the existence of the "Aid" in its present form. Passing into the hands of another organization, although we still retain a portion of its columns for our own use, it will no longer be the "SOLDIER'S AID," telling us of suffering upon the battle field and in the distant hospital and prison calling for relief, nor of noble work being done for sick and wounded soldiers "at the front."

In four weeks more also, the work of Hospital Relief will have been completed, and our own and kindred Societies, not disbanded, have passed into another phase of action, bringing us, probably, into less intimate connection with each other.

For the cause of these modifications and transfers we rejoice, for the blessed peace which comes after our four years' desolating struggle. How cordially we can congratulate each other to-day, upon the glorious result of this long and fearful conflict, a result giving still greater freedom and strength to our cherished institutions, and binding separate States together, more firmly than ever before. With grateful hearts too, we can remember the share, however small, which may have been allotted ourselves, in assuaging the terrible sufferings following in the trail of war.

The Aid Work has fully illustrated the sentiment that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," for while the thanks of our Soldiers have been wafted to "the Women of our Country," for comforts procured through their instrumentality, how rich has been the privilege to the latter, of thus contributing something to the brave and self-sacrificing defenders of a Government, dearer to us than life itself. Sure we are that the love of country will take deeper root in our hearts for what little service we may have been able to render that country in its hour of darkness and peril, and the Aid Workers, as they look upon its present grandeur, will be inspired with peculiar fervor at the thought, "This is my own, my native land." Our pulse may well thrill with patriotic pride at the thought that never was an army loved and cared for as ours has been. From first to last has never been beyond the reach of home care and home sympathies. And has not all this exercised upon that army a refining, elevating influence? And will not our Soldiers return all the better citizens for that influence? Surely this must be so.

But there are thoughts of sadness mingled with our more joyful ones in view of the closing of our Hospital work. The pleasant and ever to be remembered companionship of three and a half years, will be, in a great measure, broken; and the friendly greetings and communings at "The Aid Rooms," where hearts were brought together by a common sympathy in a glorious cause, will pass from a present enjoyment into a cherished memory. Not one of our number can ever forget those rooms nor the ties of friendship there formed. We shall not forget the friendly faces of the unwearied helpers from neighboring Societies, who had "enlisted for the war," and whose boxes of "donations," and bundles of "returned work," contributed so largely to our stores for "the front." We shall not forget the inspiring epistolary companionship enjoyed with others beyond the reach of personal intercourse, especially with the earnest band of Workers of the Woman's Central Relief Association, in New York, to which our own Society has been tributary. Nor shall we forget the Soldiers, who came in groups from our Hospitals to "the Sanitary," with their cheerful faith and fortitude, never despairing of the final success of our arms and never repining at their sufferings and misfortunes. Yes, these will all be life long memories.

But let us remember too, that while the work peculiar to the war is done, a peace work of great magnitude and indefinite duration is before us for the disabled and destitute Soldiers and their families in our midst. Let it never be our reproach, that the efforts of Aid Societies, or of individuals among us, in their behalf, have ceased, while it is in our power to extend to them, any needed form of relief.

We part regretfully in this number of our "Aid," from the companion which for two years has been to us a pleasant medium of intercourse with our co-laborers, and which we have come to regard as almost invested with personality. Cordially thanking you, our patrons and fellow workers, for all the aid and encouragement you have rendered us, as well as for your forbearance with our many shortcomings, we pray you, do not forget our little friend. Greet it kindly when it comes to you again, partly upon a new mission, partly upon the old, and accord to it, and the interests it will present to you, the same generous patronage which has been given ourselves, and which we shall ever gratefully remember.

(Continued from page 93.)

Miss VERRIAN was beginning to feel a little more confidence, and to enjoy the exercise. Her spirits rose and shone out in little remarks to the Sergeant about her horse, about the scenery around her, the blue sky over her head, and the beautiful river; and Mr. STACY, relieved from the influence of Lieutenant PYM, falked a little in return and began to feel a kind interest in the pretty creature who was so deferential to him.

A cluster of the beautiful blue aster caught VERONICA'S eye, and she admired it so that the Sergeant dismounted and gathered it for her, still holding Dick's leading rein. VERONICA thanked him enthusiastically, and fastened the flower in her belt. SOPHY came up; and the Lieutenant heard the Sergeant say, "There are much prettier flowers than those here in the spring time."

The remark was in itself sufficiently innocent, but it was a spontaneous one apparently, and the Lieutenant "thought it his duty" to make the subordinate keep his place. Had it been another man you would have said he took out his ill humor on the first person he met, but Mr. PYM "felt it his duty."

"Sergeant STACY," he said in his haughtiest tone, "you will please to remember that you are employed to give the young ladies riding lessons, and not to entertain them by your conversation, however delightful you may think it."

"Oh, ARTHUR!" exclaimed SOPHY, involuntarily coloring deeply. She felt ashamed, vexed, mortified, and every way annoyed.

The Sergeant also colored slightly and there was rather a dangerous flash in his eyes as he looked his officer straight in the face for a moment, saluted, and turned away in silence.

"Oh, indeed," said VERONICA dismayed, "Indeed Mr. PYM, it was I, I wanted the flowers. I didn't now it was any harm. Do they belong to the Government? It was I; indeed it was."

Mr. PYM smiled down with lofty condescension upon Miss VERRIAN'S upturned deprecating face.

"You see," he said, assuming her leading rein himself, and quite careless of being overheard, "it is necessary to keep these sort of people in their place; STACY is rather a presuming person anyway, and he has been put forward quite injudiciously, until he needs a setting down now and then to remind him of his true position."

It flashed across SOPHY'S mind with great clearness, that she had never seen any human being who needed "a setting down" more than did Lieutenant ARTHUR PYM at that instant, and she said with great outward calmness, "Papa does not think so. He says, 'he depends on Mr. STACY for a great many things and that he is fit for any position—and he has always been accustomed to treat him with the civility due from one gentleman to another.'"

Mr. PYM was astonished. Here was direct revolt. He turned on her with a look which the young man of irresistible will in Miss Warner's novel is accustomed to bestow when he wishes to overawe the unlucky young person who is attached to him—but SOPHY was not overawed. On the contrary the young lady sat very straight up in her saddle and her eyes looked directly into his with rather a dangerous light in their grey clearness.

Mr. PYM drew himself up haughtily and remarked that, "it was not to be expected that young ladies should understand matters of military discipline," and then devoted himself to VERONICA.

Miss Wood fell quietly behind the pair. "Mr. STACY," she said to the riding master, "will you be so good as to keep beside me, Jenny is so full of spirits this afternoon, I find it a little difficult to manage her."

Jenny was remarkably full of spirits. It was curious how she fidgeted and danced, and tossed her pretty head.

"She won't endure to go so slow," said Miss Wood; "I must just let her have her own way and canter, or she'll rear, or fall down, or do something dreadful—and then I should be so frightened. Come with me, please."

She loosed the rein, Jenny sprang forward, and what could the Sergeant do but follow her. They passed Mr. PYM and VERONICA—SOPHY waving a gay salute to the latter as she went by. When they were a quarter of a mile away Miss Wood thought proper to slacken her pace, and she found she needed a good deal of instruction from Mr. STACY. Never had she treated him with so much respect, and when the four drew up to the door of Captain Wood's quarters Miss Wood did not seem to see that Mr. PYM, after helping Miss VERRIAN from the saddle was approaching her, but held out her hand to the Sergeant—accepted, or rather commanded his services, said "thank you" with a marked emphasis, and walked into the house without a word to her fiancé—to the admiration of Mrs. McCULLOCK who was just coming out of the door, and of Corporal THOMPSON, who said afterwards "he hoped that Miss SOPHY was beginning to understand that PYM, and that she might not throw herself away on such a fellow after all."

SOPHY went to her own room and she stayed there sometime by herself, after VERONICA had taken off her habit and gone into the parlor. She walked, up and down the room, in considerable agitation. "Oh," she broke out at last, "it was inexcusable, it was, yes it was downright mean." She would have liked to cry, but then they would all notice it. So she dressed and went to the table with a weight at her heart.

Sergeant STACY went for a little stroll by the river side before evening parade and there he found Mr. LAMBERT engaged in the pensive sport of angling.

"Much success, sir?" he asked.

"Not much; sit down, WILL. Have a cigar? do now."

The Sergeant knew pretty well what was coming, but he sat down nevertheless, and lit the offered cigar.

"Well," said Mr. LAMBERT, after a silence and with a long sigh, "I suppose there must have been, and are, lots of fellows in the world, that are just as miserable as I am—about such things, you know."

Mr. STACY sighed too. "I suppose there are too sir," he said, "and sometimes the worst disappointment is when our wishes are gratified."

"You have had some affair or other yourself, haven't you?" said Mr. LAMBERT gently.

The Sergeant did not answer for a minute. He sat looking out over the water, not as if he saw it, but as if his eyes rested on some vision appearing only to himself.

"Do you remember, sir," he said, "when I enlisted in St. Louis?"

"Yes, I was recruiting there, just out of West Point. I thought you were out of your place. I've always thought so."

"It was the best thing I could do. Listen a little Mr. LAMBERT, and I will tell you my story, all there is. Three years before I was a lawyer in good practice, with a very comfortable property of my own. I did like every one else, I fell in love with a woman. She was younger than I by six years. I thought then, and I think now, that she was the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Her family were poor, but were very proud of their descent from some Virginia clan, whose name does not matter. I proposed and was accepted, and I lived the next three months in that state of rapture which people do feel when they have attained their idol and can see no fault in it. I can see now many things which might have warned me, had I not been deaf and blind. We were married and after a little, to my horror, the conviction began to force itself upon me, that she was not perfection; that she was violent in temper, and inferior in mind. I shut my eyes, I blamed myself, I would not give up my faith in her; but, one circumstance after another influenced me in spite of myself, and finally worse suspicions came to me, and gradually grew to certainty. One day I found her on the bed; a brandy bottle overturned beside her; she quite insensible; drunk."

MR. LAMBERT laid his hand on his friend's with an impulse of sympathy, and then with curious shyness which makes Americans conceal their best feelings, drew it away blushing like a girl.

"I remonstrated, vainly. It grew worse and worse. It was impossible to conceal it from servants and friends. I learned that she had always had the habit, and that her friends knew it. Finally our child was born, a little girl; after that she did better. She seemed to love the little creature—and I, well, the baby was all I had. She refrained so long that I was really beginning to hope. One evening I came home rather late, as I entered the hall, there was a strong smell of burning; I heard the child

scream; I rushed up stairs; my wife lay on the floor; the spirit bottle in her hand; in her fall she had upset the candle; it fell into the crib; and I need not tell you the rest. Before morning my little daughter was dead—after hours of agony."

"Oh," said Mr. LAMBERT with a sob.

"Of course it was impossible to screen her mother longer. Her father joined with me in sending her to an asylum, where she has remained ever since. As for me, I was weary of my life. There was an Indian war at the time, and desperate and not caring what became of me, I threw aside my practice and enlisted, you know how."

"Yes, and how you nursed me that winter when I was sick; and Oh it's a shame! It's too bad," said the honest young fellow, fairly breaking down and crying; and these incoherent expressions brought more comfort to MR. STACY than a whole page of the most religious and philosophical sentiments.

"I can look at it more quietly now," said the Sergeant after a little. "I have never spoken of it before to any one. A few weeks ago I had a letter telling me that she was dead. May God forgive me as I forgive her, if I thanked Him when the news came. I shall not stay here now, I think I can purchase my discharge."

"You ought to," said Mr. LAMBERT. "It's no place for you here among such people, and domineered over by PYM. I wonder if he'll treat her in the same way," he added bitterly.

MR. STACY took his cigar from between his lips. "MR. LAMBERT," he said, with a curious little smile; "I don't think he will ever have the chance. Is it not nearly time for gun fire?"

The two walked back to the fort, and that evening for the first time in a long while, MR. LAMBERT thought of something beside his own troubles.

MR. PYM did not make his appearance that evening, but he came the next afternoon when the girls were alone. VERONICA discreetly slipped out, doing as she would be done by. Then Mr. PYM put on all his terrors and was astonished to find that SOPHY was not so much terrified as he had expected.

"I hardly knew what to think of you yesterday afternoon," he began.

"Indeed," said SOPHY quietly. "Why."

Now this was not what the Lieutenant anticipated.

"SOPHY, you must surely understand, that it is proper that people of that class should be kept in their proper stations. I was astonished to see you."

No reply.

"I shall request that you will never have the Sergeant to ride with you again. I can take care of Miss VERRIAN and you, whenever you wish to go."

Father has asked him to give VERONICA lessons. It is his affair and her's, not mine; but if it were, I do not just see why you should object. VERONICA likes to ride in the morning when you are busy. Mr. STACY takes very good care of us, and I like him very much."

"SOPHY you surprise me!" said the Lieutenant, in his most impressive tone.

"I can't possibly be more surprising to you, than you were to me, ARTHUR," said the young lady, flashing, at last. "I would not have believed it. It was cruel! It was unworthy of you."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. PYM.

"I mean your insulting Mr. STACY as you did, and before us."

"I felt it my duty," said the Lieutenant with dignity.

"Duty! Nonsense! You just felt cross and so you took it out on some one who could not defend himself, and you ought to ask his pardon," said Miss Wood with unnecessary frankness.

The Lieutenant felt like one who has pulled the string of an unsuspected shower bath. Never had he been so confronted.

"We will not argue a question of military discipline," he said, "but I make it my particular request, I insist that you drop this person entirely."

"Perhaps you had best go and insist on my father," said SOPHY.

Lieutenant PYM colored. He felt SOPHY was thinking of the setting down he had had from Captain Wood. When he looked at the matter, however, it did seem that he could not well reverse Captain Wood's arrangements about his niece.

"If your father wishes it," he condescended to say, "and Miss VERRIAN, do not let us quarrel my love."

"I don't want to quarrel," said SOPHY rather shortly, but she suffered him to seal their reconciliation in the usual way, and then he took the girls out on the river, the interview having ended in a manner very different from his anticipations, and which was secretly very distasteful. The two were not satisfied with each other, but for a week they went on pretty well, and MR. STACY did not accompany them in their rides.

One day, however, the two girls were sitting by the open outside door in the little back parlor. The door opened on a little grass plot parted from the parade ground by a low white paling.

Corporal THOMPSONS passing by had lifted his cap respectfully to the young ladies, but as Lieutenant PYM met him he made no salute, for the Lieutenant never returned a salute.

Now Captain WOOD had gone out for a day's shooting and left the Lieutenant in command, and he felt very magnificent.

"What do you mean?" said the Lieutenant, stopping the Corporal.

"Mean by what, sir?" said the Corporal, who had a spirit of his own, quite as high as the Lieutenant's.

"Where's your salute?"

"Army regulations don't oblige me to salute where it is not returned," said the Corporal.

"Don't tell me about the regulations, you scoundrel, do as you are ordered."

"Don't call me names, sir," said the Corporal, flashing.

The Lieutenant lifted his cane menacingly. "Don't you strike me, sir," said THOMPSONS, his face growing white, but the blow came down, full on the man's face. With a cry of rage the Corporal drew his sword and sprang forward upon his officer wild with passion. The Lieutenant's saber flashed from its sheath, the blades clashed, and the next instant the Corporal lay bleeding upon the grass. The girls screamed in terror. VERONICA ran in sobbing and trembling, but SOPHY hurried across the grass, opened the little gate and knelt by the Corporal's side.

"You have killed him," she said, looking up in MR. PYM's face, her lips very white, and her eyes shivering.

"Go into the house, SOPHY," said MR. PYM.

"Go and call the Surgeon," said SOPHY, almost sternly. "Give me your handkerchief." The Lieutenant complied with the later request, but a crowd of the men were gathering about, and one of them ran for the Surgeon, who was down by the river peaceably collecting insects.

There were murmurs of wrath and pity, and LESLIE VINTON knelt by the Corporal's side and lifted his head.

"It's too late MISS SOPHY," he said, as she tried to staunch the fast flowing blood.

"SOPHY, go into the house, do," urged MR. PYM, "this is no place for you."

"It's no place for you," growled LESLIE between his teeth.

"I wish you would go and bring me the cologne bottle off the parlor table," said SOPHY to LESLIE, never heeding.

MR. PYM walked away haughtily to his quarters, and MR. LAMBERT made his appearance with the Surgeon and Sergeant STACY.

"My poor fellow," said the Lieutenant, kneeling besides the wounded man, "I am so sorry."

The Corporal looked up, his eyes were fast growing dim. "It's most over," he said. "I've been a fool. God forgive me. You'll write to my mother, STACY."

"Yes, ARCHY."

"You tell the Captain, when he comes home, how it was. I was a fool to mind, but he did aggravate me."

"I dare say," said MR. LAMBERT, bitterly.

The dying man closed his eyes and was silent for a moment. "Miss SOPHY," he said at last, collecting his last strength for the effort and speaking in a whisper, "Miss SOPHY—don't you—marry him—don't Miss," and he was gone.

SOPHY went sobbing into the house with her handkerchief at her face.

MRS. WOOD, whom VERONICA had roused from her afternoon nap, met her at the door, and drew her gently into her own room. SOPHY threw herself on the floor and hid her face in the folds of MRS. WOOD'S dress.

"Oh mother! mother! mother!" she sobbed,

"Hush, dear, hush."

"Oh what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"We will do nothing just yet," said MRS. WOOD gently.

"I can't, I can't."

"Can't what dear?"

"I can't marry him. I never will, never."

MRS. WOOD gave a sigh of great relief and thankfulness. "We will see when your father comes home, dear," said the matron. "There now, lie down awhile, and I will stay with you." But she did not, for VERONICA, whom no one had thought of in the interval, had been very much shocked and frightened, and had sobbed herself into regular hysterics; so that SOPHY and MRS. WOOD were fain to forget their own emotions, and tended her all that afternoon.

Great was Captain WOOD'S wrath and indignation

when he came home and heard the story, and in the midst of it Lieutenant PYM made his appearance with his report, and was received with a certain stern politeness which boded him no good.

Captain WOOD said that a Court Martial would decide whether or not Lieutenant PYM had been guilty in the technical sense, of murder—and that in the mean time he was under arrest. This was no more than he had expected, but then, Captain WOOD added, that his daughter wished to see Lieutenant PYM, and SOPHY came in with her mother. She was very pale, and looked as if she had been crying.

"My dear SOPHY," began the Lieutenant, "this unfortunate occurrence, which I am sorry you witnessed—"

"Unfortunate!" said SOPHY, rather bitterly.

"Can only be a temporary inconvenience," pursued the unconscious Lieutenant. "The wretched man, who, by the by, was always insubordinate, attacked me first, and was very insolent beside; I acted in self defence, and there can be no doubt that a Court Martial will acquit me."

"It may possibly," said SOPHY, "but I never can. I saw the whole. You insulted him past endurance. A man whom you knew could not defend himself; you struck him. Even now, you don't seem to care. I do. I can't forget it. We could never be happy together; I have felt it before, but never as I do now. We had better part."

MR. PYM was astonished. He really loved SOPHY as well as he was capable of loving any one, and he even condescended to remonstrate—but SOPHY was not to be moved. Then he lost his temper, remarked superciliously that she was probably quite right in thinking their dispositions unsuited—returned her ring and took back his own, and marched off to his quarters. SOPHY cried a little after he was gone, but she lay down that night and awoke the next morning with a sense of great relief.

The next afternoon but one, it occurred to SOPHY that she should like to have a ride—so Sergeant STACY had orders to be in readiness. When they had gone a little from the Fort, SOPHY noticed that her attendant carried a very pretty little gold headed riding whip, and remarked upon it; almost the first words she had spoken since leaving home.

"Miss WOOD," he said; "perhaps your father has told you that I have obtained my discharge, and am going to leave the army."

"You are," said SOPHY, in a tone of frank regret; "but I am glad to hear it though, on your own account. Where are you going?"

"I am going to St. Louis. I shall resume my profession, the bar. I have to thank you and your father for much kindness since I have been here. I shall not be here when you leave us; but if you will permit a sincere friend to offer a bridal gift a little in advance," and he put the riding whip into her hand.

"Thank you," she said; "but, but I am not going away, and I shan't want any gift, not of that sort."

"I am most heartily glad to hear it," said her companion in a tone of such earnestness that SOPHY looked rather surprised.

"I beg your pardon Miss WOOD, but may I hope you will keep my little token."

"Surely. I shall keep it to remember our pleasant rides by. I hope we shall see you again sometime."

"It is not improbably," said MR. STACY. "You have done me a great deal of good, and given a great many pleasant hours to one who has had little comfort in living for the last few years."

"I am glad if I have," said SOPHY frankly, and thereupon they shook hands, and during the remainder of the ride they spoke of other things.

The next week MR. STACY went away accompanied by the good wishes of all his companions and of all his officers, except Lieutenant PYM.

Two months after the Corporal's death a Court Martial assembled at the Fort, and after hearing all the witnesses, decided that Lieutenant PYM, having acted in self defence, was honorably acquitted.

"What could you expect," said one of the members of the tribunal. "A high spirited Southerner you know."

There was a lady then residing at the Fort, wife of a Captain BURNS, and with her VERONICA struck up a great intimacy, somewhat to SOPHY'S wonder, for MRS. BURNS was not in herself an agreeable woman. Lieutenant PYM was also a frequent visitor at her quarters. One day VERONICA came to SOPHY in a state of blushing embarrassment curious to behold.

"Oh SOPHY," she began.

"Yes, dear."

"SOPHY, I don't know what you'll think."

"Nor I either, till you tell me what it is."

"You are sure you won't be angry?"

"You don't mean to say you've engaged to Lieuten-

tenant PYM," exclaimed SOPHY, a light breaking in upon her.

VERONICA hung her head—"Well, yes; I am; I was afraid you would be angry, SOPHY."

"I'm not, VERONICA, not a bit, on my own account; but for your own. Do you really like him, dear?"

"I always did, SOPHY. And you and he have broken off, you know."

"Oh, you are quite welcome to my share, VERRY. But, dear, he is so domineering."

"Oh, SOPHY; no," said VERONICA—setting up her feathers so to speak.

"Well, well, dear; tastes differ. Have you told Papa?"

To be brief, Miss VERRIAN and Lieutenant PYM were married, and the Lieutenant had found his ideal. VERONICA adored him, believed in him implicitly, would have held it impiety to differ from one of his opinions, and had he ordered her, would have put on bloomers and walked the streets in that attire, and died of blushing, a martyr to conjugal duty. She echoed his sentiments and paid him a blind obedience, which he, so perverse is human nature, found now and then rather tiresome.

Finally a second ARTHUR PYM made his appearance in the scene, and this young gentleman's father, full of his theories of education and discipline, uttered a ukase that the baby was not to sleep in a room with a fire, and was to be bathed every morning in water as cold as he could bear.

Then, as you may have seen a hen, that meekest of birds, which flies screaming from the attack of a six weeks kitten, become a perfect eagle in defence of her young, so did VERONICA turn on her husband and surprise him not a little.

"What did he know about babies? Not keep the baby warm; nonsense! The very old cat knew better! Not give him his dinner when he cried for it! She wondered how would papa like to go hungry himself; mamma's blessing? She wouldn't duck him in cold water. The Doctor said it was bad for him, of course it was, and she wouldn't have her baby killed, that she wouldn't; ARTHUR might talk; she wouldn't, and that was all about it." And this courageous attack being backed up by the colored nurses, by the old aunty who had nursed the Lieutenant himself, and by Mrs. PYM senior, a meek old lady who had been her son's slave ever since he was first out of long clothes, and who watched her daughter-in-law's revolt with feelings of mingled envy and respect, the Lieutenant was fain to beat a retreat from the nursery and leave the feminine forces in command of that department. Having once tasted the delights of having her own way, VERONICA followed up her victory with amazing spirit and resolution; and that very evening gave her personal attendant, who had hitherto ruled her with a rod of iron to understand which was maid and which was mistress. As the little ones grew up about her, she transferred her allegiance from her husband to them, and a more intolerable set of spoiled urchins was never seen; but their mamma thought them all perfection, and there was a battle royal if their father attempted to reduce them to discipline—mamma being invariably on the side of the children, papa did not always win the victory. Indeed, he was generally defeated, and was finally forced to the conclusion that his wife was very much like other women, and himself not wholly exempt from the common lot of men.

In the meantime Captain WOOD had left the army, and had been so ill advised as to take a partnership in iron works in one of the larger towns of Missouri. He knew nothing of the business, and his partner, a speculative character, had it all his own way, which resulted in total failure. The partner was not at all hurt by the fall; he had lost every thing; but he had been in the same case two or three times before, and went on his way to try again, but Captain WOOD, whose health was not good at the time, was overcome by the mortification, and a violent cold came to help on the work of grief and anxiety. He was confined to his room, and then to his bed, and in a few weeks he died, leaving his wife and daughter alone in the world—with nothing to depend on but an income of about a hundred dollars, coming from a little property of Mrs. WOOD.

They removed to St. Louis and took a small house in an obscure street. SOPHY made an effort to procure some pupils in oil painting, for she had had some good lessons from a traveling artist, while at the Fort, and handled her brush much better than the average of young ladies, and she was partially successful. Then she obtained copying from the lawyers, and she wrote for a magazine, the editor of which paid her with tolerable liberality, and altogether they did pretty well, until Mrs. WOOD'S health began to fail, and the whole household work devolved on SOPHY. Then, there were the expenses

of sickness, and one evening in January the poor girl found herself possessed of just twenty-five cents in the world, and ten weeks of rent due to the landlord. She knew that he would wait for her if she asked him, for he had waited already without any angry word, and it is my belief, in spite of story books, that there are twenty cheating and hard hearted tenants for one brutal landlord—but he was poor and this house was the main stay of his family. SOPHY could not bear to be in debt. She would have asked help of her cousin VERONICA, who would have sent her money directly, and, so to do him justice would her husband, had he been asked, but the PYMS were in Alabama, and SOPHY could not bear the thought of appealing to her former fiancé. In the midst of all her perplexity she was glad she was not Mrs. PYM.

What should she do. She stood for a moment under the gaslight at the street corner to think, for she was on her way home from the house of a pupil who owed her for a quarter's lessons, but who could not be got to pay. Suddenly it occurred to her that she could part with her ring, aunt MARIA'S emerald—her watch she could not do without. She knew it was a fine jewel, and she hoped to obtain at least part of its value, though she felt sorry to lose with it. She turned back a few steps and entered a fine jeweller's shop blazing with gas reflected from the glittering contents of the plate glass cases. A very black haired man stood behind the counter, and another of Jewish extraction was showing some sleeve buttons to a tall gentleman in evening dress.

"Do you ever buy ornaments?" asked SOPHY, rather tremulously.

"Now and then," said the man without moving.

"I want to part with this," said SOPHY, drawing off her glove and putting her hand with the ring on the counter.

The man looked at it as it shone on her finger, and then called his companion, who asked her to take it off. SOPHY did so in some trepidation.

"De gold ish not mooch," said the elder, "but I will give you ten dollars for the stone."

"Ten dollars," said SOPHY. "It is worth more than that, I am sure."

"Not at all. It is only imitation."

"It can't be," said SOPHY. "It is an old family gem, and I was told it was worth at least a hundred."

"Well, I gif you fifteen."

SOPHY knew he was cheating her but still she hesitated. She wanted the money sadly, and she thought of her mother, sick at home.

"Are sure that is all you can afford?" she said, rather faintly.

The gentleman suddenly looked up from the tray of sleeve buttons.

"Miss WOOD!" he said in a tone of great surprise.

"Sergeant STACY!" their hands met, and then Mr. STACY saw what had been SOPHY'S errand, and noticed that her dress was worn, and her mourning shawl very far from fresh.

"How is it that you are out by yourself so late Miss WOOD?" he said in his old manner.

"I was kept, I could not help it; and I ought to be at home. Mother will be anxious."

"And is Captain WOOD in town?"

The tears came into SOPHY'S eyes, she looked down at her mourning dress and was silent.

"I did not know," said he gently, "and you are in town?"

"We have been here for a year."

"I have been abroad. I have only just returned. I wish I had known. Will you allow me to see you home?"

"Thank you," said SOPHY; "but I must finish my errand first. You see," she added courageously and trying to smile; "we are poor now, mamma and I, and she is not well, and I thought my ring might help us."

You poor, dear child! was Mr. STACY'S thought, but he said, "pray do not think of it now. The stone is too valuable to be thrown away. I remember it well. Give the young lady her ring, sir," he said to the jeweller, who, by no means well pleased at his interference, now doubled his offer for the emerald.

"Shall I take it?" said SOPHY to her new found friend.

"I would not advise you to," he said in a lower tone. "Pray come with me, I can perhaps help you in this matter," and SOPHY found herself in the street with her hand in Mr. STACY'S arm.

Now Mr. STACY was a fluent orator at the bar, and had that very morning come off victorious in a contest with the city attorney, in which he had won great laurels, but he did not know how to put into words, what he now wished to say. Finally he spoke.

"Miss WOOD, I had a great deal of kindness from

your father at one time, and from yourself. Will you not allow me the pleasure of being of some service to you now?"

"Thank you," said SOPHY, frankly. "I know you mean it. If you would lend me twenty-five dollars until I get my pay for lessons, I would be very much obliged. You see mother has been sick and we have run behind hand."

"And is that all I can do?"

"If you can send me some scholars in painting," said SOPHY, smiling, "I can do better than when you knew me."

"I will, I will," said Mr. STACY, eagerly. "Oh why hav'nt I known of this before?"

"And perhaps," said SOPHY, hesitating a little, "you could tell me how much that ring is really worth. I know that man did not tell the truth."

"If you really wish to dispose of it, Miss WOOD, perhaps I could do it for you to better advantage."

"Will you, oh thank you. How good you are!" said SOPHY, gratefully, speaking as to the non-commissioned officer of old days.

By this time they had arrived at home. "I can't ask you in to-night," said SOPHY, "for it is not mother's well day. She has been having chills and fever."

"But I may have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. WOOD before long?"

"Surely, mother will be glad to see you, and here is my ring."

He accepted it, and as he did so, put into her hand a little roll, at which transaction both the lady and gentleman blushed not a little. Then they bade good night, and SOPHY ran into the house to tell her mother what had come to pass.

The next day the Sergeant, as SOPHY still called him, came and brought her a hundred and fifty dollars, as the price of her ring, and I am very sorry to say, that he said it was from a friend of his, while the truth is the ring had never left his own desk.

He staid some time, and when he was gone, SOPHY ran out and paid her debts, and had something left; and then she went out to her lessons with renewed strength and spirits. As for Mr. STACY, he rushed off at once to a cousin of his, who had a large and fashionable school and was in want of a teacher of painting, and so extolled Miss WOOD'S talents that MISS AIKEN, who knew her cousin to be a judge of art, engaged her at once, with a handsome salary. Fortunately MISS AIKEN was no artist herself, or she might have thought that her new mistress had been rather overrated.

Released from the immediate burden of care and anxiety, Mrs. WOOD'S health improved, and by the end of spring she was quite strong again.

One day Mr. STACY had come to bring Mrs. WOOD a new book, and SOPHY entering, had called him out into the garden to see her new tulips, of which she was very fond. He admired them to her heart's content, and then he asked her if she knew that he owned a pretty home and grounds just out of the city—with a nice flower garden.

"Monsieur is a proprietor," said SOPHY, making him a saucy little courtesy. "It is most condescending in him to admire my tulips."

"Now SOPHY, don't laugh," for in the last three months, he had somehow come to use her Christian name.

"I used to cry sometimes last winter; I may surely laugh in the spring."

"Look here, SOPHY," continued Mr. STACY, "it is very lonely there; I have not lived there for years; I wish—you and your mother would come and live with me."

"Oh! you want mamma to keep house for you?" said Miss, pretending, as young women will do, not to understand.

"No. I want you to come and keep house for me," said Mr. STACY—and he had her hand by this time. "Could you, SOPHY—I am older than you, it's true," he added rather sadly.

"Not so very," said SOPHY—making a circle on the flower bed with the toe of her slipper.

"Come, you can surely say something, answer me dear—will you, or won't you?"

"It's not proper, for young ladies to say, 'I won't,'" said Miss WOOD, demurely; and when they went into the house, the emerald ring was in its old place on SOPHY'S finger.

At the battle of Chattanooga, Colonel STACY, who commanded a Missouri colored regiment, beheld approaching, a certain JIM, who had once been Lieutenant PYM'S servant, but who had ungratefully run away and enlisted, having with him an officer of a Colonel's rank in the confederate uniform. The prisoner was pale from rather a serious wound, but he seemed to suffer not so much from pain as from intense rage and mortification. He looked round as if he expected to see some celestial messenger de-

scend in behalf of a high spirited southerner, made captive to a black boy; but no such phenomenon took place—high spirited southerners being decidedly at a discount.

"Who have you there, JIM?" said Colonel STACY, raising his cap politely to the prisoner.

"Ki, hi," giggled JIM, "don't you 'member my ole young massa, Colonel, what use to boss you and me round up at de fort? Aint it curus, Colonel? ki, hi."

The Colonel had some difficulty not to laugh himself, the negro's cackle was so infectious.

"If you wish to insult me, sir," began the Confederate.

"I have no wish to, sir. JIM, take your master to my tent in the camp."

And thus was Colonel PYM taken care of, until he was able to be released on parole and go to his wife and family, whom, strange to say, he had sent north among the mudsills for safe keeping. They are living now quietly in St. Louis, on the wrecks of VERONICA'S fortune. The ancestral plantation lies waste. The house is left unto them desolate, and the slaves have dispersed themselves to the four winds. Truly in spite of the Court Martial, the Corporal was not unavenged.

THE END.

The following article, copied long since from an old newspaper, has been sent to us for republication by a patient in the University Hospital. We have seen the dream in type before:

J. C. Calhoun's Dream.

The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled. You know he is a venerable man, with a hard Scotch-Irish face, soft in expression round the mouth, with a smile which wins the hearts of those who talk with him; his hair snow white; he is tall, thin and angular. He reminds us of old Hickory. But to the story. At the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator was present, Calhoun gazed frequently on his right hand and brushed it with his left in a hurried manner so often that it excited attention. One of the breakfast party, Toombs, a member of Congress from Georgia, asked the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude, saying, "Does your hand pain you?" "Pshaw! it is only a dream which I had last night, which makes me see perpetually a large black spot on my hand. An optical delusion I suppose." These words excited the curiosity of the people. Toombs asked: "What was your dream like?" "It was a peculiar, absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand. "If it does not too much intrude upon our friends, I will relate it. At a late hour last night I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing. I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered and without a word took a seat opposite me at my table. This surprised me, as I had given orders to the servant that I should not be disturbed. As I raised my head to look into his features over the top of my lamp, he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which concealed his face from my view, and as I raised my head he spoke and said 'What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?' 'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union.' You know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan for the dissolution, in the event of certain contingencies. To this the intruder replied; 'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your right hand?' He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder-clap. It was the face of a dead man whom events have called back to life. The features were those of George Washington. Yes, gentlemen, the intruder was no other than George Washington. He was dressed in the revolutionary costume, such as you may find in the Patent office." Here he paused. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the whole company. Toombs at length said: "Well, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed: "This intruder rose and asked to look at my right hand. As I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. I felt a strange chill at his touch. He grasped it, and held it near the light, thus affording me time to examine the full features of his face. It was the face of Washington, gentlemen. I shuddered at the look of this visage. After holding my hand a moment he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way: 'And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you will sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved.' I answered, 'Yes, if a certain contingency arises I will sign my name to the declaration of dissolution,' but at that moment a black blotch appeared on my hand—an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. 'What is that?' cried I,

alarmed, I know not why, at the blotch on my hand. 'That,' said he, dropping my hand, 'that is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.' He said no more, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed on the table; placed it on the very paper which I was writing—a skeleton. 'There,' said he, 'is the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British; he gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you set your name to a declaration of dissolution you might as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian and so are you; but there was no blotch on his hand.' With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones and awoke. Overcome by labor I had fallen asleep, and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream? The company answered in the affirmative. Toombs muttered, "very singular," at the same time looking at his right hand, Mr. Calhoun placing his head between his hands, seemed buried in thought.

Letters to Soldiers.

One of the pleasant features of the Aid work is found in the little notes to soldiers so frequently accompanying gifts to them from homes throughout the country. Sometimes serious, sometimes sportive, they convey the cheering and kindly assurance of remembrance and gratitude on the part of those for whose dearest rights they are battling. The following is one of a number sent with a lot of housewives through our rooms a few weeks since.

UNION FRIEND:—This scrap of paper will perhaps make you think of sister, wife or mother. Bless the Lord for Union soldiers! What would our homes and firesides be without you? We should have none, and those of us who labor for ourselves might have the privilege of working for Masters, were it not for you, brave boys. God bless you! I just wish you could hear Anne Dickinson preach you up, and not a bit too high either. You fight bravely, oh! how bravely, and when this wicked rebellion is crushed out we will all unite in a grand jubilee of Freedom for all, won't we?

You are too brave, every one of you, to despise any one for being poor, or for having a skin not colored like your own; that is fit business for sneaks or snakes, just as you may please to call them. You know what the Book says, "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth." Then how foolish as well as wicked to pride ourselves on a skin whiter than somebody else, isn't it?

You discover by this time, I'm anti-slavery—yes! forty-five years ago I was that. I say with Cowper, "I'd much rather wear myself the bonds than fasten them on him." God in His Holy Word calls himself especially "The God of the Oppressed." Had we as a nation sympathized with Him as regards His poor down trodden ones, He would have given us Victory always. No Bull Runs. Every thought of you is a prayer, brave boys, always.

The publication of the following lines, written by a friend some years since, has been suggested as appropriate at this time when our own Leader through the Wilderness has been taken from us, just within view of the Promised Land.

The Death of Moses.

A grey and chilling morn of early spring
Creeps feebly up the east. Its sombre light
Reveals the thousand tents of Israel's host
Fleeting the wide-spread plain, like folds of sheep,
As tribe by tribe, they lay encamped.

The dawn
With darkness feebly struggling now, shall bring
Unto that slumb'ring host a day of woe,
A pall of sorrow, 'neath whose heavy folds
The stoutest heart shall quail, and bearded lips
Shall quiver, and stern eyes grow dim with tears.

The day has come, and now the stir of life
Runs through that mighty host with quiet hum
As 'twere a Sabbath morn. The incense fire
Sends up its curling perfume to the skies,
The offering for sin is made, and now
A band of Israel's elders, and the priest
And Levite gather round the holy place,
And he, their leader, the meek man of God,

Comes forth and takes his way toward Nebo's mount,
They follow him with slow and funeral step
Beyond the camp. And there his trembling hands
Are laid in parting blessings on their heads,
As solemnly they bend in grief and awe.
His upward path he treads! oh! not alone!
For yearning hearts are with him, and straining eyes
Do follow from afar. In sackcloth robed,
In ashes bowed, a nation wails the day,
And men of war, six hundred thousand there,
Are weak as women. Aged men, and maids
Of laughing eyes, weep now, and e'en young babes
Join in the wailing. Still that form erect
With undiminished vigor passes on
Alone, and none may follow where he treads.
Their wail is wafted on the breeze. But he—
Can aught of human love or human woe,
Bedim his prospect now! retard his step!
Slowly he turns to where a beetling cliff
Commands the tented plain.

And there he stands
That meek and holy man. A hundred years
And more, have laid their winters on his brow,
Their summers in his heart. Wisdom and love
Kept pace in that great soul. Communing oft
With God, he bore to Israel's waiting host
The bread of Heaven, and in his own heart brought
An ever deeper fount of love for them.
And now within his aged breast that heart,
A human heart, is yearning o'er its kind,
With deep, undying, human love. The wail
Of Israel is echoed there. "Oh God!
If but this cup might pass!" His head is bow'd
Upon his heaving breast, where love and grief
Hold fearful strife with faith and dreaded fate.
The Past with all its weary years comes back,
Its years of wandering, of strife and toil,
Of sinning and repentance, rise before him,
Years that have bound him close and closer still
Unto this wayward race, until his love
Is such as tender parents feel—a love
That found it ever ready to forgive—
A love that oft has stood between their God,
Their angry God and them. Who now can lead,
Who now can love and bear with them as he!
Oh that this cup might pass! Oh that e'en now
He might return and be their leader still.

The strife is done, and faith has conquer'd grief.
Again his upturned eye is clear and bright,
Again his step is firm as erst. For faith
Is holding high converse, where late the strife
Waxed high. She tells him now that God shall love
His people and shall lead them into rest;
That though they wander from the way and long
Are straying, they shall be brought back at last;
Tho' they should fall, they'll rise again, "His hand
Supports them still." Tho' other human hands
Shall lead, yet God shall still direct and guard.

Upward he mounts. And not with drooping form
Or lagging step, but with elastic tread
And still increasing vigor, till at length
He pauses on the mountain's top. The mists
That veil the vision of mortality
Are dissipated now. The clear pure air
Laving his brow, so soothes his sense,
As 'twere the very breath of Heaven. The past
Seems now but as "a vision of the night,"
A weary dream, before this dawning day.

The voice of God breaks on his ear, "Behold!"
And like a map outspread beneath him lay
The Promised Land, the fair and fertile fields
So long awaiting Israel's wand'ring host.
From North to South, and to the utmost sea,
From Gilead's borders even unto Zoar,
His eyes behold its wealth and loveliness.
And he is satisfied. Not one regret,
O'ershadows now its beauty. Not one pang
Tells now of selfish thought. His soul outflows
In liquid love, and o'er that smiling land
Sheds a last blessing on his nation child.
Slow fades the vision. Brighter grows the day,
More pure the air, and fairer scenes appear!
At length he rests—in Heaven. M. H.

MR. LINCOLN'S LAST INAUGURAL.—The last inaugural address of President Lincoln made a strong impression in England. The British Standard speaks of it as the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any President of the United States until now. "Its Alpha and Omega is Almighty God, the God of justice and the Father of mercies, who is working out the purpose of His love. It is invested with a dignity and pathos which lifts it high above every thing of the kind, whether in the Old World or New. The whole thing puts us in mind of the English Commonwealth; there is, in fact, much of the old prophet about it."

For the Soldiers' Aid.

Wild Flowers.

Wild flowers, wild flowers from the woods I bring,
The beautiful gifts of the gentle spring;
Odors and sweets from the wild-wood's track,
Freshness and fragrance I bring thee back.

I have been where the flowers of the hills have birth,
I have pluck'd them bright from the dewy earth;
They are perfumed with fragrance night distils,
And I bring them thee from our own free hills.

I have been where the wild-rose is blushing bright,
Where the violet peeps up in its wild delight,
Where the murmuring founts of the wild-wood fall,
And the hue of the morning hath touched them all.

I have been where the winds and the waves sport free,
With the sorrowless haunts of the bird and bee;
And I come with the light of the dew's bright gem;
O, ye know not the pleasure I found with them.

Wild flowers, wild flowers I have brought thee now,
With the dews of the morning to wreath thy brow;
Odors and sweets from the wild-woods track,
Freshness and fragrance I bring thee back.

Our Martyr and His Mourners.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 29, 1865.

The gloom which overshadowed the North when our President was murdered fell with a heavy weight on the loyal hearts here—on the Northern men, on the negro, and on the few white natives. We of the ruling race had few words when we met each other in the streets—but they came through tears and a choking utterance. I never saw such sad faces mourning, never heard such heavy hearts beating, as in Charleston that day.

The native loyalists, that is, the colored people, were like children bereaved of their only and loved parent.

I saw one old woman going up the street wringing her hands and saying aloud, as she walked along, looking straight before her, so absorbed in her grief that she noticed no one.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Massa Sam's dead! Massa Sam's dead! Oh, Lord! Lord! Massa Sam's dead!"

"Who's dead, aunty?" I asked her.
"Massa Sam," she said, not looking round, and resuming her lamentations:

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Lord! Massa Sam's dead!"
"Who's Massa Sam?" I asked.

"Uncle Sam," she said. "Oh, Lord! Lord!"
I was not quite sure she meant the President, and I spoke again.

"Who's Massa Sam, aunty?"
"Mr. Lincoln," she said, and she walked along, wringing her hands and mourning for the death of the man whom God sent into the world to set her race free. The poor old slave mother was too ignorant to know the difference between the very unreal Uncle Sam and the actual President, but her heart told her that he was lying in a bloody grave whom Heaven had sent in answer to her prayers, and she was in sore distress.

"Oh! sir," a colored man said to me, "I had rather have had my father or mother killed. Seems to me I would have felt more satisfied."

And still another said: "Well, he's like Moses: he saw the Promised Land way off, but he was not 'lowed to enter it."

And many others, more pathetic still, simply took my hand, said a word or two, or none at all, and turned away.

Ah! these are the hearts, there are only in this old heathendom, on whom we can rely. We can trust them and them only. They love us. The rest submit to us.

The love of the colored South Carolinian for the President was different from ours; for we lost our Chief Magistrate but he his Liberator.

MR. LINCOLN.—Mr. Charles Lanman writes, that while preparing his "Dictionary of Congress" for publication in 1858, he forwarded to Mr. Lincoln the usual request for sketch of his life, and received the following reply:

Born February 12th, 1809, in Harding county, Kentucky.

Education, defective.
Profession, a lawyer.
Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war.

Postmaster at a very small office.
Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature.
And was member of the lower house of Congress.

Yours, &c., ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A STRANGE STORY ABOUT MR. LINCOLN—Three years ago a gentleman told us a story of Mr. Lincoln, which I have not thought of since, until now. When Mr. Lincoln received the news of his first election, he came home to tell Mrs. Lincoln about it. She was upstairs in the bedroom, and after telling the news, in walking about the room his eyes fell upon the bureau glass. Immediately he threw himself down upon the lounge, and told Mrs. Lincoln he thought he must be ill, for he saw a second reflection of his face in the glass, which he could not account for. It was perfect, but very pale. "Oh," said Mrs. Lincoln, "that means that you will be re-elected—but I don't like its looking pale," she added; "that looks as though you would not live through your second term." Mr. Lincoln himself told this to the friend I mentioned, and this gentleman told it to us in our parlor, soon after the first Bull Run battle. It made quite an impression upon me at the time—but one forgets these things. Was it not singular?—[Cor. of Country Gentleman.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.—The first State to ratify the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery was Illinois, which led off February 1st., followed by fifteen others in the same month; Nevada, the sixteenth State, ratifying it Feb. 16th. These, in the order of their dates of ratification, are as follows: Illinois, Michigan, Maryland, Rhode Island, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Missouri, Maine, Virginia, Ohio, Minnesota, Kansas, Indiana and Nevada.

The States ratifying it subsequently, are: Wisconsin, Vermont, Connecticut, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee, which give, provided the three latter are recognized as organized States, twenty-two States in all that have to the present date, adopted the amendment. There is no doubt that New Hampshire, Iowa, California and Oregon will follow their example, in which case, the assent of but one more State will be required to make the amendment the law of the land.

New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky having rejected it, the honor of giving the casting vote for Freedom, will devolve upon some one of the following seven ex-slave States, viz: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, or Texas; unless one of the first named three shall reconsider its action.

Which of these States will be the one to clinch the nail?

ONE OF LAMB'S BEST.—Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his own hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and with my penknife quietly severing the button of my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice, and on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his finger, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

An Irishman was riding with a rogue, who, as they trotted by a gibbet, asked his companion where he would be if that gallows had its due, and received the capital reply, "I'd be riding by meself."

The Rev. Sidney Smith said that a joke could be got into a Scotchman only by a surgical operation.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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AND THE BEST TEAS OF ALL KINDS,

Together with a LARGE VARIETY of Other Articles belonging to this line of trade.

Having received a liberal share of patronage from the ever generous public for two years past, under the name of

VAN ZANDT & FENNER,

We now solicit, in the name of ourself and new partner, a continuation of public favor—while we feel confident that our facilities for offering

THE VERY BEST INDUCEMENTS

to those wishing GOODS IN OUR LINE,—cannot be surpassed by any House in our City.

Dec 1864—6mf FENNER & BLOOMFIELD.

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On Mumford St., Opposite the Gas Works, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Every description of Goods Dyed and Finished with the utmost care and despatch.

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Of all Descriptions, ORNAMENTAL & SUBSTANTIAL.

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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.

Crape, Brocha, Cashmere, and Plaid Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleaned without injure to the colors. Also,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS CLEANSED OR COLORED,

Without ripping, and pressed nicely.

Shik, Wool, or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed Black every Thursday. All goods returned in one week.

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

FOR HOT WEATHER.—FIGURED LINEN LAWNS and ORGANDIE MUSLINS. A splendid stock, at the same prices as early in the season, worth nearly double. During the present week, we shall continue to sell them at the old price. CASE & MANN, 37 & 39 State Street, Rochester.

NOW IS YOUR TIME!

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!!

GREAT BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS,

From Auction and Bankrupt Sales.

Black, Blue, Brown, Green, Plain and Seeded Silks,

VERY CHEAP, AT

E. A. HURLBUT'S,

No. 12 State Street, Rochester. N. Y.

You will save money by calling at the CHEAP STORE, before buying.

POWELSON'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

Is a place of rare attractions, and the entire public should do themselves the pleasure of visiting it. Those

Exquisite Ivorytypes,

The Brightest Gems of the Art, by his celebrated Italian Artist, PALMIERI, which can be found in such perfection only at No. 58 State Street, corner of Market Street. His

PHOTOGRAPHS and AMBROTYPES

Are the best the age can produce—Lifelike, True and Fadeless, And then those beautiful

VISITING & WEDDING CARD PICTURES,

Which are everywhere acknowledged to be the very best, and which no one can well afford to be without, can be obtained on short notice. And in addition to former facilities, a New Gallery on the same floor, furnished and fitted in superb style, will be opened for the Holidays.

All work warranted, as none but the best artists and operators are employed—those who have had years of experience in the first Galleries in the world.

All orders promptly attended to, and work warranted B. F. POWELSON, dec2 58 State-st., corner Market-st., Rochester.

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And is well worthy the liberal patronage that it is receiving. All Meats delivered, free of charge. jy8-ly

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MANUFACTURES AND SELLS ALL KINDS OF

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WIGS FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN,

Braids, Curls and Switches made to order.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

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Such as Cosmetics, Perfumery, Fancy Combs, Hair Brushes, Hand Glasses, Etc., Etc.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.