



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 6.

The Soldier's Aid.

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Army Aid.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

HOSPITAL DIRECTORIES.

The Commission has undertaken, in this portion of its labor, the task of supplying gratuitous information to friends concerning the inmates of the general hospitals. Its present arrangements are seen in the following notice published by the Commission:

The Sanitary Commission has made arrangements for supplying information gratuitously, with regard to patients in the United States General Hospitals at the following points. Others will be added as new hospitals are opened:

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.

For information, address "Office Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C."

Washington, D. C., Annapolis, Md.,
Georgetown, D. C., Annapolis Junction, Md.,
Alexandria, Va., Cumberland, Md.,
Baltimore, Md., Point Lookout, Md.,
Frederick, City, Md., Fairfax, Va.,
Acquia Creek, Va., York, Penn.

PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT.

For information, address "Office Sanitary Commission, No. 1,307, Chestnut street."

Philadelphia, Penn., Germantown, Penn.,
Chester, Penn., Chestnut Hill, Penn.,
Reading, Penn., Harrisburg, Penn.

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

For information, address "Office Woman's Central Union, No. 10, Cooper Institute."

New York, N. Y., New Haven, Conn.,
Albany, N. J., Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
Newark, N. J., Boston, Mass.,
Burlington, Vt., Battleboro, Vt.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

For information, address "Office Sanitary Commission, Louisville, Ky."

Columbus, O., Keokuk, Iowa,
Cleveland, O., Davenport, Iowa,
Camp Dennison, O., Paducah, Ky.,
Gallipolis, O., Bardstown, Ky.,
Cincinnati, O., Lebanon, Ky.,
Quincy, Ill., Columbus, Ky.,
Cairo, Ill., Columbia, Ky.,
Mound City, Ill., Louisville, Ky.,
Jeffersonville, Ind., Covington, Ky.,
Evansville, Ind., Lexington, Ky.,
New Albany, Ind., Danville, Ky.,
St. Louis, Mo., Bowling Green, Ky.,
Rolla, Mo., Memphis, Tenn.,
Springfield, Mo., Clarksville, Tenn.,
Jackson, Tenn., Murfreesboro, Tenn.,
La Grange, Tenn., Gallatin, Tenn.,
Nashville, Tenn., Vicksburg, Miss.,
Corinth, Miss., Helena, Ark.,
Grafton, Va., Point Pleasant, Va.,
Parkersburg, Va., Clarksburg, Va.,
Charleston, Va.

In all cases the name, rank, company and regiment of the person inquired for should be given, and where he was when last heard from. If the application is by letter, the answer will be sent by return of mail; if in person it will be answered at once; or if by telegraph an answer will be returned immediately at the inquirer's expense.

The office of the Directory will be open daily from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 8 o'clock, P. M., and in urgent cases applicants ringing the door bell will be received at any hour of the night.

The means of accomplishing these arrangements are given in the following statements received from a member of the Commission:

"Every hospital is obliged to make daily returns to the Medical Director, (in New York, Dr. McDougall.) The Commission receives copies of these returns, which give the names of the men in the dif-

ferent hospitals, and enter them alphabetically in books made for the purpose. They are also entered according to their regiments. When an application is made, it takes but a moment, on turning to these books, to find whether the man is in any of the hospitals in that particular department. If so, a letter is immediately sent to the surgeon in charge for information concerning him. If he is not in that department inquiries are made at the headquarters of all the departments, and if the man is in any of the general hospitals in the loyal States, or wherever our armies have gone, he can be found, and information as to his condition obtained in a very few days."

We subjoin an allusion to this work from the report of an agent of the Commission at Murfreesboro, written in May, 1863:

"The answer to letters and telegrams of inquiry from the Hospital Directory at Louisville, and from friends at home who communicate directly with this office, has become an important part of the work here, a work always interesting, though often sad in the information to be communicated. If the hospital records and the long list of casualties at the battle of Stono River, and subsequent skirmishes afford no positive data for answering the inquiry or finding the soldier, recourse is had to the officers of the regiment. At first reliance was placed upon letters to the regiments, but the results were far from satisfactory; now, if the regiment is accessible personal inquiry of the officer of the company and an inspection of the company rolls, is always resorted to if the man cannot be found. This work and the correction of discharge papers is doing much to endear the Commission to the hearts of the soldiery. Heretofore, dealing almost exclusively with the sick and wounded, the able-bodied soldiery in the field, who really mould the public sentiment of the army and communicate it to the people at home, knew but little of the work of the Commission, and the receipt of one box of stale pound cake and mouldy gingerbread for the well men of the regiment, although calculated rather to fill the hospital than relieve the sick, would occasion more congratulatory letters of thanks to the donors, than the receipt of car loads of purely hospital stores. But now, as you visit the regiments, to get the discharge papers corrected and point out to the soldier how he and his comrade can secure all needed assistance on his way home, if discharged, or call around you the comrades of a missing soldier to gather up all the information possible, and receive any clue which will determine his fate, the constant expression you hear is decided and heartfelt. 'Thank God, that somebody is doing this work for the soldier.'"

TRANSPORTATION.

This work falls under two heads—the transportation of hospital stores, and hospital patients.

It transports stores by rail, steamers, and wagons, and has in each mode special facilities accord-

ed it. For transportation by rail beyond the limits of the military departments, "arrangements are made directly with the railroad companies and vary with each. In the West they are much more liberal, most of the railroads carrying Sanitary stores, entirely free, whether going to or from the Branch depots. The New England railroads carry free. The long lines between the East and West, as the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania Central, at half price. The sending of supplies, however, between the East and the West amounts, practically, to nothing. Of perishable articles it is better to buy them when wanted at the nearest point."

"The New York Railroads are almost an exception to the general rule in regard to carrying Sanitary Commission stores without charge, or at reduced rates. They have all been applied to, but favorable answers received only from the Harlaem, New Haven & Long Island roads. No answers at all from the Erie, Central, and Hudson River Railroads." [The N. Y. Central carries stores for the Ladies' Hospital Relief Association, of this city, free.—Ed.]

Within the military departments, free transportation is granted by the Quartermasters.

By steamer, free transportation is given it by the liberality of the officers of steamboat lines, throughout the entire West.

"All government transports take the stores of the Commission free upon an order from the Quartermaster, which is obtained without difficulty. This is the case both in the East and West. Supplies are thus sent from New York to Washington, South Carolina, and New Orleans; and the same facilities are extended to all the branches."

"Sanitary Commission Transports, are Government boats assigned them by the Quartermaster's department. These are constantly changed according to the wants of the Government and the Commission. The Commission is put to no expense whatever for the use of these vessels, or for the subsistence of the crew, fuel, &c.

"The 'Elizabeth' is such a transport, on the Potomac, and the 'New Dunleith,' on the Mississippi. The latter steamer was set apart in the spring in furtherance of an order by Gen. Grant, for the use of the Commission as a floating depot of stores on the Mississippi, and arrangements were made for despatching it from Cairo about once in two weeks to land supplies at different points on the river where there were troops. Beside this, another steamer, the 'Sir William Wallace,' has been chartered by the Commission for similar service on the western rivers.

"The Commission owns horses and wagons and a supply train, which go with every division of the army, accompanied by a Relief agent and staff of assistants. The number of wagons to each army corps varies according to necessity.

"All this is the regular every day routine, all thoroughly systematized. Battles are exceptional; then everything gives way to concentrating the greatest amount of relief as quickly as possible. No expense is spared to do this. Edibles, stimulants, and other necessaries are bought—they are forwarded by express at the best terms that can be made. Cars are hired and special agents sent with them; extra wagons are purchased or hired for the occasion; the list of Volunteer agents 'for emergencies,' is brought into use, and all offers of volunteer service from reliable sources, accepted. When the great pressure is over the work relapses into its regular course of action."

The most interesting portion of this work, however, is that pertaining to the transportation of hospital patients. For this purpose two species of conveyance are used: hospital steamers, or as they are generally called, *floating hospitals*, and hospital

cars. The former are very much used on the western rivers, and also on the eastern coast for transferring the sick and wounded to the general hospitals.

"The 'Floating Hospitals' of the Sanitary Commission were vessels assigned by Government. These were fitted up by the Commission, who had entire charge of them. When the Government was able to take charge of these vessels, the Commission resigned, in pursuance of their established policy of only doing what Government cannot do. They, in fact, are the forerunners or originators of every new movement for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers, and when the Government is able to go on with it, they leave that part of the work and go on to something new. It was the same with the hospital cars; they are owned by the Government and the railroad companies. The first were built (though not paid for) by the Commission. They were also in charge of Commission surgeons and nurses. Now the Commission merely furnishes them with extra comforts, and but few of these. They have been much improved upon by the Commission since they were first started, and almost always go by the name of 'Sanitary Commission Hospital Cars.' They run between New York and Washington steadily, and are transferred to other railroads as occasion requires. It is the same at the West. The number varies constantly, always some out of repair and new ones building. The hospital transports and hospital cars are among the 'have beens' of the Sanitary Commission, and part of its best work."

An extract from a letter written on board one of the floating hospitals during the Peninsular campaign, by one actively engaged in the care of the sick and wounded, will illustrate the comfort which the floating hospitals bring to the suffering soldiers:

"On board of the hospital ships attached to the Commission, the bed were all nicely made up before the patients came, with sheets bearing the mark of the 'Woman's Central,' or the 'Boston Branch of the Sanitary Commission,' and they were also covered with counterpanes and delightful warm blankets, presents from a loyal and generous public to the soldiers. Many a time has it been our lot to hear the weary, sick, or wounded soldier say: 'Oh, this bed is most too soft; it is more like home here than any place I have been in since I entered the army.'

"No one could have gone into the linen closet or store room of any of the floating hospitals fitted out by the Sanitary Commission, without feeling a thrill of pleasure; for the shelves were so well filled with acceptable gifts, that it seemed as if some good fairy had paid the ship a visit, and left all kinds of comfort for the sick and wounded. We have heard the brave fellows express their thanks with fervor, and dying men have uttered, in our presence, fervent prayers that God would take into his holy keeping all those who sent them the comforts that soothed their pains while passing through the 'dark valley.'"

The following extracts from the New York Tribune, March, '63, give an idea of the completeness of the arrangements for transferring the sick and wounded by rail:

'ARRIVAL OF SICK AND WOUNDED.'

"About noon on Wednesday, the hospital car from Alexandria reached Jersey City, filled with sick and wounded soldiers, all of whom had been under fire, and several of them had been in all the battles in Virginia since the commencement of the campaign. The men appeared to be in good spirits, and were overflowing with patriotic devotion to their country. They had been well cared for on the car, fed with the best the market affords, and tenderly nursed. This car is properly called a 'hospital car,' and was fitted up by direction of the Sanitary Commission, under the immediate supervision of Dr. Harris. It is one of the old cars, that had to run the gauntlet of the secession mob at Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861; the bullet-holes and dents made by bricks and paving stones hurled at the Massachusetts volunteers are plainly seen; indeed, they have been saved as a part of the hieroglyphical history of the rebellion.

"The laws of ventilation have been strictly observed in the construction of this car, so that the passengers are constantly supplied with an abundance of fresh air. The beds rest on stretchers, which are swung on India rubber belts or loops three deep on each side of the car. These stretchers can be lifted in or out of the car without pain or inconvenience to the patients. There is a cook room and medical chest on board, and stoves that warm the atmosphere without cooking it.

"The men were put on board the car on Tuesday, at two o'clock at Alexandria, and reached Jersey City a little after twelve on Wednesday; they slept most of the way. They were in charge of Dr. Harris, of the Sanitary Commission, assisted by Dr. Sol. Andrews, Jr., James Carnagan, the steward, Mr. E. E. Kelly, of the New E. S. R. Association at Washington, and one or two others.

"The steamer Thos. P. Way was lying at the dock ready to receive the men and convey them to the hospital on David's Island.

"A good dinner was provided for them on board, and no effort spared to contribute to the comfort of the patients."

'HOSPITAL CARS.'

"We have just enjoyed the privilege of examining a hospital car, built by the Camden & Amboy Railroad Company for the Sanitary Commission. It is so admirable in construction, so complete and compact in its appointments, that the country should know to whom it is indebted for such tender care of its wounded soldiers.

"The car contains twenty-four beds on stretchers, neatly furnished with mattresses, hair pillows, and bed linen. These are suspended by stanchions by elastic rings, technically 'tugs,' so adjusted that there is no jar to the patient; and upon the arrival of the car, each stretcher can be removed without disturbance to its inmate. By this arrangement a severely wounded man can be brought from the hospital in Washington, or even from the field, through to the hospital near New York without being lifted from his bed.

"The broad passage through the centre gives an air of commodiousness unexpected in a railroad car. At one end is a lounge, beneath which are two large drawers containing wrappers, change of under-clothing, sleeping caps, slippers, in fact, all the comforts of a regular city hospital. Opposite the lounge is a *concentrated pantry*, for how else shall we properly designate this marvel of nutritious and medical supplies, of culinary apparatus which prepares twelve quarts at one time, and with just space enough in the centre for the dispenser of all these blessings to turn as on a pivot? At the other end are the usual water arrangements. Five large invalid spring chairs, a new invention, adapted for a half reclining or sitting posture, are an additional luxury.

"The ventilation is perfect. Besides that from above, Dr. Harris has introduced a contrivance of his own, which has proved successful. A large cylinder with flaring lip, protected from cinders and dust by a fine screen, enters the roof and comes down nearly to the floor, where it is perforated. It thus receives the rush of air as the car moves, and distributes it, so that the lower beds are as thoroughly ventilated as the upper.

"When we add that the light is softened by curtains of drab and blue, that a speaking tube conveys its important whisper, that a step-ladder is transformed into a table, and lastly, that no man is allowed to leave the car hungry, we surely stamp perfection upon this moving hospital.

"Dr. Andrews, surgeon in the U. S. Army, has the care of this hospital car which runs between New York and Washington. Several railroad companies have built similar ones, thus proving their generous solicitude for our soldiers."

PUBLICATIONS.

"The Commission's system of publication is based entirely upon that of inquiry and advice.

"In the field and in the hospitals information is gained and advice given in a negative form by a series of questions. Medical treatises are prepared by the highest authorities for the use of surgeons, officers, and men. This same system of getting and giving information runs through every department of the publications of the Commission. These may be divided into a series of

- Medical Monographs,
- Inspection Returns,
- Home Supply Department,
- Reports of Operations in the Field and Hospital,
- Special Relief and Pension System,
- General Reports."

NEW YORK, Oct. 29th, 1863.

MY DEAR EDITRESS:

A day spent at No. 10, Cooper Union, is lively and varied. The men who enter are of all sizes and degrees, and so are the women, who range from "grave to gay, from lively to severe."

I am always amused to see the way in which different temperaments grapple with the same duties. In marking the humble Sanitary garments, for instance, some besmear the stencil vigorously and often, and produce a Sanitary blotch which might well alarm a nervous wearer with suggestions of bottle flies or spiders, while others quietly produce an oval delicately lettered, suggestive of home and mothers and sisters.

The boxes have lately averaged thirteen a day. This is not like the palmy days of Cooper, when sixty sometimes appeared in one day, but the steady flow enables the "Woman's Central" to answer most of the demands upon it. Immediately after a battle they are sometimes obliged to purchase ready made flannel under garments to meet the sudden requisitions.

When the boxes are taken into the rooms they are opened, and their contents examined and assorted. The edibles are sent into an adjoining room, where they are carefully separated, the jellies packed in one box and the dried fruits in another, or in bags. Every contributor should know that the porter who attends to this department has been carefully taught his art. The necessity for this separation and re-packing of clothing and diet, is in order to be able to meet instantly any special requisition from a hospital. For instance, there are three kinds of cotton shirts, the hospital shirt (a plain night shirt), the surgical shirt, which is open in front with strings, and the convalescent shirt, which is a second hand day shirt. These are all packed in separate boxes, and their numbers entered in a book. When, therefore, a requisition is made from some hospital for a certain number of surgical shirts, such boxes can be instantly selected and forwarded. Of course they vary in size.

The sides of the room, which is very long, are divided into compartments, over which the names of the different articles are printed in large letters. When a box is unpacked, its garments are deposited in these until stamped with the words, "Sanitary Commission." This is done as a protection from theft, to distinguish the garment from Government supplies, and also to assure our soldiers of the constant love and care of friends at home.

When a barrel of old linen is packed, it is not unusual to see some agile young Miss, crinoline and all, spring into it for closer compression of its contents, making at once a double-barrelled revolver of herself for the benefit of the soldiers.

Through the centre of the long room is a row of open boxes, more or less full of shirts, drawers, single and double wrappers, quilts, socks, &c., waiting to be entirely filled before closing and hooping. Old and young faces bend and rise from these boxes as they count and pack, and woe be to the idler who interrupts this arithmetical process. Should there be an untrue number recorded, the responsible agent elsewhere discovers and reports it. When these boxes are ready for transportation, they are taken to a large store-room to wait the demand. Last week a large shipment was made to Newbern, and another to Morris Island.

Dr. and Mrs. Marsh have been to New York, and are just now gone to Beaufort, to resume their labors. Mrs. Marsh's efforts for the sick and wounded are gratuitous, and no one works harder than she. She enacts the good housewife, sees that decay is arrested in the fruits and vegetables, and if any del-

icacies for the sick are injured by the climate, she sees that they are re-cooked and made palatable. So kindly does the Government co-operate with the Sanitary Commission that it allowed Dr. Marsh one of its transports for the safe convoy of supplies to Beaufort and Morris Island. General Gilmore expresses warmly to Dr. Marsh his gratitude in General Order No. 73.

The book system at No. 10 is admirable. There are eight daily books in constant use, beside monthly report books. To describe these intelligibly would be a difficult task, but if any interested reader should call at this busy office, a few moments' examination would satisfy him of the simplicity and thoroughness of these records.

A box received yesterday from Rhinebeck was examined with unusual interest, for it contained a half a dozen bright patchwork quilts made by little children. Why can't more of these come to us? Every family has its small and refuse bits, and its small children to patch these bits, and surely no purer lesson of disinterested love could be taught. Quilts, blankets, and sheets are greatly needed. Sickness gives these articles hard usage, so that we never have enough.

We hear that Peaches have been very abundant throughout the country, and dried in large quantities, and so we hope for generous donations. The Commission will gladly pay for the transportation of barrels (cheaper than boxes) from the various Soldiers' Aid Societies, on receipt at No. 10, Cooper Union.

With best wishes for the little "Soldiers' Aid,"
I am yours truly, B. B.

Commission Summary—No. 1.

We close, in the present number, the series of articles upon the different departments of the Sanitary Commission's work, and commence another under the above head, designed to give a summary of the arrangements and operations each month, of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, availing ourselves for this purpose, of all the documents, newspaper articles, and other means of information upon the subject within our reach. We commence with the movements preceding the battle of Gettysburg, and shall condense our accounts so as to bring them as soon as possible up to the date of writing. The present number is limited to the operations connected with

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

SANITARY COMMISSION.

"The army of the Potomac broke camp on the Rappahannock on the 12th of June, the effective forces moving northward by forced marches, and the sick and wounded being removed by rail to Aquia Creek, and thence by steamboat to Washington."

A small part of the Commission's Potomac Relief Corps was sent with the marching columns. A second portion was occupied in removing stores and furniture from the relief stations and depots to Aquia Creek, whence they were conveyed by the steamer Elizabeth to Washington; and a third dispensed substantial food, consisting of coffee, bread, hot beef soup, and lemonade, from the lodge situated at Sixth Street wharf, to over 8,000 soldiers arriving there in the transports from the Corps Hospitals on their way to the General Hospitals of the district. The work of transportation was carried on unceasingly during three days from Saturday, June 13th, to Monday night, during which time the strength of the Relief Corps employed in administering to the necessities of the soldiers, was severely taxed by the continuous labor required. On the 22d, wagons loaded with hospital stores in

care of agents of the Commission were sent to Fairfax Court House, whence supplies were issued to the hospitals of the Sixth and Cavalry Corps. The wagons following the army were frequently replenished from the depot at Washington. A wagon load of hospital stores which was sent from the depot at Frederick, in charge of a relief agent to Harper's Ferry, was captured on its return, with the teamster, by Stuart's cavalry.

The 17th June, Dr. W. F. Swalm, Inspector of the Sanitary Commission, and Mr. Isaac Harris, Relief Agent, were sent to Harrisburg, in anticipation of the concentrating of a large body of troops at that place, arriving there before any troops and remaining on the ground until after the recall of the militia to their several States, contributing the most valuable aid.

Preparations were made to meet the impending battle, as soon as it was known the rebel army had crossed the Potomac, by stationing experienced officers of the Commission at Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Frederick, accumulating supplies at convenient points, and establishing a systematic daily communication between the agents moving with the different columns of the army and the central office of the Commission. Ample reserves of stores were held in readiness at the branch offices.

The first pitched engagement between the contending forces occurred on the 1st July. Previous to this, June 28th, the supply train following the army, in charge of Messrs. Bush, Hoag and Clappitt, with supplies from Washington, reported to Dr. Steiner, at Frederick, and were forwarded under the charge of the two former gentlemen. These supplies were distributed to the wounded under fire during the battles of Gettysburg, July 2d and 3d. On the 2d and 5th two car loads of supplies were sent to Westminster, the nearest point of railroad communication to the battle-field, and a third to Frederick, reaching the army immediately subsequent to the battle, before the railway leading to Gettysburg was repaired, and when consequently they had to be hauled in wagons. Twelve wagon loads were thus taken to the field before the railroad was opened to Gettysburg, and before they could reach the wounded from any other direction. One wagon sent by Emmitsburg was seized by the enemy's cavalry and Dr. McDonald and Rev. Mr. Scandlen, together with a teamster and colored boy, were taken prisoners and carried to Richmond.

On the 7th of July a Relief Lodge was established at the temporary terminus of the railroad, over a mile from the town, which was removed to a point near the depot, upon the completion of the new bridge. This consisted of three large hospital tents, one large and one small supply tent and a kitchen, the two latter being under the charge of two experienced ladies from New York. Its object was to afford relief to the wounded soldiers on their way from the different Corps hospitals to the general hospitals, and gathered here waiting for the train. The whole was under the charge of Dr. W. F. Cheney, and a highly interesting account of the operations here is contained in a little pamphlet written by one of the ladies in attendance and published by the Sanitary Commission, entitled, "Three Weeks at Gettysburg." It was continued until all the wounded capable of being removed had been transferred to the general hospitals during which time, "16,000 good meals were given, hundreds of men kept through the day, and twelve hundred sheltered at night, their wounds dressed, their supper and breakfast secured, rebels and all." About four thousand soldiers too badly wounded to be removed remained to be cared for in a govern-

ment field hospital to which store tents of the Commission were attached.

A school house three miles out from Gettysburg was first used as the storehouse of the Commission but was afterwards exchanged for a large store in town, which was the centre of a very busy scene, for it was crowded to overflowing with stores, which were rapidly conveyed away by the supply wagons to the division and corps hospitals. If needed articles were not on hand they were telegraphed for and arrived by the next train. "Thus tons of ice, mutton, poultry, fish, vegetables, soft bread, eggs, butter, and a variety of other articles of substantial and delicate food were provided for the wounded, with thousands of suits of clothing of all kinds, and hospital furniture in quantities to meet the emergency."

Beside this work of relief, "the labor of inquiry required the daily visitation of the hospitals, consultation with the medical officers as to the most efficient manner in which they could be aided, the character and quality of the supplies most needed, the daily movement in the population of the hospitals under their command, with the character and severity of the injuries, and all such information in relation to the disposition of the wounded as would assist the Commission in making its preparations."

Another work was taking "a list of the names and wounds of all the inmates of each hospital to be forwarded to the office of the hospital directory in Washington, and attending to messages of inquiry sent from any direction, in regard to any wounded man in these hospitals."

In the report of these operations the following allusion is made to the agents of the Commission. "Our trained permanent corps rendered this work easy and immediate. This would not have been possible in the same time with a body of men unaccustomed to and ignorant of the work. The large number of volunteers who came to our assistance, under the direction of those already familiar with the work, fell readily into the line of duty, and soon became efficient co-workers."

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

A full and interesting account of the operations of this Commission at the battle of Gettysburg, contained in the letter of Rev. W. E. Boardman, published in the September number of The Aid, renders any further statement relative to them here, superfluous.

Ladies' Hospital Relief Association, of Rochester, N. Y.

REPORT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS FOR OCTOBER. CASH.

Monthly Subscriptions.—Mrs. Achilles, 25c.; Wm. Alling, \$1; Mrs. A. Boody, 50c.; Mrs. N. Bradstreet, 50c. (for Oct. and Nov.); Miss Fannie Bristol, 12½c.; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 15c.; Mrs. John F. Bush, 25c. (for Oct. and Nov.); Mrs. E. S. Caldwell, 25c.; Mrs. Church, 12½c.; Mrs. Coburne, 25c.; Mrs. Eastman, \$1. (for Oct. and Nov.); Mrs. O. Gaffney, 25c.; Miss Annie J. Gould, 25c.; Mrs. Ives, 12½c.; A. S. Mann, \$1; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 12½c.; Mrs. Dr. Moon, 50c. (for Oct. and Nov.); Mrs. Miranda Newton, 50c. (for Oct. and Nov.); Mrs. J. L. Page, 10c.; Mrs. Pitkin, 50c. (for Oct., Nov., Dec. and Jan.); Mrs. M. Reynolds, \$2. (for Oct., Nov., Dec. and Jan.); Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 25c.; Mrs. Stiles, 25c.; Mrs. W. B. Sweeting, 25c.; Mrs. Charles Webb, 50c.; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 25c.; Mrs. C. R. Wright, 12½c.; Mrs. D. Wright, 10c.; Mrs. S. W. Upsyke, 50c.

Donations.—Alexander Street Methodist Episcopal Church, \$15 04; Grace Church, \$52.00; Webster Aid Society, \$6.55; Mrs. Callahan, \$1; J. B. Caldwell, \$1; W. T. Cuyler, \$1.50; Miss S. C. Eaton, \$1; A. Friend, \$5; Mrs. Thomas Hawks, \$1.50; Mrs. Wm. A. Hubbard, \$3; Mr. Edmund Lyon, \$1; Mrs. D. Marsh, \$1; W. J. McPherson, \$1; Mrs. Meade, \$2; Mrs. Thomas Montgomery, \$1; Mrs. E. Moore, 25c.; Mrs. Rev. J. Nichols, \$1; Prof. O'Leary, avails of Lecture, \$34.95; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, \$1.50; Henry S. Potter, \$10; Mrs. E. Scovel, (Lakeville), \$5; O. W. Story, \$2; Mrs. Talman, \$1; Six Little Girls, Clara Billings, Callie Bloss, Annie Kendrick, Fannie King, Nettie Mann and Ada Varney, \$3.

DONATIONS OF HOSPITAL SUPPLIES FROM AID SOCIETIES.

Bergen.—23 shirts, 5 pairs drawers, 3 pairs socks, 50 handkerchiefs, 5 dressing gowns, 30 towels and napkins, 9 sheets, 10 pillow slips, 3 bed quilts, 12 comfortable, 1 blanket, 4 housewives, cushions, bandages, lint, old pieces, dried fruit, canned fruit, grapes and 1 barrel onions.

Clarkson.—4 flannel shirts, 2 cotton shirts, 1 pair socks, 4 cushions, 9 bags dried fruit, bandages, 3 bottles elderberry wine, 1 bottle horse radish, reading matter.

Irondequoit.—9 pairs socks, 1 bushel dried apples, 10 kegs pickles.

Parma.—2 cotton shirts.

Perrinton.—15 shirts, 1 pair drawers, 1 pair woolen socks, 35 handkerchiefs, 3 dressing gowns, 2 coats, 2 pairs pants, 6 sheets, 14 pillow cases, compresses, dried fruit.

Second Ward.—10 shirts, 12 pairs drawers, 70 towels, reading matter.

Webster.—1 coat, 1 sheet, 6 pillows, lint, soap, 72 lbs. dried apples, 10 lbs. blackberries, 6 lbs. cherries, 3 lbs. peaches, 4½ lbs. plums, 2 cans raspberries, 1 can peaches.

FROM INDIVIDUALS.

Mrs. Jacob Anderson, 6 bottles grape jelly, lint, old pieces, reading matter; Mrs. H. Atkinson, 1 package cocoa; Mrs. T. F. Bancroft, (West Webster), dried apples; Mrs. Josiah Cole, 1 can peaches, 1 do. tomatoes, 2 bags dried fruit, lint; Mrs. Mason Cole, 1 can pickles, 1 do. apple jelly, 1 bottle raspberry vinegar, 2 bags dried fruit; Austin Curtiss, 54 papers; Mrs. Daniels, 1 bottle wine, 1 do. catsup; Mrs. J. W. Dwinelle, 2 bottles wine, 1 do. whisky, dried fruit, reading matter; Mrs. Eaton, 5 silk handkerchiefs; A. Friend, 2 coats, 500 lbs. coal; do., 2 bottles native wine; do., 2 packages plums; do., dried apples and plums; do., keg of pickles; Mrs. Geo. Goodman, 6 kegs pickled onions; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 6 kegs pickled onions; Mrs. I. S. Hobbs, 2 bottles native wine, 2 hop pillows; Mrs. Hovey, 1 package loaf sugar, 1 do. tea, 1 do. mazzina; Judge H. Humphrey, 2 bottles wine; Mrs. S. Nichols, (Ogden), keg of pickles; Mrs. H. Rockidge, 1 bottle wine; J. J. Schaffer, 2 lbs. corn starch; Mrs. Henry Smith, (West Webster), dried apples; Mrs. Wm. G. Watson, 8 bottles domestic wine; Mrs. Wheeler, (Brighton), 2 kegs pickles.

Mrs. A. S. MANN, Treasurer.

Report of the Committee on Packing and Forwarding, for October.

The Committee have forwarded, during the month, 14 packages, numbering from 222 to 235, inclusive, to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, Louisville, Kentucky, care Dr. J. S. Newberry.

Their aggregate contents were as follows: 29 flannel shirts, 68 cotton shirts, 39 pairs cotton drawers, 107 pairs woolen socks, 114 handkerchiefs, 74 towels, 9 dressing gowns, 5 coats, 1 pair old flannel drawers, 1 vest, 3 pairs pants, 24 jackets, 24 pairs mittens, 6 pairs slippers, 14 quilts, 1 blanket, 30 sheets, 9 pillow cases, 23 pillows, cushions, 3 comfort bags, bandages, lint, compresses, old pieces, reading matter, 60 bottles wine and whisky, 8 cans fruit, 1 do horse radish, dried fruit, corn starch, 5 kegs pickles, 1 barrel onions.

Mrs. L. C. SMITH, Chairman.

Report of Treasurer of "Soldier's Aid," for October.

Amount on hand, October 1st, 1863,	\$348 00
Receipts for the month,	19 00
Total,	\$367 00
Expenses of the month, for printing and stationery,	44 75
Balance on hand, Nov. 1st,	\$322 25

Mrs. E. T. HUNTINGTON, Treasurer.

The Soldier's Aid.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOV. 4, 1863.

The Female Element in this war.

Probably in no war has female influence been so extensively and effectively exerted as in that now raging within our borders. For this there would be obvious reasons in the proximity of the scene of conflict, and the ties of kindred and affection binding our armies to the homes throughout our land, even were there none else. But beyond these, and independent of them, there is an interest in the cause, that inspires at once strong feeling and earnest efficient action.

This influence assumes in the main two quite different phases, the Northern and Southern, or, more appropriately, the loyal and secession. The spirit of the latter is certainly one of the most remarkable developments, of which the annals of human nature furnish any record. It is more universal and intense than that in the loyal community which might perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the South has been made to feel far more keenly than the North the calamities of Civil War, that their territory has been invaded, and their homes laid waste, did we not know that the same spirit was manifested before the foot of a Northern soldier had pressed the Southern soil. Perhaps some future analyst may be able to detect the peculiar element in that terrible virus with which, when the

system, and particularly the female system, is inoculated, a heart which seemed good and kind before, suddenly becomes the home of a fury, which seems instantly to transform the gentle, kindly, polished woman into a virago breathing denunciation and invective. We do not mean that this is true of all secession women, for we have known sufficient examples to the contrary to believe that many others may exist—many cases where even when the waves of secession have rolled over the once enthusiastic loyalty, all kindness and courtesy toward those who still cling to the flag of their fathers, has not been submerged.

Still, from all the reports which reach us, these would seem to be exceptional cases, while in the main the spirit of sectional animosity, like a sirocco, has swept over Southern womanhood, scorching with fierce breath its gentler, finer luxuriance, and substituting, therefore, the animus of Southern pride and hatred of the North.

It cannot be denied that this has stimulated an energy and self-sacrifice which, in another cause than treason, and under another animus than hatred, would challenge our admiration, and that the example of our "wayward sisters" is, in these respects, a stinging reproach to so many, many Northern women, who, with a nobler cause to defend, one inestimably precious to ourselves, our country and humanity, yet give it but a tame and vacillating support.

The loyal feeling varies much in kind and degree but is generally marked by the absence of that predominant sectional pride and hatred which characterize the South. The pride is more national in character, and as far as hatred exists at all, it is directed more against traitors than individuals, sections or race. The general spirit does not flud vent in erratic performances, such as describing semi-circles in the street around a federal officer upon the sidewalk, but has crystalized rather into the more common place result, work.

Into this work, that of aiding our sick and wounded soldiers, the best female heads and hearts of our country have entered, and while many who did "run well" have faltered by the way, and the Aid Room sees them no more, a noble host yet stand firm to urge forward supplies to our heroes in the field, and thus remind them that they are not neglected by those for whom they are battling.

The Aid Society has become a universal institution in the loyal states, co-existent with the war, and one of the happy results of this fearful contest is the development of female ability and devotion to which the Aid Room and the Hospital give scope. Here is the field where loyal female enthusiasm can embody itself in action, and where so many examples are furnished of eminent ability, and whole-hearted devotion in the women of our land, as to cause the patriotic heart to thrill with joy that our cause is so loved and cared for, and with pride that such are our country women!

Supplies Called For.

The following extract from a letter just received from an official member of the Woman's Central Association, New York, indicates the present necessities to be supplied by our Aid Societies.

"Last week we sent a large number of articles to Beaufort; this week we are preparing to meet a requisition from New Orleans. We expect a call for supplies from Newbern, and probably a second requisition from Beaufort. Consequently you see we have our hands full, and must ask our auxiliaries to continue to send us supplies of warm clothing, sheets, bed-ticks, quilts, pickles, &c. We have a requisition from Port Royal for dried peaches. Having heard that you have enjoyed a fine fruit season, we think you may be able to send us some of these. We can hardly look to our auxiliaries in the East for this kind of supplies since peaches have been scarce in this part of the country."

Our Christmas Bazaar.

The ladies of the Hospital Relief Association, of this city, decided at their last meeting to hold a Bazaar in December, for the purpose of replenishing their treasury. To aid them in carrying it forward, they immediately made appeals to friends of the cause in the city and neighborhood, to nearly all of which the most cordial and gratifying responses have been given, so that the work is now fairly inaugurated and moving forward under cheering auspices. We shall, however, require all the assistance that can be rendered to make it a success worthy of our city and vicinity, and of the cause to be subserved.

We would, therefore, repeat and extend our invitation for help to all in the city, country and neighboring towns, who have interests at stake in our brave army—we ask you to help us with *hand and purse*, to do and give whatever may be in your power.

Donations of articles for the refreshment table and for sale in the booths are solicited. The booths represent in their decorations, costume of salesmen and articles of sale, different nations, as Turkish, Chinese, Scotch, French, Italian, German, Russian, &c., beside the national, hence a great quantity and variety of sale articles will be in demand.

The Bazaar will open in Corinthian Hall, on Monday, December 14th, and continue through the week, the hall being open every day from 12 to 4 p. m., for dinner and sales, and at 6 p. m., for the evening sales.

Miscellaneous.

For the Soldier's Aid.

Non-Resistance versus Camanche.

BY CARYLL DEANE.

CONCLUDED.

In another instant the Captain had lifted Alice to her saddle, flung himself on the horse of the dead Kennedy—a black mustang of extraordinary size and strength—and the two sped away, side by side, through the East Pass, at a rate which promised to distance their pursuers.

It all passed in less than two minutes. The Camanche raised a yell of rage that made the air ring. No wild beast of the forest or savage of a great city is capable of a sound so diabolical as the Indian war-cry. Kennedy's horse seemed not to object to the change of masters, but went on as swift and seemingly as tireless as the wind, while poor Picayune, by his labored breathing and slacking pace, began to show signs of fatigue. The Indians once more appeared to gain upon their prey, and came on screaming and howling like fiends.

"He can carry both," said Captain Field to Alice. "Will you come?"

In answer she extended her arms; in two seconds the transfer was made, and Alice felt while her companion's arm clasped her waist, as safe as if within the walls of the fort. Picayune had apparently no desire to be a Camanche's horse, and relieved of his burden once more kept pace, nearly neck and neck, with the black mustang, who appeared to think running away from his old companions a thing above all others to be desired. The slight delay, however had given the enemy an advantage. A flight of arrows whistled and sang past but harmlessly.

"I have your pistol here," whispered Miss Monroe with great softness, and the Captain saw to

his surprise that she had retained the revolver through the whole. He shook his head.

"Better to distance them," and he touched the horse with the spur. The black mustang, snorting with rage and excitement, gathered himself up on his haunches and then flung himself forward like a ball from the cannon, leaving his pursuers far behind in his headlong pace.

A few seconds more and they reached the little knoll, and there full in sight over the yellow plain, waved the flag that promised safety. The Indians followed no farther, but turning, withdrew with cries of wrath and disappointed vengeance, to carry away the body of their chief. No doubt they reckoned it a great aggravation of his misfortunes that he had fallen by the hand of a woman.

The Captain with some difficulty checked the pace of his furious horse.

"They are gone," he said, "we are safe now."

Alice had clung to him with all her strength for support while the forward rush of the horse continued. She looked backward over his shoulder at the retreating enemy. Hitherto she had been perfectly quiet and silent, nerved to the time. Now she began to tremble and grow white and red alternately, then she burst into a violent fit of crying, not because she was scared or sorry, but from sheer excitement. Captain Field was, perhaps, more disturbed at this proceeding than he had been at the danger. Why, as she sobbed on his shoulder, did the thought of Augustine Leverett come to him, and cause him to wish that young gentleman at the bottom of the Red Sea? He did not know what to say or how to soothe her.

"She is crying because she killed that scoundrel," thought he. "Why it was only last night, I heard her echo Leverett's ideas. I owe her my life; I wish I could make her think as I do about it."

But while the Captain tried to frame some form of words that should express his thanks and console her for having violated her non-resistance principles, the young lady spoke. Not a word did she say of having forgotten her feminine nature, not a word of that mysterious zoological vision, "the leopard-dog-thing."

"Oh!" she quivered through her sobbing breath, "I am so glad I knew how to use a revolver."

"So am I," said the Captain, heartily, "I owe you my life, and your own—which is ten times more," he added, impulsively.

"I could not help it," pleaded Alice, as if some one had blamed her; "we could not have escaped any other way, and—and—it went off so easy."

"You did the right thing; he has committed endless murders. You have saved more lives than our own by that shot."

"I am sorry it fell to me to do," she went on more calmly, "but I could not help it. Was it wrong, I wonder?"

"No indeed," said the Captain sturdily, "no more than if you had killed a wolf. What else could you do?"

"God have mercy on him," she said gravely.

They rode on in silence till they reached the fort, where their arrival created a great sensation. Alice hastened to me and to little Fred, whom it seemed as if she would never leave off kissing. When the story came to be known, the admiration of rank and file was equally divided between Miss Monroe and the black mustang. That animal stood on the parade ground, pawing and snorting, quite ready for another start. A party of the dragoons was immediately sent out in pursuit of the Indians. They set out with the greatest alacrity, reached the East Pass without having seen a sign of the enemy, gallantly entered the valley, and rode triumphantly over the place where the Camanches had been, and

then came home, having gained a "bloodless victory."

About three hours after their return, Picayune, who had some way escaped from the Indians, composedly trotted up to the gate and whinnied to be let in.

Augustine was much shocked when he heard the story. He attempted to reprove Alice for her inconsistency. She bore it for a little while in silence, till he began to say that the life of a common-place person like Captain Field was hardly worth such a sacrifice of principle and feminine feeling. Miss Monroe's temper flashed upon this. She said she wished such men as the Captain were more common. Captain Field served his country (Augustine stood aghast at such a "conventional" phrase from the lips of his disciple). He knew how to rule; was there a man in the garrison who did not love and respect him? As for her own part in the matter the subject was disagreeable to her; she begged he would not recur to it. To use one of his own phrases, she had "followed the impulse of her nature," and therefore was sure to be in the right, and with these words she took up her baby and left the room.

After this little scene there was rather a coolness between Alice and Augustine, and they had little to say to each other. Some six weeks afterwards Augustine announced his intention of going home. The evening before his departure he informed Captain Field, with that patronizing affability which distinguished him in speaking to his betters, that he had once fancied that he had "an affinity" for Miss Monroe, but that it must have been a mere passing impulse of his "animal soul," as he could never dream of a real union with a woman who could take the life of a fellow-creature.

The Captain twisted his moustache and looked rather grim and stately.

"Mr. Leverett," said he, "I expect to call Miss Monroe my wife this fall, and if I hear of your speaking of her in that style, I shall be apt to try what your non-resistance principles are worth. Animal indeed!" growled the Captain as Augustine withdrew; "I'd like to——" What the Captain would like is unknown. It was after this that Augustine remarked to me in confidence that he had never known so very "limited" a person as Capt. Field.

The Captain and Alice were married, and till the war broke out two happier people you never saw. Now the Captain is with Grant's army, and has left his wife and the child of his adoption, moved by that "disguised selfishness" which operated so powerfully on about five hundred thousand other men in the spring of 1861.

Alice is President of the Hospital Aid in the town where she lives, and works and prays, not to the "over zeal," or to "the idea of duty," but to the God of nations, who is also the Lord mighty in battle, God the Father.

Augustine is at home doing nothing in particular, but talking non-resistance still. He thinks it very wrong that we will not tolerate cheers for Jeff. Davis in our streets, or endure the sight of the rebel flag.

He thinks the idea of daily intercourse with the inhabitants of another world very delightful, credits every word of Mr. Home's surprising book, and has lately made the acquaintance of a smooth, dark, soft spoken priest, of that picturesque faith, who seems likely to find him a disciple ready to believe in roaring bells and locomotive geraniums, though he used to consider Christ's miracles as mere allegorical romances, interpolated by the Apostles for the sake of expediency.

For the Soldier's Aid.

Bearer of Dispatches.

Swift sweeps the blast,
The storm comes fast,
The waves are rising higher;
The dun-black cloud,
Above us bowed
Is flashing forked fire,

Unloose the boat,
For we must float,
Be calm or storm to-night;
For I and you,
Must dare and do,
Before to-morrow's light.

Give me the helm—
Though waters whirl,
And sway us like a feather;
Our skiff shall reach
The other beach,
With all her planks together.

Push from the shore—
Stretch to the oar—
I hear their bugles calling;
Too late the call, "Ride out! Ride out!"
In vain the troopers curse and shout
Through wind and thunder falling.

A glimmering flash!
A sullen splash!
The bullet's circles widen;
For that shot yours nor mine shall weep;
Two fathoms deep,
The ball shall sleep,
Beneath the stream we ride on.

The water's sway,
The blinding spray
Grows wilder, fiercer round us;
Hark! What a crash!
There comes the flash—
And by its blaze they've found us.

Again the shout!
Their boats are out,
I hear the call and hollo;
In vain! In vain!
If land we gain,
Small use for them to follow.

The swift oar's dash,
The rifle's flash,
The missing bullet's pattering plash,
Upon the troubled river;
One minute more—
Thank God! On shore,
As safe and free as ever!

E'er morning light
Fades into night,
It may be they'll discover
Why the race was run,
The errand done,
The river passed, the venture won,
The orders carried over!

Rochester, Sept., 1863.

ONEOTA.

Patriotic Letter from a Soldier.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Feb., 1863.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter came to hand on the 15th, and I have been trying to think ever since how to answer it. I never was so completely non-plussed in my life. I have read discouraging articles in papers, heard officers and men talk discouragingly and even treasonably, but you have the honor of being the *first* of my friends to *write* anything of the kind. Is it your infirmities and bodily ailments that operate on and affect your mind to such a fearful degree of insanity? If so, I hope and pray you may speedily regain your health, and with that your reason. Or is it, as I have reason to believe, continually associating with those political jewels at the North, called *Copperheads*? Remember the old adage, "Evil communications corrupt good man-

ners," and in your letter I perceive a *striking illustration*. Let me ask of you a favor; perhaps it may be the last in this world, for as soon as it is possible to stir, we cross the Rappahannock again. If you won't raise a finger to *save* your country, don't lift your voice with traitors to destroy it. Don't give the world a chance in after years to point the finger of scorn at your beloved and patriotic daughter, saying, *your father was one of the Tories*. These are strong terms; yes, and these are stern, *stubborn* and *rebellious* times; and to cure and renovate the nation, and set it on its feet again healthy and rugged, will take powerful remedies, and if I was the national doctor, I would administer a *rope* to all such as Bennett of the Herald, Brooks, ex-Mayor Wood, and a thousand of that ilk; and pills in the shape of minnie balls to all those who were knaves or fools enough to follow them.

You say you are not in love with the war. Neither am I; but I am in love with the Goddess of Liberty, and in order to be true to my vow, I must go to war to protect her; and I will do it with all my might, though it cost me my life.

You *didn't* vote for Lincoln, Eh? Well, I suppose you know Lincoln was *constitutionally elected notwithstanding*, and is now the lawful President, and ought to be obeyed, as such, and every man that won't help him physically, or give all his influence to kill this rebellion, is a *traitor to his country, and ought to be treated as such*.

You take great credit because you didn't vote for *him*. Pray whom did you vote for? *Breckenridge*, I think, by your talk. If so, clothe yourself in sackcloth and ashes, and pray fervently the rest of your natural life, for you have almost committed the unpardonable sin.

You say that John P. Hale, and men from the North, talked abolition, and abused the sacred and peculiar institution of Slavery, until they insulted the aristocratic and chivalrous butternuts of the South to such a degree that they couldn't stand it any longer, and so made up their minds to *go it on their own hook*; and you say you glory in their spunk! Oh! what a state of things to glory in. A man that can glory in the disruption and destruction of this once prosperous and happy country, would glory in the liberation of all the fiends of hell, to prey upon the world.

You are slightly mistaken, I think. If I recollect right, John Q. Adams was the first man that agitated the slavery question on the floor of Congress. The Southerners said it should not be debated. He said he would debate it in and out of Congress as long as he lived, and I believe he kept his word; and if the Northern members, Whigs and Democrats, had stood by him for their rights like men, to-day the country would have been prosperous and happy. Congress is the place to talk about that or any other great national evil, and to remedy it if possible. The nation built the Capitol for a house of debate and deliberation, but as the Saviour said of the temple of Jerusalem, the chivalry have made it a den of thieves and nigger drivers.

If they wanted to set up shop on their own hook, why didn't they act like honest men? But, no! they stole all they could lay their hands on, belonging to their former partners, and then murdered them because they would not give them the rest.

Their hopes were considerably raised at the late elections in some of the Northern States, and I do not wonder at it. The traitors are having quite a jubilee since so many of the Union men are away on the battle fields.

But I thank God that a day of humiliation is coming for them as well as for all such as are found with arms in their hands. Traitors at home and abroad

may hatch schemes, to plot, and throw all the influence they can to help our enemies; it only strengthens *my* determination to hold out faithful. The stars and stripes will come out unscathed and brighter than ever. All hail, thou glorious old flag! Yes, all hail to the star spangled banner! And all honor to the stern hearts and strong hands that bear it through the storm of battle.

Hospital Sketches.

The series of articles bearing the above title, certainly evince a marvellous facility in the writer for developing the humorous from the most unpromising of all fields for such a purpose—a Military Hospital, as the following extracts show:

A DAY.

"Which naming no names, no offence could be took."—*Sairy Gamp*.

"They've come! they've come! hurry up, ladies—you're wanted."

"Who have come? the rebels?"

This sudden summons in the grey dawn was somewhat startling to a three days' nurse, like myself, and as the thundering knock came at our door, I sprang up in my bed, prepared

"To gird my woman's form,

And on the ramparts die,"

if necessary, but my room-mate took it more coolly, and as she began a rapid toilet, answered my bewildered question.

"Bless you, no child; it's the wounded from Fredericksburg; forty ambulances are at the door, and we shall have our hands full in fifteen minutes."

"What shall we have to do?"

"Wash, dress, feed, warm, and nurse them for the next three months, I dare say. Eighty beds are ready, and we were getting impatient for the men to come. Now you will begin to see hospital life in earnest, for you probably won't find time to sit down all day, and may think yourself fortunate if you get to bed by midnight. Come to me in the ball-room when you are ready; the worst cases are always carried there, and I shall need your help."

So saying, the energetic little woman twirled her hair into a button at the back of her head, in a "cleared for action" sort of style and vanished, wreathing her way into a feminine kind of pea jacket as she went.

I am free to confess that I had a realizing sense of the fact that my hospital bed was not a bed of roses just then, or the prospect before me one of unmingled rapture.

The first thing I met was a regiment of the vilest odors that ever assaulted the human nose, and carried it by storm. Cologne, with its three thousand evil savors, was a posy-bed to it; and the worst of this affliction was, every one had assured me that it was a chronic weakness of all hospitals, and I must bear it. I did, armed with lavender water, with which I so besprinkled myself and premises that like my friend Sairy I was soon known among my patients as the "nurse with the bottle." Having been run over by three excited surgeons, bumped against by migratory coal-hods, water-pails, and small boys; nearly scalded by an avalanche of newly-filled tea-pots, and hopelessly entangled in a knot of colored sisters coming to wash, I progressed by slow stages up stairs and down, till the main hall was reached, and I paused to take breath and a survey. There they were, "our brave boys," as the papers justly call them, for cowards could hardly have been so riddled with shot and shell, so torn and shattered, nor have borne suffering for which we have no name, with an uncomplaining fortitude, which made one glad to cherish each as a brother. In they came, some on stretchers, some in men's arms, some feebly staggering along, propped on rude crutches, and one lay stark and still, with covered face, as a comrade gave his name to be recorded before they carried him away to the dead-house. All was hurry and confusion; the hall was full of these wrecks of humanity, for the most exhausted could not reach a bed until duly ticketed and registered; the walls were lined with rows of such as could sit, the floor covered with the more disabled, the steps and doorways filled with helpers and lookers on, the sound of many feet and voices made that usually quiet hour as noisy as noon, and, in the midst of it all, the matron's motherly face brought more comfort to many a poor soul, than the cordial draughts she administered, or the cheery words that welcomed all, making of the hospital a home.

Presently, Miss Blank tore me from my refuge behind piles of one-sleeved shirts, odd socks, bandages and lint, put basin, sponge, towels, and a block of brown soap into my hands, with these appalling directions:

"Come, my dear, begin to wash as fast as you can. Tell them to take off socks, coats, and shirts, scrub them well, then put on clean shirts, and the attendants will finish them off, and lay them in bed."

If she had requested me to have them all or dance a hornpipe on the stove-funnel, I should have been less staggered; but to scrub a dozen lords of creation at a moment's notice, was really—really—

However, there was no time for nonsense, and having resolved when I came to do everything I was bid, I drowned my scruples in my washbowl, clutched my soap manfully, and assuming a business-like air, made a dab at the first dirty specimen I saw, bent on performing my task *vi et armis* if necessary. I chanced to light on a withered old Irishman, wounded in the head, which caused that portion of his frame to be tastefully laid out like a garden, the bandages being the walks, his hair the shrubbery. He was so overpowered by the honor of having a lady wash him, as he expressed it, that he did nothing but roll up his eyes and bless me, in an irresistible style, which was too much for my sense of the ludicrous, so we laughed together, and when I knelt down to take off his shoes, he "fopped" also, and wouldn't hear of my touching "them dirty craters! may your bed above be aisy, darlin', for the day's worrk ye are doon—Whoosh! there ye are, and bedad it's hard tellin' which is the dirtiest, the fut or the shoe." It was; and if he hadn't been to the fore, I should have gone on pulling, under the impression that the "fut" was a boot; for trousers, socks, shoes, and legs were a mass of mud. This comical tableau produced a general grin, at which propitious beginning I took heart, and scrubbed away like any tidy parent on a Saturday night.

Having done up our human wash and laid it out to dry, the second syllable of our version of the word war-fare, was enacted with much success. Great trays of bread, meat, soup, and coffee appeared, and both nurses and attendants turned waiters, serving out bountiful rations to all who could eat. I can call my pinafore to testify to my good will in the work, for in ten minutes it was reduced to a perambulating bill of fare, presenting samples of all the refreshments going or gone. It was a lively scene, the long room lined with rows of beds, each filled with an occupant, whom water, shears, and clean raiment, had transformed from a dismal raz-amuffin into a recumbent hero, with a cropped head. To and fro rushed matrons, maids, and convalescent "boys," skirmishing with knives and forks, retreating with empty plates, marching and countermarching with unvaried success, while the clash of busy spoons made most inspiring music for the charge of our Light Brigade.

"Beds to the front of them,
Beds to the right of them,
Beds to the left of them,
Nobody blundered.
Beamed at by hungry souls,
Screamed at with brimming bowls,
Steamed at by army rolls,
Buttered and sundered.
With coffee not cannon plied,
Each must be satisfied,
Whether they lived or died;
All the men wondered."

Observing a man who had left his meal untouched I offered the same service I had performed for his neighbor, but he shook his head.

"Thank you ma'am; I don't think I'll ever eat again, for I'm shot in the stomach, but I'd like a drink of water, if you ain't too busy."

I rushed away, but the water pails were gone to be refilled, and it was some time before they re-appeared. I did not forget my patient patient meanwhile, and with the first mugful hurried back to him. He seemed asleep, but something in the tired white face caused me to listen at his lips for a breath; none came. I touched his forehead; it was cold, and then I knew that while he waited a better nurse than I had given him a cooler draught, and healed him with a touch. I laid the sheet over the quiet sleeper, whom no noise could now disturb, and half an hour later the bed was empty. It seemed a poor requital for all he had sacrificed and suffered—that hospital bed, lonely even in a crowd, for there was no familiar face for him to look his last upon, no friendly voice to say "Good bye;" no hand to lead him gently down into the valley of the shadow, even his latest wish was unfulfilled, and he vanished like a drop in that red

sea, upon whose shores so many women stand lamenting. For a moment I felt bitterly indignant at this seeming carelessness of the value of life, the sanctity of death; then consoled myself with the thought that when the great muster roll was called these nameless men might be promoted above many whose tall monuments record the barren honors they have won.

"Then came the doctor's evening visit, the administration of medicines, washing feverish faces, smoothing tumbled beds, wetting wounds, singing lullabies, and preparations for the night. By eleven the last labor of love was done, the last 'good night' spoken, and if any needed a reward for that day's work, they surely received it in the silent eloquence of those long lines of faces, showing pale and peaceful in the shaded rooms as we quitted them, followed by grateful glances that lighted us to bed, where rest the sweetest made our pillows soft, while night and nature took our places filling that great house of pain with the healing miracles of Sleep and his diviner brother Death.

For the Soldier's Aid.

Hope Deferred.

I.

Listen! listen, baby!
Hear the robin sing
On the budding elm tree,
See the blue-bird swing;
Days are growing longer,
Frost and snows are o'er,
Everything is telling
Summer's at the door.
Oh, baby! baby!
When the roses come,
When the lilies blossom,
Father will be home!

II.

See the cherries, darling,
Turning day by day,
Men are in the meadows
Raking up the hay.
See the naughty kitty
Jumping at the flowers,
Sending down the rose leaves
On the grass in showers.
Oh! baby, baby!
When the red leaves come,
When the apples ripen,
Father's coming home!

III.

See the scarlet creeper
On the garden wall,
Listen, how the west wind
Makes the apples fall.
See the dead leaves blowing
All about the lawn;
All the fruit is gathered,
All the flowers are gone.
Oh! baby, baby!
Could we only know
Whether Father's coming
With the coming snow.

IV.

Hush! oh hush, my darling!
Do not wake and cry,
That is but the north wind
Sweeping wildly by;
That is but the sleet storm
On the window pane.
Hush! my only treasure!
Sink to sleep again.
Oh! baby, baby!
Let the tempest rave,
Father will not hear it
In his Southern grave.

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

September, 1863.

NEW TACTICS.—A Western paper says that an Arkansas rebel Cavalry Colonel mounts men by the following order; First order—"Prepare for ter git onto yer creeters." Second order—"Git!"

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr Sq. 1 in., 1 insertion, \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$12 00
Three Months, 2 00	One-third Column,.... 15 00
Six Months, 3 50	Half Column 1 Year,.... 20 00
One Year,..... 6 00	One Column 1 Year,.... 30 00

A column contains eleven squares.

THE POSTAGE ON "THE AID," under the new law, is three cents quarterly, payable at the Post Office where it is received. Should any lady be willing to act as an agent for its distribution in her town or vicinity, this amount can be reduced by sending all the papers for such town or vicinity, to her address.

E. B. BOOTH,

DEALER IN

Silverware, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Etc. Etc.

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY REPAIRED.
SILVER SPOONS MADE TO ORDER,
At No. 5 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
aug 4-6m.

BURKE, FITZSIMONS, HONE & CO.
ROCHESTER.

NEW GOODS

AT
OLD PRICES!

We have just received a full stock of DRY GOODS, suitable for the

EARLY FALL TRADE,

which were purchased very cheap for cash—at prices that will enable us to supply the inhabitants of Western New York, with every desirable article of DRY GOODS, at about the OLD PRICES.

- RICH DRESS SILKS, in every variety.
 - FRENCH MERINOS, new colors.
 - FRENCH REPS, new colors.
 - POIL DE VENICE, new styles.
 - BLACK ALPACAS, superior styles.
 - COLORÉD ALPACAS, new shades.
 - IRISH POPLINS, beautiful shades.
 - FRENCH POPLINS, beautiful shades.
- And many other new and beautiful styles of cheaper DRESS GOODS.

MOURNING GOODS in Great Variety.

The most approved patterns of

CLOAKS,

for Fall, Now on EXHIBITION. Cloaks and Sacques made up to order, and warranted to give satisfaction in every instance. A full line of BALMORALS, in all the choice colorings. HOOP SKIRTS, warranted the best qualities.

We have determined to make our Store more attractive this season than ever, and assure the Trade that our increased facilities for doing a large business enable us to supply all demands at prices at least twenty per cent, less than any other House in Western New York.

Burke, Fitzsimons, Hone & Co.

No. 53 MAIN ST.

WHOLESALE WARE-ROOMS—Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, & 9, North St. Paul St. Aug. 4-lyr.

G. W. DYAR,

DEALER IN

MIRRORS & FRAMES,

Of all Descriptions,

ORNAMENTAL & SUBSTANTIAL.

Let the lovers of the Beautiful be sure to call at

No. 19 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

ANOTHER LOT OF CHEAP GOODS—On our Embroidery counter. Also, a mixed lot of articles on our Hosiery counter, at about 25 cents on the dollar of their cost, including one hundred gross Pearl Shirt Buttons at 18 cents per gross. Also, a lot of dress trimmings, buttons, etc., at about 5 cents on the dollar. One dollar will buy enough to last a year or longer. There are many goods of real use and value in the lot.
jys
CASE & MANN, State street.

CANDIES AT WHOLESALE.

B. O'BRIEN, Agt.

Manufacturer & Wholesale Dealer in Every Variety of

CONFECTIONERY.

A LARGE Supply of GUM DROPS, LADIES' CREAMS, BON BONS and FANCY CANDIES, always on hand.

No. 11 MAIN STREET BRIDGE, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Particular attention paid to Orders. Oct. 11.

STOP!

JOHN KEATS SUNG—

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

POWELSON'S PHOTOGRAPHS

Verify the Truth of this Assertion Every Day.

In my New and Splendid Gallery 58 STATE STREET, I now offer to the Public, the

BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, IVORY TYPES, AMBROTYPES, Etc., to be had this side of the Atlantic.

Also, the Celebrated

VISITING AND WEDDING CARD PICTURES,

which are acknowledged by every one to be the

LATEST GEM OF THE ART!

ALL WORK WARRANTED,

as I employ the best Artists and Operators to be had in the Country; among which is Mr. G. W. DeCAMP, late of Gurney's Gallery, N. Y., who has had years of experience in the first Galleries of the World.

Orders promptly attended to, and work warranted at No. 78 State Street, corner of Market, Rochester, N. Y., and No. 280 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. jy8-6m B. F. POWELSON.

LOW AND MEDIUM-PRICED

DRESS GOODS.

We are offering a handsome lot of

European Dress Goods, at 2s. and 2s. 6d. per yard.

We are also placing on sale a

BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT,

which we sell for

3s., 3s. 6d. and 4s. per yard.

These goods, as regards

Beauty and Durability,

Are very seldom equalled.

We have also opened a

COMPLETE STOCK OF

OTTOMANS and EMPRESS CLOTHS,

Containing a variety of Desirable Shades.

These Goods are of recent importation, and have a very beautiful and durable finish. In goods of this class we feel confident we can please those wishing a dress from 8s. to 12s. per yard.

Our variety of Dress Goods was never better.

HUBBARD & NORTHROP,

69 and 71 Main Street.

aug4-ly

\$2000 LOST—On a lot of Embroideries and Laces, which we have this day put on sale at an enormous sacrifice.

The stock embraces muslin and cambric collars and sets, real lace collars and sets, veils, mourning collars, and sets, and other goods, together with a general lot of articles in

OUR EMBROIDERY DEPARTMENT,

Which we are selling utterly

REGARDLESS OF COST.

There are lots of splendid bargains in these goods, many of them cost

TEN TIMES

The price we have put upon them to sell at.

As we want to clothe them all out, we have made prices on them to reduce the sale of them to everybody, whether needing them or not.

jy8

CASE & MANN, 27 and 29 State street.

WIDE AND NARROW WHITE BAREGES.

jy8

CASE & MANN.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

STEAM FANCY

DYEING AND CLEANSING

ESTABLISHMENT,

TWO HUNDRED YARDS NORTH OF THE NEW YORK

CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT,

On Mill st., Cor. of Platt st.

(BROWN'S RACE,) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

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

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS CLEANSED OR COLORED,

Without ripping, and pressed nicely.

Silk, 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.

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS.

Bills collected by the Express Company.

Address,

D. LEARY,

Mill street, corner of Platt street,

Rochester, N. Y.

jy8yl

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

For Fifteen Days Only!

BARGAINS!

DRY GOODS,

FROM

AUCTION!

AT

PARDRIDGE & CO.'S

8 Main St. Bridge,

ROCHESTER,

Which they are now offering

At Nearly Half their Value!

Don't Fail to Give Them an Early

Call.

Aug. 4-11.

SUN SILK—And other desirable Shawls, reasonable goods at jy8 CASE & MANN'S.

MOURNING MOZAMBIQUES—mail plaids, black grounds, fine quality, just received. jy8 CASE & MANN.

BLACK AND COLORED WORSTED GRENA-DINES—Up to two yards wide, at jy8 CASE & MANN'S.

EXTRA SUPERFINE BLACK ALPACAS—Pure Mohair goods. Also, fine and medium qualities, at jy8 CASE & MANN'S.

SUPERB KID GLOVES—For a dollar. Nothing equal to them in this country. An assortment received this morning—all sizes, and all we shall be able to get for a month to come. jy8 CASE & MANN.

MEAT MARKET.

LAW & HORTON,

At No. 130 Buffalo Street,

Have a well arranged Meat Market, which is always liberally supplied with everything necessary to meet the public want. This market is

CENTRALLY LOCATED,

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

FALL TRADE COMMENCED.

Prices Lower than for the past Two Seasons.

STYLES NEW, RICH AND ATTRACTIVE.

Stock Large, Varied and Desirable.

NEW GOODS RECEIVED DAILY,

FROM MANUFACTORIES, IMPORTERS & AUCTION SALES.

Having completed our business arrangements for the Fall and Winter, we are and shall be in receipt of all the most desirable styles and fabrics direct from first hands, and shall be placing before our trade the richest and most desirable stock of FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS, to be found in this city, and at prices from 10 to 40 per cent below those of the past two seasons, and from a stock decidedly richer, more varied, and larger than we have ever had the pleasure of exhibiting to our customers. We are determined that every purchase shall be a bargain to the purchaser.—That every article sold shall be as presented.—That every effort shall be made to meet the wants of the trade, and that the stock shall be constantly large, varied and the most desirable in this market.

SACKETT & JONES,

(Late Newcomb, Sackett & Jones.)

40 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Alexander Kid Gloves, in Ladies' and Gents', from 6 to 12. Bradley's Hoop Skirts, Ladies', Misses', and Children's, from 5 to 50 hoops Sept. 2.

Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, etc.

THE UNDERSIGNED—Offers his services to all those who have claims against the Government, growing out of the present war.

He refers to the fact that for several years he has bestowed his undivided attention in procuring Bounty Laws and Pensions, and believes that his experience (as extensive as that of any other person in the State,) will be of very great service in the speedy adjustment of claims.

It is very desirable for claimants that no errors be committed in preparing claims, as they involve not only trouble but delay and loss.

PENSIONS.—1. Invalids disabled since March 4th, 1861, in the military or naval service of the United States, in the line of duty.

2. Widows of Officers, Soldiers, or Seamen, dying of wounds received, or of disease contracted in the military or naval service.

3. CHILDREN, under sixteen years of age, of such deceased persons, if their widows die or marry.

4. MOTHERS, who have no husbands living, of such deceased officers, soldiers and seamen.

5. SISTERS, under sixteen years of age, dependant on such deceased brothers wholly or in part for support.

INVALID PENSIONS, under this law, will commence from the date of the pensioner's discharge, if application be made within one year thereafter. If the claim is made later, the pension will commence from the time of application.

BOUNTY—The heirs of those who die in the service are entitled to a Bounty of \$100.00.

SOLDIERS DISCHARGED by reason of wounds received in battle are entitled to a Bounty of \$100.00.

Applications may now be made at my Office for Back Pay for Soldiers, or in case of their death, for their Heirs. Applications by letter, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to. ALFRED G. MUDGE, Rochester, August 11, 1862.—jy8tlf No. 2 Court House.

O. L. SHELDON'S

LIFE, FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE

NO. 16 ARCADE HALL, OPPOSITE P. O.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

New York,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,800,000

New England Life Insurance Company, Boston,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,800,000

Phoenix Fire Insurance Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$800,900

Manhattan Fire Insurance Company, New York,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$360,000

Niagara Fire Insurance Company, New York,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$300,000

Pacific Fire Insurance Company, New York,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$286,000

Thames Fire Insurance Company, Norwich, Conn.,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$113,700

Handen Fire Insurance Company, Springfield,

Cash Capital and Surplus \$286,000

Policies issued in the above first class companies, and losses promptly adjusted and paid. jy8-ly O. L. SHELDON.

W. ANDREWS'

MEAT MARKET.

Let all epicures and lovers of good living be sure to call at

No. 26, Corner of Sophia and Allen Streets,

where they will ever find the greatest variety, and best quality of

meats, at fair prices.

I need not enumerate, as the public know where to find the best. jy8-6m W. M. ANDREWS' M. M.